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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JANUARY 4, 1919

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ALBANY

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THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIV.

San Francisco-Oakland, January 4, 1919

No. 1376.

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Deal Intelligently With Huns

Now that the war is ended I beg to express the hope that the Allies will deal intelligently with the conquered Huns. In order to do this effectively what things they need to remember are: the atrocities to non-combatants in Belgium, France, England, Serbia and Armenia—the sinking of the “Lusitania”—the murder of Edith Cavel—and then think of the sixteen young American soldiers in a Bronx Hospital with their tongues cut out by the Huns. If every German was slaughtered and their entire country seized it would not pay the the price for these outrages. However, as we are civilized nations, we cannot descend to the level of barbarians even in dictating terms to our conquered foes. But we can make the terms hard, far-reaching and burdensome, and I have confidence that a majority of those who sit at the peace table will vote solidly for such terms. It is no time to be weak-kneed or soft-hearted. Make the Hun pay the price!

* * *

Readjustment at Hand

We are entering upon a period of readjustment and reconstruction. It may take a year or possibly eighteen months to get back to a peace basis again, but we can begin at once. It goes without saying that all unnecessary war expenses should be discontinued at once. The country has a right to expect this and it will be to the interest of the Administration to make it effective. There are certain industries which have sprung up during the war which need legislative protection at once. I refer particularly to the dye industry. Our laws permitted Germany before the war to become supreme in this industry. Now we have developed this business here but the old obsolete laws are still in force. They must be repealed if we wish to retain this trade.

Should Not Restrict Business

Our mercantile marine laws need to be revised and corrected if we intend to retain any of the world transportation business. This is an old story. The world war may have opened the eyes of Congress to the importance of removing restrictions and handicaps from the great industries of the United States. Another post-bellum development which the business men of the country await with the greatest interest is a removal of the war restrictions from the general process of business. This is of the utmost importance to the well being of the country. During the war it was right and proper that every energy of the entire country should be concentrated on the single thought of winning the war. The thing of greatest importance now is to remove restrictions from general trade and help our industries to get on their feet again. Our soldiers returning from the front will want their positions back. Thousands of men released from government employ will hope for business activity so their services may be put to good remunerative use.

* * *

Price-Fixing Must End

Governmental fixing of prices for commodities and for labor is an artificial and abnormal state of affairs—which injures business and dwarfs commercial activities. The old law of supply and demand which has been tested for centuries and never found wanting is the only correct law to regulate prices and labor.

* * *

Prices Will Fall

The socialistic grumblings of the labor unions are already being heard. We know that this constitutes one of the greatest menaces to our national prosperity. To suppose that wartime prices for labor are going to continue after the war, is just as ridiculous as it is to suppose that any wartime prices are going to continue. Prices of commodities as well as the price of labor have got to come down to a normal level. We know that eggs cannot continue to sell at 85 cents a dozen and butter at 70 cents a pound. We know that oranges are not worth 5 cents apiece and milk 8 cents a pint. The whole scale of prices will come down with a glorious and hilarious thud sometime in the not distant future. Household servants cannot continue to get the wages which they now demand. Unskilled labor, which now gets

\$4 or more a day will have to come down to \$2 or else remain idle. People will not stand for any of these costs in peace times.

* * *

Railroad Charges Should Be Readjusted

Railroad freight and express charges under Government management are simply absurd. If permitted in normal times the railroads would soon be able to retire their bonded debt. Such unnecessary advances in freight and express costs are responsible for the ridiculous prices of certain food necessities in all of our city markets and add to the burdens of our people at this time when they can least afford to bear them. These are some of the things which need to be corrected quickly—which people will endure under the stress of war but which in peace time they will not tolerate. Money restrictions should be removed from Wall Street as soon as possible so that the banking and brokerage business may be able to resume its activities under normal conditions.

* * *

The Reception in London

To judge from the cabled accounts, the reception accorded President Wilson in London by the English people and their King, seems to have even exceeded the spectacularly joyful outpourings of Paris and the mercurial French. As to the complete sincerity of this reception there are no grounds upon which even the habitually cavilling mind could possibly base any doubt, for the Briton is hard to stir into anything like real enthusiasm, except on matters of purely British importance. Nevertheless, we are assured that London “simply went mad” over its distinguished visitor, proclaiming him to be altogether the most worthily distinguished one it ever had, and its people followed him with noisy enthusiasm from place to place, fighting their way to points of vantage from which they could secure a good look at him. Naturally, then, we must, as loyal Americans, feel a sense of deep gratification at this unusual and vociferous acclaim to our Chief Magistrate. And yet those of us who are not inclined to overestimate the value of the cheers of overwrought populaces, cannot but feel that it was all as it should have been. Who shall say, that, had it not been for the nation so ably represented by the recipient of London's enthusiasm, Hindenburg's line would not have been so easily punctured and Paris now might be languishing in a state

ABNORMAL
UNUSUAL STATE

of hopeless siege? Of course there are those who would take issue with a claim of this nature, and it is no difficult matter for any of us to make a close guess as to their identity. But of the genuineness of the feeling that animated the London throngs in their handsome welcome to President Wilson, there can be no doubt, for they are all too conscious as to what he and his country have done, not only for them but for a disrupted and bleeding world.

* * *

President and King

The welcoming hand of King George, too, evidently had his heart in it, and his somewhat laconic greeting, "I am glad to welcome you to England," was probably as enthusiastically spoken as kings can very well afford to speak. The state banquet in the majestic banquet hall of Buckingham Palace on the night of the 27th, is said to have far exceeded any function of the kind ever given there, either with reference to the regal splendor of it, or the spirit pervading it, and no journalistic mention

is made of any exception. This, too, was as it should have been, and all that was said there bore no stamp of perfunctory after-dinner speaking done up in extravagant buncombe. The parallel to be drawn as between the speeches of King George and the President is not altogether a deadly one. His Majesty is probably not a finished speaker, in comparison with his distinguished guest of the evening, but what he wanted to say was rather well said, evidently full of sincerity, and unalloyed by the thought and phrase of stilted diplomacy. He did not forget to mention the President's surprising evolution from the class-room desk to the Presidential chair, and his words were wisely chosen. "We see in you the happy union of the gifts of a scholar with those of a statesman," he said. "You come from a studious academic quiet into the full stream of an arduous public life," and so on. But nothing was said with reference to the purposes of the Peace Congress, what England expected to receive, what points to yield, or what she would probably exact.

The President's reply was vastly more illuminative, and timely, better rhetoric, and delivered with his usual oratorical care. One passage was strong enough to demonstrate that he had determination mined under the words, and had crossed the water with a fixed purpose which he is bound to fulfill, "We have used great words; all of us have used the great words 'right' and 'justice,' and now we are to prove whether or not we understand these words, and how they are to be applied to the particular settlements which must conclude this war. And we must not only understand them, but we must have the courage to act upon our understanding." Here the President said something which causes the regret that he may not be present at all of the conferences. There are sure to be many discussions as to what is "right" and what "justice," for there will be in that august body many minds biased in their own interests; many opinions widely variant from his, and much further apart in their separate interpretations, from what he intended to signify.

The Lost Year

By Eleonore Marion Reeves

"Ring out the old!" "Ring in the new!"
How thoughtlessly we fling aside
The friend who proved so staunch and true
To welcome one as yet untried!

"Ring out the old!" "Ring in the new!"
Through all the world is heard the cry.
Old time has taken one more step,
Another year has passed us by.

And yet methinks there's many a soul
Would give this year that's just begun
To have again the chance to do
The things alas! now left undone.

Perspective Impressions

At the Ritz, Plaza, Biltmore and other great New York hostelrys, champagne is served in water goblets! And yet times are hard!

All dry goods by the yard is sold cheaper in New York City than in San Francisco. We have to pay in high freight rates for luxuriating in this glorious climate.

A San Francisco girl on her first visit to New York said the two things there which impressed her most forcibly were the hundreds of women hanging out of Harlem flat windows as the train rolled by, and the countless sable coats she saw as her automobile drove her up Fifth Avenue.

She said the most exhilarating sight she beheld was the home-coming of troops perched upon motor trucks driving up Fifth Avenue, waving gayly and eating pies right out before the whole American nation.

Army officer asks: "Why not General March for President? He made Pershing." Surely enough! But didn't opportunity make every President we ever had?

Exchange sagely informs us that the Bolsheviks must be reckoned with. Only too glad, but afraid that we wouldn't do our reckoning with a true Christian spirit.

Germany severs relations with Turkey. It is to laugh. Didn't know they were now related, and if they are, what is left on either side to be related with, or to?

Now is the time for the women to show their war time training in saving by letting down the hems of their skirts, for legs en evidence certainly do "date."

Senator Owens in a London interview declares that England will meet all United States terms and end naval competition. Where did the Senator get his dope, and who is he, anyway?

Now it's Jack Barrymore who's divorced. Another good chance for some one to write one of those things called an "appreciation" on "Can Theatrical Marriages Ever Become Permanent?"

Wait till the Grizzlies get home!

Eleven liners loaded with troops leave Europe in a single day. Wait a minute, wait a minute! May need 'em over there very soon.

A drummer passed through San Francisco last week with the glad tidings that he had an order for twenty-eight hundred corsets for the ladies of the South Seas, who are in the throes of being educated up to confining their hitherto free bodies within the corset embrace. Yet when ladies from civilization visit the melting climate, they are impelled to cast the heating corset afar and envy the ladies of the tropics for the custom of dressing au naturel. Such is the perversity of woman even in the savage state!

Yet she is but imitating her brother, who often exchanges his patrimony for a flannel undershirt (if red so much the better) which he proudly wears as his sole outer covering in the broiling heat while his neighbors wearing only a polish of cocoanut oil regard him with envious eyes.

Our Boys "Over There" and the French Language

By Major Joseph P. McQuaide (Father Joe)

Speaking of getting around a language, apropos of the French, I am reminded of a visit I made to Ireland some years back. I found myself in historic Limerick one night when a popular orator was announced to fill the pulpit of Mt. St. Alphonse Church. I went early and got a good seat. I knew nothing of the subject to be treated in the promised lecture, nor did I care much—I was prepared to listen with pleasure and interest to anything that night and in that church. I certainly got a treat, and for the ninety minutes it lasted I learnt much. The theme was the the Gaelic Revival. How much soever men might differ on the question of reviving in America old national languages for mere sentiment's sake, there is no question that a people on their native heath possess few better things than their own language.

What I am recalling now with respect to the sermon I heard in Limerick is the strong point the lecturer made in showing that when a people spoke only their own native language they were protecting themselves from vices without and preserving certain virtues within their ranks. I remember well how feelingly the lecturer touched upon the necessity which drove Irish girls across the channel to earn a livelihood, and how emphatically he declared that he would feel easier as regards the evils these poor Irish girls faced in darkest London, Liverpool, etc., if they spoke but their own language and even that alone. I see the truth of what he was aiming at exemplified in France today. I have had my own troubles "parlez-vousing," and I have laughed at the efforts of us Americans to hold convenient discourse with the French, but despite it all I am convinced that the harder it

is for a stranger to speak a people's language the better it is, often, for the people. There are higher things in life than trade and Democracy, and one of them is a people's chastity. None can gainsay that anything that serves as a bulwark for the protection of the young and, mostly, unsophisticated girls of a country is a blessed thing and might well be called a handmaid of a people's religion.

I have in mind facts that are stated about countries notoriously weak in respect to the virtue we are considering, and in which countries different native languages are respectively and exclusively spoken, and where the foreigner can run riot if he chooses. This proves nothing. One need not always wait to hear things, he can see them, and seeing things does not necessarily wait upon speech.

Imagine, we had over two million young Americans in France. A large portion of them was there over a year. All of them were billeted for a period averaging over two months in cities, towns and villages. In some places they lived in close contact with simple-minded folk, in the same houses, meeting or passing daily young girls and women, even drawing water from the same town pump. And we are filled with pride at the good things said about our boys. The American soldier is lauded for his intelligence and general bearing as well as for his military prowess. He has shown a wonderful poise on and off the field. This is remarkable for the youths of a young-blooded nation, new to the game of war. Far be it from me to subtract even infinitesimally from the credit given "Sammy," but it is my conviction that in giving him credit we fail to give credit to the other side, and that between both sides there was that great barrier to familiar and insidiously destructive intercourse—language. The French people are certainly a moral people, their young people are pure and virtuous generally, and I consider that just because of this fact it is a good thing they have a language all their own, and one none too easy of acquisition at that.

Really, aside from an A B C knowledge of the tongue, which with the aid of gestures served a few essential needs, we were tongue-tied in France. The boys were bottled up. The efforts of some of the most persevering among them, and their perseverance was short-lived generally, to cultivate an acquaintance gave us over there our best fun. Some tried to make short cuts to mastery. Grammar was superfluous. It was words, words, words, that's all. And with dictionary in hand our young gallants would start out for a stroll with a do-or-die spirit to get somewhere in French. Be it known that our French friends were only too anxious to show their confidence in us, as well as to help to make our stay among them one of pleasant memories—and the young women would enter with zest into the little things, socials and the like, just to please "Sammie." And so, there would be an occasional stroll. We often saw the start and finish.

"Say, who wants a dictionary? I'm through; it's too much for me. Me for the little girl at home," and similar expressions of despair we generally heard as often we lay in wait, to be in at the finish of a walk.

"This parlez-vous stuff—good-night!" One young fellow said to me after an unsuccessful sally forth. "Our language is easy," he blurted.

I simply asked, "Easy to whom?" and he answered, "Well, it's quits anyway for me."

Seriously, the language question is a big one. I could not go into the details of our experiences connected with our rest camps on the other side of the Channel. Those who didn't know must have regarded us as a lot of lambs, interned as we were, being allowed out even to church only in bunches, and then under a guard. We must have looked like a lot of prisoners as we leaned upon a wall and talked with the passers-by. And the bunches of those pedestrians and the subjects handed out to our boys—it was more than their prayers they said. One "Bobbie" said to me in desperation and disgust, "I'm doing the work of ten." "No, you are not, old man," I answered, "there's a guard inside that's doing the work of a regiment."

These two pictures give a pretty fair idea of what uses a language can be put to, and how straitened one is without one. And so, if the most of us return home with no other language than our own, and thinking it the best, in the sum total of things, the loss will not be appreciable; and in conclusion it may be said that the fear of a certain "mama," recently expressed in public print, lest our boys may bring home too many daughters-in-law, has no place, unless the boys remain away too long for the girls at home.

When Cato the Censor visited Greece, he knew not one word of Greek, for which fact he was commiserated. "Never mind," he said, "it does not matter. One language—his own—if he knows it well, is sufficient for any man." After all, the decline of Rome began with the conquest of Greece, when an infectious decadence crept in with the language of a conquered people.



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The Red Flag

By "Veritas"

For centuries the white flag stood for truce, the black flag for piracy, the yellow flag for disease, and it remained for the worst and last—the red flag—to stand for bloodshed and anti-authoritarianism, or in plain English, anarchy by criminal violence. Anarchy and the red flag are inseparable. The red flag is the standard of anarchy. The red flag in America, according to the "Blast" of January 1, 1916, received its American baptism at the international ceremony held the night before the trial, in New York, of Bouck White, a flag desecrator, when the flags of nine countries, including the American flag, were all burned in a melting pot from which was then drawn the international banner of red blood.

Supervisor Emmet Hayden recently introduced before the Board of Supervisors of this city an ordinance making it a crime to flaunt publicly the red flag. Senator New of Indiana has also quite recently introduced a bill in the Senate to suppress the elevation of the red flag and to save from desecration the American flag, but final action has not been had on the Senate measure, while San Francisco has it to its credit that Mr. Hayden's ordinance is now the law.

Every anarchist is an anti-authoritarian and considers himself free from all moral and political bonds.

He believes not in laws, nor in arrest for crime. He does not believe in punishment for arson, incest, free love, rape, cheating, robbing, piracy, stealing, shooting, cutting, bomb throwing or murder. Every I. W. W. and anarchist in the State is against the measures of Emmet Hayden and Senator New.

In France in 1893, Vaillant, a red flag advocate, exploded a bomb in the Chamber of Deputies and when asked "Why endanger innocent bourgeois?" replied, "There is no innocent bourgeois."

In Spain in 1894 the "Reds" threw a bomb in a theatre. Six were executed for this.

These criminal idiots murdered President Carnot of France, Empress Elizabeth of Austria, King Humbert of Italy, almost killed the Prince of Wales in Belgium, and then murdered President McKinley of the United States. Seven "Reds" were convicted of the Haymarket murders in Chicago. Four were hanged and since then their murders in Chicago ceased. The same "Reds" ran riot in San Francisco, and California. They wound up by killing ten and wounding forty innocent victims in the Preparedness Parade, but since the arrest and conviction of Mooney and Billings, bomb throwing in this city has completely stopped, but these "Reds" are still alive and active and are opposing the anti-red flag ordinance. It has been one long continuous fight against the American flag and preparedness.

Early in 1916 and before the Preparedness Parade, the Pacific Coast Defense League sent various speakers to the San Francisco Labor Council to induce it to cease its hostility to the California National Guard and to allow its members to join the Guard, as the league promised to have laws passed to eliminate strike duty from the Guard's functions and to place that duty in the hands of a State Constabulary or other power. As each league speaker walked from the platform through the throng, some anarchists in the audience sang in unison with the steps of the returning speaker, "The flag, the flag, the dirty rag." This was too much for the patriotic blood of Father McQuaide, one of the speakers, who stopped walking in the aisle and shouted to them in stentorian tones, "How dare you insult the American flag?"

On the occasion when Emmet Hayden brought up his ordinance against the red flag, a red flag advocate, Cameron King, who is

also an employee of our city government, in the Registrar's office, sworn in under solemn oath to support the Constitution and laws of the United States, appeared before the Supervisors and boldly opposed the passage of the anti-red flag ordinance.

Now the time has surely come for the great body of the plain people to rise and defend their flag at home as they did defend it with millions of men and billions of dollars in France. This war, if it did nothing else, has ignited our spirit of patriotism which had been smoldering during the piping times of peace, and during the absorption of the public mind in commerce on the seas, and manufactures and business affairs on the land.

But when that flag was insulted by the submarines of Germany, how long did it take for a nation of despised merchants to raise an immense army?

Faster than helmeted Spartan warriors rose in innumerable rows from Mother Earth when Cadmus sowed the dragon's teeth—five million American troops sprang armed and equipped from the very earth and in a few months over two million armed troops had crossed the great Atlantic ocean, and were springing at Germany's otherwise unconquerable legions, driving them to the greatest defeat in history.

All that for Germany's disregard for the American flag!

Congressman Kahn at the Commercial Club's banquet cited an ominous warning to all I. W. W.'s and red flag enthusiasts when he called attention to the influence the returning American troops will wield in every city and hamlet in this great country. They will come home from Europe fired with the holy spirit of patriotism and will never brook the insults of the "Reds" desecration of the great American flag.

Dead Letters

From the Collection by Maurice Baring

Mr. Baring in his foreword says: "These letters are in no wise meant to be either historical documents, or historical studies or aids to the understanding of history or learning of any kind with or without tears. They are the fruits of imagination rather than of research." But in certain happenings of the Trojan War they are applicable to extraneous events of the war of the present day—thus does history ever repeat itself.

Clytaemnestra to Aegisthus

Honored Sir,

I am sorry I was out when you came yesterday. I never thought that you seriously meant to come. I shall be very busy all next week, as Helen and Menelaus are arriving and I must get everything ready. Orestes was quite delighted with the cup and ball. You spoil him.

Yours sincerely, Clytaemnestra.

Clytaemnestra to Aegisthus

Mycenae.

Most honored Aegisthus,

One line to say that I have received your letter and loved it all except the last sentence. Please do not say that kind of thing again as it

will quite ruin our friendship, which I thought was going to be so real.

Yours very sincerely,

Clytaemnestra.

Clytaemnestra to Aegisthus

Most honored Aegisthus,

The flowers and beautiful, and it was kind of you to remember my birthday. But your letter is really too naughty . . .

(The rest of this letter is missing.)

Clytaemnestra to Aegisthus

Mycenae.

Most honored Sir,

This is to say that since you persist in misunderstanding me and refuse to listen to what I say, our correspondence must end. It is extraordinary to me that you should wish to debase what might have been so great and so wonderful.

Yours truly,

Clytaemnestra.

Clytaemnestra to Aegisthus

Mycenae.

Most honored Aegisthus,

I was much touched by your letter and I will

give you the one more trial you ask for so humbly and so touchingly.

Paris has arrived. I don't know if you know him. He is the second son of the King of Troy. He made an unfortunate marriage with a girl called Oenone, the daughter of a rather disreputable river-person. They were miserable about it. He is a very good-looking—if one admires that kind of looks, which I don't. He dresses in an absurd way and he looks theatrical. He has a few accomplishments. He shoots well and plays on the double flute quite remarkably well for a man who is not a professional; but he is totally uninteresting, and, what is more, impossible. But Helen likes him. Isn't it extraordinary that she always has liked impossible men? They sit for hours together saying nothing at all. I don't in the least mind his paying no attention to me—in fact, I am too thankful not to have to talk to him; but I do think it's bad manners, as I am his hostess.

Helen is certainly looking better this year than she has ever looked; but she still dresses in that affectedly over-simple way, which is a pity. I don't know how long he is going to stay. I don't mind his being here, but Helen

(Continued on Page 13)

Pro Patria

By B. Paul Neuman

Land of the white cliff and the circling ocean,
Land of the strong, the valiant and the free,
Well may thy proud sons with their hearts'
devotion

Seek to repay the debt they owe to thee.

Thou givest them health, the muscle and the
vigor,

The steady poise of body and of mind,
The heart that chills not 'neath an Arctic rigor,
Nor droops before the scorching desert wind.

Thou givest them fame, a thousand memories
leaping

Into the light whene'er thy name is spoken,
Thy heroes from their graven marbles keeping
Their faithful watch o'er thee and thine un-
broken.

Thou givest them rugged honesty unbending,
The heart of honor and the lip of truth,
Quick-answering impulse, freely, gladly spending
The strength of manhood with the zeal of
youth.

A noble heritage! and I might claim it,
Whose life within thy very heart awoke,
But yet the prayer, whenever I would frame it,
Died on my lips before the words outbroke;

Though kin of mine are lying where the grasses
Bow to the west wind by the Avon's side,
And daily o'er their graves the shadow passes
Of that fair church where Shakespeare's bones
abide.

For far away beyond the waste of waters
There lies another, a forsaken land,
A land that mourns her exiled sons and daughters,
Whose graves are strewn on every alien strand;

A land of splendor, but of desolation,
Of glory, but a glory passed away,
Her hillsides peopled with a buried nation.
Her fruitful plains the lawless wanderer's prey.

Yet dearer even than the hills and valleys
That wear the mantle of our English green,
By whose glad ways the mountain brooklet sallies,
Are those far heights that I have never seen;

White Hermon glistening in the morning glory,
Dark Sinai with its single cypress tree,
Green Tabor, and that rugged promontory
Whence Carmel frowns upon the laughing sea.

This is the land of hope without fruition,
Of prophecies no welcome years fulfil,
While bound upon their dreary pilgrim mission
The heirs of promise lack their birthright still.

Yet not the whole, for hope remains undying,
And such the hopes that gather round thy
name,

Dear land, it were indeed a new denying,
To set before thee, riches, power, or fame.

A little longer, and the habitations
Of exile shall re-echo to thy call,
"Return, my children, from among the nations,
Forget the years of banishment and thrall."

Then shall the footsteps of the sons of Kedar
Cease from the silent wastes of Gilead,
No ruthless hand shall raze the oak and cedar
Wherewith its swelling uplands once were clad.

No longer shall the thief and the marauder
The peaceful tillers of the soil molest,
But from rough Argob on the eastern border
To sea-washed Jaffa, all the land shall rest.

Land of the prophets, in the prophet's vision
Thy future glory far transcends thy woes,
And soon, in spite of hatred and derision,
Thy wilderness shall blossom as the rose.

The Spectator

Sargent Paints Wilson

Sargent has done a portrait of President Wilson which was called an "interpretation" when it was exhibited at Knoedler's, New York, recently.

Learning and the Masses

"Whatever is for the benefit of the working man, I am for that thing."

Of such importance in world affairs are the workers becoming at this time that they should begin immediately to acquaint themselves with real literature of the right sort. It is vitally to their interest that they do so. The movie show, the comic section of the daily newspaper and the cheap novels that clutter second-hand bookstalls will never elevate the intellectual tone of the proletariat. Working men and women who feed their minds upon this mentally debilitating rubbish will never find the true values in life nor grasp the ideas essential to freedom. Enjoying life does not consist simply in glutting the physical appetite, but in cultivating the finer desires of the mind. It is the development and application of intelligence that has brought the human race thus far along the path of progress. The next great step in human progress is the emancipation of the workers, the creation of a world of free labor, and it is the task of the workers themselves to accomplish this transformation. It will require the utmost intelligence to perform this task. It will require workers with the keenest minds, the broadest visions, the highest ideals. The movement of the workers is not confined to a mere bread and butter proposition. It is often presented as such, but in its more obvious aspects it is a demand of the workers for free access to the material things of life that their labor produces. Yet it does not stop with this. It is the demand of the workers for an oppor-

tunity to develop their personalities, to live their lives to the uttermost, to taste all that there is of joy and beauty and culture in life. It is only because freedom from want and the fear of want, the possession of the material comforts, is a natural prerequisite to this higher life of the mind and the spirit, to the life of self-realization, self-development and achievement, that the workers stress their demand for the most of the best in the way of food, clothing and shelter.

Effective Weapons

Realizing this greater goal of the working-class movement, the workers should equip themselves with the weapons necessary to attain it. They should place far more emphasis upon real knowledge and real culture and real idealism than the leisure classes affect to place upon the shallow knowledge, sham culture and sickly pseudo-idealism which they vulgarly flaunt as symbols of their intellectual superiority over the working class. The workers should patronize literature and art that springs out of the lives and aspirations of the workers and thus encourage the vast development of such a literature and such an art, which will be instruments of their own development. They should not suffer the leisure classes exclusively to patronize literature and art and render them feebly subservient to the rule and dictates of commercialism. Throw aside that cheap novel, Mr. Worker, and get hold of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," or Charles Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities," or the works of Tolstoy or Maxim Gorky or Bernard Shaw; or something modern, say, Brand Whitlock's "The Turn of the Balance," or Ernest Poole's "The Harbor." Stay away from the movies this evening and read something worth while—history, or poetry, or travels, or essays or philosophy. If you

wish some real humor sprinkled with a wholesome admixture of genuinely human philosophy in easy doses, instead of wading through the comic sections tomorrow, go to the Public Library and get something by Mark Twain. Read anything that is really worth a snap that

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will add to your knowledge, aid in your mental development and enable you to appreciate the very best in literature and art. Rear, read, read! And think, think, think! To return to the bread and butter aspect of the case—an empty head means an empty stomach, in spite of the fact that many persons with full paunches have vacant domes.

A St. Vincent Orphan's Red Cross Appeal

There's a soldier over in the Presidio who only lately came back from the fight in France. But all of him didn't come back. He left behind him his good right arm and his good right hand. Kind people now send him nice flowers, and feed him strawberry ice cream, and tell him he's a hero, which is all very, very good; but they can never give him back that arm, that hand. It's going to be a bit hard for him the rest of his life, don't you think? It won't be easy for him to dress himself, to eat his meals, to do his work; and he'll have to learn to write all over again, just like a little child. But he's a regular American; he's game, and he's going right ahead, smiling. The other day he said that, after all, he's a mighty lucky boy to get off so easily; that a lot of fine fellows "over there" have lost both arms or both legs, and even their very heads. Yes, friends, they're giving up their lives, and you and I know what for. They're doing it all for you and me. And they're doing a whole lot of other things for you and me. I never knew how hard it really is for these boys until the teacher told us the other day how lonesome they get sometimes. I understood what the teacher meant because I get lonesome, too. When a boy's mother is away from him and his father and his brothers and his sisters and his home, and he can't see them, and he doesn't know if he'll ever see them again, I'll tell you, it's mighty hard business. And this is another thing these boys are doing for us. And even if the general had told them they could go

home if they wanted to, do you know what they would have said: "General, thanks; but we'll never go home until we beat the Kaiser." They're real Americans, you bet! And now, friends, don't you think we'd be awfully selfish if we'd do nothing at all to help these lonesome, suffering boys?

Licked a Bully

Yes, we know why our good Uncle Sammy was in this war: he was not looking for anything for himself; he isn't selfish. No, he's not looking for more land to boss, nor for more money, nor for business; he fought and bled because he's American, and it's always the American way to stand up and lick a big bully who goes around kicking little people in the stomach. Germany's a big bully—the cruelest, most bulldozing bully the world has ever seen; and Uncle Sam helped a lot to lick the bully. This is why our boys "over there" lost their arms—and more than their arms; this is why they stayed in lonesome trenches, far away from mother and home. This is why the world is watching Uncle Sam now. And this is why Uncle Sam is asking you to do your little bit to help out in the Red Cross drive.

What the Dollar Does

Oh, don't forget to help your Uncle Sammy to send money to the Red Cross and to keep working and giving to take care of the wounded boys from France. Remember what the big bully did in Belgium to the boys and girls there. Remember that soldier over at the Presidio without an arm. Remember the lonesome boys. Remember the crippled, the blind, the gassed, and the other suffering people "over there." Remember the newly-made graves in France, with American names on their rough head-boards. These noble boys gave everything; we have only to give a dollar. By all that we Americans hold sacred, by the memory of the heroes who fought and bled and died

in other wars that America might live and be great and free, by the names of Washington and Lincoln, if we don't give willingly, proudly, and give until it hurts, we are not worthy of our boys in the trenches, not worthy to live on America's holy soil or breathe her pure air of liberty!

Album for the Press Club

Since March, 1917, there were twenty-two war talks by famous people given at luncheons at the Press Club in San Francisco. Charles F. Hanlon, for twenty years attorney for the club, had the speeches transcribed and also the tables and company at each event photographed. These he had bound in a handsome thousand-dollar album which he presented to the club on Christmas Day. Following is a list of the addresses in the album: "China's Need for Preparedness," N. C. Poon Cheu; "Citizens' Duty and Opportunity," Frederick Bunch; "The Blessings of War," Sidney Coryn; "The Russian Revolt and Universal Peace," Count Leo Tolstoi; "War Dangers of the European Crisis," Sir Ernest Shackleton; "Air Power in the United States and Air Defenses for San Francisco," Admiral Peary; "The Siege of Verdun," Miss Kathleen Burke; "The Situation in Mexico," Professor Frederick Monsen; "In and Out of the Trenches," Captain Ian Hay Beith; "A Plea for Humanity," James W. Foley; "Arizona's Place in the War Game," Dr. George Wharton James; "Facts About Mexico," General Obregon; "China, Japan, Russia and the War Zone," S. S. McClure; "The German Idea," Professor Vernon Kellogg; "War Legislation," Senator Newlands; "The Moving Picture Game," S. L. Rothapel; "Aviation in the Far East," Tom Gunn; "In the Trenches," Sergeant Frederick Wells (the newspaper man over there); "Some Inside Dope on the Food Administration," E. F. Cullen; "The Irish Situation and Other War Factory," T. P. O'Connor; "The War in Mesopotamia," Colonel Wardlan-Milne; "The German Disease and Allied Remedy," Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

Attitude of Secretary of Labor Wilson

The unsavory chalice of unlawful spy and dictaphone work put to the mouth of Secretary of Labor Wilson by his deputy, Densmore, has been cast aside. The storm produced by Densmore's questionable and irresponsible attacks has caused him "to leave town overnight." He has gone so fast that justice is too slow to overtake him. Wilson realizes that the fair name of San Francisco has been defamed and the rights of its juries, courts and officers outraged. In a telegram to Otto A. Hartwig, president of the Oregon State Federation of Labor, the secretary said with regard to the threatened strikes to compel the pardon of Mooney, that the effect of strikes made for that purpose "would be to bring into disrepute and tend to destroy the jury system of trial, which is the result of a thousand years' struggle on the part of the masses to protect themselves against criminals on the one hand and profiteering on the other." On the heels of this, the Milwaukee Federated Trades Council cancelled the Mooney strike plan which was being voted on by the Milwaukee local unions, but endorsed the proposed congress to be held on January 14, 1919. That council will be called upon to formulate resolutions to the effect that what this country needs are men who will arise and show up the anarchists who camouflage as working men.

War Made Opportunity.

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Spain Wants Gibraltar

The Spanish newspapers are full of a new and very sentimental dream. This is nothing more or less than a demand upon Spain's representatives at the Peace Congress to ask for the surrender of the fortress of Gibraltar to its original owners. It is a good rule never to loose anything by reason of not asking for it; but it is much to be feared that the British representatives would regard such a request, if it is ever made at all, as a sort of comedy vein injected into the otherwise heavily formal deliberations of the Congress. England has never yet lowered her flag from any territory over which she has once raised it, barring, of course, one notable exception with which all Americans are familiar. And it is difficult to conceive why she should not surrender what is supposed to be the world's one impregnable fortress, which she has held for centuries without opposition of any kind, merely because the dreamy Spaniard would like to have it back again. As to its impregnability, that is open to some question in the light of recent horrifying proofs of the power of modern artillery, and it is not unlikely that a pair of sixteen inch guns mounted on the embattlements of Tangiers would reduce it to an unsightly rock heap in a month or two. This, however, is not at all likely to ever be attempted, for England's title to Gibraltar will never be disputed by any one, and even if it were she would treat it as being nearly as much of a joke as she would a request from Spain to return it.

Balked at "Goat"

At the undertakers' investigation before the Board of Supervisors, Supervisor Power called

down his confrere Gallagher, saying: "Mr. Smith is seventy-four years old. It is unfair to him, Mr. Gallagher, to get him so excited. Send for the undertakers and pour the vials of your wrath upon their heads. Do not make this old man the goat." Whereupon the hitherto mild Mr. Smith jumped to his feet, kicked back his chair, brushed some books off a desk upon which he pounded his fists and shouted: "Goat! That's the word. My wife advised me this morning not to be a goat for anybody but to resign and enjoy peace. I won't resign and I won't be a goat. I'm the boy who fought in the Civil War, and I want you to know I've got plenty of fight left in me yet. I have not intentionally done anything wrong and I'm going to defend myself. In five years, out of five hundred and fifteen bodies I have buried there is a question of but four burials being irregular. Maybe there were four mistakes. But, gentlemen, you are all business men and can you point to one business man who has not made four mistakes in five years? 'Goat!' No, sir!!"

Why Not Enforce the Law?

It is only reasonable to presume that San Francisco, having been long since clothed with the dignity of a metropolis, has made the requisite number of laws and passed ordinances enough to guard against the loss of life at the hands of incompetent or reckless automobile drivers. But any one who has braved the dangers of traffic congestion along our principal thoroughfares, after meandering safely through the quiet streets of some outlying suburb, must have been impressed with the idea that such traffic laws as exist, are far better enforced in districts where safety laws are hardly neces-

sary. A short time since a newcomer, being shown about the city for the first time, paused and commented upon the fact that there did not seem to be any police here. Finally the guide, a San Franciscan imbued with the greatness of his city, managed to discover three officers, in a walk from Montgomery street to Powell. The good natured criticism was well timed. There are not policemen enough to control the inordinate traffic on our principal thoroughfares. Motormen seem to have no knowledge that there are traffic laws at all. Any pedestrian who attempts to dodge the speeders takes his life in his hands, and in many respects the worst offenders are women. In fact it is a simple matter for an observer to determine the sex of a driver from far in the rear of the car, and when a car turns a corner from one street to another, with the running board over the curb, it has become the invariable custom to remark: "Another woman driver." Something should be done to curb these wanton infractions of law and punish them. At least let us have as many "bike cops" in congested San Francisco as on the boulevards out of town, where the danger is negligible.

"Then we're engaged?"

"Of course."

"And I am the first girl you ever loved?"

"No, my dear, but I'm harder to suit now than I used to be."

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery street, San Francisco. For the half-year ending December 31, 1918, a dividend upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum will be payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1919.

EDWARD D. OAKLEY, Secretary.

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as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Dr. Philip King Brown Home

Dr. Philip King Brown, who returned to New York from France last week, is spending the Christmas holidays with his wife and family in Cambridge, Mass. He will arrive in San Francisco the first of the year and resume practice at once. While in France he served as personal aide to Dr. Alexander Lambert, head of the Medical Department of the Red Cross in Paris.

The Passing of Mrs. William Coker

At the funeral services of Mrs. William E. Coker on Friday, many friends, young, middle-aged and elderly, gathered to pay tribute to that rarest thing in life, beautiful extreme old age. Old age is always appealing through its helplessness, but is, unhappily, seldom attractive. In Melinda Hall Coker's personality it was.

For, though she was eighty-six years old, she remained thirty years young. She kept alive her interest in and thoughtfulness of those around her and studiously avoided thrusting her own annoyances upon others. In the matter of orderliness and good grooming she was an inspiration to younger women. At eight in the morning or ten at night, she was daintily attractively and fittingly dressed to receive her friends, and assumed the privilege of her great age to advise her women friends to make the most of their good looks and strive to preserve them.

Her Daughter, Mrs. Law

Her great passion in life was her daughter, Mrs. Grace William Law, who was remarkably devoted to her mother. Mrs. Law was formerly the wife of Herbert E. Law, and Mrs. Coker never ceased to lament their divorce, which she and all their friends believed to have been caused by a trifling misunderstanding and mutual obstinacy. In several rooms of Mrs. Coker's home to the day of her death hung two pictures, side by side, one, a blue-eyed, radiant girl of seventeen, the other a happy-faced youth of twenty-two with thick blond curly hair. They were portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Law at the time of their marriage. Mrs. Coker used to say that though she had no son of her own she could not conceive having more affection for him than she had for Herbert. Her grief-stricken, loving daughter was supported at the funeral by her brother-in-law, Dr. Hartland Law, his wife, two sons and their wives.

Hard on Los Angeles

Mrs. Coker had a keen sense of humor but she insisted upon being unconsciously sarcastic when Los Angeles was mentioned. Her daughter lives there and for several years unceasingly implored her mother to join her, but the dear old lady could not be induced to leave the dainty little home where she and her late husband had dwelt so many happy years. Her reason, forcibly given, was ever, "My dear, what you ask is impossible. I will not go to Los Angeles and live there while it grows up—I've pioneered enough in my lifetime." She was fond of telling anecdotes of Daniel Webster, her father's friend and neighbor, who used to carry her about when she was a child.

In Larkspur

In Larkspur the League of Progress for several years past invited all the kiddies in the township to a big Christmas tree celebration in the town hall. This year, owing to the influenza epidemic, St. Nick did not keep open house but went about in a motor fire truck, leaving presents at each home where there were children.

New Year's Eve Great Success at Tavern

Once more the walls of Teehau Tavern have echoed to the celebration of New Year's Eve. Never has there been such universal cause for rejoicing at this season of any year. Prosperity has come upon us after a most depressing and

anxious period and every one seemed bent on making last Tuesday night one to be long remembered. The cafe could not accommodate a fraction of all who wished to make it the scene of their rejoicing, but those who were so fortunate as to be present had the time of their lives. Every kind of noise-maker that could add to the merry din, without which no New Year could be properly born in San Francisco, was

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provided by the management, which also presented many pleasing souvenirs.

At the Cecil

Mrs. William H. Munter, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hocking, in Honolulu, arrived at the Cecil yesterday. A dinner of ten covers was given by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Geary on New Year's Night. After a pleasant visit in New York and Salt Lake City, Mr. and Mrs. George Garnett have returned to the hotel for the winter. Howard Mayes, who has been the guest of his mother, Mrs. John W. Davis, returned Tuesday to his school in Los Angeles. Mrs. Walter Lafrenz entertained at luncheon Tuesday. Mrs. D. C. Robinson of Augusta, Maine, is domiciled for the winter at the Cecil. Eight guests were entertained at dinner by Miss Lewis on New Year's. Miss Elizabeth Waterman is among the recent arrivals. Holly, Christmas greens and scarlet berries formed the setting for the numerous dinners which were given on New Year's night. Every table at the Cecil was filled and among the hosts and hostesses were Mr. and Mrs. Howard Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crothers, Mrs. Eugene Davis, Mrs. Kelloy, Mr. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Highley and Mr. Young.

St. Francis Christmas Tree

The feature of the holiday season at the St. Francis Hotel that attracted more favorable attention than perhaps any other this year was the annual Christmas tree party given in the Lounge on Friday afternoon, December 20, by Mrs. Harriet A. Fay Richards for the pupils

of her St. Francis Private School and the Boarding School at 2245 Sacramento street. It was estimated that not less than 200 persons attended the party. A huge thirty-foot tree was erected in the lobby, and from its glittering branches Chief Victor Hirtzler, in the role of Santa Claus, took gifts for each child of the 100 or more present, and presented them with an appropriate speech. The children ranged in age from three years to fifteen years, and the party included an entertainment with songs, dances, instrumental music and recitations by different pupils.

Fairmont New Year's

New Year's week has been an eventful one at the Fairmont Hotel, one gay function succeeding another at the hostelry "at the top of the town." New Year's Eve found every available table in all of the dining rooms taken by merry-makers, while over two hundred and fifty members of California Commandery, No. 1, Knights Templar, with their ladies, dined in the ball room. The Fairmont Follies came out of Rainbow Lane, where they usually appear, and gave their fetching specialties in various parts of the hotel. On Wednesday night, Jerome Uhl, the eminent baritone, sang at Rudy Seiger's lobby concert and Mrs. E. K. Clarke, a guest of the hotel, made her debut with the Follies under the name of "Colette Berty." She is possessed of much native talent and under Winfield Blake's direction is presenting two songs, in different costumes, that are very effective. Dancing from eight o'clock till one serves to crowd Rainbow Lane every night except Sunday, and Winfield Blake is constantly changing the specialties of the dozen performers, who include Vanda Hoff, the inspirational dancer. Sunday night Ilana Shimozumi, the Japanese soprano who was indisposed last week, will positively sing at the lobby concert. The afternoon teas at the Fairmont are very popular and every Thursday the social hostess, Mrs. Arthur Judd Ryan, presents some special feature. This coming Thursday I. B. Stoughton Holborn, F. R. G. S., will read some of his own poems at five o'clock.

Tait's Celebration

At Tait's New Year's Eve, joy bubbled over and the place scintillated with beauty. Over 1500 reservations were made and three orchestras played—one on each floor, which a bewildering number of entertainers visited in the intervals of the dance.

The Palace

The Palace Infant Shelter Ball attracted gay throngs and, as usual, the hotel donated the entire proceeds to the Shelter.

Gay St. Francis

The St. Francis buzzed with liveliness and the presence of numerous movie stars lent unusual briskness to the occasion.

Stage Women's War Relief

Three hundred French aviators, machine gunners and their officers assembled in the Civic Center last Saturday to receive the jackets, helmets, sweaters and socks made for them by the Stage Women's War Relief. Mayor Rolph was present and Camille D'Arville, Mrs. D. E. F. Easton, Mrs. Frederick Belasco and Mrs. Roth presented the garments, while the movie camera registered the picture, which is scheduled for an early showing at the California Theatre.

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The Stage

A World Premiere of Puccini Opera

There was a world premiere at the Metropolitan Opera House December 14 of three one-act operas by Puccini—"Il Tabarro" ("The Cloak"), "Suor Angelica" and "Gianni Schicchi." Of "Il Tabarro" one critic says: "The story of 'Il Tabarro' is simply that of the often retold triangle, but with the action transferred to the deck of a Seine canal boat. This gives us a new scenic perspective, with the bridges and the quays, seen from below, and rising behind all the towers of Notre Dame. It enables the opera makers to introduce the strange inhabitants of the water front, and to accentuate their passions by contrast with the innocent activities of passersby on the street above. There are suggestion of Charpentier's Paris in this, but the voice is Puccini's. When the inevitable meeting of the lover and his false wife is planned it is the injured husband, the padrone of the canal boat, who meets the lover and strangles him. Wrapping his great cloak around the body, which he holds in his arms, he seats himself till the wife appears. Then he opens up the cloak and lets the lifeless form fall upon the deck. As the curtains close we see him forcing the lips of the living and dead together in his frightful vengeance." Cladia Muzio, Crimi and Montesante the baritone (who divided honors with the tenor Lucca at the Tivoli during the Western Metropolitan engagement) sang the leading roles and our Alice Gentle was praised in every critique for the brilliantly executed scherzando allotted to the part of an old woman, "Frugola." One paper says Miss Gentle made the sharpest angles of impersonation in the cast of the three operas, though in the other two there were Geraldine Farrar, Rita Rornia, Marie Mattfield, Seguroola and Florence Easton. Of one song from "Suor Angelica" sung by Geraldine Farrar it is prophesied that it will be sung by every aspiring vocalist. Its title is "Without Thy Mother, Dearest, Thou Dost Die." "Schicchi" has for a plot the thirtieth Canto of the "Inferno." Its gayety is called irresistible and the music frothing and exhilarating as champagne. The performance was a gala one, the audience brilliant and enthusiastic, and doubtless Puccini received in Italy ebullient congratulations from Gatti-Cassasa by cable.

Remarkable Orpheum Programme

The Orpheum bill for next week will be a remarkable one, for every act in it will be entirely new. Sarah Padden, one of the greatest artists that has lent distinction to the vaudeville stage, will be a special feature of this wonderful programme. She will present "The Eternal Barrier," a one-act play with but one character, which enables Miss Padden to give a performance that is superb. It is a fine mental conception and a splendid dramatic character portrayal. When Miss Padden played "The Clod" she set a high standard for herself. In "The Eternal Barrier" she surpasses her previous efforts and establishes herself as one of the most artistic, capable and versatile actresses the stage possesses. Gus Edwards' Annual Song Revue, "The Fountain of Youth," in eight spouts, will introduce Olga Cook, a young prima donna of whom report speaks highly. Other is in the cast are Mario Villani, the Neapolitan tenor; Bruce Morgan, Marguerite Dana and Helen Coyne. There are two dozen chorus girls who are described as typical Ed-

wards beauties. There is also a male sextette and the various numbers and effects are distributed throughout the ten scenes which form an even larger production than is required for most musical comedies. George La Maire, for the past eleven years one of America's best and most popular blackface comedians, will, with the aid of Clay Crouch, present their latest comedy hit, "The New Physician. "Rubeville," a melange of rural mirth and melody which on the occasion of its previous visit proved a great laughing success, will be presented by a capable company of comedians, the chief of whom are Harry B. Watson and James Carney. Leo Beers has established himself as a great favorite. His crisp stories, little songs, skill at the piano and striking individuality never fail to secure for him a cordial welcome. Four Buttercups, appropriately styled "A Novelty Surprise," is an act will amuse and entertain. It is interpreted by Virgian Daley, Mayme La Rue, Helen Hammond and Gertrude Moody. Each member of the quartette is a singer and comedienne of ability. The latest series of the Hearst Weekly Motion Pictures will conclude one of the best bills ever offered in vaudeville.

Eltinge at the Columbia

How many girls are there in San Francisco who could look well as a vampire, a bride, a bathing girl and a gorgeously gowned woman of society? Without belittling the versatility of fair Miss San Francisco, it may be said that there are few, very few, who have this range of attractiveness. Eltinge, who opens at the Columbia on Monday evening, January 6, successively impersonates the five characters. He is a seductive "vamp," a blushing bride, a shapely beach maiden and a beautifully gowned social leader. To accompany his appearance in these impersonations Eltinge sings "Polly of the Follies," "The Siren Vampire," and "Don't Trust Those Big Gray Eyes," written expressly for him. Eltinge, admittedly the foremost of the feminine impersonators on the stage today, returns to the footlights after an absence of many months. In the supporting company are Sydney Grant, who gained popularity as co-star with Charlotte Greenwood in "So Long, Letty," Dainty Marie, featured in "What Next?", the Arnaut Brothers, Cleo Gascoigne, former prima donna of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, and the dancing Lavars. Eltinge's gowns,

as usual, cause considerable comment among the feminine theatre goers. They were designed by Cora MacGeachy, former costumer for Ziegfeld's "Follies."

Frank Bacon's Success

Frank Bacon, for years one of the stand-bys of the cheap theatres in Bay towns, is one of the sensations in New York theatrical life. He is starring in the sensational Broadway success, "Lightnin' Bill Jones."

"A Pair of Sixes" at Alcazar

Every week forges a new link in the endless chain of artistic achievement that is binding the expert new Alcazar company to the enthusiastic regard of San Francisco playgoers. It is again a local institution established upon the bed-rock foundation of popularity. This week the snappy farce, "A Pair of Sixes," keeps holiday crowds in a tumult of laughter. Next week, commencing with Sunday's matinee, will be given the first stock presentation here of "Grumpy," through special arrangement with Cyril Maude, who played it with enormous acclaim for hundreds of nights in England, America and Australia. "Grumpy" blends suspenseful mystery and ardent young romance, with rare types of eccentric characterization. It is a comedy of laughter and thrills. Henry Shumer has his big chance as the lovable, irascible octogenarian Grumpy, once the greatest criminal lawyer of all England, who is apparently in his dotage, but whose keen intellect solves the tangled mystery of a daring diamond robbery. Belle Bennett, as his capricious little ward, has a capital part of witchery, coquetry and tenderness. Thomas Chatterton will swing from the trivialities of light comedy to the dramatic intensity of a society crook, and all the favorites are happily cast. "Daddy Long Legs" and "Nothing But the Truth" draw near with "A Stitch in Time," "Not With My Money," "Someone in the House" and other recent New York successes that are new to the local stage.

Kolb and Dill at Curran

Kolb and Dill, unquestionably San Francisco's favorite funmakers, will be seen in a brand-new vehicle, "As You Were," at the Curran,

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beginning Tuesday night, January 7. The novel book of "As You Were," which is classified as a "military dramatic farce with music," is by Max M. Dill, and the music is the work of Harry Williams and Leo Flanders. Williams will be remembered as the author of "Tipperary" and other hits. "As You Were" will be a combination of patriotism and laughs, with a touch of pathos to give it seasoning. C. William Kolb is cast as a doctor in the small town of Liberty, in the State of Democracy, "somewhere in the United States." Max M. Dill is the town undertaker. It is said that Dill has evolved a most ingenious plot, which is not too serious, for laughter is Kolb and Dill's strangest asset, and "As You Were" is declared to afford them all manner of laugh-making opportunities. They will be supported by an excellent company and some unusually pretty girls.

Repetition of Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo"

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra's concert of Sunday afternoon, January 5, at the Curran, will include a repetition of Ernest Bloch's Hebrew rhapsody for violoncello and full orchestra, "Schelomo," which full created the profound impression anticipated by Conductor Alfred Hertz when given its first performance in this city at the Friday concert. Sibelius' masterful First Symphony in four movements, and Beethoven's "Lenore" overture, No. 3, will complete the Sunday event. It should be remembered that while the Sunday symphony programmes are identical with those performed on Fridays, the prices are materially reduced. The most eloquent testimony as to the favor in which the Hertz "pop" concerts are held by local music lovers lies in the fact that the capacity of the Curran, large as it is, was incapable of holding the crowds attracted at the two "pop" concerts of the new season already given. Those contemplating attendance at the coming concert are urged to make their ticket reservations at once at Sherman, Clay & Company's box office and avoid the disappointment of not being able to secure seats at the last moment. This is the delightful programme contrived by Hertz for the third "pop": Overture, "Zampa," Herold; Valse Triste, Sibelius; "Scenes Pittoresques," Massenet; overture, "The Fleddermaus" ("The Bat"), Joh. Strauss; (a) "Solvejg's Song," (b) "Wedding Procession," Grieg; (a) "Serenade," Saint Saens, (b) "Loin du Bal," Gillet; "The Preludes," Liszt.

Letters

"Birth"

The title of Zona Gale's new book, "Birth," gives no clue to its contents, for it might be anything from a medical treatise to a series of essays on eugenics. It is an exceptionally good novel with an interest as far as possible from the everlasting triangle and no question at all about whether she will eventually capture him. Zona Gale is a master hand at depicting village life, as her series of "Friendship stories" bear testimony, but Budge, the locality of this narrative, is not Friendship, and the activities not those of the Married Ladies' Cemetery Society. The characters about whom the interest centers are a father and son, and the father, Marshall Pitt, is one of the most pathetic and misunderstood heroes that we have had for a long while. He reminds one of a little homely and homeless mongrel dog, so eager to please, so anxious to be friendly, but whose barks and frictions and tail-wagging are so ill-timed as to be invariably repulsed, to his own bewilderment.

Marshall Pitt's was not the tragedy of the square peg in the round hole, but that of a peg so shapeless that it fitted no hole at all. Patient, good tempered, industrious, frugal and strictly honest, he yet lacked the faculty of making friends or attracting interest. Apparently he was predestined to failure. He was never given credit for even the efforts he made. His marriage, like everything else, was a failure. Barbara Ellsworth took him on the spur of the moment because it was the only way in sight for her to shift her responsibilities. She deserted him when their child was two years old. Jeffrey was a handsome little fellow who, at least in his infant years, was attractively original. Marshall Pitt, in his humility, assumed all the blame for his unfortunate marriage. Of course he must have done something wrong, though he could not imagine just what, and having failed as a husband he was determined not to repeat the error as a father. In truth, Jeffrey would have been all the better off in the long run had he been under the eye of this good man, and Marshall's own life might have been somewhat lightened by the lad's companionship, but that no one seemed to realize either then or afterward. Considering his parentage, his surroundings, his ancestry and the trifling circumstances which directed even his advent into the world, what chance had Jeffrey Pitt to amount to anything? If one thing had not happened and another had, his whole career might have been so different, but the same may be said of all of us. Predestination, chance or free will—which of them shapes career? The background upon which the characters of the father and son are depicted is a varying kaleidoscope of small-town worthies. Who will not recognize "the bunch," that coterie of the young of both sexes, ever alert for excitement and eternally "on the go"? And those more or less efficient housewives with their "companies," and their exchanges of recipes, and the very "literary ladies" of the higher social circle; the funerals and festivals, and most of all, the clownish bad taste of the wedding "fun,"—no one who has lived in a small town can fail to recognize the truthfulness of the depiction or fail to appreciate the humor with which it is all set forth. Good as Miss Gale's work invariably is, "Birth" is a step in advance of its predecessors. From the MacMillan Company, New York.

"Carpentry and Mechanics for Boys"

Boys' handicraft activities have kept abreast of the times. War's influence has been felt. Wireless telegraphy, one of the boys' most popular hobbies, has been shelved because of government restrictions. But in its place many wartime activities have sprung into being. Junior war mechanics and intensive gardening, which appeal to boys with a mechanical turn of mind, have come to stay. In this volume A. Neely Hall covers these latest developments in boy activities. Besides instructions for building model airplanes, battleships, submarines, forts, machine-guns, "42-centimeters," drill rifles, periscopes, etc., there are suggestions for various handy garden accessories, and hundreds of plans for mechanical and electrical toys and gifts, for household contrivances, and for playground and camp equipment, making altogether a volume that will be indispensable to American boys. From Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston.

The Judge—What happened after they passed around the loving cup?

Prisoner—Some one said something and the first thing we knew it was a regular free-for-all.

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Ernest Bloch....."Schelomo"
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Beethoven.....Overture, "Leonore," No. 3

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DEAD LETTERS

(Continued from Page 5)

and he are really most inconsiderate. They use my sitting room as though it were theirs, and they never seem to think that I may have things to do of my own, and they expect me to go out with them, which ends in their walking on ahead and my being left with Menelaus, whom I am very fond of indeed, but who bores me. He talks of nothing but horses and quois. It is a great lesson to Queen Hecuba for having brought up her son so badly. Paris was educated entirely by a shepherd, you know, on Mount Ida. The result is his manners are shocking. Helen doesn't see it. Isn't it odd? I must say he's nice with children, and Orestes likes him.

I am your sincere friend,

Clytaemnestra.

Clytaemnestra to Aegisthus

Mycenae.

Most honored Aegisthus,

We are in great trouble. I told you Helen was attracted by Paris. We of course thought nothing of it, because Helen always flirted with rather vulgar men, and her flirtations were, we thought, the harmless distractions of a woman who has remained, and always will remain, a sentimental girl.

Imagine our surprise and dismay! Paris and Helen have run away together, and they have gone to Troy! Helen left a note behind for Menelaus, saying she realized that she had made a mistake, that she hated hypocrisy, and thought it more honest to leave him. She said she would always think of him with affection. Poor Menelaus is distracted, but he is behaving beautifully.

Agamemnon is furious. He is overcome by the disgrace to his family, and he is so cross. We are all very miserable. Agamemnon says that the family honor must be redeemed at all costs, and that they will have to make an expedition against Troy to fetch Helen back. I think this is quite ridiculous. No amount of expeditions and wars can undo what has been done. I am sure you will sympathize with us in our trouble. I must say it is most unfair on my children. I shouldn't have minded so much if Iphigenia wasn't grown up.

Electra has got whooping-cough, but she is going on as well as can be expected. I have no patience with Helen. She always was utterly thoughtless.

Your sincere friend,

Clytaemnestra.

Clytaemnestra to Aegisthus

Mycenae.

Most honored Aegisthus,

There is no end of worry and fuss going on. Odysseus, the King of Ithaca, has arrived here with his wife, Penelope. They discuss the prospects of the expedition from morning till night, and I am left alone with Penelope. She has borrowed my only embroidery frame, and is working some slippers for her husband. They are at least two sizes too small. She talks of nothing but her boy, her dog, her dairy, and her garden, and I can't tell you how weary I am of it. She made me very angry yesterday by saying that I spoil Orestes, and that I should be sorry for it some day. She is always throwing up her boy Telemachus to me. Whenever Helen is mentioned she puts on a face as much as to say: "Do not defile me."

Your sincere friend,

Clytaemnestra.

Clytaemnestra to Aegisthus

Mycenae.

Most honored Aegisthus,

My worst fears have been realized. They are going to make an expedition against Troy on a large scale. Odysseus is at the bottom of it. I cannot say how much I dislike him. All the Kings have volunteered to go, but the Fleet will not be ready for two years, so I am in hopes that something may happen in the meantime to prevent it.

Iphigenia is learning to make bandages, and says she will go to the front to look after the wounded. I am, of course, against this, and think it's absurd, but unfortunately she can make her father do what she likes. My only consolation is that the war cannot possibly last more than a week. The Trojans have no regular army. They are a handful of untrained farmers, and the town cannot stand a siege. It is all too silly. It is too bad of Helen to have caused all this fuss.

Your sincere friend,

Clytaemnestra.

P. S.—No, of course I haven't written to Helen. She is as good as dead to me.

Clytaemnestra to Aegisthus

(Two years later)

Mycenae.

My dear Aegisthus,

We have at last got some news. The Fleet has arrived at Aulis, and they are waiting for a favorable wind to be able to go on. At present they are becalmed. They are all well. Iphigenia writes that she is enjoying herself immensely. She has the decency to add that she misses me. I have not had a good night's rest since they have started.

Your most sincere friend,

Clytaemnestra.

Clytaemnestra to Aegisthus

My dear friend,

Please come here at once. I am in dreadful trouble. From the last letter I received from Agamemnon I understood there was something wrong and that he was hiding something. Today I got a letter from Calchas, breaking to me in the most brutal manner an appalling tragedy and a savage, horrible, and impious crime! They have sacrificed my darling Iphigenia—to Artemis, of all goddesses! to get a propitious wind for their horrible Fleet. I am heartbroken. I cannot write another word. Please come directly.

Your friend,

Clytaemnestra.

Clytaemnestra to Aegisthus

(Two months later)

I see no reason why you should not come back; I have a right to ask whom I like to stay here. Do come as soon as possible; I am very lonely without you. Now that I no longer communicate with Agamemnon in order to get news I have written to Helen and sent the letter by a very clever silk merchant, who is certain to be able to worm his way into Troy. Come as soon as you get this.

C.

P. S.—Agamemnon still writes, but I do not take the slightest notice of his letters. I trust the Trojans will be victorious. They have at any rate determined to make a fight of it. Our generals are certain to quarrel, Achilles and Agamemnon never get on well. And Achilles' temper is dreadful.

Clytaemnestra to Aegisthus

(Three months later)

I can no longer bear these short visits and these long absences. I have arranged for you to stay here permanently.

I wrote to Agamemnon last month a cold and dignified business letter, in which I pointed out that unless some man came here to look after things, everything would go to pieces. I suggested you. I have now got his answer. He agrees, and thinks it an excellent plan.

Odysseus wrote me, I must say, a most amusing letter. He says everything is at sixes and sevens, and that Priam's eldest son is far the most capable soldier on either side. He expects to win, but says it will be a far longer business than they thought it would be at first. Come as quickly as you can. Best and most beloved.

Your C.

Helen to Clytaemnestra

(Ten years later)

Troy.

Dearest Clytaemnestra,

Your letters are a great comfort to me when I get them, which is very seldom. Everything is going on just the same. It is now the tenth year of the siege, and I see no reason why it should ever end. I am dreadfully afraid the Greeks will never take Troy.

I can give you no idea of how dull everything is here. We do the same thing and see the same people every day. We know exactly what is going on in the Greek camp, and most of the time is spent in discussing the gossip, which bores me to death. You are quite right in what you say about Paris. I made a fatal mistake. It is all Aphrodite's fault. He has become too dreadful now. He is still very good looking, but even compared to Menelaus he is pitiable in every way and every bit as cross. Hector is very nice, but painfully dull. The King and Queen are both very kind, but as for Cassandra, she is intolerable. She is always prophesying dreadful calamities which never come off. She said, for instance, that I would lose my looks and make a long journey in Egypt. As if I would go to Egypt from here! As to my looks, you know, darling, I never was vain, was I? But I can honestly tell you that, if anything, I have rather improved than otherwise, and among the Trojans' women, who are absolute frights and have no more idea of dressing than sheep, I look magnificent. Andromache has got quite a nice face, and I really like her; but you should see her figure—it's like an elephant's, and her feet are enormous, and her hands red and sore from needlework. She won't even use a thimble! Cassandra always dresses in deep mourning. Why, we cannot conceive, because none of her relatives have been killed.

There is really only one person in the palace I can talk to—and that is Aeneas, who is one of the commanders. He is quite nice. What I specially like about him is the nice way in which he talks about his parents.

The Greeks are quarrelling more than ever. Achilles won't fight at all because Agamemnon insisted on taking away Briseis (who is lovely) from him. Wasn't that exactly like Agamemnon? I hope this won't make you jealous, darling, but I don't expect it will, because you have never forgiven Agamemnon, have you?

Everybody tries to be kind to me, and I have nothing to complain of. They all mean well, and in a way this makes it worse. For instance, every morning, when we meet for the midday meal, Priam comes into the room saying to me: "Well, how's the little runaway today?"

(Continued on Page 15)

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Stocks did not show the snap that was expected in the closing week of the year, and trading was mostly of an evening-up character. There was considerable selling at times by the professional element, who were making sales of actual stocks with the idea of the income tax in mind, in the hope of replacing these stocks at lower prices. Coppers were heavy, and showed very little rallying power. Inspiration Copper, however, surprised the street by declaring the usual quarterly dividend of \$2 per share, but the rally was short-lived. Wall Street is much interested in the outlook the next few months, when business conditions must necessarily undergo a complete readjustment and realignment from a war to a peace basis. There are many factors of importance that will command the attention of every one interested in the commercial and financial affairs of the country, namely, the railroad situation, the iron and steel situation, copper, public utilities, the automobile industry, etc. Therefore, during the next few months there must necessarily be more or less uncertainty as the readjustment is gradually accomplished, and prominent financiers are recommending conservatism in every line. It is expected that money will not be permitted to become tight so long as the United States Government is compelled to put out new issues of securities, but with the final offering of Government bonds or notes completed, the opinion prevails in banking circles that money will immediately tighten, with a higher schedule of rates, which should later tend to lower prices generally, and bring considerable amounts to New York from the interior. However, it looks as if the change to a peace basis will be brought about without serious upset to business or finance. So far as the readjustment of the iron and steel and copper situation is concerned, the feeling is quite general that prices will gradually work to lower levels, as has been the case on every occasion in the past when the country has passed from a war to a peace basis. With the readjustment that must take place in various trades, it is but natural to expect that there must accompany more or less uncertainty stock-marketwise, and, therefore, for or less unsettlement in both the bond and stock markets can be looked forward to, until such a time as commercial conditions generally have become righted, and corporations are operating on an actual peace basis. This does not mean that there will be a big drop in security prices, but it does mean that there will be a gradual readjustment of prices and values to meet conditions of the time. There should be plenty of opportunities early in 1919 to buy the better class of stocks at a price that the purchaser can get a good return on his investment, from an interest standpoint, and speculatively be in

a position to share in an upturn that always follows a period of depression.

Cotton—The cotton market is getting back to its normal condition and, while fluctuations are rapid, the volume of business is larger. The public seems to have entered the market again, and has been busy buying the different futures, with predictions being heard of much higher prices in the near future. The basis on which most of the buying is being done is the big difference at which the futures have been selling below actual cotton in the South. Spot cotton is being offered sparingly at about 400 points over the futures, and is only being sold in limited quantities. Mills that have been rather pessimistic of late, and have been against the prices, are now taking a little cotton, and are talking more hopefully of the future outlook. The export demand also shows some signs, and it was said that purchases for France the past week were in the neighborhood of 300,000 bales. There is no question but what Europe is bare of cotton, and while it is not expected that European buyers will rush into the market, regardless of price, nevertheless the demand will be a sustaining factor whenever the market shows any decline of consequence. The advance during the past week has been a little too rapid to hold, and as the market has advanced about 300 points, this advance has eliminated the short interest, and has technically made for a weaker market, which will be vulnerable to any selling by the professional element, who are at heart bearish on the general situation. We believe in ultimately higher prices, and, while we look for setbacks at present, we would take advantage of all sharp declines to buy cotton, and would prefer the May option.

Office Boy—Can I get off to go to the ball game?

Boss—No, you can't. Furthermore, you will have to work this evening; the office is scheduled for a doubleheader.

"What a silly expression: 'No more sense than the law allows.' Did you ever know a man who had more sense than the law allowed?"

"Certainly! The jails are full of fellows who got there by being too smart."

"Do you think early rising is good for your health?" asked the languid city visitor. "I don't know about my health," replied Farmer Cobbles, "but next to sun, rain and fertilizer, it's the best thing there is for crops."

"Reasonin' wif a man can't always be depended on to prevent a fight," said Uncle Eben. "Gittin' de worst of an argument is mighty liable to make a weakminded person so mad dat he pulls a razor."



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DEAD LETTERS

(Continued from Page 13)

He has made this joke every day for the last ten years. And then they always talk about the cowardice and incompetence of the Greeks, taking for granted that as I have married into a Trojan family I must have become a Trojan myself. It is most tactless of them not to understand what I must be feeling.

I suppose I am inconsistent, but the pro-Greek party irritate me still more. They are headed by Pandarus, and are simply longing for their own side to be beaten, because they say I ought to have been given up directly, and that the war was brought about entirely owing to Priam having got into the hands of the Egyptian merchants.

I manage to get some Greek stuffs smuggled into the town, and the merchants tell me vaguely what people are wearing at Mycenae; but one can't get anything properly made here. Andromache has all her clothes made at home by her women—to save expense. She says that in time of war one ought to sacrifice oneself. Of course, I can't do this, however much I should like to, as the Trojans expect me to look nice, and would be very angry if I wasn't properly dressed.

I feel if I could only meet Odysseus we might arrange some plan for getting the Greeks into the town.

How is everything going on at home? There is a very strict censorship about letters, and we are all supposed to show our letters to Antenor before they go. I don't of course. I daresay, however, many of your letters have been intercepted, because I have only heard from you five times since the siege began, and not once this year. Kiss the dear children for me.

Shall I ever see you again? I shall try my best to come home.

Your loving sister, Helen.

Clytaemnestra to Helen

Mycenae.

Dearest Helen,

Your last letter has reached me. I must implore you to be very careful about what you do. I hope with all my heart that the siege will be over soon; but if it is I don't think it would be quite wise for you to come back directly. You see everybody here is extremely unreasonable. Instead of understanding that Agamemnon and Odysseus were entirely responsible for this absurd war, Agamemnon has got his friends to put the blame entirely on you, and they have excited the people against you. It's so like a man, that, isn't it? I have been very lonely, because all our friends are away. Agisthus is staying here just to look after the household and the affairs of the city. But he hardly counts, and he is so busy that I hardly ever see him now. There is a strong pro-Trojan party here, too. They say we had absolutely no right to go to war, and that it was simply an expedition of pirates and freebooters, and I must say it is very difficult to disprove it. If there is any talk of the siege ending, please let me know at once. Electra has grown into a fine girl; but she is not as lovely as poor darling Iphigenia.

Your loving sister, Clytaemnestra.

Helen to Clytaemnestra

Sunium.

Dearest Clytaemnestra,

Since I last wrote to you several important things have happened. Hector was killed yesterday by Achilles. I am, of course, very sorry

for them all. All Cassandra said was, "I told you so!" She is so heartless. I have at last managed to communicate with Odysseus; we have thought of a very good plan for letting the Greeks into the city. Please do not repeat this. I shall come home at once with Menelaus. He is my husband, after all. I shall come straight to Mycenae. I doubt if I shall have time to write again. I am sending this through Aenida, who is most useful in getting letters brought and sent.

Please have some patterns for me to choose from. I hope to be back in a month.

Your loving sister,

Helen.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

BANK OF ITALY, southeast corner Montgomery and Clay streets (Market Street Branch, junction Market, Turk and Mason streets). For the half-year ending December 31, 1918 a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1919. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1919. Deposits made on or before January 10, 1919, will earn interest from January 1, 1919.

A. P. GIANNINI, President.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market street, near Fourth. For the half-year ending December 31, 1918, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1919. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1919.

H. C. KLEVESAHLE, Cashier.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93516. Dept. No. 10.

IVA V. CURTIS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM HOPKINS CURTIS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff. The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM HOPKINS CURTIS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 15th day of November, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff, 901 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California. 12-14-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93641. Dept. No. 15.

ORSON E. SHIMMIN, Plaintiff, vs. ANNA J. SHIMMIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

John S. Hogan, Attorney for Plaintiff. The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ANNA J. SHIMMIN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd day of November, A. D. 1918.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

Endorsed: Filed November 22, 1918. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN S. HOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiff, 88 Post Street, San Francisco, California. 12-7-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR LEAVE TO RENEW MORTGAGE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 24270. N. S. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MINNIE LORRIGAN DEGAN, also known as MINNIE L. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE R. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE DEGAN, Deceased.

MARY DEGAN, administratrix of the estate of MINNIE LORRIGAN DEGAN, also known as MINNIE L. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE R. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE DEGAN, deceased, having filed herein her petition, duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this court authorizing, directing and empowering her, as such administratrix, to renew the subsisting mortgages on the real property of said deceased therein, and hereinafter described, for the purposes set forth in said petition; and it appearing to the court that it will be of advantage to said estate that said mortgages be renewed,

It is ordered by the court, that all persons interested in the estate of MINNIE LORRIGAN DEGAN, also known as MINNIE L. DEGAN, also known as MINNIE R. DEGAN, deceased, do appear before this court on Monday, the 30th day of December, 1918, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate, described below, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Two Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-seven (\$2767.00) Dollars, as prayed for in the petition of Mary Degán, the administratrix, this day filed, or for such lesser amount as to the court shall seem meet. Reference is hereby made to said petition for further particulars. Said real estate, the property to be mortgaged, is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Westerly line of Fifth Avenue, distant thereon twenty-eight (28) feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Cabrillo (formerly C) Street; running thence Southerly along said line to Fifth Avenue twenty-eight (28) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly seventy (70) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly twenty-eight (28) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly seventy (70) feet to the Westerly line of Fifth Avenue and the point of commencement.

BEING a part of Outside Land Block Number 385.

It is further ordered, that this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks next before the day of hearing, in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 26th day of November, 1918.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed November 26, 1918. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

COFFEY & COFFEY, Attorneys for Petitioner, San Francisco, California. 11-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN GRAY SNOWGRASS, Deceased.—No. 25445 New Series. Department No. 7.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrix of the Estate of JOHN GRAY SNOWGRASS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 7th day of December, 1918) in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of her attorney, Garret W. McENERNEY, Room 2002 Hobart Building, No. 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN GRAY SNOWGRASS, deceased.

FLORENCE ELLIS SNOWGRASS, Administratrix of the estate of John Gray Snowgrass, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 7, 1918.

GARRET W. McENERNEY, Attorney for Administratrix, 2002 Hobart Building, 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California. 12-7-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93611. Dept. No. 10.

DAVID TRUGMAN, Plaintiff, vs. ELSIE TRUGMAN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greetings To: Elsie Trugman, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of November, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MARCUS D. WOLFE, Attorney for Plaintiff, 625 Market Street, San Francisco, California. 12-21-10

TOWN TALK PRESS

THEODORE F. BONNET, Proprietor

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88 First Street, Cor. Mission

TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 2612



COMMERCIAL

PAMPHLET

BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

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FIRST CLASS WORK ONLY



ESTIMATES FURNISHED

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

NOTICE TO THE READER: When you have finished reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employe, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors at the front. No wrapping—no address.

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXIV. No. 1377.

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JANUARY 11, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS.

FREEDOM FOREVER!



A PATRIOTIC SONG

REPUBLISHED

AS A SOUVENIR

IN HONOR

Of the Home Coming

of

The Grizzlies

and of

All California

Troops

"ON LAND OR SEA UNCONQUERED, THE BANNER OF THE FREE,
SHINING FOR ALL THE WORLD, THE STAR OF LIBERTY!"

FREEDOM FOREVER

NATIONAL MARCH

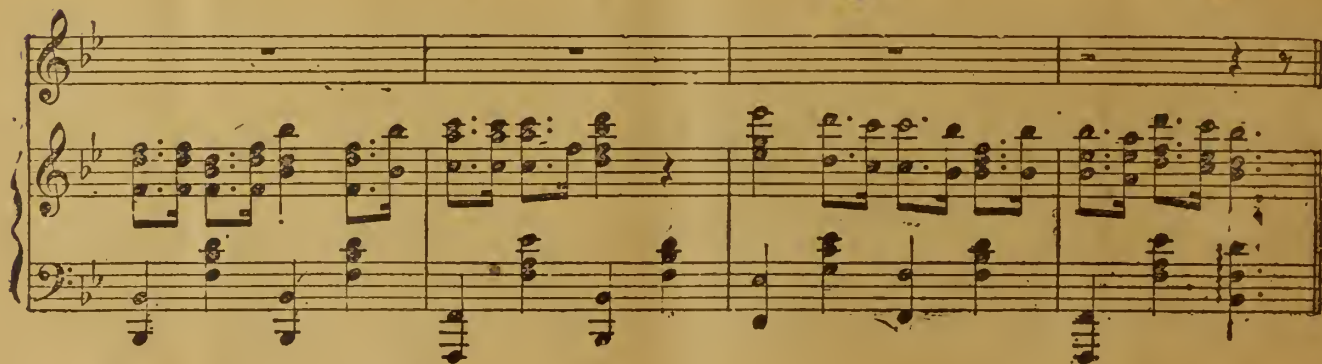
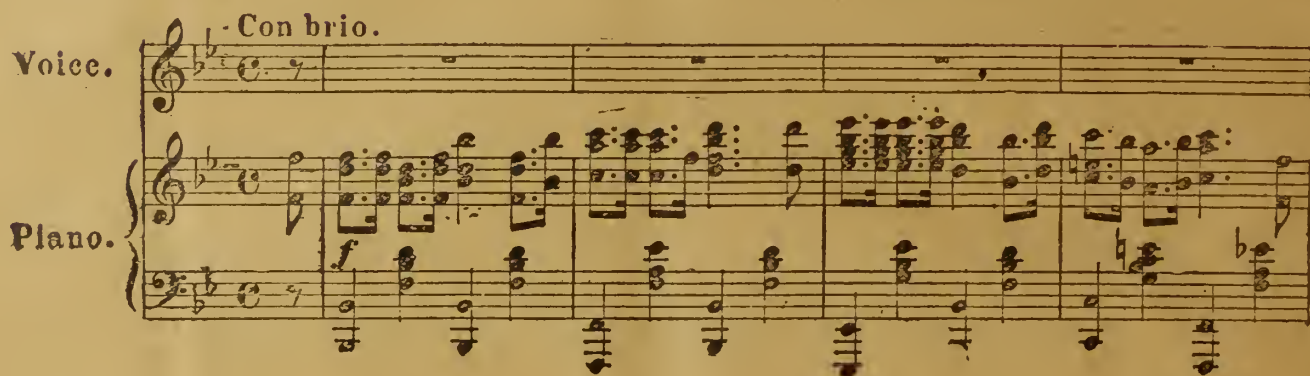
SONG

Words by F. SMITH

Music by L. C. WEDGEFUTH

Voice. *Con brio.*

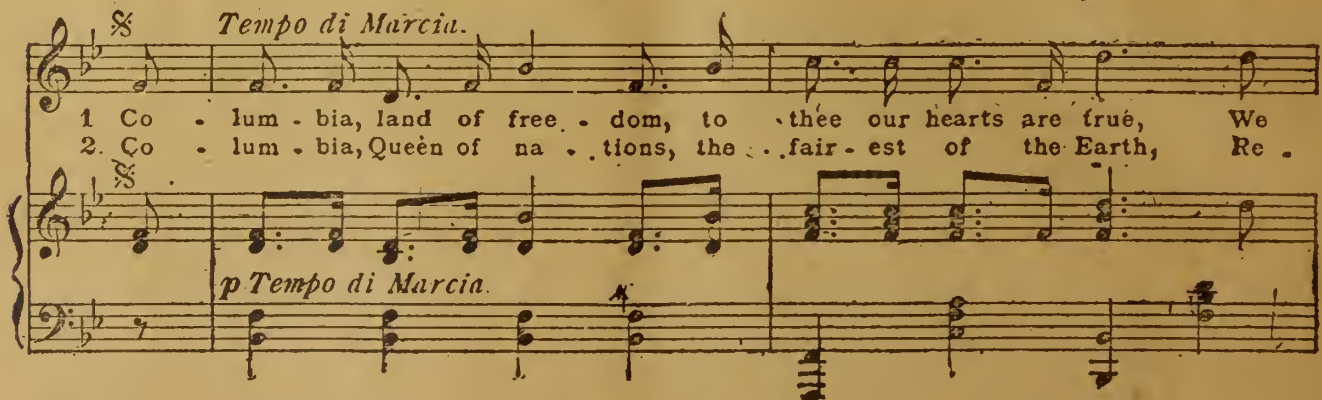
Plano.



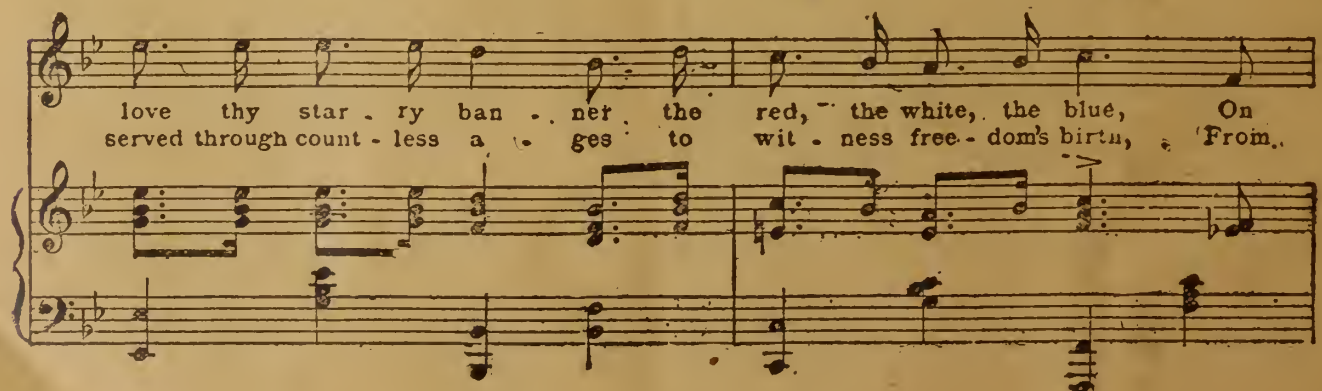
Tempo di Marcia.

1 Co - lum - bia, land of free - dom, to thee our hearts are true, We
2. Co - lum - bia, Queen of na - tions, the fair - est of the Earth, Re -

p Tempo di Marcia.



love thy star - ry ban - ner the red, the white, the blue, On
served through count - less a - ges to wit - ness free - dom's birth, From.



land or sea un-conquered, the ban-ner of the free, Shin - ing for all the world the
 ev - ry land and King-dom, you welcome the oppressed, Seek - ing for lib - er - ty, be.

star of lib - er - ty. When hon - or calls to con - flict and sounds the bat - tle cry For
 neath thy flag they rest. Thine hon - or still un-tar-nished, thy spir - it strong and free. "For

free-dom thy stur-dy sons will brave-ly fight and die! From sea to sea u - ni - ted, the
 jus - tice" thy mot - to is, for all who look to thee, Tho' Na-tions shall as-sail thee, thy

gray be-side / the blue, Stand-ing to-geth-er now, with loy - al hearts and true.
 stand-ard still shall be, Ev - er and ev - er more, the star of lib - er - ty.

REFRAIN

Free - dom for - ev - er! Our star - ry flag shall ev - er be un - con - quered.

Free - dom for - ev - er! Our hearts are strong to fight for "Old Glo - ry"

Free - dom for - ev - er On land or sea our arms shall guard thine hon - or,

Free - dom for - ev - er! Co - lum - bi - a the free - men's home.

D. S.

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIV.

San Francisco-Oakland, January 11, 1919

No. 1377.

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John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Death of Theodore Roosevelt

Out of a world whose every nation revered his name; away from a fireside beatified with unvarying love and gentleness; into the realm of hallowed memory honored to receive him, Theodore Roosevelt has been called. Such a career as his has been, from first to last, can not but furnish the history of the country he loved with its brightest pages. Such a name as he builded out of nothing save the seeds of great inspirations planted in his soul by his Creator can not but shed its glamor forever upon the name of Roosevelt, through his sons and the sons of his sons, through his daughters and their sons and daughters, so long as there shall be memory and history. To those who admired him his life story has been without a blot that a reasoning thought could not erase; those who affected to despise him did so only through fear for his indomitable courage, and dread of his ringing voice in the cause of right. A frail body, weakened by a too mighty brain, was made whole by a plunge into the health-giving vastnesses of the West, with its excitements, and adventures, and communion with souls of courage that made him energetic and courageous above all men of his time. From college to legislature, from legislature into the civil service, from that to the Navy Department, and then, with amazing rapidity, soldier, Governor, Vice-President and President, completing a career which has no counterpart in the history of his country for unblemished reputation, for unswerving loyalty and indomitable courage to battle for the right as he saw it, in spite of the prayers of friends or the abuse of enemies. His speeches will ring into the ears of recollection, inspiring admiration and wonder so long as men shall read; his writings

will grace our libraries, so long as there shall be storehouses of books, spreading his words of adventure and wisdom down through the byways of learning. There was a time when friends, who resented a dominant power that grew with every uttered word, deserted him in a convention of his party, and, moved by his deep sense of right and justice, he became the candidate of another. But when the sting of his rebuke had passed away, forgotten in the inspiration of his magnetic influence, that party called him back into its councils, and there is no one so thoughtless as to say that he could not have been its next candidate for President, and the instrument of its return to power. A world sighs, a nation weeps, friends and foes alike will clasp hands in silent sympathy for a loss that has no recompense, a lack that will never be supplied, until there shall come another Theodore Roosevelt.

* * *

Welcome Home, Boys!

The song "Freedom Forever," published in this issue, had its first hearing at the Tivoli Opera House, dear to San Francisco's memory. George Lask, the stage manager, gave it to the prima donna, who, dressed as Columbia, sang it between the acts of the opera ("The Geisha," I think). It caught the popular fancy. In a few days one of the evening papers (The Bulletin, I believe) published the words and music, and The Examiner followed suit, distributing it in sheet form as a Sunday supplement. The result was, people learned the song (it having a stirring tune and being in the "amiable" key of B flat). Although the opera at the Tivoli usually was changed weekly, the song was sung every night for two months, the audiences joining lustily in the refrain with Miss Columbia. Town Talk believes that the patriotic lines of the song are more touchingly applicable to the proud position of our beloved country than any song composed during the recent war, and we publish it as an affectionate greeting to the Grizzlies and to all our brave boys from California when they come home.

* * *

The League of Nations

The President's resplendently spectacular tour of the allied nations seems to have been satisfactorily completed by his conquest of Italy, which was effected after his usual kindly and eloquent fashion, and evoked no end of vociferous applause and cheers. King Victor Emanuel has ban-

queted him, the Pope has received him with as much show of love as could well be expected, and the curtain falls upon the first epoch of his European tour, marked by a scene of unusual impressiveness. His speeches, full of graceful periods and forceful phrases, have been largely of the "amity-between-our-two-peoples" order, but in all of them he interjected carefully studied references to his ever dominant project, the League of Nations. Nowhere has the wisdom or the advisability of this devoutly to be desired possibility been questioned; nowhere has pessimism declared it to be the fanciful dream of the world's greatest and most eloquent idealist. Truly enough, the far-seeing diplomatic vision of Premier Clemenceau—who has come to be regarded as "the voice of France"—has not received it with enthusiastic approval, but those who would be willing to avoid future wars at any cost may look upon this apparent indifference as being due either to the obstinacy of age or a selfish determination to look after France first. At all events he seems to be about the only dominating power among all the Allies who has not given his cordial consent to ride the President's favorite hobby with him until it shall have become a firmly established reality.

* * *

Not a New Idea

Who shall say that Mr. Clemenceau has not been a little more retrospective than the rest of them, and recalled that leagues to prevent all future wars have been tried before, and failed, mainly because there was no power strong enough or sufficiently interested to enforce the laws promulgated by those leaguers? Perhaps his knowledge of history, particularly that of his own country, reminds him of the many failures of so-called World's Congresses during the years immediately following the French Revolution. There were many of these, each calling itself a Congress, but all failed because there was no cohesion of interest, language or religion. Perhaps he remembers that the map of Europe has been changed no less than five times within two centuries, only to be changed again according to the prevailing ideas of right and justice dominated by might, and might had its way in spite of agreements, laws or treaties. After Napoleon's abdication at Fontainebleau and his departure for Elba, the Congress of Vienna was formed, ostensibly to do what is expected of the present Congress at Versailles. Be-

fore its deliberations were complete, he returned from Elba, declared the Congress of Vienna dissolved, enjoyed another brief period of power and then came Waterloo, when the decisions of Vienna again prevailed. The first nation to break the agreement signed at Vienna was Belgium, which objected to annexation to Holland. Consequently she restored herself to her old place on the map, and no one said her nay, because no compelling power had been provided to hold recalcitrants to their agreements. Then came the French Revolution of 1830, Italy's fight for liberty in 1866, and the Vienna Congress was forever forgotten. The Congress of Paris, after the Crimean War, and that of Berlin, following the Russo-Turkish War, were equally barren of lasting results, and so it would seem, after all, that there have been many grave documents which became "scraps of paper" before the Hohenzollerns had tasted of power.

* * *

Will Present Decisions Endure?

There exists, for the present at least, a singular unanimity of opinion among the coterie of gentlemen whom the events of the last great war have made expert commentators and writers of future history. None of them has yet decried the vast benefits that must accrue from a Congress of Nations, but there seem to be a singular unanimity of opinion as to the present feasibility of it, or whether it can endure if formed. No doubt, President Wilson has

discussed it in all its bearings with his advisers, and found a way to meet any possible objections, speculations or diplomatic wrangles. Perhaps, too, he has decided how to instill such power into his optimism, that the most pessimistic of his allied diplomats must bow to his indomitable will and surprising energy. Nevertheless, the all-potent fact remains dominant: that to formulate an agreement, there must be a union of all nations to discuss it, and it cannot endure unless each and every one of those nations has signed it through its accredited representatives.

* * *

Who Shall Sign It?

It has been decided that the first deliberations shall be conducted by four great nations, namely, England, the United States, France and Italy, with the possible addition of Japan. Precedent has established that in all past peace congresses the stronger nations have decided for the weaker, and, as has been shown, each one has failed because the less important nations have not felt themselves bound by an agreement which they have not been called upon to sign. Is it not all too likely then, that, having done their utmost with money and blood to win this war, the smaller nations will not insist upon equal representation in the deliberations? Again, who is to sign a lasting peace pact? To be binding it must bear the signatures of all belligerents, and who are the belligerents

on the other side? Germany has no government recognized by her people, or even a considerable representation of her people. The same applies to Austria, which now seems to have been divided into no less than three governments; Russia is altogether an indeterminate quantity, and Turkey seems to have no existence whatever. In these circumstances, it goes without saying that the victorious nations can declare a peace, exact such conditions as they may see fit, and the other side must accept them without protest, because they are powerless to do anything else. But the composition of a League of Nations is quite a different matter, for unless it be a league of all nations it will avail nothing and its provisions will be valueless. So, perhaps, after all, the President has been wise in his determination to steam for home on February 12, with the intention to return to Paris late in June. By that time the new map of Europe will have been definitely draughted and passed to print. New nations now in the forming will have become established potentialities; those which now are not political entities at all will have come to their senses, and then can the President's dream of a League of Nations meet with glorious fulfillment. There will be many ifs and buts, pros and cons, before the signatures are affixed, but it will come, adding new lustre to the name of Woodrow Wilson, and approximate security to the nations that stood behind him.

Perspective Impressions

When you play the national anthems of the Allies, remember the Royal Italian March.

When you mention the Allies, don't forget to say "Italy."

It is to be hoped that the proposed cat license of two dollars will not be confined exclusively to quadrupeds.

National News Throttler Creel threatens to have nothing to do with the Press Delegation. Well, it's a cross Creel that blows nobody good.

English Bureau of Intelligence claims to have saved the nation \$1,000,000,000. That's all right. For this are bureaus intelligent, or nothing doing.

Man in Chico has had his cork leg attached for debt. The original attachment was much better. A good cork leg, if given play, may walk to affluence some day.

A little boy wrote from boarding school: "When I can't stop laughing, I think of home." The beginning of introspection for that little chap.

The Allies will not help Berlin until anarchy ends. Good chance here for a long and well deserved rest.

My, what long spikes in the shoes of the President's supporters as they jump on the Republican majority before it's made a base!

"Welcome, little stranger, but watch your step," says Colliers, referring to the League of Nations. Might have added: "Or the diplomats will get you if you don't watch out."

One thousand Jap and Chink soldiers in Honolulu mandamus court to grant them citizenship. Here's the chance the ghost of Dennis Kearney has been waiting for.

The French declare that publicity concerning doings in the Peace Conference is impossible. The President had better hurry back from Italy and nip this Creelistic notion while it is yet in the bud.

After being named for President and Field Marshal, to call the space in front of Grand Central Terminal, New York, "Pershing Square" would be the emptiest kind of an honor, because there is no square there.

Can't carry water on both shoulders, eh? Just read the dispatches about Hindenburg.

Suggested title for song writers: "The bug-a-boos are after you, Lenine."

Paderewski's command of the Polish army should at least be full of harmony and staccato movement.

When you display the flags of our Allies with the glorious Stars and Stripes, remember Italy.

More personal liberty threatened! Secretary Glass wants the Government to control all stock corporations, thereby throttling the thriving industry of wild-catting!

Coming events casting shadows again! Premier Clemenceau says in effect that several of the President's fourteen points would choke him if he tried to swallow them.

Here's a fine, juicy plum for political preference: We're to have a Director of Commerce for our port at \$30,000 a year! Bet it's already picked before it's half ripe.

A New Year's Ramble

By Veritas

If the god of the 1919 New Year were up and conscious at the moment of his birth, he surely had his attention attracted to the revels and revellers of San Francisco on New Year's Eve. The god of love is blind, but the New Year god must have been deaf, dumb and blind if he were not startled by the din and clatter of joy and mirth and merriment that enthralled this most Bohemian of Bohemian towns on that night.

With the end of the war and the coming of peace, the "chari-vari" of France, and the "shivaree" of New Orleans, in their tour around the world, surely stopped over at San Francisco.

At 7 o'clock our party severally wriggled through the waiting throngs into the grill room of the Palace to partake of a quiet dinner.

Crowds were mobbing the place seeking tables, innocent of the fact that seats for three thousand guests were already reserved.

A tall young fellow in his first swallow-tail and his beautiful partner on her first visit from San Diego walked into the Oriental room and took the best table, already overlaid with flowers.

Captains Otto and Frank rushed over. "Has Monsieur engaged a table? This is Madame Schultz's table, engaged December 1.

The young hero arose and said he would take the next table. "Oh, Monsieur," chorused the captains, "that is the table of Madame Goddard of New York, engaged last November."

"Well, we will take a table in the next room," pointing to the concert room.

"Those also are engaged."

"Well, this room," pointing to the Palm Garden.

"Those also are engaged; in fact engaged last October."

"Oh!" said the blushing damsel, "we will just cut out this Palace and give our patronage to the St. Francis or the Fairmont."

They telephoned. Every table in the three hotels had been reserved for a long period previously. The couple finally got good seats in the "Oyster Loaf."

The four pavilions of the Palace, covering an acre of land, were "chock-a-block" with tables beautifully set.

This one for George Webster's party.

That one for John Traynor's party.

Another for William Metson's party.

Another for Phillip S. Kohl, and another for Mrs. George E. Williams.

From there we meandered to the Orpheum for the first show. It showed. We didn't hear it. That's all.

We crossed over to Tait's. There revelry went on as if there was no other place in town than Tait's. A pretty feature was the procession of pages costumed "de rigeur," dispensing trench hats for the ladies and fools' caps for the men. The rooms were beautifully decorated, exquisitely lighted, and even the canaries took on their share of the enjoyment.

Out we came—onto the sidewalk under a cloudless sky. It was a perfect night. Men were on the sidewalk without overcoats, and women were hatless; we walked along with the

crowd to the Union League Club room close by.

Here Tom Rodman, the club's star bachelor, Billy Magee, its gay benedict, and Dr. Chauncey Rust, its gayest sport, were holding the surplus crowd back from the already crowded dancing hall, and bell boys were busy picking up champagne corks.

The billiard tables and poker tables and chips were gone.

Every girl had two or three club men fighting for a dance. The dinner did not begin till 10:30. A wonderful Christmas tree met the eye as you entered, and the ball room was a scene of splendor, with beautiful women and officers of the army and navy in full dress uniform.

We did not wait for dinner. We were full—of dinner.

Thence we were whirled to see the Examiner's Christmas tree at the Civic Center.

It was the most beautiful Christmas tree I ever saw.

It was lighted with the light of a hundred scintillators. Fifty thousand people had gathered around that giant tree.

Here Alex Bevani led the singing of the War Camp Community Service and then the 44th Regimental Band struck up, while officers, radiant in gay uniform, and pretty girls delicately dressed, danced a one-step with only a glorious and clear sky for their roof.

We just missed the chorus of the famous French war song, "Quand Madelon," led by Andre Ferrier from the base of the Christmas tree, accompanied by the lusty voices of 400 of the French expeditionary force here en route for Siberia.

"Chauffeur, the Tavern next, please!" That was some gay place. Everybody knew everybody else. If they didn't, it didn't matter.

The lights, decorations and colors were entrancing. The brilliant uniforms of French poilus, of American aviators and army chiefs, and of British officers, set off the feminine costumes of dazzling shades of red—cerise, rose, magenta, maroon and carnation.

A new dancing floor sprang into view.

Tables for fifteen hundred guests were all bedecked with flowers. A platoon of small orchestras was everywhere in evidence. Guests at some of the tables were singing. "Drink tonight on exhibition, for tomorrow comes with prohibition."

We pitied Carlton Wall and Aleck Morrison, who said: "They're drinking this place bone-dry."

Next came the St. Francis green room and the fables room. When the Waldorf in New York was first opened it was the wonder of all the caravansaries on earth, and its chief attractiveness came from the originality of the designs in its palatial dining rooms, featured by a golden headed youth of the name of Lieb. Lieb is now in charge at the St. Francis. His Titian locks are white, it is true, but his entertainment was surely of the "couleur de Rose."

A sumptuous banquet was served at 11 o'clock, so good that we forgot it was \$5 per—for prohibition guests—or that champagne was \$8 per, and up, and that beer and such plebeian liquors were barred from the menu.

Charlie Chaplin and his big star party were

(Continued on Page 15)

War Made Opportunity.

War thrusts a great foreign trade on America. The postwar retention and development of that trade is a problem vital not alone to the nation but to every American business man.

Anglo Service includes a foreign department which is the development of many years of painstaking specialized effort touching trade with every civilized quarter of the globe.

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The Spectator

Irish Gaiety and Home Rule

Max Beerbohm said that it is only oppression that can keep human beings as they are. "Oppression never crushes natural instinct. All history proves that it does but intensify them. Wronged races are always primitive. Left to themselves, they develop. If Home Rule were granted, the Irish would soon lose their irrepressible gaiety which centuries of oppression have preserved for them. Indeed that is perhaps the most valid argument against Home Rule."

The Name Foch

The world can never praise enough the great man, Marshal Foch—his name will stand at the head among the immortals for his wonderful leadership.

D'Annunzio, Poet-Flyer, Is Idol of Italians

When the Turko-Italian War began, D'Annunzio was in France. He wrote ten ballads, which he called "Le Canzone d'oltremare?" ("The Ballads Beyond the Sea.") One of them, "La Canzone dei Dardanelli," appealed to the Italian people as the most terrible indictment against the cruelty of Francis Joseph and his autocratic government ever penned. As a result of the furor it produced in Germany and Austria, the Italian censor forbade its publication, but finally relented, except for the lines which referred to the aged autocrat. Of course, since the war, it is published in full and widely circulated in Italy. The world war finds an enthusiastic propagandist in D'Annunzio. Like the Greek, Tirteo, the Italian poet rushed back to his country. With fervent speeches in Genoa, in Rome, and the other large cities, he inflamed the hearts of the people against the Central powers, and to take up the cause of liberty and democracy. When Italy declared war, D'Annunzio joined his old 19th regiment of "Cavalleggeri Guide." At his own request he was transferred to the aviation corps. With the most famous Italian aces, D'Annunzio has performed signal acts of bravery as a soldier, a flyer and a citizen. He was made a captain and a major, and he wears three silver medals, the maximum one man can receive, among his many decorations. After his heroic flight over the Austrian lines, King Victor Emmanuel conferred on him the high honor of the cross of Sts. Maurizio e Lazzaro. The war did not prevent D'Annunzio from continuing his stumping tours, and he found time in his intervals of leave to make hundreds of speeches in the Italian cities.

Australian Passion Fruit

A San Francisco lady recently sent as a great delicacy to a neighbor some ripe fruit of a passion vine which she had transplanted from Napa Soda Springs to her garden in the Richmond district. It was accompanied by a note saying that while it was not so luscious as the Australian passion fruit (unobtainable here), yet, served with sherry and sugar, it would be an excellent substitute for that most delicious of fruits. A few days later the ladies met and the recipient when asked how she liked the delicacy, said: "It was very kind of you to think of me; but, as the French woman said when urged to partake of a tomato, 'I eat only my old acquaintances.'" An enterprising newspaper not long since invited numerous folks in the public eye to contribute

the recipe for his or her favorite dish. Jim Corbett wrote: "My favorite dish is passion fruit salad. But it is no use to give the recipe because you would have to go to Australia to obtain the fruit as it doesn't keep in transportation."

Justice Lennon Takes Office

The elevation of Justice Thomas J. Lennon, former Presiding Justice of the First Court of Appeals, to the Supreme Bench as Associate Justice, one of the results of the November elections, affords the people of California an opportunity to congratulate themselves on their sagacity. Justice Lennon presented his commission to the court on Monday. Justice Lennon served as Superior Judge of Marin County for eight years before his election to the Appellate Court, where he presided for eight years prior to his latest rise. As a Superior Judge he won the reputation of being one of the State's best trial judges and as an Appellate Justice he so reformed the procedure of cases on appeal as to expedite greatly the claims of litigants. Justice Lennon's reputation as an orator is almost as great as his reputation as a judge, and "The Fruits of Valor," delivered before the San Francisco Bar Association, which has been printed in pamphlet form, is worthy of reading, not alone for its chaste style and superb diction, but also for the solid, sensible and withal fiery light of patriotism that shines through it. Justice Curtis D. Wilbur of Los Angeles, appointed by Governor Stephens in place of Justice Frederick Henshaw, resigned, last year, was also elected for a twelve-year term, and, together with Judge Lennon, assumed office Monday.

From "Musical America"

Letters are coming over from our boys in Europe and have been passed by the censor, with regard to some of the activities of our charity organizations. A friend of mine recently received a letter from a musician in a band of one of the leading New York regiments. He writes:

"Through the efforts of our chaplain the Knights of Columbus assigned a man to the regiment. We now get cigarettes, chocolates, chewing gum and writing paper every day, and once in a while a cup of beef tea. Long live the Knights of Columbus! They do everything they claim to do. A fellow doesn't need any money with them around. But the Y. M. C. A.! Wow! Some of their secretaries are the limit! Once in a while you meet a fine chap. One secretary we reported to headquarters. I don't know what they did to him. If the people at home think that the Y. M. C. A. is giving things away here, let them forget it. The Red Cross confines its efforts to the hospitals and is highly thought of by the Yanks. Its representatives are wonderful people. The Salvation Army is great, too. All its work is done at the front. Doughnuts and pies and coffee are their specialties. Some of them risk their lives to help the boys out. Once in a while, too, you find one of their huts back of the lines, where they look after whatever of our boys are passing. Passed one of these huts a little while ago and had coffee and cake. The cake just came out of the oven. Oh, boy! I wonder whether those at home know what it is to get a cup of hot coffee and a piece of fresh baked cake, when you don't know whether it may be the last meal you may have on this earth. I tell

THE CROCKER NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

CONDITION AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS DECEMBER 31, 1918

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$20,500,039.60
United States Bonds	5,542,115.00
Other Bonds and Securities.....	2,045,301.10
Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco.....	150,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....	1,162,244.62
Cash and Sight Exchange	12,689,546.76
	\$42,089,247.08

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	4,187,514.89
Circulation	1,973,000.00
Letters of Credit.....	1,171,527.62
Deposits	32,757,204.57
	\$42,089,247.08

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you, it was good! It was great! It might be well if the people who run the Y. M. C. A., which is no doubt a great and wonderful institution, looked into some of the complaints with regard to certain of their secretaries and representatives over here." Another letter, also from a musician, in another regiment, to a friend of mine, expresses wonder that he was asked by a representative of the Y. M. C. A. to pay a pretty stiff price for some cigarettes and found when he opened the package that it was "with the compliments of Anna Held." Well, Anna Held has passed out to the great Unknown Country, but I think she would feel pretty badly if she thought that the cigarettes that she presented as a little contribution to make our boys feel good were being disposed of at a high figure.

Cigarettes Astray

of Anna Held." Dear little Anna, whose heart beat high with patriotism, who sent thousands of dollars to France and Belgium from the beginning of the war, whose most prized possession was the bronze medal with which she was decorated a month before her death for services by the Serbian Relief! Would she not turn in her grave if she knew that any gift of hers to the soldiers had been sold for profit?

THE AMERICAN GIRL

By Anna Held

I'd hardly landed from Páree, and I hadn't reached Broadway,

When "How do you like our great countree?" and "How would you like to stay?"

The smart reporters questioned me; my head began to whirl;

Then I looked around for the prettiest thing, and I saw an American girl.

From far away Manhattan Isle to placid sunset sea,

I've sought by ev'ry means and wile to see if there could be

Something she couldn't rival, some wonder that would furl,

That flaunting, proud supremacy, the modern American girl.

She's the fairest, I ween, she's the genuine queen,

From her toe to her neat little curl;

She's bright and she's witty, she's graceful and pretty, the modern American girl.

—April 3, 1898.

Roosevelt Sought for the Movies

On one occasion a great moving picture producer, prompted by the assurances of ignorant advisors who had a mistaken notion of Mr. Roosevelt's liking for publicity of any kind, decided to manufacture a thrilling serial based on the life of the great American. Accordingly, through friends of Mr. Roosevelt, an appointment was made, and the project was set forth in all its bearings by the enthusiastic director, even to its great financial possibilities, both to principal and producer. Mr. Roosevelt listened attentively, but his face broadened through the interview into one of his characteristic smiles,

which remained fixed, indicating amusement rather than approval. When the director had finished, after telling the listener how little trouble it would be for the great man to supply the few scenes between those of his political meetings, already purchased, thereby securing interesting continuity, the broad smile became broader, then broke into one of his well remembered laughs. "My dear friend," he said, "I'm very much afraid that those good people whom you have been consulting with reference to the vanity of Mr. Roosevelt have been what the English would call 'spoofing' you. Impossible, my dear sir, quite impossible! The pictures which you say you have already purchased were taken during political campaigns, in public meetings when I was President, and I was not at all a free agent. But to expect me to be shot again in Milwaukee, to be shown chopping a tree, or doing some stunt in horsemanship, and, worst of all, to have myself and my family displayed on the screen, even for posterity's sake, as you say, is something quite out of the question. Please say to Mr. Lubin that, in the future, it would be better for him to find out something about Mr. Roosevelt from his intimate friends, rather than from carping critics who get their information from yellow newspapers." And the director's report to Mr. Lubin was: "Nothing doing. That fellow is some big guy, and, believe me, no picture actor."

Work for Returned Soldiers

Copies of the following telegram, sent to the Council of National Defense December 24, have been forwarded to the California Senators and Representatives at Washington, and to the Senators and Assemblymen of the California State Legislature:

"In appreciative recognition of the honorable service of those Californians who joined the colors, the State Council of Defense of California is preparing plans for a celebration on April 5 to be participated in by every city and community in the State. Governor William D. Stephens has announced that he will declare April 5 a State holiday. Chairmen of the county divisions of the State Council have been advised that each county must organize its own celebration. The State Legislature is to be asked to provide funds for striking medals for one hundred and fifty thousand California fighting men to be presented on April 5 to men who have returned and to the relatives of those not yet demobilized. There is being engraved a golden scroll to be presented by the State of California to relatives of the eleven hundred Californians who gave their lives in the war."

"The Governor has given his hearty approval to this plan and has said that he will proclaim it a State holiday," says Director Moore in a letter to the County Division Chairmen. "While his influence and endorsement, together with the merit carried by the proposition itself, would perhaps be sufficient for the Legislature to take the necessary steps for its accomplishment, yet it will undoubtedly facilitate the project if you and the members of your division were to meet personally with the State Senators and Assemblymen of your county in order that they may have full information of the plans now in process of formation.

"As you are aware, the State Council of Defense, which will disband on January 31, has assumed the obligation to complete plans for a celebration to be held on April 5 in order to give due honor to the California boys who joined the colors. This celebration should be observed in every county and community in California."

Right on the job of finding work for returning California soldiers and sailors, as promised by the State Council of Defense, on behalf of the people of the State, are the manufacturers and dealers who composed a sub-committee of the late Non-War Construction Committee.

Lending their support to curtailment of construction when necessity existed, they are now actively helping to re-start industry. Called by Charles Wright of that committee, who is now busy at the State Council of Defense office assisting in securing places for the returning men, the committee will meet Tuesday, January 7, to consider plans for placement.

After a canvass of the corporations employing men, Mr. Stow furnished the following list, which, so far as he could learn, "are not only willing but eager to take back their former employees":

Standard Oil Company, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, Western Pipe and Steel Company, Blake Brothers, California Wine Association, California Cap Company, Metropolitan Match Company, the Pullman Company, Pacific Porcelain Ware Company, Stauffer Chemical Company, Union Superphosphate Company, Hercules Powder Company, California & Hawaiian Sugar Refining Company, East Bay Water Company, San Francisco & Oakland Terminal Railways, Port Costa Water Company, Selby Smelting & Lead Company, Union Oil Company, Certain-teed Products Corporation, National Lead Company, Giant Powder Company, Cons., Milliff Refining Company, Western Industries Company, Balfour, Guthrie Company, Martinez Canning Company, Shell Oil Company, Mountain Copper Company, Associated Oil Company, Pacific Coast Ship Building Company, Coos Bay Lumber Company, Pacific Electric Metals Company, General Chemical Company, Bowers Rubber Works, Columbia Steel Company, Great Western Electro Chemical Company, C. A. Hooper & Co., Redwood Manufacturing Association, the Parafine Company, Inc., F. E. Booth Company, Cowell Portland Cement Company, California Packing Corporation.

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Five Dollar War Savings Stamps, presented as favors to our Lady Patrons, and large boxes of Melachrine Cigarettes for the Gentlemen, Every Evening after each Souvenir Dance. These are real gifts—no competition.

Informal Social Dancing every Evening, except Sunday, from Dinner until closing.

Between Dances, Entertainment by our modishly gowned vocal Artists in late song hits, Operatic Arias, Ballads, etc.

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Romeo's Other Girl

By Maurice Baring

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.
—Romeo on Rosaline. "Romeo and Juliet,"
Act I, Scene ii.

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy shallow cheeks for Rosaline!
—"Romeo and Juliet," Act II, Scene ii.

Letter from Rosaline to Her Friend Olivia

Verona.

My dear Olivia,

Thank you very much for your kind letter. I am only just beginning to be able to write letters, as you may well imagine after all that we have gone through, and I am still in half-mourning, although they say this is ridiculous. As a matter of fact, nobody has a better right to be in mourning for Romeo than I, considering that he would certainly have married me had it not been for a series of quite extraordinary accidents. Mamma says that I was to blame, but I will tell you exactly what happened, and you can judge for yourself.

I made Romeo's acquaintance two years ago. We at once got on well together, and I never minded his childishness, which used to get on some people's nerves. He was the kind of a person whom it was really impossible to dislike, because he was so impetuous, so full of high spirits and good humor. Some people thought he was good looking; I never did. It was never his looks that attracted me, but I liked him for himself. Wherever I went he used to be there, and whenever we met he always talked to me the whole time and never looked at any one else, so that we were practically engaged although nothing was announced.

After this had gone on for some time Mamma became annoyed; she said we must do one thing or the other; we must either be engaged and announce our engagement or else that I must give up seeing Romeo altogether. This of course I refused to do. At last we made a compromise: in our own house I was allowed to see Romeo as much as I liked, but if I went out to banquets or masques I was to talk to other people and not to Romeo. Papa and Mamma had nothing against my marrying Romeo, because Mamma never like the Capulets, although they are Papa's relation. The result of this compromise, which was only arranged quite lately, was quite disastrous. Romeo could not understand it at all. He thought it was my fault, and that I was growing tired of him. It was then that he begged me to let our engagement be publicly announced. I did not want the announcement to be made public until the winter, because one never really has such fun once an engagement is known. However, I would no doubt have given in in the end. As it was, Romeo was annoyed, and just before the Capulets' banquet we had a scene. I told him quite plainly that he had no business to treat me as if I belonged to him. I had given him to understand, however, that I should be at the Capulets' banquet, and I fully expected him to come and beg for a reconciliation.

He came to the banquet, and it so happened that Lady Capulet's daughter, who was far too young for that kind of thing, was allowed to come down that night. A child of that age is

of course allowed to do anything, as it is supposed not to matter what they do. And as she had been told that the one thing she was not to do was to speak to a Montague, out of sheer naughtiness and perverseness she went to Romeo and made the most outrageous advances to him. Romeo, out of pique and simply to annoy me, kept up the farce, and they say that he even climbed over a wall that night, right into the house of the Capulets, and spoke to Juliet! All this time Juliet was betrothed to her cousin, the County Paris, and it was arranged that their marriage was to take place shortly.

What exactly happened we none of us know, but it is quite certain that Lady Capulet had found out what was going on, and having heard that Romeo had been climbing her garden wall and serenading Juliet under her very nose, she thought it would be an excellent opportunity to settle the old family quarrel and reconcile the two families by an alliance. So she forced Romeo to promise her he would marry Juliet, and some people say that the marriage ceremony was actually performed in secret, but this is not true, as I will tell you later. Of course, Lady Capulet did not dare tell her husband; on the contrary, every arrangement was made for Juliet's marriage with Paris; but the day before it was to come off a put-up quarrel was brought about between Romeo and one of the Capulets, which ended in Romeo's being banished to Mantua. He wrote to me every day, saying how miserable he was that all this tiresome business had happened, and how he was longing to see me again, and how it was not his fault.

Lady Capulet then gave Juliet a strong sleeping draught, which was to have the effect of making her like a corpse for forty-two hours. Every one was to think she was dead. She was to be taken to the vault of the Capulets and Romeo was to fetch her after the forty-two hours were over, when she should come to from her sleep. This was Lady Capulet's plan, and Romeo of course could do nothing but accept it, much as he must have hated this kind of thing. Romeo had many faults, but I must say he was never deceitful. I did not know anything about it at the time. All we knew was that, owing to a street brawl which had ended unfortunately, Romeo had been banished to Mantua. He wrote from there every day. He said over and over again in his letters that he was in great difficulties, but that he hoped to be back soon and see me again. I did not answer his letters because I was annoyed by the way in which he had spoken to Juliet at the ball. I had not then heard about the incident of the orchard, otherwise I should have been angrier still.

While things were in this state the whole matter took a tragic turn by the stupidity of Lady Capulet's nurse, who gave Juliet the wrong sleeping draught. Instead of giving her a potion which made her sleep for forty-two hours, they gave her some very strong rat poison which happened to be lying about. She drank it, poor thing, and never woke again.

Romeo came back from Mantua to meet Juliet at the vault, where he no doubt intended to have a final explanation with her and her family, to explain the whole thing: his engagement to me, and the impossibility of his

contracting any alliance with the Capulet family, especially as he had very strong principles on this point. But when he got to the tomb he found the County Paris, who was nominally engaged to Juliet, and of course extremely angry to find a Montague in such a place. They fought, and Paris killed Romeo, thus putting an end to all Lady's Capulet's intrigues. But she was not to be defeated thus. She had already bribed an old Franciscan monk, called Friar Laurence, to say that he had secretly married Juliet and Romeo, and her nurse (a horrible old woman) corroborated the friar's evidence. And so, with very much solemnity and fuss, a reconciliation was brought about between the two families, and they say that Benvolio, Montague's nephew, is to marry Katherine, Lady Capulet's niece by marriage, and thus the quarrel between the families has finally been settled and Lady Capulet has got her way.

I don't mind the two families being reconciled in the least; in fact we are all very glad of it, as life in Verona was made quite intolerable by their constant brawling and quarrelling. But what I do think is unfair, and what is particularly irritating to me, is that everybody, even Papa and Mamma, take it for granted that Romeo was really in love with Juliet, and had given up all thoughts of me. Nobody knows the truth except me, and I can not tell it without making myself appear conceited and ridiculous. You can imagine how irritating this is. Of course, when all this happened I was so overcome by the shock that I was very ill and did not care what was said, one way or the other. Papa and Mamma had to take me to Venice for a few days, as I was in such a state of nerves. Now, the change of air has done me good, and I am slowly getting better again. I am told that everybody believes that Romeo and Juliet were married by Friar Laurence. Of course, once such a legend gets about nothing will ever make people think the contrary. But even if they were married it would not really affect me, for it was a sheer case of coercion. If Romeo did marry Juliet he did it because he could not help himself, after having been discovered in her garden by that old cat Lady Capulet, who is a very, very wicked woman, and capable of anything. In fact I am not at all sure that she did not poison her daughter on purpose, and so bring about the reconciliation between the two families without having all the trouble of facing and defeating her husband's opposition to the match.

When you next come to see me I will show you Romeo's letters. Fortunately I have kept them all. They are very beautiful, and some of them are in rhyme; and you will see for yourself whether he loved me or not. I can not read them without crying. You have no idea what lovely things he says in them. For instance, one day he sent me a pair of silk gloves, and with them, written on a small scroll:

Oh that I were a glove upon thy hand,
That I might touch thy cheek.

His letters were full of lovely things like that, and I can not think of them without crying.

Your loving
Rosaline.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Carleton W. Allen in London

One night at a ball at the Fairmont during our Exposition I saw a young Diana whose dancing was the cynosure of all eyes, but whose Terpsichorean accomplishments were so distinguished as to discourage as partners all knights of the dance except the most proficient. She was Bernice D'Evelyn, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. W. D'Evelyn. Later I saw her at many social functions where she was easily the winner for beauty and grace. I learned that she was a deep student and that her intellectual development equalled her physical charms. She married, in London, Colonel Carleton W. Allen of a distinguished Canadian family and went with her soldier husband to France. It was not at all a surprise that this handsome, accomplished California girl was chosen as hostess at Eagle Hut, London, the most popular headquarters for "Yanks" in the service. Recently Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Murray (née Patricia Cosgrave of San Francisco) were chosen to represent California in a Burton Holmes movie of an Eagle Hut dinner. A fortnight ago Mrs. Allen was elected by acclamation, for services rendered, captain of Officers' Inn (open to Allied officers). Colonel Allen is at present at Chaumont. Mrs. D'Evelyn has been with her daughter since May. On Mrs. Allen's last birthday a dinner was given in Liverpool in her honor by a number of British officers.

The Celebrated Mrs. Tennant

Mrs. Allen and Lady Stanley, widow of the great explorer, are intimate friends. The following letter, received by Dr. D'Evelyn on June 3, from his daughter, Mrs. Allen, will interest many Californians: "Since my last writing, Mrs. Tennant has passed away in her ninety-ninth year, a veritable 'grande dame' of the last century. Mrs. Tennant was certainly to me far and away the most commanding personality I have met since leaving California. Her rare charm of manner, her marvelous memory, the unique setting of her past, the great associations in which she had lived and moved ever impressed me with a picturesqueness which

was fascinating. Just note how she linked up with history. It was her grandfather, Sir George Collier, who distinguished himself in the affair at Penobscot Bay, July, 1779, in our American War of Independence; while her grandson, G. Serocold Tennant, was killed by shell fire at the third battle of Ypres on September 4, 1917. Again, to the very last this grand old dame could recall her father and mother frequently dining with Louis Philippe, when he was living in the Bois de Boulogne, and how as a child she had danced at the Court of Charles X. At her home in Whitehall, John Bright and the Grand Old Man, Gladstone, were constant visitors. Her friends in "beautiful France" included the history makers of that brave land: Gustave Flaubert, Renan, Charcot, Coquelin, Alphonse Daudet, Gambetta, Carnot, and, naturally, Jules Ferry. Just fancy meeting, at the age of five years, the gentleman who afterwards became her husband at the house of the great naturalist Cuvier. To you she must also be interesting as the mother of Lady Stanley, widow of the great African explorer, Sir Henry Morton Stanley. Lady Stanley was most devoted to her wonderful mother, and of course 'Mother had the place of honor at those delightful afternoon gatherings at Furze Hill, when under the guidance of Lady Stanley we would revisit the 'Dark Continent' and re-trek the African travels of 'Rual Matari'—as the natives called him. Mrs. Tennant visited San Francisco and many Eastern cities when Stanley visited the United States on his lecture tour. In San Francisco, I think you told me, Stanley lectured before the Geographical Society in the Opera House on Mission street. Mrs. Tennant was quite famous as an artist and writer, so that Lady Stanley, who, as you know, has both these qualifications, comes very 'commendably' by them. Mrs. Tennant was born in Galway, a daughter of the "first arm of the service," in my month of November. Judging from a beautiful early miniature, Gertrude Collie (her maiden name) must have been in the class of 'the fair women and brave men' I used to read about as being native born to the wave-washed shores of Erin."

Native Pride

James Leiser, dispatch rider of the 91st Division, which rendered distinguished service at Argonne, wrote to his brother, Dr. A. H. Leiser (until recently of the 24th): "I'm tired of being a hip-pocket Frenchman. When I meet a girl to whom I wish to say something nice, I dig out my little dictionary. By the time I've hunted up the words, she's gone. These French dames look fine—in that paper called 'Vogue,' but not in real life. The American girls have them faded off the map. Europe is the best country in Europe and this is the finest little war they ever had, but me for America. When the statue of Liberty sees me coming home, she'll turn a right-about-face." Dr. Leiser, who until the other day with the 24th, was on duty at different camps in the United States, Canada and Siberia, says that all the boys he met from other states who had at any time of their training been stationed at California camps are eager to settle here after demobilization. With true California loyalty he adds, "Most always when I met a chap who was really human, he turned out to be from California!"

The Cedric Wright Musicale

An enjoyable musicale took place on Sunday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Wright in Berkeley. This charming young couple are gifted musicians, both having studied violin abroad, where they perfected themselves with celebrated masters. Mr. and Mrs. Wright delighted their guests with several numbers. Others who contributed to the entertainment were Mrs. Marie Partridge Price, who sang, accompanied by Miss Therese Erhmann; also Mr. William H. Keith, the baritone. Later in the afternoon Hobart Bosworth, an early-day friend of Mr. George T. Wright's, arrived with Miss Grace La Rue. Guests from both sides of the bay were present.

At the Fairmont

Mrs. E. J. Benedict has returned to the city from an Eastern visit and taken apartments at the Fairmont Hotel for the winter. Late letters from her son, Lieutenant George Gillson, who is in the aviation corps, report him in the south of France, expecting to return home soon. He is flight director in the aviation corps.

Mrs. Elsie Sperry Dosch

Mrs. Arno Dosch, formerly Miss Elsie Sperry, daughter of George Sperry, is prominent in Red Cross work in Paris. She is settled in Paris with her two young children and will reside abroad permanently. Her husband is in Russia doing newspaper work.

Lieutenant Gilson

Although the holidays are over and San Franciscans are taking a rest after the gaieties of the season, there is no diminution in the attendance at Rainbow Lane in the Fairmont Hotel. In fact, so popular has this gathering place become that dancing is begun at seven o'clock every night except Sunday, instead of at eight, and until one o'clock merriment reigns supreme. Producing Director Winfield Blake and Musical Director Rudy Seiger are constantly making changes in the entertainment offered

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by the Fairmont Follies, and visitors from New York who have seen the best cabaret shows offered in the metropolis say that there is nothing better to be found there than in Rainbow Lane. Vanda Hoff, the inspirational dancer, is offering a novelty in her "Tunisian Dance," while the other specialties are novel and fetching. The Sunday evening concerts are a feature at the Fairmont, the beautiful lobby always being crowded with an appreciative audience of music lovers. This Sunday evening Lina Reggiani, the soprano from the La Scala Opera Company, will be the vocalist and her numbers will include "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto," "Kiss Me Again" from Victor Herbert's "Mlle. Modiste," the "Charmant Oiseau" from the "Perle de Brazil" and "La Partida" by Alvarez.

Techau Tavern Makes Another Hit

There can be little doubt that scores of ladies who were present at the New Year's Eve celebration at Techau's have made a New Year resolution to use no sachet but that distributed as a souvenir on that occasion. Air Embause sachet is from the laboratories of V. Rigaud, of Par, maker of those perfumes of the elite: Mary Garden, aL Lilas, De Rigaud and Carolina White. The new sachet made an instantaneous hit with the ladies, and the man-

agement of the Tavern is to be congratulated on selecting such a souvenir.

San Francisco Girls in France

When last heard from, Miss Helen Chesebrough was visiting friends in Paris. She is doing Red Cross work abroad, serving in canteen quarters at the front, having passed through many thrilling experiences. Her letters to relatives in this city are extremely interesting.

Another California woman who has been serving near the firing line is Mrs. Frederick L. Perry, formerly Miss Mary Hooper, daughter of the late Major William B. Hooper. Mrs. Perry expects to remain abroad indefinitely.

When last heard from, Miss Elizabeth Austen was in London, expecting later to go to Paris. She has been active in canteen work and will remain abroad indefinitely.

At the Cecil

Mrs. Valentine Wood is sojourning at the Cecil. She came up this week from her home in Palo Alto. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Geary left Tuesday for Los Angeles. They will be in the south for about two weeks, planning to return to the Cecil about January 24. This charming couple were hosts at a family dinner New Year's Eve. The private dining room of the Cecil was

effectively decorated with holly, Christmas berries and other green growing things. Among the guests were Madame Geary of Berkeley, Miss Margaret Geary, Dr. and Mrs. Geary of Portland, and Ernest Geary. The latter has just returned from one of the training camps in the East. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Hudson are among the new arrivals. They are friends of Mr. and Mrs. Riddell, who make their home at the Cecil. A delightful dinner was presided over by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Davis Sunday. Other dinner hosts on this evening were Mrs. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Highley, and Mr. Jordan. Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Long, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Saunders, returned yesterday to Fresno, where they make their home. Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Cook of Portland will spend the winter at the hotel. On their arrival Monday they received a warm welcome from San Francisco friends.

Some Queen

When Woodrow Wilson espoused his present wife he not only made her the first lady of the land, but owing to his distinguished participation in world events conferred upon her the coveted honor of being the only original movie queen of two continents who has been received and decorated by crowned heads.

The Stage

"Ripping" Vaudeville at Orpheum

This is the week of the singing girl at the Orpheum. For, on the same bill, there are three American girls who really can sing, which is an unusual circumstance in a vaudeville programme. First, there is Grace Nelson, a wholesome, handsome young woman of the ideal goddess of liberty type. Her voice is a soprano of power, flexibility, range and beautiful timbre; she sings with taste and intelligence, which prove indisputably her right to the title she assumes upon the programme, "an American made prima donna." Nature unassisted never achieves vocal results like hers—intelligent, properly directed study alone can. It is devoutly hoped that Miss Nelson will remain some time upon the bill that song enthusiasts may enjoy her lovely voice and artistry. Then there is Olga Cook's voice, another soprano, lighter in quality, pure, high, true, sympathetic and faultlessly placed. Because I thought it such precious material, I wish to say that Miss Cook owes a debt of gratitude to her divine gift to study more. She needs to work arduously upon articulation and dramatic delivery if she would reap the reward within her grasp. Besides, Miss Cook is a beauty. She is a real Lillian Russell type of girl, radiantly blonde, exquisitely proportioned, with their precious endowment, a winning, intelligent expression. I can see no logical reason why this charming girl so richly qualified by nature should be doing "two a day" in vaudeville instead of queen-ing it at the head of her own Broadway production; and, with the seriousness of purpose which should be hers, ultimately stepping into grand opera. The third girl is the leading soprano of the "Four Buttercups"—sorry I don't know her name. She is an earnest little brown pretty wren of a girl and her voice, which she uses artistically, is of unusual excellence. George Le Maire and Clay Crouch have a truly funny skit about doctors and life insurance policies. Jokes and resultant laughs occur with rapidity. The two men have personalities and ability to get situations over right into the hearts of vaudeville audiences. Leo Beers, a good-looking

young man, does an entertaining pianologue. The act featuring Olga Cook is "Gus Edwards' Annual Song Revue." It is really an ambitious musical comedy melange with an extensive company of principals, pretty chorus, a premiere danseuse (Helen Coyne), a vigorous baritone (Signor Villani), who sings "La Marseillaise" so well as to rival Muratore dangerously; a mise-en-scene and costume scheme of unusual Orpheum. For, on the same bill, there are attractiveness and tuneful musical numbers. Sarah Padden appears in a novel sketch, "The Eternal Barrier"—a monologue with three other characters merely visualized. The piece is rather banal, not worthy of the talent of the actress. Miss Padden has unusual dramatic instinct, a colorful voice and magnetic personality. As long as she remains in vaudeville "the legitimate" is deprived of a potent artist. "Rubeville" is welcomed and enjoyed uproariously. Harry Watson and James Carney portray rural types with cameo distinctness. When the village John McCormack sang a solo, I thought he was as funny as his well sustained portrayal of the town "dude," but the house took his vocalizing seriously and applauded vigorously, so perhaps there is something wrong with my sense of humor. The Hearst Weekly pictures are up to the usual high standard.

—H. M. B.

Something Doing at the Columbia

Don't miss it! This injunction may seem trite and laconic to the normally dubious reader, but it is written in a spirit of earnest well meaning. The entertainment offered by Julian Eltinge at the Columbia can scarcely be called unusual, because San Franciscans know their Julian Eltinge well, and their keen appreciation of his amazingly perfected artistry is a constant source of regret that they do not know him better through more frequent study of it. As long as there has been an American stage, the term "female impersonator" has been more or less one of derisive opprobrium, but Julian Eltinge has never been this. From this point of view, it can be definitely stated that he does not

"impersonate" woman at all, but actually "re-produces" her in every move, feature or instinct, except voice, and here lies Eltinge's one blemish—a most grateful one—because it lifts him completely out of the strictly applied "impersonator" class of questionable distinction. There is a wide difference between femininity and effimancy, and Eltinge is never effeminate. Altogether, our friend Julian has in this instance out-Eltinged Eltinge, and his graceful speech made at the conclusion of his series of pictured femininity, thanking his audience for its apparently unexpected applause, shows that he can talk as well as act.

—Clay M. Greene.

Henry Shumer as Grumpy

Some one—it may have been William Winter—once asserted that the actor who plays stock has a far better chance of developing his art than the actor who achieves early fame in one particular role and eventually transforms the role into himself, to the consequent loss of versatility. The notion, of course, is founded in obviously sound reasons, though the danger of stock acting is that unless an actor graduates therefrom before age overtakes him he may degenerate into a mime of all parts and a master of none. Now Henry Shumer of the remarkably well-balanced company at present holding the boards at the Alcazar is an actor who has been playing stock nearly all his life. And yet, in his characterization of Grumpy, Cyril Maude's own particular role, Shumer displays qualities of originality as pleasing as they are unexpected. Shumer's interpretation of the irascible, growling, grouchy and withal kindly Grumpy is drawn, without doubt, from Maude's original of the part. But Shumer has elected to make the character a little less harsh than does Maude, and he develops the more likeable side of the easily miffed old fellow in a manner so artful as to suggest the thought that he is pretty familiar with the liking Alcazar audiences have for sentiment. At any rate, Shumer's Grumpy is a great performance in its way, and one of which Maude himself might be not a

little proud. For instance: There was a middle-aged woman on a street car the other night. Her face was modeled from the soft sweetness of a granite tombstone. She wore an Airedale puppy in her lap. And she had seen Shumer's Grumpy. Between walloping the puppy with her nose and calling him "ootsey-swicks" she spoke words of praise of Shumer's acting, and confided to a companion, who appeared to be a trifle more common-sensible if a trifle less sentimental, since she called the puppy Pete while he wagged his tail in appreciation, that whereas the Maude version left her with a bit of dislike for Grumpy, the Shumer version made her actually fond of the old man, and she confessed there were tears a-plenty in her eyes as the play progressed. Thus doth it seem certain that Shumer is reaching the hearts of his audiences, and what more can an actor do? Belle Bennett as the granddaughter is quite at her best. Here is an actress possessing high qualifications aside from her voice, which is one of the most remarkable speaking voices ever in San Francisco stock. Miss Bennett, Thomas Chatterton and the others in the cast round out the play nicely.

—T. L. L.

Third "Pop" Concert by Hertz

Alfred Hertz' happy faculty for building programmes that just hit the fancy of the average music lover will again be divulged at the Curran next Sunday afternoon, January 12, when the third concert of the "pop" series will be given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. That a capacity audience will be attracted is indicated by the vast proportions assumed by the advance sale early in the week. Herold, Sibelius, Massenet, Johann Strauss, Grieg, Saint-Saens, Gillet and Liszt will be represented in the prodigal feast of light music, all of the numbers of which are veritable masterpieces of their type. An extraordinary musical gamut is run from the impressionistic "Scenes Pittoresques" of Massenet to Liszt's perennially popular third

symphonic poem, "The Preludes." Following is the complete programme: Overture, "Zampa," Herold; "Valse Triste," Sibelius; "Scenes Pittoresques," Marche, Air de Ballet, Angelus, Fete Boheme, Massenet; Overture, "The Fledermaus" ("The Bat"), Johann Strauss; (a) "Solveig's Song," (b) "Wedding Procession," Grieg; (a) "Serenade," (b) "Loin du Bal," Gillet; "The Preludes," Liszt. None of the three numbers programmed for the fourth pair of symphonies, to be played at the Curran on Friday and Sunday afternoons, January 17 and 19, have been performed hitherto by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Two of the numbers announced by Alfred Hertz, Rimsky-Korsakov's symphonic poem, "Sadko," and Sinigaglia's overture to "Le Baruffe Chiozotte," will be offered for the first time in this city. The important number will be Schumann's Second Symphony in C Major, Opus 61, unquestionably this composer's greatest symphonic work. The second and third movements of this symphony, "scherzo," "allegro vivace" and "adagio espressivo," are particularly regarded by authorities as Schumann's most beautiful achievements.

Kolb and Dill Back

Dear little amiable Mike and his inseparable tyrannical Schultz are with us once more. In their new play they are an undertaker and a doctor, respectively. As veterans of the Civil War, fighting it all over again, they get into their usual inextricable tangles of "explanations," which never have failed and probably never will fail to create merriment. San Francisco has a warm place in its heart for this popular team and we can always stand a season of their comedy. The mounting of their play, "As You Were," is crisp and attractive, but their support is mediocre. Why will comedians persist in assuming the lion's share of entertaining their audiences? Their opening night at the Curran was inaugurated with a packed house which greeted them affectionately.

—H. M. B.

Crowds Attest Success of "As You Were"

Kolb and Dill, two of the most popular fun-makers who ever appeared on a San Francisco stage, will enter upon the second week of their successful Curran Theatre engagement in their bright new offering, "As You Were," on Sunday night, January 12. There can be no doubt of the success of "As You Were," judging by the crowds that have been attracted to the Curran all week, and the laughter with which the many ludicrous situations of the "military, dramatic farce" are received. Max Dill has contrived an ingenious book in "As You Were." The lyrics are by Harry Williams, and the music, unusually catchy, was written by Leo Flanders, who also conducts the enlarged orchestra. Some of the songs which are certain of popularity are: "Rose Knows," "Blighty," "How'd You Like to Live Your Kid Days Over?" and "I'll Marry a Maid That's Made Like You."

At the Columbia

The second and final week of the Eltinge engagement begins Sunday night.

The first presentation in the United States of the great photoplay, "Ravished Armenia," will take place at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday, the 19th inst. It is the life story of Aurora Mardiganian, the one Christian girl who escaped from the Turks in the awful massacre of Armenia. Some startling scenes have been taken by the camera and private showing of the picture gives promise of its causing a thrill the world over.

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SUNDAY, JAN. 16—First United States showing of the film, "RAVISHED ARMENIA"

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There was a decided improvement in sentiment right after the New Year, due to the optimistic interviews given out by a number of people who have a following speculatively. The market, with the exception of the oils, did not develop into a very broad affair, and after the shorts had covered their contracts, a little selling soon took the edge off the market, and the good feeling early in the week gave way to a more pessimistic view. The metal situation seems to be getting worse, and there was talk of a good many of the copper mines either closing down entirely or curtailing to the extent of 50 per cent or more. There are no metal quotations available, and almost any quotation can be had from 18 to 23 cents. This situation has made for a lower market in the coppers, and already there is talk of a cut in most of the copper share dividends. The steel stocks are acting heavy, with rumors from time to time of further cuts in the prices of finished steel, and talk of curtailment. The U. S. Steel Corporation meets for dividend January 28, and there are many in the trade who expect a reduction in the extra dividend of 1 per cent. These rumors were the principal factors in bringing about a pessimistic feeling and a sagging market. The railroads are not showing the snap that was expected of them, owing to the difference of opinion regarding the length of time that they will be under Government control. Director McAdoo is now in favor of keeping them for five years, and this uncertainty does not help the market for this class of securities. Oil stocks had the center of the stage, and, led by Mexican Petroleum, this class of stocks were all in good demand at higher prices. The public seems to have awakened to the prosperous condition that most companies are in at present, and the prosperous outlook for the future. The production of oil does not equal the demand, and the cessation of the war has not brought about any decline in the price of oil. With the demand for oil of all kinds, at top prices, the oil companies are doing their best to increase the production, and every report of a new well brings about an added interest in this class of stocks, and the bulk of the speculative trading is now in the oil stocks. The market has not as yet discounted the readjustment in business, and it will probably be a scalping affair with a sagging tendency until after the Liberty Loan is out of the way. Money restrictions are still on, and there will be no large amount of money available for speculation for some time. We believe, however, that the underlying conditions are sound, and ultimately will have their effect, and it would be well to pick up the better class of stocks on a scale down for the present, with the idea of having a line to sell when the market takes a turn for the better, which it will when conditions again become normal.

Cotton—The cotton market failed to hold the advance of last week, and a little selling by the holders of spot cotton in the South at the advance seemed to take the edge off the market and brought about a good reaction. Outside speculation in cotton is small, and the local element in New York seems to have the market to itself. The market had a big advance the previous week, and there was every reason to expect a reaction of good proportions on technical grounds alone. This favorable situation was helped further by a slump in shipments during the past few days, which seemed to indicate that the export movement had been overestimated. The bears probably recognized the unsatisfactory nature of the basis of their attack, but figured it worth the attempt, and went to it, with the result noted. The market has now had its reaction, and has resumed its normal bullish attitude, and in the absence of untoward developments, the bulls expect it to turn upward. The favorable factors to an advance lie in the prospect that January, which is now practically the spot market, must shortly widen its premium over the other months. The unfavorable factors may come in the nature of complications in the peace settlement, due to unsettled conditions in Germany and Russia, and temporarily in continued tight exports. The spot cotton in the South seems to be in strong hands, and there is very little being offered except at prices that look attractive, and when the future market declines, the spot people refuse to sell. The bulk of cotton has left the farm, and as the crop was a short one, it can easily be financed. There is some cotton being sold for export, but the volume is not large as yet. Domestic mills seem to be afraid of the present price, and are only buying from a hand-to-mouth basis, expecting to tire out the holder, or preferring to let him carry and finance the cotton. At the wide discount at which the distant futures are selling under the spot price, we see very little risk in buying, say, the May option. This represents last year's cotton, and in normal times sells at a premium over the spot price, but at present it is selling at 5 cents per pound under the spot price, which would make the option look like a safe proposition at the discount. New cotton will not be available before August, and when May comes around the stocks of cotton will be much smaller than they are now, which ought to bring about a good advance from present levels.

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A NEW YEAR'S RAMBLE

(Continued from Page 7)

lost and drowned in the storm of song, shouts, trumpets, horns and triangles, and in the sea of confetti and serpentine, which rose to the third thread level between the tables and the ceiling.

Again we were dazzled with the masculine colors of the army and navy and air forces, and with the fetching gowns of beautiful women. The blue satin dress brocaded with gold worn by Mrs. Daniel C. Jacklin rivaled the blue satin gown with feather adornments of Mrs. Walter Hobart.

The basso joy notes of the men faintly mingled with the loud, hysterical shouts of the women, so much so that the jazz band in one pavilion and the Hawaiian orchestra in the other could just about be heard.

The guitar and banjo players with costumed dancers went from table to table, singing, playing and dancing.

Now Dorothy Wicks and Johnny Schwab danced a la Dorothy Dixon in "Rockabye Baby." Colored lights made common things partake of the "Rose du Barry," and perfume and warmth filled the air.

At 11 o'clock there was a sensation. Suddenly the great doors in the rear and from the kitchen were opened and, behold! a great procession marched in, led by Chef Victor Hertzler in a gawdy white satin costume, followed by his attendants, also in costume, each bearing on his head a tray on which was a huge block of colored ice lit up inside with letters spelling "New Year, 1919." They passed the tables of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, of the Walter Hawleys, of the Le Roy Macombers, of the W. E. Talants, of the George Toys, and of the Adolph Uhls.

The professional entertainers, dancers, singers, and musicians kept things lively until five minutes before midnight, when everything became hushed—all the lights went out, because in five minutes more the momentous year of 1918

would be lifeless and dead forever. Searchlights sought out a set of tables, revealing thereon beautiful young women in gauzy costumes, dancing the dance of death to end with the passing of the old year at midnight. These were showered with serpentine and confetti.

Then, bang! came the stroke of midnight, and down fell the 1918 girls; then an inky darkness; then a flash of light, the first light of 1919. New tables received these searchlights, new dancers out of 1919 sprang up, lightly costumed in red with light fluffy silken red veils—all young and vigorous—dancing under the New Year searchlights for the first time, in the New Year of 1919. Five minutes passed like five seconds, then darkness again, and then came the general room lights to last till the sun arose.

Who will forget these maddening scenes?

No spirits but high spirits, no notes but joy notes, no girls but choice girls, no cigars but Havanas, no liquors but champagne, and that for \$8 per, and up—mostly up. Yet champagne flowed faster than ever flowed water.

War prices and prohibition prices were absolutely forgotten. France's nectar of the gods was ordered with nonchalance and with greater frequency than any one ever ordered Spring Valley.

And now for the San Francisco Press Club. Our party found its ball room as the bell struck two. Here were editors, famous artists, painters, cartoonists, lawyers, physicians, politicians, government officials, actors and actresses. Two of the latter from the Columbia Theatre were so pelted with confetti that Al Joy and Clyde Westover yelled "Have a Heart." This took with the crowd and as fun got fast and furious they all sang "Have a Heart," even the "Have a Heart" leading ladies joining in the chorus shouting "Have a Heart." A great curtain raiser held us entranced. Then on went the dance.

And now the bell strikes "four!" We seem to hear the poise of revelry from the far-off Palace. We were again getting hungry. Back to the Palace. There the fun was still going on. The Palace acreage of four spacious halls was still aglow and the wine sparkled faster and the odor of toilet perfumes and fragrant Havanas still filled the air.

Herman Heller's favorite musicians were in the height of their play. Dancing was universal. At 5 o'clock breakfast was announced, and we sat down to deliciously cooked pans of tiny little sausages smothered in an omelette akin to "eggs a la benedict," with coffee and cocktails on the side. It surely tasted very good to everybody.

After breakfast the Bohemians of the city returned to the dance with renewed strength. Here we left the gay throng to retire to our homes. It was after 7 a. m., but we were not the last. We were told the next day that the last limousine was sent out by the starters, Charlie and Hughey, at 9 o'clock in the morning. This was the greatest New Year celebration San Francisco has ever had.

But the greatest war in history had just passed over and the pent-up enthusiasm of the public for four years, with a prospect of prohibition next year, moved the Bohemians of San Francisco to the top heights of Bohemia, and

now the wonder is, what will our next New Year celebration be like? Can you affect San Francisco's celebration of the next New Year by "throwing cold water on it," and by making the revelers drink it?

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93611. Dept. No. 10.

DAVID TRUGMAN, Plaintiff, vs. ELSIE TRUGMAN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greetings To: Elsie Trugman, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of November, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MARCUS D. WOLFF,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
625 Market Street,
San Francisco, California.

12-21-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93516. Dept. No. 10.

IWA V. CURTIS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM HOPKINS CURTIS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff.
The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM HOPKINS CURTIS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 15th day of November, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
901 Hearst Building,
San Francisco, California.

12-14-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93641. Dept. No. 15.

ORSON E. SHIMMIN, Plaintiff, vs. ANNA J. SHIMMIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

John S. Hogan, Attorney for Plaintiff.
The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Anna J. Shimmin, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd day of November, A. D. 1918.

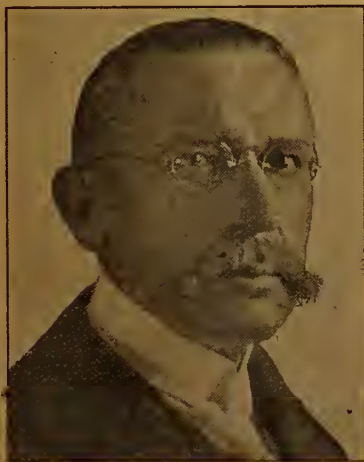
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

Endorsed: Filed November 22, 1918. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
88 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

12-7-10



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STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

BANK OF ITALY

SAVINGS

COMMERCIAL
Head Office, San Francisco
DECEMBER 31, 1918
RESOURCES

TRUST

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate.....	\$29,915,661.41
Other Loans (Collateral and Personal).....	29,953,373.52
Banking Premises, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults (Head Office and Branches)	3,486,319.21
Other Real Estate.....	302,817.75
Customers' Liability Under Letters of Credit.....	420,010.96
Other Resources.....	449,415.30
United States, State, Municipal and Other Bonds.....	\$14,538,649.45
CASH and due from Banks.....	14,479,913.90
TOTAL.....	\$93,546,161.50
LIABILITIES	
Capital, Fully Paid.....	\$ 5,000,000.00
Surplus.....	\$1,250,000.00
Undivided Profits.....	750,000.00
Dividends Unpaid.....	188,311.50
Letters of Credit.....	420,010.96
DEPOSITS.....	\$5,937,839.04
TOTAL.....	\$93,546,161.50

A. P. Giannini and W. R. Williams, being separately duly sworn each for himself, says that said A. P. Giannini is President and that said W. R. Williams is Cashier of the Bank of Italy, the Corporation above mentioned, and that every statement contained herein is true of his own knowledge and belief.

A. P. GIANNINI,
W. R. WILLIAMS.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of December, 1918.

THOMAS S. BURNS, Notary Public.

The Story of Our Growth

As Shown by a Comparative Statement of Our Resources:

December 31, 1904.....	\$285,436.97
DECEMBER 31, 1906.....	\$1,899,947.28
December 31, 1908.....	\$2,574,004.90
DECEMBER 31, 1910.....	\$6,539,861.49
December 31, 1912.....	\$11,228,814.56
DECEMBER 31, 1914.....	\$18,030,401.59
December 31, 1916.....	\$39,805,995.24
DECEMBER 31, 1917.....	\$ 77,473,152.79
DECEMBER 31, 1918 -	\$ 93,546,161.50

NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS { DECEMBER 31, 1917, 141,298
/ DECEMBER 31, 1918, 161,626

Savings Deposits Made on or Before January 10, 1919, Will Earn Interest from January 1, 1919.

WESTERN FUEL COMPANY

430 CALIFORNIA STREET

San Francisco, California

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Mined in British Columbia

Hi-Heat Coal

Mined in Utah

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Mined in New Mexico

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

NOTICE TO THE READER: When you have finished reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employe, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors at the front. No wrapping—no address.

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXIV. No. 1378.

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JANUARY 18, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIV.

San Francisco-Oakland, January 18, 1919

No. 1378.

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Return of the Grizzlies

As this paper is leaving the press it is quite likely that San Francisco's crack regiment will be passing up Market street amid the cheers of enthusiastic thousands, the joyful tears of welcoming relatives, and under clouds of bunting to the Civic Center to be welcomed home. The career of the Grizzlies has been marked by glorious enthusiasm and dash from its very inception, for its roster was filled by young men who volunteered as soon as the opportunity to do so was offered, and even before the final authority came, the organization was almost completed. As far as the martial glory that might have been spread upon the pages of San Francisco's history is concerned, each and every officer and soldier in the regiment must feel some slight pang of regret that the Grizzlies were not given a fighting chance. After long and arduous training to perfect a great fighting unit for a battle that would have done them and their city credit, and while they stood upon the battle line ready for the mighty drive that had been projected, there came the armistice. Many of the officers and men gained great distinction in special details, but it will always be a matter of keen regret that the single opportunity to make a record as a fighting unit was so summarily nipped in the bud. This regret is seen in both letters and telegrams from the Grizzlies, and Colonel Mullally has been most emphatic in declaring that his regiment was composed of only perfect soldiers, who did all they were called upon to do, with inspiring ardor, and every one of them anxious to risk his life for the cause of the World's Democracy. The preparations for the welcome home were most elaborate, as was of course to have been expected, and while the Grizzlies' roll of honor has but few names upon it never to be known again, its officers know, the men know, and the

world knows, too, that each of them had his life in his hands and would gladly have cast it away for the glory of his flag and the honor of the fair city by the Golden Gate.

* * *

The Dry Amendment

California, by a majority that was quite unexpected, has approved the amendment to the Constitution calling for National Prohibition, being the twenty-fourth state to so approve, and leaving only twelve other states voting in the affirmative to make the amendment a fundamental law. That these will have so voted long before the first of July next goes without saying, and, after all, only those people who have lived and thrived by the manufacture and sale of liquor—excepting, of course, their habitual customers—are very greatly concerned about it. To go a little further, it is safe to say that an appeal to the popular vote of the country would result in an overwhelming majority for prohibition. And yet a gross, and apparently ineradicable wrong has been done to a large corporate interest, in which hundreds of millions of dollars are invested, and the Internal Revenue will have suffered to an extent of sufficient magnitude to have paid the interest on hundreds of millions' value in Liberty bonds. Prohibitionists will say that to eradicate a disease we must get at the root of it and tear it out. This is true enough, but at the same time is there to be no relief for the thousands of investors, the hundreds of thousands of workers in an industry which has been a reputable one and accepted as legal for hundreds of years? France granted remuneration for her absinthe manufacturers, and in forbidding alcoholic beverages for the duration of the war, England promised to see to it that this great industry should not suffer. But it seems very likely indeed that we shall do nothing in relief of these tremendous losses, at least until the vast war expenditures have been counted, and we can figure out just where we stand. The best way to have secured abatement of intemperance was not through prohibition, but by the passing of laws to secure temperance, through the elimination of the saloon. But reform is always rabid, unreasoning, narrow and cruel, and counts not what the outcome may be, so long as it can attain its object. It is difficult for any one but these reformists to conjecture why the hundreds of millions or so that are invested in the California wine industries

should have been swept away at a single blow, except on the hypothesis that ignorance and prohibition are one and the same thing. Temperance is a blessing, prohibition is a hideous wrong, and some one is going to discover one day that so sweeping a reform as this has been a tremendously expensive one.

* * *

A Perplexing Predicament

It is safe to say, with no unreasonable pessimism regarding the outcome of the Versailles Conference, that if the President reads all of the varying opinions of the numerous correspondents, critics and reportorial experts, he must be sadly perplexed. Even the studied wisdom of the twenty-three or so professional economists he has taken with him, added to the great sagacity of his personal confidant and adviser, Colonel House, would seem insufficient to extricate him from the confusion of ideas that surrounds him on all sides. As a matter of course he has already considered any of them that might be of value in the performance of the herculean task he has imposed upon himself, and has no doubt quite made up his mind as to what he is going to do. It is to be hoped so, for aside from the convocation of scribes and elders he has taken with him, we have been told that there are three truck loads of books, bales of secret archives, and a vast collection of maps and other European data, prepared under the wise supervision of the talented gentleman who has no official position, and yet is closer to the President than any member of the Cabinet, and better knows what he is going to do. Perhaps after all it is the scribes who are perplexed; the scribes and the statesmen whom he has not taken into his confidence, but left to their own resources of conjectural observation. At all events, the editorial writer must find himself at a great disadvantage at this remote distance, for he must secure his knowledge from the writings of others, many of whom may, like himself, be merely guessing.

* * *

The Principal Figure

There are some facts, however, which are not guesswork. Facts which if seriously considered and weighed in all their bearings, would occupy every moment of presidential deliberation for the next two years, with the least important fact eliminated. He is expected by one newspaper—only a New Jersey one, by the way—"to organize and guarantee absolute peace and stability for two thousand millions of people, and

to make freedom of every true sort real." The Holy See at Rome is said to have declared that it looks to Mr. Wilson to restore the temporal power of the Pope; the Irish people have quite made up their minds that he is to secure them their freedom; Venizelos is sure beyond all question that he will restore the ancient glory of Greece, but just how this is to be brought about is left for the Great American himself to decide. He must free Poland and guarantee her a stable and lasting government whose autonomy shall be complete; he must see to it that the Jugo-Slavs are guaranteed independence that will be permanent, and also prevent Italy from gobbling up all of the Eastern Adriatic ports. He must secure equally favorable guarantees for Czecho-Slovakia, and provide everything for Armenia, except, perhaps, a navy, which will scarcely be necessary. In point of fact, our worthy President seems to have acquired the distinction of being the Saviour of every downtrodden nation or people, and, surely enough, he is going to have more or less trouble in giving substantiality to these wildly extravagant beliefs.

Approval and Condemnation

Democratic papers and statesmen are quite rabid in their statements that what he has gone to France to do is much more important than any thing he can possibly do here, and that he must remain at the wheel until the League of Nations shall have become a lasting entity. Senator Reed is even more rabid in the declaration that "this League of Nations idea is the most monstrous doctrine that was ever yet proposed." England will approve it, provided that Britannia shall continue to rule the waves and retain her conquered German territory in Africa. France will greet such a league with supreme delight, if only Germany be forever denied any connection with it, and Italy will acclaim it with true Latin fervor, with the proviso that she shall yield none of her reconquered ports to the Jugo-Slav. So already there are indications that the wonderful altruism of President Wilson is preached much more easily than it can be put into practice, for there is, in so far as definite information has reached us, no reason to believe that there will be anything like plain sailing for his pet project.

Washington Grows Nervous

But at home, except in his own political family, there are murmurs of disapproval over his absence, the duration of which seems to be surrounded by a sort of haze of indefiniteness which grows thicker as the Peace Conference nears organization and gets down to business. Republican members of the Senate and House of Representatives are calling on him to return and discuss with them the various sections of his fourteen terms of peace before submitting them to the final tribunal at Paris, while the Democrats sit in their seats and smile, serenely confident that the President is infallible in whatever he may choose to do. Some of the Opposition—notably Senator Lodge—is still insisting upon an immediate intimate discussion concerning the League of Nations, which is very likely to be docketed last on the cases to be determined by this Supreme Court of Nations. Why not leave it to Mr. Wilson himself to decide what it is best for him to do, and he can advise his executive family by cable, should there be any knottier problems for them to decide than are at present before them.

Perspective Impressions

When afflicted with too much advice from others, it is not a bad idea to become a hermit until one's own personality reasserts itself.

English statesman named Smuts comes out for a League of Nations. Rather ominous name, isn't it?

Doesn't Mr. Taft's idea of a "League to Enforce Peace" sound a lot like an organized system of back firing?

Mr. Wilson signs Congressional bills by cable notice. What's the matter with the Vice-President? Not to be trusted?

Note the reply of hotel manager when asked how about dancing after July 1: "Search me, there won't be any here."

W. C. T. U. ladies are reviving that ominous battle cry: "Tobacco is a filthy weed." That's the way they went after liquor once, and now look at us!

Good thing that the fellow who took a crack at Paderewski was a bad shot and missed his fingers.

Belgium complains that she has no materials or machinery to recuperate herself with. Are we to be called upon to supply these, too?

Sinn Feiners burning jails! Good way to keep out of them.

Foch refuses to extend armistice. Isn't it doing that for itself automatically, Mr. Field Marshal?

President Wilson says Italy wants too much, and that Jugo-Slavia must have a look in. A few straws like this and—whirlwinds!

They are beginning to talk about a fifth Liberty Loan. Pour quoi?

Must be a lot of ambitious editors among the Spartacans. They're capturing newspapers now.

Now then, employers, throw out the stay-at-homes and give the soldiers their old jobs.

Peter Kyne looked every inch a soldier, and about half an inch of him a writer. But what a world of material he has primed himself with over there!

Give land to wounded soldiers? Certainly, and the capital to work it with.

Writer complains that the President's proclamation on the death of Roosevelt had no heart in it. Well, what else could he say and be on the level?

Grand Jury exonerates Fickert. Good cue for another bray from Mr. Densmore, eh?

There is a vast difference between just peace and A just peace.

Generally agreed that there should be a League of Nations, but wait until the provisos begin to come in.

In Argentina they drag Bolsheviki to jail at the end of a rope. Only trouble seems to be that they don't pull the rope hard enough.

Oh, never mind! In a year or two people will forget that there was ever such a thing as a cocktail.

President Wilson wants to stop anarchy by feeding it. Isn't that feeding a raging fever instead of starving the cold fact that steel would be much quicker?

Senator Burnett of San Francisco wants a home for briefless attorneys. Where will he find a lot big enough? Oh, yes; The Alviso marshes.

Paper announces that two Senators have been threatened. Amazingly small percentage considering the horde of unemployed rum-sellers hanging about.

The Collapse of the Fickert Charges

By Veritas

While Bolshevism is galloping madly over the unpoliced countries of Europe, it is to the credit of San Francisco that its disciples here—the I. W. W.'s and the anarchists—are baffled in their desperate efforts to overturn law and order or to oust from office the officers of San Francisco's law and justice.

The storm of a Mooney propagandum that cost the anarchists and the I. W. W.'s and many deluded laborites, a million dollars has come and gone, and the walls of a California prison still hold Billings and Mooney, a brace of murderers.

A kindred storm of abuse, condemnation and calumny including the strongest recall election that these forces ever got up, has arisen and spent its fury, but still San Francisco keeps busy at work, at the chief desk of its District Attorney's office, Charles M. Fickert, an officer who has hurt the causes of the I. W. W.'s and anarchy more than any other man in the State of California.

Mass meetings, socialist newspapers, circulating literature, pressure at the elections, lawful espionage work, and criminal spy work, tapping of wires, and the betrayal of confidences, official interpellations, formation of grand juries and charges from every quarter were joined together, en masse, to get rid of San Francisco's District Attorney, who prosecutes in earnest and who put murderous anarchists and bomb-throwing criminals behind the bars.

But with what result? The mountain of I. W. W.-ism has labored and brought forth a mouse.

You might fool the people in the East and in Europe about the guilt of Billings and Mooney, but you can not fool our home people who know the facts, and who suffer death and torture at their hands.

It was an Eastern man, J. B. Densmore, who came here from Washington—a stranger in our midst—to tell us first what a corrupt, wild and lawless city San Francisco was—a place where men can be every day murdered with impunity on the drop of a hat.

It was the same ignorant, deluded Densmore who, without knowledge of the facts, jumped to the conclusion not that Mooney was innocent, but that Fickert was bad. He came. He trailed Fickert. He baited Fickert. He broke the world's record as a private detective and by violating all the penal laws of the State broke in with dictaphones and wire tapping on the private life, as well as on the public life of the District Attorney and without warning or notice or giving him a chance to be heard, attacked him through the public press, by publishing his concealed report of his work as Mooney's spy—a report which bears on its face evidence of hasty and bungling patchwork—and which is conspicuous more for the facts its suppresses than for the things which it published.

He waited a month with this innocuous blunderbuss and shot it off at the Governor on the very eve of the Governor's decision on the Mooney plea for mercy. This was a trick to prevent a counter showing to the Governor.

Densmore was not looking for justice. He simply was a Mooney man.

He did not arouse the good people of this city, who at once empaneled the grand jury of its best and most impartial men, men whose lives were without blemish, to investigate his charges against Fickert.

Then he ducked and fled. The grand jury called to him to come back.

The Governor sought his presence and the use of his original spy reports for the grand jury's benefit, but, instead of using his report for real public benefit, it had served its purpose as a Mooney document, so he ran and kept on running and he is running yet. His report as an official affair was the silliest and weakest thing that ever engaged printer's ink.

Fickert has telephoned his stenographer.

Lo! Fickert was untrue to his wife, and Densmore is jealous of Fickert's attention to his stenographer.

Densmore prints the opening of a conversation on the telephone that relates to their meeting.

He suppresses the balance of the conversation which would probably show a prosaic business arrangement for the girl's work, while ill.

He waxes angry at Fickert's infidelity to his wife, but the one most concerned in jealousy—Mrs. Fickert—is not fooled. She knows Densmore is faking the phone news, and knowing the full facts, finds there is no cause for jealousy, but more cause to stand by her husband.

So it was with his publication attacking Fickert's public life.

There was enough published of that, to just raise suspicion. There was enough suppressed to stop that suspicion being dissipated.

The city is just as jealous of the officer, Fickert, as Mrs. Fickert is jealous of the husband, Fickert.

But the public was not fooled by the innuendos against professional character contained in the garbled report of Densmore's, any more than Mrs. Fickert was as to its first insinuations.

There was not one concrete act of private infidelity alleged against the husband, and there was not one concrete act of public infidelity alleged against the city official.

The grand jury and the State's attorney general, Powers, at once proceeded to probe these pseudo charges.

Right then and there Densmore and the I. W. W.'s had a public opportunity opened up to them if they really wished to try Fickert, but no, the object was simply to blacken him and to temporarily fool the Governor so as to get Mooney off.

This is shown in the way they subsequently dodged the issue.

The Governor commuted Mooney's death sentence.

Then a call came for a strike of the labor unions all over the United States. A strike which said "To hell with law, to hell with courts State and Courts Federal, to hell with gubernatorial clemency!"

"Such things are good when they release our criminals and murderers, but not good when they do convict and punish."

"We will by force—even unto civil war—upset them all and release Billings and Mooney."

Labor unions in England, Russia and Copenhagen were deceived into believing that Mooney was a working man, which he was not, and that he was prosecuted simply because he was a working man, but the San Francisco Labor Council knew Mooney better than did the

unions in Petrograd, Sheffield, Manchester and Copenhagen.

The San Francisco Labor Council on the night before the Preparedness parade repudiated Mooney as a dangerous I. W. W., as a crank whose methods would only bring trouble and disrepute to the honest working men, passing resolutions which have already been published in these columns.

The San Francisco Labor Council was the first labor organization in the country, or in the world for that matter, to resolve solemnly that it would not strike to release Billings or Mooney.

Some time ago the sitting legislature was asked by Assemblyman Edgar S. Hurley of Oakland, the author of the Assembly resolutions to try and probe the Fickert matter. Hurley was Mooney's chief expert witness at the Mooney trial and at Mooney's old trial for the Contra Costa dynamite charge.

Last week Hurley himself called a halt on his own measure. The I. W. W.'s are back of Hurley. They are also backing up "The Law Enforcement League, which allows itself to be run by a man who managed to get into the Legislature once, but not since.

When Dr. D. M. Gandier, who deserves all the honor of the prohibition fight in Sacramento, also tried to become a leader in bringing Mooney out of the house of bondage, he made the mistake of trying to be captain of too many ships. He does not live in San Francisco. His activities have been far removed from San Francisco, yet he is reported as saying that San Francisco would be better off "without Fickert," but added naively, "I haven't given particular thought to the proposed investigation."

(Continued on Page 15)

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The Nurse---A Sketch

By Thomas Lloyd Lennon

She hadn't been in "training" very long—a little less than a year, she said—but she handled herself, and me, with all the assurance of a "graduate-special."

Though I am naturally averse to compliment paying, I've got to admit she was pretty. Not beautiful by any means, as is my wife (adv.), but sweetly possessed of an unrouged crimson cheek, a pair of independent blue eyes set not too far away from her not too little nose, a pleasant mouth and plenty of light brown hair. Her name was Miss Rankin. I purposely say Miss Rankin because once I asked her to tell me her first name, and when she did, and I proceeded to call her Gladys, she instantly informed me it was not my privilege so to address her. So it has been Miss Rankin ever since.

She had been caring for "flu" patients for three months—almost from the very beginning of the epidemic in San Francisco—and once, for five days, she had been down with this most delightful ailment herself. So it really wasn't so very remarkable that she should display the skill she did in nursing me. However, she was so adept in the gentle art first advertised by the Good Samaritan, aside from her particular knowledge of the "flu," and so marvelously efficient in the practical phases of nursing, which concern themselves at times with unnecessarily embarrassing duties, that her smoothly unostentatious work is quite worthy of comment.

I had been hardly an hour in the hospital when I was duly impressed by Miss Rankin that as long as I remained under her care I would have to obey her orders without question.

"I know that you'll want to get out of bed in about two days," she announced, "but you must not dare even to sit up until the doctor says you may. If you should by any chance catch a fresh cold after this first attack is over I may be folding your hands across your chest some morning instead of merely taking your pulse. So lie still—perfectly still—as long as you can, and don't even talk unless you've got something to say that you think is important."

"I like my nurse very much," said I in reply, thinking to thaw a bit of her professional acerbity, "and surely that is important. Why I have heard that displeasing nurses have caused more men to take up their beds and walk, to their consequent relapsing, than you could shake a thermometer at. Once I knew a fellow—"

But she was half way to the dispensary after a mustard plaster, and if she heard much of what I was trying to say she concealed the fact admirably.

After three days and nights of Miss Rankin and the powders, potions and pills she engineered into me I felt quite well.

"I suppose I'll be getting out of here soon?" I ventured hopefully.

"You will if the doctor says so"—Miss Rankin was learning to tone her calmly judicial pronouncements with an occasional chord of friendliness, and her smile was beginning to warm the room quite often—"but I don't think he'll say so. A patient three doors down the hall got up yesterday against orders and today he's a pretty sick man. Would you like me to bring you some orange juice?"

I didn't really want the orange juice, but I did want Miss Rankin to come back, so I told her to be sure and stir it with her finger so that it would be very sweet, and then I watched her frank eyes snap with momentary chagrin.

Thus things went quietly along until, when I had been in bed for an entire week without so much as getting up once, I determined to display a little will of my own and at least sit in a chair by the window.

When Miss Rankin came in with my morning allotment of Irish champagne I refused to drink it and declared myself.

"Miss Rankin," I said sternly, "I'm going to get up today and sit in a chair by the window. I am tired of this bed even though you do make it over every day, and I certainly am strong enough to walk around a little."

She affected not to hear me.

"Miss Rankin," I insisted, "I tell you I am going to get up today." I put one foot on the floor.

Quick as a kitten Miss Rankin seized my ankle and put the foot right back under the covers.

"You've been such a good patient, I hope you won't spoil it all now by being not nice," she said. "And anyway, if you try that again, I'll phone your doctor."

"Damn the doctor," I replied. "Miss Rankin, I am informing you for the last time that I am going to get up out of this bed and sit by the window."

There must have been a matter of fact coldness in my voice that convinced Miss Rankin I meant what I said, for almost instantly there came over her a change as pleasant as it was great. A look of real anxiety flooded her eyes, anxiety mingled with helplessness, and her attitude seemed to be one of pleading rather than of command.

"Won't you please—won't you please stay in bed"—she actually appeared to be begging a favor—"until the doctor says it is all right for you to get up? Won't you please? I'll go and get you some magazines to read—if you'll put your dressing gown around your shoulders when you sit up—and I'll even let you look over some

free-hand sketches I made myself when I went to art school."

Well, I hadn't the heart to offend the little lady, much as I longed for that chair by the window, and though the magazines sounded unpromising enough, the sketches interested me, so I settled back into the pillows and watched Miss Rankin depart with an expression that might almost be called friendly.

Thereafter things were quite different. The professional severity that had stood between Miss Rankin and her "flu" patient was no more, and it became possible actually to talk with her as if our relations were not quite the business relations we both knew them to be. I found Miss Rankin had no intention of following the nursing profession after she was graduated. She was learning to be a nurse merely so that if occasion ever required she would "have something to fall back on." Instead she intended to pursue her art studies—there was real merit in a few of her sketches—and end up, if she could, an old maid illustrator on a daily paper.

"For," said Miss Rankin emphatically, the very day I left the hospital, "I am never going to be married. Men disgust me terribly, really they do. They're selfish and they're domineering and ninety-nine out of every hundred are a little crazy."

"How true, alas! how true," I replied, "and how sad that you should be so cynically observant at your age. But perhaps you'll change later on—perhaps the grind and routine of your newspaper work, if, indeed, you ever get into the Fourth Estate, will some day pall on you, and it may be that to escape it you'll marry a city editor or something."

And perhaps Miss Rankin will change. Certainly it is to be hoped that she does, for if she doesn't some selfish, domineering man is going to be left without a very desirable wife, and some possibly happy home is going to miss a mother who would rule it like a little queen—a benevolent little queen despite all her pretensions.

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It Was Ever Thus

By Roy Mervyn Myers

He was a bright young man and his future gave promise of success. Furthermore, he always appeared spic and span—and nice.

She was a clever girl; dressed neatly and with taste, and made delicious hot chocolate.

They met on a crowded ferry boat. He offered his seat. She exposed a gold tooth in thanks. His hair was brushed back in the latest mode.

Two weeks later they were properly introduced. Both were delighted. They had really known each other—soul-mates as it were—for months.

His suit of clothes cost quite \$35. He was fond of hot chocolate.

Her father was very well off; owned a nice cottage and was popular among the big business men. Her mother was pleasant.

He liked the view from the porch of her father's cottage. She thought his clothes were a perfect fit. He thought her hot chocolate delicious.

Her mother thought he got at least \$40 a week.

She purchased face powder and cold cream; became more attached to her brothers; bought a cook book and hummed love songs.

His sisters liked the family. They were such pleasant people. Cottages were expensive. They must be very comfortable, financially.

He took her to the ball game (grand-stand, 25 cents). She was fond of baseball. He thought she made beautiful hot chocolate.

She said he was a favorite in town. All the girls were crazy about him.

He took her to hear the band—chairs nothing—ice creams large. She grew sentimental. It must have been the moon, the music and the ice cream. She said it was a wonderful evening. He said he felt that way, too.

He bought a new suit. She thought it cost at least \$45. He thought her pink scarf expensive looking.

He took her arm and called her Nellie. She hated the name. He loved it for her sake. She was a little afraid he might be a flirt.

Next week she cost him \$1.50. Her mother kissed her frequently and feelingly. His mother hoped he was not making a fool of himself.

He contracted a cold on her father's lawn. For two days his visits ceased. She cried. Her mother thought he had forgotten her. It was like his impudence.

He "badly had a code id the head."

His first love-letter smelled strongly of eucalyptus. She daringly went over and caught his cold. His mother thought her a foolish little child. She thought his "buther an ode eat."

Next week she bought a dainty evening gown. He had 10 cents change from his \$5 gold piece on the morning after the theatre.

She said he was a fine chap the way he lavishly squandered his money.

He thought she sang well. His father didn't. It didn't matter; his mother did.

He opened a banking account.

They commenced to walk the longest way home. His heart was as full as the moon. But he hadn't enough for the ring yet.

She was passionately fond of the picture

theatres. He favored public lectures (they were cheaper).

His mother said he needed new sox and underwear and everything. It was a shame to spend his money so freely.

Her mother said they were practically engaged. His mother said there wasn't an atom of truth in the rumor.

He won \$20 on the ball game. She wanted a three-stone diamond ring. They cost more than \$20.

He took her to hear the band four times. She didn't like the band. She thought his love was waning.

He wanted to buy War Savings Stamps. She wanted to get married. He was fond of her hot chocolate.

Two weeks later he took her to a picture show. They walked home.

He had the ring.

They were engaged.

His mother said he would make a splendid husband.

Her mother said it would b-r-e-a-k her heart to lose her daughter.

She couldn't think of being married for years and y-e-a-r-s (half the trousseau already was finished).

He asked for a raise in salary.

She thought his clothes were a perfect fit.

He thought she made delightful hot chocolate. They were very happy.

The Discipline of the Will

By B. W. Maturin

It is a solemn thing to look out upon the world of men in their manifold spheres of life, and to know that whatever they may be engaged in, in business or pleasure, in labor or in rest, sometimes silently and almost unconsciously, sometimes with effort and with tears, the will is gradually but surely turning in one or other of these two directions, and with an ever-increasing ease of choice and rapidity of motion, and that the whole character revolves with it.

And yet it is undeniable that while there lies deeply rooted in every one of us the ineradicable sense of freedom, there are at the same time many occasions in which this sense of

liberty seems to fail us in the moment of some great temptation. We have it before and we have it after, but in the crisis of decision we often lose it.

I think most people have felt this. Looking forward to the temptation they anticipate, they know that they can resist it, at any rate that they can avoid it, and looking back after the sin has been committed they are filled with shame and remorse and self-condemnation, but at the moment it seemed as if all the succors of their nature fell back and they were swept away in the strong currents of blinding passion.

And this is undoubtedly true. Who would be so rash as to assert that at any moment every man is free to choose as he wills? That the action of the will is unhampered by the past? That however often a man has yielded to a sin, at any moment the will is absolutely free from the power of that sin? Which of us who has even the most superficial knowledge of himself would make such an assertion? No, such a doctrine could only lead to recklessness or despair. Every choice that is made develops a tendency to choose in the same direction. The oftener we choose anything the easier it is to choose it again. The law of habit reigns in the moral order as truly as the law of gravitation in the physical. The most difficult things become easy in time. It would be as difficult

for a saint after long habits of virtue suddenly to fall into mortal sin, as it would for a man living for years in habits of vice suddenly to become a saint. The law of habit presses upon the will, driving it into the channel which it has cut for itself, and making it more and more difficult to divert its course. The sense of power that we have when, in some hour of calmness, we feel that we need not yield, is the assertion of the inherent liberty of the will; the remorse and self-condemnation if we yield, is the revolt of the will against its slavery; the rising tide of passion or inclination that hurries it on in the moment of temptation, is the pressure of the law of habit.

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Tribute to a Hero Poet

The following graceful sonnet to the memory of Joyce Kilmer, who was killed in France, is George Sterling's poetical lament over the loss of a brother poet, who, had he not "gone West," must soon have stood at the top of the list of American versifiers.

TO JOYCE KILMER

By George Sterling

Now holy France is holier for your grave,
And one more name is of heroic years;
A term is given to mortal song and tears,
And you are dead, O beautiful and brave!
Clear-eyed, you saw the cost, and yet you gave,
Hearing that music which the soldier hears.
Whatever be, stands now an end to fears,
And saved is all you poured your blood to save.

There shall be flowers on your grave some day
Where Honor has her vigil by your clay,
And Time lays balm upon the fading scars.
Your brother lark shall sing in vain above you,
Unanswered, yet to some that know and love you
Your voice is mingled with the morning stars'.

The Spectator

Johnnie Comes Marching Home

Thornwall Mullaley came to San Francisco a young attorney from New York. Identified with Calhoun, the labor party wanted to hang him in the street car strike. In the Preparedness Parade, the I. W. W. attempted to dynamite him as he rode up Market street at the head of the parade. Now, up that same street, he brings home his own regiment, one of the two raised by individuals on the North American continent (after Roosevelt was turned down), the Grizzlies of California. The other was the Princess Pat regiment of Canada. The Princess Pat regiment was almost annihilated because they arrived early at the seat of action. Our California boys were just as eager to serve and thank God they are back home. They have proven that they are ready to answer the call to arms when their country needs them.

Home Whole

"I went, I worked, I came back," paraphrased a returned soldier who did not succeed in going over to France. Then he valiantly attacked a few fried eggs, a piece of pie, and some ice cream at the Oregon Building canteen. "And we are just as grateful to him for his patriotic intentions as if he had achieved his original desire and had come home a mutilated hero. American women will never forget the boys who sacrificed their strong young bodies in the horrible war, but neither will they forget the ones who were eager to sacrifice themselves," said the sympathetic waitress, Mrs. John J. Barrett.

Women Shoe Clerks

Sommer & Kauffman's shoe store on Grant avenue was filled to capacity one morning this week and impatience everywhere was evident at the difficulty of being waited upon by the bevy of clerks. "Are you going to take back your former clerks when they are demobilized?" asked a woman customer. "Indeed, yes! And we eagerly await them," answered one of the firm. "The introduction of women shoe clerks was not a shining success, even as a war measure, was it?" The merchant shook his head rather sadly. "But," brightening up, "we have one young lady here who is marvelous. I

will send for her to wait upon you." "No, please do not trouble," said the customer. "But," he insisted, "I assure you I wish I had six salesmen with her ability." "But, frankly, I have a prejudice against women lawyers, women doctors and women shoe clerks," said the lady. "I don't know why, but it is so." The merchant shook his head again, a twinkle shone in his eye, as he murmured: "Woman against woman!" Just the same, I fancy the psychology of his customer appealed to him. The occupation of shoe salesman is essentially a man's business and the San Francisco shoe clerk has set a standard for his confreres everywhere. Another reason is that woman objects instinctively to seeing another woman literally at her feet.

Bare Flagstaffs

Why San Francisco during the entire period of the war should have been nearly the most niggardly of all cities in the display of bunting, is a question that has been often propounded by visitors, even those from Los Angeles. Ever since the United States entered the war, New York has been always a blaze of glory in the bunting line, and other eastern cities have been but little behind the metropolis. But San Francisco apparently requires some special event to inspire the owners of flagstaffs toward the display of the national colors. Nearly every building of any importance has a flagstaff surmounting it, and yet many of them, even on important days, have been bare as the traditional pikestaff. There have been many such days during the past few months, more especially those on which our soldier boys were returning to their homes. And yet, excepting on the line of march itself, most of the staff owners have forgotten that they had a flag or else were afraid to subject it to wear and tear. It is remembered that during one of the loan drives, Mr. Arthur Maitland, who had counted nearly fifty empty flagstaffs from a window in the St. Francis Hotel, was made a committee of one to request the careful house owners to hoist their colors for the duration of the drive. He returned with the report that a large number of the people so requested, refused to hoist their flags on the ground that they were now very expensive, and would soon be blown to tatters if flown except on special occasions.

While such people may be exceptions to the general claim for San Francisco's well known liberality, they do exist in large numbers, and this article is written to remind them that their unpatriotic frugality has not passed unnoticed. Crane Wilbur, the popular actor, at a luncheon in Oakland started the Rotary Club flag drive in our sister city, and at the inaugural meeting of the Stage Women's Relief in San Francisco last summer suggested that a similar drive was badly needed here.

The Proscribed German Name

A young man writes to a daily newspaper, stating that, although he has been honorably discharged from the service, after two years in

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France, he can not secure employment because of his German name. For two generations his family has been American, has had no interest whatever, either business or sentimental, in any other country, and yet even his former employer refuses to reinstate him in his former position, the only apparent reason being because his name is Sternbach. This employer is manifestly malingering, or, to be plainer, he is faking a patriotism that does not exist. The position once held satisfactorily by the discharged soldier has been filled by some one else and the employer has no desire to concern himself about making any change. Some of the bearers of German names have been written in American history among its brightest lights; hundreds have fallen on the bloody battle fields of France; twice as many, and more, have been numbered among the wounded; never a list of casualties but that there have been some German names upon it. In a recent report of the surprising achievements of American aviators, all of whom have downed five German planes or more, the "top ace" was named Rickenbacker. On the last are such names as Schwaab, Meisner, Baer, Schoen, Rummell, Klottz and Wenher, more than ten per cent of the names on this single roll of honor. This outlawing of brave men because of their surnames—something for which they were in no degree responsible—is petty and contemptible, and any man who bases his claims for patriotism upon such unsubstantial grounds is nothing short of an imposter. Possibly our returning soldiers are going to have trouble enough regaining their old positions, without being subjected to the humiliation above enumerated. Let us be fair. By their deeds ye should know them, and not their names.

That Soldiers' Memorial

Again is the subject of a magnificent memorial to California's dead heroes being discussed among the experts of the several branches of art, and those of our solons who can be induced to listen to any proposition that does not imply a street contract or the construction of a boulevard or public building. Mayor Rolph himself has come to the fore with a suggestion for a great memorial arch at the Civic Center, but so expert an authority as Clarence Ward, declares that there is no situation about the center in which an arch could be used to advantage, for the reason that it might tend to shut out from the range of vision one or more important objects. He suggests a great column or obelisk, which could be placed in any one of two or three locations to great artistic advantage. Sculptors, however, are quite fixed in their notions in favor of a fountain or monument, embellished with groups of statuary that would typify the subject in the proper and only truly artistic way. There are more practical projectors who insist that an opera house would be the only real form for the memorial to take, because the entire public could use it and appreciate it always. That we are to have a soldiers' memorial in the not very distant future would seem to be an established fact, and if the committee selected to further the project be not altogether composed of political friends who know nothing whatever about art, we shall have something worth while. Mr. Ward has already addressed the authorities on the subject, and while the several suggestions made by him have not been made public, all of them were commended as being full of dignity, and also affording the devotees of the plastic

and scientific arts plenty of opportunity to busy themselves to advantage.

Judge Cabannis Versifies

Judge Cabanniis, who enjoys the reputation of being the best Shakespearean authority on the California bench and has a weakness for poetry, met Charles F. Hanlon, the attorney, in Robertson's book store on Christmas Eve and said: "Charley, I sent you and all my friends a poem on my holiday cards this year. I don't apologize to you for it, because I know it isn't half so rotten as the holiday poetry you've been mailing around for the past eleven years."

E. L. Foster, attorney, tells another joke about Hanlon's wooing of the muse. Foster and Hanlon were opposing counsel in the hotly contested suit of Katherine Smith against Hugo Smith. The lawyers became so excited that Judge Graham intervened with the command, "Gentlemen, stop this noise, stop this fighting, stop it, I say! We will now adjourn to my chambers where we shall have quiet and consider this case." Within the sanctum, the clients glared at each other, the lawyers wrangled as before. Judge Graham calmly lighted a cigar, walked up and down behind his desk and announced with a beaming smile: "For the purpose of quieting your nerves, I will recite to you a little peaceful poetry," which he proceeded to do. The last lines of the sonnet were:

"Here sunshine ever tints this glorious town
And helps to make her queen of all the West.
No place on earth your cares and troubles drown
Like San Francisco, home of all that's best.
O, never then forget our friendship true
No matter where upon this earth be you."

Hanlon exclaimed: "Why, judge, that is the

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

finest poetry I ever heard and I am not saying it to flatter you, but really your eloquent recital affects me deeply. I must know the author as I wish to obtain a copy." The judge drew out a card from his pocket and read, to the astonishment of Hanlon, who had forgotten the effusion, "Written by Charles F. Hanlon on his New Year's card, 1911." Amid the general laugh at Hanlon's expense over his attempt to blarney the judge, good nature was restored, the court disposed of the \$150,000 involved, all parties left the chambers content, and no appeal was taken from the decision.

Debut of Progeny

Mrs. J. Fluffy-Head, who had been married for five years, was calling upon her cousin, Mrs. Humble Pate, who had been married ten months and was rejoicing in the reception of twin boys left by the stork in her little home. Quoth Mrs. J. Fluffy-Head to Mrs. Humble Pate: "Your babies are adorable. Justinian and I" (Justinian being her husband's name) "are so busy dashing about that we have not thought of having children yet. But since I've seen yours, I think we might as well." And Mrs. Humble Pate replied: "Yes? And will you send cards that you have decided?"

Heard in a Street Car

Mrs. O'Brien—I'm sorry to hear of Roosevelt's death. He was a fine man and a good husband and family man, I'm told.

Mrs. Sullivan—He was that. And it was the same with President McKinley. But that's always the way with the good husbands. 'Tis the bad ones that are left. Look at me now. A kinder husband never drew the breath of life than me first, and he up and died when we'd been married only three months. And look at the one I've got now. He's been the banc of me life for twenty years, and didn't he get well of the "flu" last month, and good husbands dying all around him!

After-War Problems in Italy

Senator Vittorio Scialoja discusses after-war problems in Italy in a book issued from the Zanichelli press. "The condition of peace, which will be made immediately after the war," he says, "in many respects will be more difficult for us in its economic aspects than the actual state of war, since while the greatest productive activity directed to winning the war is sustained substantially by loans, especially from abroad, the greater part of the needs to which our production is devoted will cease forthwith. We shall be compelled to rely on our own internal powers, and it will be a serious mistake to be unprepared." Senator Scialoja believes the immediate problems of peace will be essentially economical. In fact, he says: "The treaties which will put an end to this world war, in which whole populations as well as the armies have taken part with the full force of their productive and economic capacity, can not consist only, like the treaties which ended former wars, in territorial changes of states, nor can they be limited to regulating international relations on the basis of right, strictly speaking. They will be instead true and proper commercial and industrial treaties between the nations, each one of which will try to advance and

establish its own especial interests to secure the greatest advantages in economical and commercial competition."

All Must Treat Germany Alike

Passing to the examination of the economic policy Italy must follow in dealing with Germany and Austria, Senator Scialoja maintains that the same course of action must be adopted uniformly by all the Allies. The efforts and the sacrifices sustained in common during the war should have their effect on the period to follow. The same economic and financial relations established during the war make a close and lasting union in the field of economy necessary hereafter. "We should provide for obtaining concessions from our friends for the moment when peace is declared, and for the period to follow," he says. "It will be difficult during the critical time all nations will experience after the war, for our friends to divert from their own compelling exigencies a part of their own resources to give them to us. We will come out of the war with heavy debts and will be obliged to intensify production. We should therefore, above all, provide raw materials for our industries, machinery for agriculture, and foodstuffs for the people. We shall find ourselves in a serious situation for transportation.

Wants American Shipping

"These conditions must be met, and we shall have to ask the Allies to provide us whatever is indispensable for our economic life and the resumption of our commerce. On these agreements largely will depend our possibility to pursue that economic policy we shall agree upon with our Allies. It is evident that certainty to have what is necessary to us will put us in shape to follow a strict line of conduct. The problem of merchant shipping after the war may find its solution in the building carried out in America," he continues, "but it will be a sad thing for us if we are not forehanded in arranging to take over from the United States

a share of the new tonnage to form the nucleus of our future mercantile marine." The problem which will follow the return of troops from the front is truly complex and the author discusses it from every aspect, and offers several partial solutions, about which he is not wholly convinced himself. He finally arrives at the commonplace and easy, if not the only way of escape by suggesting emigration. He suggests that foreign countries, according to every likelihood, will make a large demand for Italian labor at top-notch wages.

Labor Italy's Chief Asset

Senator Scialoja therefore looks for a great stimulus to emigration, and asks whether Italy will be in a condition to spare the labor he expects will be demanded. "Will we have the juridical and economic right to stop it?" he asks. "Certain elementary rules of prudence require us to prevent emigration from assuming proportions likely to transform the crisis due to over-abundance into a crisis due to lack of labor, for in that case the agricultural and industrial demands of the country would suffer." "In any case," the author justly observes, "manual labor forming our principal asset, and the one supply in which we find ourselves better off than our neighbors, we should stipulate for its use not only to obtain good terms for our emigrants, but also that our permission to emigrate which will supply foreign countries with this wealth of men, shall be exchanged for the raw materials and the tonnage of which we are short." Senator Scialoja asks the Government to have a vast labor programme prepared for use as soon as the troops are demobilized; but it is to be feared, he thinks, that after the feverish rush of this exceptional period, the old standards of stinginess will return, without understanding that if production is to be increased and therefore the national wealth, there must be judicious concessions on the part of capital and of the means for work of public utility.

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April 28, 1909.....	\$18,686,555.53
December 31, 1918.....	72,334,406.22

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April 28, 1909.....	\$ 26,156,224.32
December 31, 1918.....	115,134,798.17

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Jones Feted at Presidio

The officers and their wives at Presidio Post entertained at the Club House, Presidio, on Friday evening in honor of Colonel and Mrs. Edward M. Jones. Colonel Jones is the popular colonel of the 44th Infantry and is now retiring, although many years before retirement age. Mrs. Jones will be remembered here as popular Florence Myrick, cousin of Mrs. Vincent Whitney, Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant (Pearl and Helen Lauders). Colonel and Mrs. Jones were presented by members of the post with a handsome silver service. The colonel in responding seemed quite overwhelmed by this pretty compliment. He and Mrs. Jones leave this week for a motor tour south after which they will go to Colonel Jones' old home, Alabama, where he will engage in business. Lieutenant Colonel Duncan Elliott, son of Mrs. Jones, who has seen much service abroad, is now stationed in New York. Mrs. Gown, wife of Colonel Gown, was hostess at an enjoyable dinner on Friday evening at her home, Presidio, after which the guests attended the officers' ball, and later adjourned to the Gown home for supper.

The Henry A. Williams' in Town

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Alston Williams and Miss Williams have come over from Berkeley and are the guests of Mrs. Henry L. Williams at the latter's home on Octavia street.

The Murtagh's Coming

The many friends of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. John Murtagh will be delighted to know

this charming couple will soon leave Atlanta, Georgia, where they have been stationed for the past few years, and make their home for some time in this city. Dr. Murtagh has been placed at the head of the Medical Supply Department, U. S. A., in San Francisco. Mrs. Murtagh will be remembered as attractive Ramona Shorb, sister of Mrs. Carroll D. Buck (Inez Shorb), Mrs. James K. Steele (Edith Shorb), and Miss Ethel Shorb. The latter will soon arrive in this city from Philadelphia, where she has been visiting for the past year. Miss Shorb will be the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Shorb, at their home on Sacramento street.

Mr. and Mrs. Addison Starr Keeler have closed their home in San Rafael and taken apartments at the Clift Hotel for a few weeks. Miss Alice Keeler writes enthusiastically of her work at Fort Brayton, New Mexico, where she is engaged in occupational therapy. Young Keeler is still abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre are receiving the sympathy of their many friends owing to the death of their niece, Miss Marian Macondray, at Menlo Park on Monday from influenza. Miss Macondray was the daughter of the late Frederick Macondray, niece of Mrs. Perry Eyre, with whom she has made her home since the death of her parents years ago.

A bevy of charming girls devoting themselves to reconstruction work are engaged in teaching the soldiers at the Letterman Hospital. They are there every day from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m., teaching wood carving, leather work, book binding and various other interesting craft. Among other are the following: Miss Holden, Miss Hartwell, Miss Moseley and Miss Pennell.

Mrs. William Oliver is visiting her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Rollin L. Oliver, at their home in New Jersey. She will remain several weeks longer.

Lieutenant John A. Whiteside, U. S. A., navigating officer on one of our new destroyers, sailed last week on his fifteenth trans-Atlantic cruise since the war. He visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Whiteside, in San Francisco and his cousin, Mrs. Frank V. MacPeak of Gramercy Park, Los Angeles, during his recent furlough.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Robinson (Edith A. Jones), who were married on Saturday, December 28, in this city, will be at home to their friends on March 1, at their attractive home in Mill Valley, where they will spend the entire summer.

First Lieutenant and Mrs. Winthrop Austin (Helen Tallant) and little daughter, who are at present living at the Presidio, awaiting the discharge from the service of Lieutenant Austin, will soon take an apartment in this city, where Lieutenant Austin will engage in business. Mrs. Austin is the daughter of Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant and granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Lauders.

Greenway's Reminiscences

Clubdom and society are quite on the qui vive, speculating and guessing on what is to be said about them in Edward M. Greenway's forthcoming book of social adventures and various other activities. After many backings, fillings, threats

and promises, he may be confidently set down as having decided to make good. At all events, the clubs and hotel corridors see but little of him now-a-days, and his familiars are spreading the interesting news that he is, actually at work, with a competent assistant to do the laborious "roughing out." The book should be an intensely interesting one, for when Greenway was the Admirable Crichton, and absolute dictator of San Francisco society, he knew everybody's business, everybody's aspirations, all the gossip, and now we are to be taken into his confidence. We shall await the coming out of these reminiscences with commendable curiosity.

The Mendells in Los Gatos

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell are guests at Hotel Lyndon, Los Gatos, where they went for the benefit of Mr. Mendell's health.

The Diamonds in Los Gatos

The W. H. Diamonds plan to sell their Belvedere home and reside permanently in Los Gatos, one of whose "show places" they have purchased, the former home of Dr. Robert Huntington.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Kaine are receiving the congratulations of their many friends owing to the advent on Monday (at Alder's Sanatorium) of a baby daughter. Mrs. Kaine was formerly Miss Alejandra Macondray. Their marriage was a brilliant event of last winter.

Miss Emily Harrison, eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Greer Harrison, has recently returned from a three years' visit abroad, where she was the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Barrington, at their home in Belfast. Miss Harrison and her sister, Miss Ethel, will shortly leave for Los Gatos, where they will reside permanently.

Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace has returned from a four months' visit east, where she went to visit her son, Captain Bradley L. Wallace, who is connected with the law department at Washington, D. C. Mrs. Wallace has taken apartments at the Clift Hotel for a few weeks.

Miss Louise Mahoney will entertain the members of the Chinese Society on Friday evening, January 17, in her attractive studio, The Studio Building, on Post street. This society numbers among its members many of our prominent people here. Lectures are given the first Friday of every month, "Chinese Philosophy" being the

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subject. Dr. John Fryer of the U. C. is President Ameritus of Chinese. Professor S. C. Kaing of U. C. is the general speaker who is delivering a course of lectures on (Pavism—Ancient Religion of China). Among the organizers of this intellectual research are Loring Rixford, Mrs. Caroline Rixford Bird and Sig. Beel. Among other members are Miss Louise Jannin Sec, Miss Katherine Ball, the Misses Holden, Miss Hitchcock. The first Friday of every month is devoted to the lectures while the third Friday is set apart for social gatherings. The next meeting will take place on the first Friday at Miss Wellendorf's studio, Kohler & Chase Building.

Kewpie Dance Favors at Techau's

Techau Tavern has always offered the most attractive of dance favors, but never more popular ones than the big Kewpie dolls, with real hair, which are now presented to the ladies at the evening dances. The coiffures of these delightful little ladies are marvels of the hairdresser's art. Blonds, brunettes, auburn-haired beauties, all their sleek little heads are wonderful to behold. And the ladies just love 'em. There is something so appealing about a Kewpie that no home is complete without one. So, dance at the Tavern, ladies, and may good luck present you with an honest-to-goodness Kewpie, if ever there was one.

The elder Elmer Cox is indeed a proud pater these days, and is taking his returned soldier son, Elmer Junior, the rounds of the clubs, venting an enthusiasm that knows no bounds.

This young man's career in France has been spectacularly notable, for he rose by rapid strides from Lieutenant to Lieutenant Colonel, has been several times cited for bravery and has the lasting proofs of them to hand down to posterity. The Lieutenant Colonel in a conversation a few days ago, was most emphatic in his arraying of the Y. M. C. A. for mismanagement and money-making proclivities, which were quite as emphatic, and even went further than the sweeping arraignment published this week in a local paper.

Rainbow Lane

The hundreds of San Franciscans who enjoy an evening in Rainbow Lane at the Fairmont Hotel are enthusiastic in praise of the second edition of the Fairmont Follies, which Winfield Blake is now presenting. The dozen entertainers, headed by Vanda Hoff, the graceful and versatile dancer, appear in a complete change of specialties and entirely new costumes, while the songs include the latest successes, as well as some ballads of the olden days. The latter are heard with the old-fashioned cake walk, fancifully costumed and full of intricate steps, while the "Lady Devonshire" number shows the pretty girls dressed in the dainty style of a bygone period. On Monday night Colette Berti, who was announced to appear two weeks ago but who was suddenly attacked with bronchitis, will make her debut with the Follies, appearing as a French aviator and also as a singing gypsy. She has many friends in San Francisco and is sure of a hearty welcome. This Saturday morning Ian B. Stough-

ton Holborn, F. R. G. S., will deliver his last lecture at the Fairmont, his subject being "The Modern Spirit in Poetry." His talk on Browning was listened to by a large and appreciative audience last Saturday. The vocalist at the Sunday evening lobby concert will be Andre Ferrier, the well-known tenor from the "Opera Comique," Paris, and who has just returned from the war zone.

At the Cecil

Mrs. Ross Smith, who has been living at the Fairmont, moved to the Cecil this week. She will remain at the hotel for an indefinite period. Complimenting a half-dozen friends, Mrs. A. W. Burns entertained at luncheon Wednesday. After a delightful visit with relatives in Georgia, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Polak returned to the Cecil Monday. They were in the South over the holiday season. Mrs. Cosmo Morgan of Los Angeles is the guest of her father, Mr. Jennings. During Colonel Wright's absence in France Mrs. Walter K. Wright will make her home at the Cecil. Mrs. Wright is a sister of Admiral Hugh Rodman, who has been recently decorated for bravery by the French Government. Mrs. S. O. Perkins of Santa Barbara is among the recent arrivals. Mr. and Mrs. Saunders entertained with eight covers at dinner Thursday. A number of informal luncheons were given at the hotel Wednesday, the hosts including Dr. and Mrs. Charles Kenyon, Mrs. Ives and Miss Sally Fox, and Mr. and Mrs. Evans. H. C. Baker came up from Los Angeles and is planning a sojourn of several months at the Cecil.



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all classes of play goers, was its revival a few weeks ago by Mr. Miller and Ruth Chatterton at the Henry Miller Theatre in New York. For quality and distinction the Alcazar cast seems ideal. Belle Bennett will have her big opportunity as Judy, the pathetic little waif of the orphanage, who finds a fairy god-father in mysterious Daddy Long Legs and develops into a famous story writer. Walter P. Richardson, the new leading man of pose, artistry and magnetism who sprang into local popularity over night in the current Collier comedy, has the delightful title role. The cast also introduces the Alcazar's new character woman, Ida Lewis, who scored so brilliantly here with

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Sinigaglia.....Overture, "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte"
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Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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A PRAYER TO OUR LADY

By R. L. G.

Look kindly where poor people are;
Mary of Homes, keep troubles far.

Shelter beneath thy prayers' wings,
Mary of Roses, all your things.

Send us high skies, blue days, and fair,
Mary of Swallows, bless the air.

Pray for the sea with pleading lips,
Make storms still, Mary of the Ships.

Bring whalers home from Iceland seas,
To their port, Mary of Oranges.

Paint lovers' days with rose-red hue,
Mary of Peacocks, green and blue.

All homeless men abroad at night,
Mary of Candles, give them light.

Make a wide space behind their bars
For prisoners, Mary of the Stars.

To mourners meek that seek thy shrine,
Give mirth for sadness, Mary of Wine.

Shed balm on aching eyes that weep.
In woods of summer, Mary of Sleep.

Mary of Tyrol, thy care be
O'er Flanders and o'er Brittany.

Send soon these weary wars may cease,
Mary of Jesus, give us peace.

Pray for me as I ring thy chimes
In my poor belfry, Mary of Rhymes.
—The Nation (London).

Her Wandering Boy

An old mammy whose son was in France received a letter from him, the heading of which was "Somewhere in France."

On reading it she exclaimed: "Just like that fool nigger to get lost over there!"—Portland Speefator.

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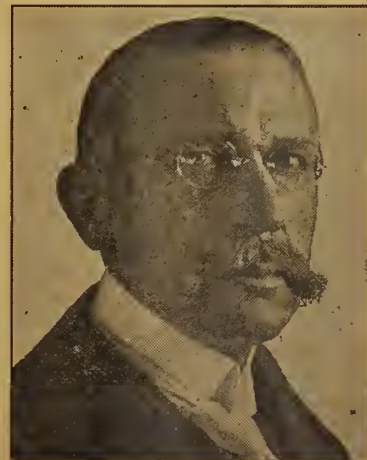
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—It was a dull sagging market the past week, with here and there a specialty showing strength, but business in general was mostly for the professional account, the outsider being inclined to assume a watchful attitude. There was so much in the general news of a bearish tone that the leading bear element was surprised at the way the market conducted itself, as declines were, on the whole, limited to a point here and there. The outlook in the steel trade is far from satisfactory, notwithstanding the optimistic interviews given out by the leaders of the big corporations. Since the steel corporations have lost their largest customer, the Government, the field is now open for competition, with price cutting now in order. Business is now said to be only on a 65 per cent basis, and the big decrease in steel tonnage the past week would indicate a let up in business, and that the domestic consumer is not over-anxious for finished steel at prevailing prices. The next dividend meeting of the big corporation is scheduled for January 28, and the usual rumors are current that another slice of the extra dividends will be taken off. With all this pessimistic feeling the stock holds up well, and no doubt the present price discounts a good deal of the bearish news. However, about the same wave of pessimism extends to the coppers. There are no official quotations on copper, except the maximum price, 23 cents. The producer knows he can't get 23 cents, and the buyer knows he can get it at a much lower figure if he wants it. So the quotation of 23 cents is misleading, and means nothing. Now and then sales of copper metal are reported as low as 18 cents, but no large business has been reported at any price. Reports from the mines show that curtailment is general and it is said that some mines are only producing 50 per cent of their output as compared with pre-war conditions, and while wages have not been cut, a large number of men have been laid off. The copper companies seem to have taken the stand that it is better to partially shut down than to produce copper on a market that is already overstocked. The railroad stocks were inactive, and speculation was only spasmodic, with final quotations at the end of the week showing very little change from the previous week's. Oil stocks were active and higher. The public were good buyers of all the issues, and sentiment was bullish. Oil, unlike steel and copper, did not suffer from the change from a war to a peace basis, and no contracts for oil were cancelled. This commodity seems to be in good demand, and the war has brought about an awakening in the oil trade. Oil is being used more now on the farm than ever before, and is also taking the place of coal, not only in the cities, but every ship that is now being built is an oil burner. The production is increasing

as rapidly as possible, but the demand seems unlimited. There seems to be a big future in the oil business, and it is still in its growing stage. Money showed a little easier tendency, but until the next Liberty Loan is out of the way, money will continue firm. With all the pessimistic news floating around, it may mean a further decline in the market from this level, but there is now break of consequence in sight, and usually when conditions look so bearish as they do now, stocks are generally around the bottom.

Cotton—The general bearish feeling in other commodities seems to have permeated the cotton market, and prices were on the down grade all week, with occasional rallies that did not hold. The only strength seems to come from the spot cotton market, which did not follow the futures, except in a small way. The political situation abroad is not encouraging from a business standpoint, and while Europe is said to be bare of cotton, the constant fighting amongst the Central Powers does not give any hope of immediate cessation, or tend to encourage export business, even now that ships are more plentiful. Liverpool market showed a better tone, but this was probably due more to technical market conditions than to any urgent demand for cotton, as exports show only a small improvement. At the close of the week, Liverpool market turned weak, and this added to the general bearishness of the trade, brought about a sharp decline in our market toward the end of the week. The general feeling seems to be that cotton, like other commodities, is selling too high, and that with a general readjustment in all lines, cotton must sell lower. Domestic trade is not encouraging, and the mills made considerable reduction in the price of finished cotton goods. While there is little hope for the bears on the score of limited exports, the general situation is developing along lines that many expect will prevent further advances, even if new lower levels are reached. Unless there is an early resumption of general business, the bears contend prices must go off with price of other commodities, in order to attract buying. The future course of prices therefore depends more upon the ability of the growers to persist in their holding programme than upon any other factor in the market.

Two of a Kind

An elderly, gaunt lady approached a young man and said, reproachfully, to him: "Why aren't you in khaki?"

The young man blushed. Then he drew himself up and answered: "For the same reason that you're not in the beauty chorus, ma'am—physically unfit."—Washington Star.

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Deposits	54,358,496.50
Capital Actually Paid Up.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,336,411.92
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THE COLLAPSE OF THE FICKERT CHARGES

(Continued from Page 4)

But the San Francisco public has given it thought and where it was asked to recall Fickert the same San Francisco people went to the polls seventy thousand strong and by a fifty thousand majority vote retained Fickert in office to the surprise and dismay of I. W. W.-ism and Mooneyism and the "Blasters."

The Bar Association is now probing the charges made against Judge W. F. Henshaw by Mr. Older in the Call, based entirely on the concealed, the abstracted, the lost or 'purloined' report of Densmore, the runner.

The Bar Association called for Mr. Older to appear as a witness to testify to the facts that inspired the charges published in the Call, but Mr. Older refused to appear. He published a long statement last week, saying that the Association should try Billings and Mooney over again to see if it concurs with the decision of the various juries, courts and governors that have held these men to be guilty of murder.

The Bar Association had a largely attended annual meeting at the banquet rooms of the St. Francis Hotel last week and at that meeting drew up for presentation to the Legislature a bill giving it power to enforce by contempt penalties, the presence of a witness duly subpoenaed by it to give testimony supporting charges such as are made by Densmore and published by Mr. Older in the Call, and when that is done, no doubt we will see what the real facts are with regard to the bribing charges made against Judge Henshaw.

It is the duty of any newspaper that publishes such charges to back them up and prove them when called upon to do so, else a man like Judge Henshaw who is thus charged would be greatly damaged in his reputation provided he was innocent of the charges.

The facts are being brought home to the

San Francisco public so clearly now that they have nothing but charges and vilifications filling the air, and those who are back of these charges and vilifications are all unwilling to come forward to prove them. There can be no doubt that if the charges made by anarchy and the I. W. W.'s are not found to be just the way these men want, that they will again attack every fresh tribunal that decides against them. If the grand jury decides against them then the grand jury is rotten. If the Governor decides against them he is a traitor to the cause of liberty. If the Legislature decides against them, the Legislators are bought. If the Bar Association decides against them, the Bar Association is either incompetent or dishonest.

However it be done, charges of that kind should either be brought forward fully and proved, or attempted to be proved, or else the parties charged should be cleared and vindicated.

If Densmore ever gets within the jurisdiction of the State of California, he will be held responsible for his intemperate and equivocal charges against Fickert and particularly for the way, the manner, the peculiar method in which he used these charges; not for justice for Fickert, but to fool and frighten the Governor, ex parte, without giving Fickert any chance to reply or to be heard. The result has been that the public will not stand for a man who

throws a hornet's nest in their midst and then starts a marathon to the nearest exit on the boundary line of the State.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93611. Dept. No. 10.

DAVID TRUGMAN, Plaintiff, vs. ELSIE TRUGMAN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greetings To: Elsie Trugman, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of November, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

MARCUS D. WOLFF, Attorney for Plaintiff, 625 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

12-21-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93516. Dept. No. 10.

IVA V. CURTIS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM HOPKINS CURTIS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff. The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM HOPKINS CURTIS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 15th day of November, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk. AUGUSTIN C. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff, 901 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California.

12-14-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93641. Dept. No. 15.

ORSON E. SHIMMIN, Plaintiff, vs. ANNA J. SHIMMIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

John S. Hogan, Attorney for Plaintiff. The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Anna J. Shimmin, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd day of November, A. D. 1918.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk, By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk. Endorsed: Filed November 22, 1918. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk. JOHN S. HOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiff, 88 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

12-7-10

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1977

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC

and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

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STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities of

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

HIBERNIA BANK

DATED DECEMBER 31, 1918

ASSETS

- 1—Bonds of the United States (\$9,992,932.80), of the State of California and the Cities and Counties thereof (\$11,528,625.00), of the State of New York (\$2,149,000.00), of the City of New York (\$1,000,000.00), of the State of Massachusetts (\$1,162,000.00), of the City of Chicago (\$650,000.00), of the City of Cleveland (\$100,000.00), of the City of Albany (\$200,000.00), of the City of St. Paul (\$100,000.00), of the City of Philadelphia (\$350,000.00), of the County of Bergen, New Jersey (\$200,000.00), the actual value of which is.....\$27,887,943.58
- 2—Miscellaneous Bonds comprising Steam Railway Bonds (\$2,244,000.00), Street Railway Bonds (\$1,284,000.00), and Quasi-Public Corporation Bonds (\$2,242,000.00), the actual value of which is 5,390,816.25
- 3—Cash in Vault and on demand deposit in banks.. 4,053,758.53
- 4—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... 32,473,210.25
Said Promissory Notes are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State, and the States of Oregon, Nevada and Washington.
- 5—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... 267,495.51
Said Promissory Notes are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge of Bonds and other securities.
- 6—(a) Real Estate situate in the City and County of San Francisco (\$1,124,538.68), and in the Counties of Santa Clara (\$1.00), Alameda (\$57,158.58), San Mateo (\$21,823.15), and Los Angeles (\$77,-

778.06), in this State, the actual value of which is 1,281,299.47
(b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is 977,109.45

7—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds..... 278,825.19

TOTAL ASSETS.....\$72,610,458.23

LIABILITIES

- 1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is.....\$69,797,611.40
Number of Depositors.....85,803
Average Deposit\$807.33
- 2—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds..... 278,825.19
- 3—Reserve Fund, Actual Value..... 2,534,021.64
- TOTAL LIABILITIES.....\$72,610,458.23

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By E. J. TOBIN, President.
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By J. O. TOBIN, Assistant Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

E. J. TOBIN and J. O. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said E. J. TOBIN is President and that said J. O. TOBIN is Assistant Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

E. J. TOBIN, President.
J. O. TOBIN, Assistant Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of January, 1919.

CHAS. T. STANLEY,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
State of California.

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

NOTICE TO THE READER: When you have finished reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employe, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors at the front. No wrapping—no address.

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JANUARY 25, 1919

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIV.

San Francisco-Oakland, January 25, 1919

No. 1379.

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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The Y. M. C. A. Muddle

Criticisms of the intents, purposes, methods and achievements of the Young Men's Christian Association have existed from the very inception of it, and have varied in intensity and bitterness according to the weight of evidence regarding the alleged wrongs inflicted. It is only fair to say, however, that most of these complaints or criticisms have been inspired by prejudice, for it goes without saying that the good the association has done should at least entitle it to dignified respect. So, too, have its own government and rules been creatures of prejudice, for its alleged sectarian character has made it the target of all other sects. Even in the present war, when surely it required the friendly propinquity of all peoples and sects, this same stolid sectarianism has been maintained. The proffered services of good and earnest men have been declined because they were Catholics, and Jews have been turned down—except in isolated instances—because they were Jews. In the great war for liberty, it seemed disinclined to concede the right of religious liberty, and entered upon its great work hampered by the burden of envy and antagonism. In its great drives for financial assistance, however, it never refused to consider the religion or nationality of its millions of subscribers, who all gave ungrudgingly, for it seemed certain that at least in the present contingency, the cabalistic letters Y. M. C. A. above any door or service table, meant unselfish altruism for all alike, and so it did. Soon, however, it became apparent that they were being watched, obviously by the antagonists who have been referred to. Letters came from the front to the newspapers, to relatives, to other societies, and the association found itself on the defensive, accused of favoritism, commercialism, incompetency and graft. The soldiers had been informed that the Y. M. C. A. had \$100,000,000 to spend, did not know how to spend it, and

they wondered how it was that the "Y" charged them more for cigarettes and other canteen specialties, than they could get them for elsewhere; and why, on coming to stations after a bloody day in the trenches, they could not get a cup of coffee because the "Y" attendant did not like to be on duty after 10:30. There were the inevitable investigations, of course, by the head secretaries, which resulted in the report that the complaints of the soldiers were not entirely without foundation, but that the offenses should not be charged against the association instead of the incompetent persons placed in charge of certain stations or huts. Now we hear from Mr. John R. Motts, chief executive of the society's war work, that the story of Edwin James, published in the New York Times, and reprinted here, was a "no such thing." The soldiers should not arraign a great eleemosynary association, because some of its agents had been incompetent, and in the second place the Y. M. C. A. did not have any such sum in its treasury as \$100,000,000, but was working even now on borrowed money, and within ten days would be paying interest on \$5,000,000. Well known writers have made their own investigations of the complaints of the soldiers, found them in the main just, but the Y. M. C. A. in itself was not to blame. At the same time a true bill has been found against it by a grand jury of American officers and soldiers, and it now stands on trial.

* * *

Censorship of Morals

Another complaint of the soldiers to the effect that the Y. M. C. A. has with intrusive effrontery, constituted itself a great conservator and guide of the morals of soldiers, is one which, more or less, seems to lack real substance because it is not based upon unassailable foundations. It is claimed by them that conservation of their morals is in the hands of their own officers, who make regulations, and they are in duty and honor bound to observe them, without the assistance of any self-elected censors, who are impertinent usurpers in attempting to interfere with their personal liberties. Many of them question the right of even their commanding officers to make rules governing the conduct or morals of soldiers when on furlough. Neither of these points is well taken. As the school boy will get into mischief when the teacher is not looking; as most sons are liable to mutiny against parental teach-

ing when permitted too much freedom, so will the soldier step beyond the bounds of moral rectitude when away from the watchful eye of the patrol officers. Personal liberty does not mean unguarded license, and all peoples, sects or religions would go to moral seed without some spirit or element of authority to control them. Soldiers are human and it human for human beings to err when beyond the pale of that control. So it is difficult for the person who has not himself been a soldier on furlough, to conceive where any wrong has been done either to him or his independence of thought or action, when a well meaning "Y" officer, or attendant pleads with him to be good. Some censorship is necessary in every walk of life, and if the second or third greatest industry in the world had not been strong enough to eliminate the former most valuable Censorship Committee, the moving picture business would be exercising a much greater moral influence today.

* * *

It Will Not Down

Do as we will to forget that there ever was a Mooney, his forbidding spectre will not down. No doubt his lawyers are still laboring with uncommendable energy to secure a pardon, another trial, or some sort of official consideration for him when he deserves none, but still great mass meetings are being held, presumably in his interest. The word "presumably" is a dominant one in the thought of the present writer, for it is open to serious question as to whether the recent excited gatherings in New York, Chicago and Pittsburg have not made the name of Murderer Mooney a cloak to cover their justification of murders more atrocious at the hands of the Bolsheviks and kindred anarchists. At one of these meetings, held last week, after a purely hypothetical resolution in the interest of Mooney, the speakers launched into a splenetic tirade in condemnation of the well deserved shooting of Anarchist Liebenacht and Rosa Luxembourg, whom, it was declared had been "foully murdered without cause." Then followed a series of threats, arraignments of governments because they were governments, and these revolutionary tirades were not broken up by the police until the harm sought to be wreaked by these rampant Bolsheviks and their brothers, the I. W. W., had already been done. In some quarters the authorities have been daring and brave enough to imprison a large band of I. W. W.'s with

long sentences, while in others legislatures are endeavoring to create laws making the flaunting of the red flag a felony. Such a law as this should be at once incorporated in the national codes, and the authorities should not be thin skinned with reference to these meetings, for it is not longer a heresy to say, "free speech be blowed!" The free speech that means only the dissemination of the propaganda of Bolshevism, should be incontinently muzzled, and the offenders jailed, or we too shall have barricades in our streets and machine guns in the windows of our public buildings.

★ ★ ★

The Peace Conference

This august and potent body, which the French journals now call La Conference de

la Paix, has been organized with due solemnity and apparent cohesion of thought. The first speech was made with true French eloquence by President Poincaré, who seemed to be for pretty much everything yet suggested on the side of peace, but committed himself to no particular theory nor ventured any instructions or advice. President Wilson, who was most enthusiastically received—and why should he not?—then spoke in his happiest pessimistic vein and nominated Monsieur Georges Clemenceau for permanent chairman. The recipient of this expected honor responded after his usual sledge hammer fashion, waited for motions, and as none were offered, the first meeting of the Congress was adjourned. Announcement had been made that the meeting would be en-

tirely without secrecy, and the reporters and correspondents were all there to hear no secrets. This open door policy seems to have spoiled the journalistic gentlemen at the very outset, for they are to meet in earnest conference to protest against any secrecy at all in future meetings, the shadow of which seems already to be hovering over them. But little is known as to the order of business of the Conference, although President Wilson seems to have had sufficient power to secure first consideration for the League of Nations. Surely a wise provision, for we shall then know earlier than we otherwise should have done, what the many differing minds shall construe it to mean, and whether the President is really the "it" of this resplendent pot pourri of the world's wisdom.

The Fair Land of Poland

By Michael W. Balfé

When the fair land of Poland was ploughed by
the hoof

Of the ruthless invader; when might
With steel to the bosom and flame to the roof,
Completed her triumph o'er right:

In that moment of danger when freedom in-
voked

All the fetterless sons of her pride,
In a phalanx as dauntless as freedom e'er yok'd,
I fought and I fell by her side.

My birth is noble, unstained my crest,
As is thine own, let this attest,
My birth is noble, unstained my crest,
As is thine own, let this attest.

—From "The Bohemian Girl."

Perspective Impressions

Cable news tells us that Lenine is in despair in his prison. What did he want? Stay outside and be pumped full of holes?

Examiner suggests rank of Field Marshall for Pershing. Pshaw! More than a month ago Town Talk named him for President.

In view of record of colored men in the war, one of their bishops insists on no further use of the term "nigger." All right, try "coon" or "dinge."

"Don't spare the king but save the man," writes some one referring to the Kaiser. All right, but when Tom Paine wrote that about a French monarch, Mr. Hohenzollern hadn't been even thought of.

Kaiser now wears whiskers and drooping moustache. Next!

After all, Mayor Rolph is a pretty good talker—when he really means what he says.

"Here! You've got to get that car out of the way!" "But this is Supervisor —'s car." "Oh, that's different; beg pardon."

Thirty-five bare flag poles on one side of Market street during Grizzly parade! No wild enthusiasm among those birds.

Sob Sister occupies whole page in discussion of the question: "Is the Vamp Always Bad?" Here's the answer in one word—yes!

Honolulu judge naturalizes Japs serving in American army. What a chance for the Yellow Peril phobes!

Papers declared San Francisco went wild over arrival of the Grizzlies. San Francisco's wildness is dead silence in comparison with the New York brand.

Scientist writes article under heading "Did Microbes Cause the War?" Sure! A single microbe who is now burning cigarettes in Holland to fumigate himself.

Newspaper published snapshot of young woman named Fetter picking out the first Grizzly in sight and kissing him right out in public. Ominous name!

Last Tribute to Judge James Vincent Coffey

By Veritas

Slowly, with the snail's pace; surely, as the sun sinks behind the horizon; painlessly; gently as a fairy moves her wand; and in the gray light of the new year, 1919, there passed from a tabernacle of human clay, that rarest species of spirit—a spirit where the highest talent and highest morality were interfused. Once released through death from its last earthly entrenchment, that noble spirit, with suddenly developed power and speed, rose eagle like, up and up towards the skies, unto the throne of that Highest Judge, before whom Judges from earth are judged.

On Friday morning at the foot of the chancel in St. Mary's Cathedral, in this city, in the midst of a solemn high requiem mass, amid the scent of earth's fairest flowers, and under the inspiring elegies of the churches' choir, lay peacefully and calmly the mortal remains of the statesman, the lawyer, the judge, the man, James Vincent Coffey.

James Vincent Coffey was a son of the people of this great State.

He walked the narrow and self-sacrificing path. He toiled industriously. He lived humbly and virtuously. He treated the world courteously. He carried himself modestly. He battled valiantly and when about surrounded with error, falsehood or crime, he fought savagely and successfully.

No bells were rung, no prior dirge was sounded, no calls were made, no attractions were foreshadowed, but on the stroke of ten, there were assembled around his bier, the senior and junior members of the entire bench of the Superior Court, and of the District Court of Appeal, and of the Supreme Court of the State of California; there also assembled in the most natural and unostentatious manner, men of law from all parts of this metropolis and surrounding places.

The doors of the courts of human justice were closed, locked and sealed. The habitats of law, large and small, were deserted as members of all the courts and members of his court, sought out the catafalque of departed worth, and joined in one great requiescat.

Came to that cathedral, the saints and the sinners, the worthy and the unworthy, the rich and the poor, the young and the old.

Came to that Catholic cathedral, the eminent Jew, the Orthodox Methodist, the staunch Lutheran, the pious Baptist, the steadfast Episcopalian, the nonchalant agnostic and the Catholics. The cathedral was more Catholic on that occasion, in the two-fold sense, than it ever had been, since it was built.

James Vincent Coffey's loyalty to the Constitution and laws of his country and State seemed, as it were, to be brilliantly reflected from his very coffin, and his transcendent virtue and his incorruptibility also seemed to shine conspicuously around the draperies of his couch.

A hush prevailed as the officiating ecclesiastic, the Most Reverend Archbishop Hanna, celebrating the Mass turned to the choir and said: "Dominus Vobiscum."

And as the choir sent back:

"Et Cum Spiritu Tuo."

Catholic, Jew, Protestant and agnostic all wept; all bowed their heads as against the walls of their human hearts, reverberated the tones of

the Archbishop who facing the sleeping departed chanted: "Requiescat in Pace."

Now, as if by an unseen hand, an imposing pulpit rolls from its resting place to the front of the great altar.

A celebrated clergyman, Father Peter C. Yorke, a native of the land of the dead man's forbears, appears.

His oration is pure and simple. It is grand and magnetic. It is one of those timely utterances of a man of God, which from time to time shake the very souls of Christian and Pagan, Jew and Gentile alike.

It affects every one within the range of his magnificent voice. He said:

"The church is the mother of many children. She has the high; she has the low. She has the strong; she has the weak. But, like a true mother, she never denies one. And whether they are high and whether they are low; whether they are strong or whether they are weak, when they lie for the last time before her altar, it is the prayer that goes out for all, the cry for mercy.

"At the same time, just as a mother is proud of a strong son who has done great things in his day, so the Catholic community of San Francisco is proud of this man who for so many years has stood as a strong power for rectitude in this community. We are proud that he belongs to us, and we are delighted to honor his memory.

"When Almighty God in the beginning wished to form a people to Himself and set aside Israel as His chosen flock, and led them out of the possession of Egypt through the dry sands of the desert of Mount Sinai, He began His work upon them by giving them the law. In the thunder and in the pillar of light and in the cloud of smoke He laid down those principles which were to guide in their long career the people of the Jews. And through the long history of the Jews their whole policy was summed up in two words: 'The Law and the Prophets.' The two existed side by side. The law, rigid and unbending with the priests, remained. But the prophesy waned and disappeared, while law endured.

"To me, my dear brethren, the significance of Judge Coffey's life lies not so much in that he was a painstaking, laborious and just and incorruptible judge, but it lies in this: That his personal character was such that he recognized the God above him; that he recognized his duties toward his neighbor as to himself.

"He stood in the old way and worshipped the King of Ages, immortal and imperishable. His voice echoed the clarion cry of those people of old, 'Hear, O Israel. Our God is the one God.' And Judge Coffey believed in Jesus Christ the same today, yesterday and forever.

"All we can do now is to pray that at the final assize where every decision he has rendered, where every judgment he gave, has been passed upon by Jesus Christ, the judge of the living and the dead—that he will find mercy. He turned his youth into age for the sake of others. Now Christ has turned his old age into youth, and he stands upon the everlasting hills; and may his abode be in Heaven, and his dwelling in holiness. May the earth lie lightly upon his body, good and kindly and generous soul."

And behind the casket covered with maiden-

hair fern and white carnations as it is borne away, follow the two nephews of the judge, Edward and Jeremiah Coffey. The light in their countenances shows the careful training they had received from their departed uncle; and it is apparent to one and all, that a great part of the goodness of the dead survives in his two nephews who now live to honor his memory.

The highest and most terse of the many eulogiums pronounced on the death of that eminent jurist, from among his brother associates on the bench came, strange to say, from its youngest member, the Honorable Bernard J. Flood, who ably presided in his department during his last long illness. He said: "Intellectual integrity went with moral integrity during his life; throughout his long political career no stain followed his footsteps, no scandal tarnished his fame. He did, indeed, wear his ermine unsullied.

"Judge Coffey's career can well be said to be entirely connected with the law. As an editorial writer upon the Examiner he shaped and molded legislation for the betterment of our State; as a legislator he enacted those laws, and as a jurist for upwards of thirty years, he administered them.

"If it were given to me to say what was the strongest characteristic of this strong man I should say it was his passion for justice. We can all remember in that little courtroom of Department Nine, in the old City Hall, the Latin motto in golden letters above the bench upon which he sat: 'Fiat Justitia ruat coelum' ('Let justice be done though the heavens fall'). Those words were engraved upon the heart and soul of that good man. A full, round, fine life is ended. May he rest in peace."

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Salvaged Matches a Hardship of War

Mordaunt Minns, an indigo planter, who arrived from London the other day on his way to Gungabunda on the Ganges via Japan, brought with him a new theory about the lightless matches which are driving strong men to desperation and drink in England and have spoiled some very good tempers over here. Mr. Minns suggested that they were part of the salvaged cargoes of Swedish steamships that had been sunk in the North Sea.

Mr. Minns said he understood that a quantity of these matches had been shipped to the United States and were causing some trouble here. The packages, he said, were taken out of cases and put through a process of hot-air drying or spread in the open sunlight, but this, unfortunately, did not overcome all of the effect of the salt water.

In an interview with a Times reporter at the Ritz-Carlton, where Mr. Minns was taking his 4 o'clock tea and muffin in the palm garden with his friend, Marmaduke M. Mizzie, the caraway seed merchant of Mineing Lane, he gave some interesting details of his experiences with war matches.

"During my visit to the east coast of England I saw thousands of packages of matches spread all along the sands in the sunlight," he said. "They were left for three days so that the open air might extract the salty dampness. After this treatment, I was told, the matches were placed in hot-air ovens for forty-eight hours or so, and were then packed into bundles and sent to the large cities for disposal. By mistake a portion of the consignment sent to Liverpool was forwarded to New York and Boston. Hence your trouble over here.

"You see, it is even worse with us. It is impossible to describe the state of exasperation that even the mildest-tempered of men exhibited when trying to get a light from a salvaged sand-striker. Worse than that—there are almost no real matches at all.

"Just before I came away I visited the Athenaeum Club in Pall Mall and there I saw the Bishop of Alladambadda sitting at table with the Poet Laureate, who was reciting to him an ode, just composed, to the gladness of the heart of the Englishman when he found real potatoes growing at the end of the vine in his own garden. It struck me that the Bishop, who is a most estimable man and has done very good work among the Rajpoots and the Punjaubees, was not listening very attentively to the recital of the Poet Laureate. He was dallying with a large box of English matches that were lying on the table and appeared to have pleasant thoughts.

"Presently the poet and the Bishop got up and left the room. Some instinctive feeling caused me to look on the table. The box of matches had disappeared. Now, when matches are not secure in the company of a Bishop in one of the most highly respectable clubs in London, what can one expect from the polloi? Personally, if I got hold of a box of real matches I would not risk handing them to an Archbishop, a Judge of the Court of Appeal, or—well, even a Duke.

"Before leaving England I paid a visit to Holland, where I found the windows of the shops in Rotterdam and Amsterdam piled up with matches, all with the signs of salt water on the dark green covers. I was informed by Captain Wedig Wangstrom that they were part of the cargo of his ship, the Glugdamuck, which had been torpedoed and sunk in shallow water off the Dutch coast. He told me that the matches were all right if one knew how to strike them. But it required patience.

"The trouble with the Dutch,' Captain Wangstrom said, 'was that they were too impatient and lost their tempers after trying to light the first twelve.' I discovered that this was perfectly true. The Dutch, who are a phlegmatic

race, have really very few words of impatience in their language, and the invasion of the salvaged match has caused them to dig some of the old oaths they used in the Middle Ages, when it was reported that the troops swore so terribly in Flanders.

"The Dutch canals seemed to be full of boxes of matches wherever I went," continued Mr. Minns. "I was even told of cases in the smaller canals of men having to drag them out with nets, because they produced a jam and impeded navigation.

"Hollanders were not driven to drink by these baneful Swedish matches for the simple reason that the distilleries in Schiedam have been closed down for more than a year, and a small glass of the national beverage, gin, cost about 15 cents in American money. It is, therefore, impossible for any Hollander, unless he is wealthy, to become intoxicated.

"However, I brought back several packages of the matches from Rotterdam and presented them to friends in England. I gave one to an old schoolfellow, a Church of England clergyman, and he thanked me effusively. But he has never spoken to me since. I heard, through a friend, that the Bishop of his diocese feared that his mind had become impaired."

At this juncture the interview was broken off through Mr. Minns having to take his bag and go down to live at the Consulate for two days to get him passport stamped. As the Times reporter rose to leave, Mr. Mizzie, who had been quietly listening to his friend's experiences, said:

"I beg your pardon, but did you take a box of matches off this table?"

The reporter had not, and said so firmly. Mr. Minns was then too far away for interrogation.

—New York Times.

The White Hind

A Legend of the Andes

From the Swedish of Baron Erland Nordenskiöld.

In bygone days the hind could change into a maiden of great beauty. Her eyes were then unfathomable as the depths of Titicaca, her figure slender as the palm and lithe as a vicuña's, her teeth white as the snow of Sorata, her hair soft as a chinchilla's and lustrous as the little ant-bear's. She would come with the dawn, and vanish when the sun sank behind the mountains. No one knew who she was, whence she came, or whither she went. She always carried a spindle, and the thread she spun was finer than a spider's web and stronger than the stem of the liana. The whorl of the spindle was a turquoise, and the rod was of black chonta palm. Her garments were like an Aymara Indian's, but finer than any other woman's. The shawl she wore over her shoulders was woven of threads that were so fine that no human eye could distinguish them, in patterns of birds that were so natural that they could twitter and sing as if they were alive. The pin with which it was caught up was a sunbeam.

When she passed over the pampas she moved

noiseless as the mist. Wherever she went the water drew aside and the ground dried, lest her feet should be soiled. Sorrow fled at her smile. A glance from her eyes made the wicked good.

Only by day had men seen her. When evening came she was gone. They wondered where she came from, and if she was really human. And many feared her even more than they admired her.

Of course, many young men fell in love with the girl. One of them asked her to come to the church with him that they might be married. She went as far as the church door. There she stopped, and when he turned round she was gone. All he saw was a hind in flight across the mountains. In this way she tricked many men.

One day she came over the pampas early in the morning. She was spinning the finest gold thread of the sunbeams that sported on the plain and glittered in the waters of Titicaca. There she met a youth of the Incas wearing a pointed cap of vicuña wool. He was a handsome youth, and strong. His sling was plaited of the whisker-hairs of pumas and jaguars that

he had slain, and with it he could bring down the condors proudly circling round the sacred peaks of Sorata and Illimani. His coca pouch was woven of the finest alpaca wool shorn on the alps of the Andes.

He stopped and greeted the girl, and she greeted in return. From that day they always took that path in the hope of meeting. Every time they met they remained together longer. The youth grew happier and happier, for he saw that the girl was his. But she grew sadder and sadder, and shed many a bitter tear.

One day the youth asked her to accompany him to his father's home and become his wife.

She promised to come the next day. When the morrow came and the youth went to the trysting-place he waited in vain for her. In like wise he longed and waited many days. He grew gloomy and bitter, and kept wondering why she did not come. Then he remembered what he had heard about the hind which changed into a beautiful woman and had deceived many young men. He had always been told that it was a myth, but he now began to think that it might be true.

Gloomily the hind roamed about the pampas.

How gladly she would have become the wife of the proud, handsome youth. "But I am only a hind," she thought. "By day I can change into a woman, but when night comes I am a poor animal again, hunted by pumas and jaguars, and have to flee for my life, living in constant fear—a poor hind."

Wandering over the pampas she reached a mountain which had been cut into by water and sandstorms till hundreds of caves had been formed under boulders and rocks. Outside each cave sat a viscacha, dreaming. The hind knew them all. She did not need to fear them, and was friendly with them.

In one of the caves lived an old viscacha woman. It was she whom the hind wanted to see. The woman was very old and very wise—so wise, indeed, that she was feared and hated by many. They said that she could bewitch. But she had always been friendly to the hind, and now she listened to the complaint which the hind poured forth.

"Beware of human beings," said the old viscacha. "You want to become one yourself," she snarled sarcastically. "People would always wonder where you came from, and those who knew would mock you for having been a miser-

able hind. Think no more of it. I will help you no more." And she crept back into her narrow cave.

The hind stood in tears. The viscachas around her looked at her pityingly and then crept back into their caves.

The disconsolate hind went back to the pampas, down to Lake Titicaca. She heard the waves beat upon the shore, and dimly looked at men's rafts of reeds rocking on the water. She approached the shore to drink. The ruddy dawn lay upon water and cliffs, and the first beams of the sun were sporting with the snow on the peaks of the Andes. It was the break of day, which would once more turn her into a beautiful woman.

Looking into the water to see her image she caught sight of something shining brightly. It was a golden ornament, like two small horns. She laid it in her satchel and wandered away along a path, but not the path that led to the place where she used to meet the youth.

He, too, had been wandering about, looking for the girl, and it chanced that he took the path she had taken. And so they met again. He greeted, and when she would escape him he caught her in his arms. They fondled and

caressed each other till the sun lay low on the horizon. The girl, who had lost all count of time, sprang up in terror to take leave of him before night should transform her again into the shape of an animal. And as she bade him farewell she playfully fastened in his hair the two gold horns she had found on the shore. The she sped away over the pampas.

But the youth cried: "This time she shall not escape me. She shall be mine, even if I have to use force." And he gave chase. Over rocks and brooks they leapt, a wild pursuit. It was no longer a girl he was pursuing, it was a hind. For a moment he stopped, and touched his forehead; the gold ornament felt heavy. It had grown larger. He felt again. Mighty antlers met his hand. Again he tried to run, then fell forward on his hands and, changed into a deer, darted on to catch the flying hind.

She had stopped for him to overtake her; and now she stops with him for ever, for never again will they take human shape.

* * * * *

"Was it you that bewitched him?" said one viscacha to another. "Well, it's like this," answered the wise woman, "they will be happier among us animals than among men."

To Delphi

Not to consult the oracle, although it was war time, but for an excursion, we set out one spring morning for Delphi. Behind us the Gulf of Corinth mirrored an almost cloudless sky and the lingering snows of the Peloponnesus. Small amethystine islands dotted it here and there, and where between the rounded promontories the sloping shore ran down in pastoral valleys to the water, two villages shone like gems.

From a hill on the evening before we had looked down upon our road. White and straight it led, disappearing here and there amid the olive groves which filled the valley, and looked in the evening light, like a dark flood issuing from the Delphic cleft, and spreading slowly westward. The twilight had been brief, and the peculiar darkness that descends on Greece, seeming always so charged with meaning and regret, had quickly covered everything except the stars.

But in the morning, as we passed through this wealth of olives, all was light and air. The gnarled, carefully-tended trees, with their soft foliage, renewed their youth in common with all created things, and in the grass around their bases anemones were unfolding their petals in the shade. We came to cross-roads which led in one direction to the mountain fastnesses of Amphissa and Topolia and in the

other to the "massif" which culminates in cold Parnassus, on the lower slopes in Delphi.

All those who think that Greece is a worn-out arid country should see it as it really is. Its coast may be rough and rugged and without verdure, but inland every nook and corner is cultivated. The young corn is springing up on all sides, and the laborers are busy in alternating vineyards, mulberry orchards and olive groves. The valleys and hill-slopes are glad with blossom of almond, pear and apricot, and along the irrigation rivulets the strips of grass look like illuminated scrolls. The air is redolent of thyme. Marigolds, vetches, and hyacinths abound, and as one climbs those flowery slopes into the mountains, the eye leaps across the valleys to colored villages, lying secluded and content far from the wrangling and unhappiness of the world.

A carriage road climbs the ascent to Delphi, but it goes a long way round, and we left it at the half-way village of Chrisso—a place of painted houses, ancient plane trees, and fountains—and started upwards on a rough track for Kastri, or Neo-Delphi. The air was crisp, and all nature sparkled. Groups of friendly mountain folk passed us down the tracks—youths with classic features, blue-eyed peasant girls, black-robed "papas," children who offered us bunches of wild flowers. Fields of asphodel swayed in the breeze, and a tall, plume-shaped, greenish-yellow plant, which the natives called "galaxida," showed brilliantly against the soft-toned sides of the valley. Another plant that abounded was a saxifrage with dark green border and bright green center, covered with a sort of filmy wire. Small marigolds and marguerites were everywhere, and many other wild flowers.

From Chrisso it is a 40-minute climb to Kastri, a village of good houses, built not long ago, when the site of Delphi was, by French enterprise, cleared of the modern settlement which had overgrown it. The village clings to the edge of a precipice. Through gaps in the

houses along the curving street you look out into space. And then, when you have rounded a corner, you come quite suddenly upon Delphi.

The holiest place of ancient Hellas lies on a ledge in the mountain side, screened from all distant view. You see no part of it until you come to the recess in which it is contained, and looking from the Gulf of Corinth at this mass of rock and scrub you would never think that it lay within walking distance of the beach. You are seeing Delphi—as you may see the Egyptian temples—at a time when all the labor of restoration and excavation has been suspended. Robbed of that artificial animation, it has relapsed into a more noticeable decay. Before you is a vast heap of columns, capitals, friezes, pedestals. Flights of antique steps lead to nowhere, sections of great buildings are without approaches, and you climb from one monument to another by alternate portions of polished causeway and scrambling goat-track.

The transient, but ever renewed, youth of nature is in irresistible contrast to the enduring ruin all around. The thrushes are singing their souls out in the topmost branches of the trees. Bees are busy amid the scented herbs and flowers. The pink-and-white of fruit blossom bedecks these dusty and desiccated fragments, teaching again the lesson of the butterfly and the skull.

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SAN FRANCISCO

War Wonderings

By William Albert Curtis

We wonder how it will feel to step into a No. 7 shoe once more.

When the red tape of demobilization is cut away, the greater part of the male population of the country will return to breakfast without reveille and dinner without retreat—and what then.. I wonder?

The youth from Great Falls, Wyoming, had seen the runway at the Winter Garden, the Picadilly Circus and Elsie Janis singing from a Q. M. C. truck in France. We wonder whether "The Gem—High Class Motion Pictures" and Main street will hold him once more.

Consider the snappy Second Lieutenant—for four hours each week he lectured his men on "military courtesy" and on the sixth day he devoted four hours to pacing the streets of the city adjoining the camp to note the results of his instructions. We wonder what Saturday afternoon will hold for the Second Lieutenant in the future.

A sergeant at Camp Lewis used to shout to his men, many of whom were university graduates, "As you was!" and "Hold them pieces proper!"

Time brought forth the war and the war brought forth the non-commissioned officer. What crimes against the King's English followed! With what new emotions did the youth of the land turn around to find a N. C. O. shouting "Keep them heads up" and "Youse guys snap out of the dope!" We even recall one who told us to keep the bayonet leveled at our "appointment's throat." We wonder what the N. C. O.'s will do for an audience now.

Everybody wondered when the engagement was announced. She was such a "butterfly." Then he went away—joined the aviation. The papers said he got a D. S. M. The observer got away with pictures that headquarters wanted, but he fell. They say he will be invalided for life. We wonder what time will write—tragedy or exalted romance.

The story goes that on an occasion when a soldier approached General Leggett and apologized for omitting to salute him, saying, "Beg pardon, General, I didn't know you were an officer—we all look so much alike out here, sir." The general replied: "That's all right as long as it was only a general, but don't ever do it to a second lieutenant."

About the time the grist of the exemption boards began to get down to business with the manual of arms, pie bakers in the vicinity of cantonments all over the country began to exhibit signs of great prosperity. We wonder who will pay for their gasoline now.

We wonder if in some instances "social boundaries" have not suddenly assumed the shape of "social limitations." This thought is occasioned by many black jack sessions in which members of our most exclusive clubs have devoted so many hours to cultivating the society of some of the rising young truck drivers of the country.

The Spectator

Shipping Subsidies

Captain Thomas Dowdell for over a quarter of a century commander of trans-Pacific liners and one of the most popular and efficient captains who ever guided the destinies of ships and their precious cargoes to Honolulu, Australia and Oriental ports from San Francisco harbor, retired from service a few years ago and now resides in a pretty home in the Richmond District near the Presidio wall. The veteran seaman's favorite occupation is cultivating his garden; but when he has an attack of his ruling passion, steering the wheel, he goes out in his trusty automobile for long spins. He declares that he is content with a landsman's life, but his paramount interest still seems to be the sea. He was asked one day lately if he believes that the United States will become "mistress of the seas." "No," he said, "because American boys would not put up with conditions on British ships and the number of American boys to whom the sea appeals on that account is far smaller than it ought to be." Asked if American boys should not be encouraged to follow the sea, for the sake of increasing our maritime power, he replied: "I wouldn't like to see American boys endure unnecessary hardships. Owners can't afford the right quarters and pay without financial loss, and the only way they can run at a profit is for the Government to subsidize the industry, as England and Japan do. I don't look for that to be done, for great numbers of our legislators are from the Middle West, never saw a ship, and could not be made to understand the necessity for them."

Lakeside Links

"Andy" Lawrence, as a legion of old friends in San Francisco called him when he was editor of the Examiner, has taken a handsome apartment for his family in Jackson street for a few months. He has made a flying business

trip to New York and Chicago, but will return to remain until the late spring. He is an enthusiastic golfer, which may account for his rejuvenated appearance. He raves about Lakeside Links and thinks the Olympic Club should move heaven and earth to keep it. Like all golfers, he advises business and professional men to take up the game and to go in for it seriously. Another subject for Mr. Lawrence's enthusiasm is the San Francisco climate, "where one can live outdoors twelve months every year." Since he discontinued as editor of the Chicago Examiner, he divides his activities among a multiplicity of interests, mostly in the East, which have netted him a fortune, but one does not have to hear him talk long before realizing that "'tis here where his heart is."

Patriotic Approval

Among the many congratulatory messages which Town Talk has received upon our stand against the red flag, is the following: "I have read your article in Town Talk about the red flag and I am very much pleased with it. I do not understand why Congress does not forbid the showing of the red flag anywhere in this country and inflict heavy penalties for it. We are at war with the Russian 'Reds' at Archangel at this moment. Also, why not stop the printing of German or Russian language papers? They spread anarchy and encourage foreigners not to learn English." The writer is Edward H. Litchfield of New York, whose ancestors fought in the Revolution. He is a financial power, a philanthropist and devoted to the interests of his country. Andrew Lawrence said the day he left for New York last week: "The conviction of Berger in Chicago lately sounded a warning that the plain American people are firmly resolved that socialism shall not gain a foothold in this country and that if foreigners of any nation wish to champion the cause of sectional dissension in their native lands, by all

means send them back there to fight it out, and not upset American institutions with their party strife."

Another from Princeton

Alexander Melew, Princeton, writes to us: "Keep up your attacks upon I. W. W.'s, anarchists and socialists. They are pro-Germans and enemies of this country. Many of them masquerade under the name of trades unions. They intimidate the honest, real workingmen who are the back-bone of the nation, and they are trying to undermine the industries of this country. Who are these ignorant mongrels, many of them exiles from foreign nations, to attempt to dictate terms to us? If we don't curb them and keep them in place, they will ruin us. They are Bolsheviks. See what they are doing in Europe. America should fight them to the last ditch."

The Sinn Fein Parliament

This caption may cause the faces of serious people who can not conceive the possibility of such a thing to broaden into smiles of derision, and yet it seems probable that before these lines are printed, such a parliament will have met and appointed delegates to the Paris Conference. Anyway, we are assured by both news agencies that duly elected members of such a parliament are to meet, that the British Government has, so far, taken no measures whatever to prevent the meeting, nor does any information now at hand give us to understand that it threatens any. Who knows but that, after all the wrangles, quibbles, revolts and revolutions, England may have at last made up her mind to cry good riddance and let dissatisfied and long suffering Ireland have her own sweet will and secede forever from the Crown? This would certainly be the easier way out of a bad mess, for England has multifarious troubles of her own to adjust at the present

time, during a long future, and she would be quite wise, and altogether just, in maintaining a discreet and merciful silence. Where the wisdom and expediency or even justification for any other move? Ireland is bound to be free, will fight for it to the last drop of her blood, and probably now feels that, having sacrificed thousands of her sons in England's warfare, no other reward would compensate her. There are many of us, of Irish blood, who have thought that self-government with a Viceroy or Governor-General appointed by the Crown would be the best way out of the long dispute. But since the Irish people will now listen to nothing short of absolute independence, why let her have it, and eke out her own salvation? Of course there will be trouble with the rebellious Protestants of Ulster, but if they are not strong enough they will be beaten into subjection, or expatriated to England, where their real sympathies are. There is, however, a singularly ominous phase about the reticence of the English Government with reference to the threatened Sinn Fein Parliament, and there are those who fear a sudden reprisal when the opportune moment shall arrive. But it should be hoped by every true lover of liberty that there will be no such drastic treatment of the apparently duly elected representatives of the freedom-loving Irish, and that the "hands off" determination of the Government is going to prevail. The high sounding phrase of Mr. William Jennings Bryan concerning "the consent of the governed," and made in a speech insisting upon independence for the Filipinos, carried no weight with it, because they were not yet prepared for self-government. But in the case of Ireland it applies with sledge ham-

mer force, for they will no longer consent to further government by the British Crown. If any country ever existed which should have independence, that country is Ireland, and every nation in the world except England will sympathize with her.

The Name of Roosevelt

Now that he is dead, all branches of society; all convocations of thinkers, and all political parties, except those which he never recognized as political, are singularly unanimous in acclaiming his greatness. There seems now to be no difference of opinion that he was the most predominant figure in the United States—not excepting even the President himself—and all nations, without exception, recognized his almost undisputed power. Senator Phelan, a Democrat often arrayed politically against Roosevelt with unvarying bitterness, has gone so far in respect and admiration for his memory as to suggest, and to take measures to secure, a change of the name of the Sequoia Natural Park to the Roosevelt National Park. The Chronicle, however, in its rugged defence of anything Californian, insists that the name Sequoia Park should remain forever, and that some great memorial, national in character, should be substituted. Both are to be congratulated, but every Republican should be grateful to Senator Phelan for having so gracefully clung to the maxim—so difficult sometimes to observe—"speak nothing but good of the dead." It now seems certain, as this paper has more than once insisted, that, had he lived, he would have been the logical Republican candidate for President in 1920. Ray Benjamin,

chairman of the State Republican Committee, who has just returned from party conferences in the East, has said that no other candidate had been seriously considered as a certain winner. Lodge, Borah, Cummings, and many others of less prominence had been considered, but it was the consensus of opinion that Theodore Roosevelt was the one man possessing the strength and determination to deal successfully with the combination of the Bolsheviki and the I. W. W.'s which seemed a certainty that sooner or later would have to be met. Strange to say, there seemed to have been but little consideration of the name of Taft, who, in every way, is vastly the superior of any possible candidate yet mentioned.

Physicians and Alcohol

It is not only vinyardists and liquor merchants who are keen for Theodore Bell's success in calling a halt upon prohibition in California, nor other states who wish "more power to him." Physicians nod knowingly and predict calamity in the world of medicine. "How many," asked one of our most eminent doctors recently, "how many influenza patients could we have saved without alcohol? We prescribed alcohol rubs, alcohol compresses and egg-nogs with good stiff doses of whiskey. If the patients were prohibitionists, our orders were: 'Give it to them anyway!'" I maintain that elderly people actually require a stimulant. 'Use, not abuse of alcohol,' should be the slogan. Legislation alone can not cure moral excesses without physical harm ensuing. Eradicate the saloon, but do not deprive the average human being with the normal will the power to exercise it."

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

Austrian Defeats in 300 Years of War

About three hundred years ago, on May 23, 1619, two men were thrown from a window of the Imperial Palace in Prague. This was the first act of violence which brought on the Thirty Years' War.

From that time on, Austria found herself waging a series of wars, in which she was beaten with two exceptions. One was against the Turks and another against the French when her armies were led by Prince Eugene of Savoy.

The record of the fourteen wars which preceded the present one in which she has suffered the greatest of defeats at the hands of the Italians is as follows:

1618-1648—Thirty Years' War. The Austrians were defeated by Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, at Leipsic in 1631; at Lutzen in 1632; Pommerania was conquered. The Austrians were defeated by the French and obliged to sue for peace.

1683—Defeated by the Turks, Emperor Leopold fled from Vienna. He sought the help of King John Sobieski of Poland, who saved Vienna from the Turks who had arrived already under the walls of the city.

1687—Prince Eugene of Savoy, commander-in-chief of the Austrian armies, defeated the Turks at Belgrade.

1707-1710—War of Spanish Succession. Prince Eugene defeated the French in Italy; he joined Marlborough and defeated the French in 1708 at Oudenarde and in 1710 at Malplaquet.

1717—Prince Eugene again defeated the Turks at Belgrade.

1755—Seven Years' War. Frederick the Great defeated the Austrians at Prague; the Austrians were defeated at Leuthen, 1757; at Torgau and at Leignitz in 1760, and at Freiburg in 1762.

1796-1797—General Bonaparte defeated the Austrians at Lodi, Arcola and Rivoli and drove them out of Italy.

1799—The Austrians were defeated by the French at Hohenlinden and at Zurich.

1800—The Austrians were defeated at Marengo and at Montebello.

1805—The Austrians were defeated by Napoleon at Austerlitz and Vienna was occupied.

1809—Napoleon defeated the Austrians at Echmuhl, Aspern and Essling; crushed them at Wagram and retook Vienna.

1859—Napoleon III defeated the Austrians at Magenta and Solferino, and Lombard was ceded to Italy.

1866—Seven Weeks' War. The Austrians were defeated by the Prussians commanded by Von Moltke, and by Prince Frederick at Sadowa. Austria ceded Venetia to Italy.

Unreliable Reminiscence

It is unfortunate how often writers must depend for their information on matters far behind their time, upon the instability of memory. We have read many reminiscences of old time San Francisco, which occurred before the births of the writers, based upon this sort of instability, for many of them have been woefully inaccurate as to persons, time and location. As a case in point, the writer stood with an old acquaintance one day last week, on Montgomery street, midway between Pine and California, on the east side. "Do you remember?" he asked, "we are now standing almost on the very site of the old Maguire's Opera House, which we used to depend upon for our only really first class amusement." The writer protested that the gentleman was entirely wrong, both as to name and location, but he persisted, and then listened to the real facts of the case. This was the site of—not Maguire's Opera House, but the Eureka Theatre, built by Maguire, and for some time operated by him, with varying success, as the home of minstrelsy. But it was only intermittently successful, and then became a sort of now-and-then-rented theatre for different kinds of dramatic enterprises. Under the management of Charles Wheatleigh, it attained considerable success just after the close of the Civil War, Boucicault's "Octoroon" having been played there for a longer run than the play had ever received in San Francisco, with Charles Wheatleigh as Salem Scudder, Edwin Thayer as Jacob McCloskey, and Fanny Morgan Phelps as Zoe, the Octoroon. Wheatleigh also produced there a play called "The Fall of the Confederacy" in which he played Jefferson Davis,

with Edwin Thorne as General Breckinridge, and Frances R. Gass (afterwards Mrs. Charles Edmonds) as Mrs. Davis. The play was a hit, but was withdrawn after a few nights, owing to the strong Southern sentiment then prevailing in the city. The theatre long remained idle, and finally was sold to the Pacific Stock Exchange. And then the gentleman of unreliable memory said: "Oh, yes; I remember now."

The Succulent Whale

The Spectator has visited a whale meat packing plant at Moss Landing, and was amazed at the magnitude of the work and information as to the vast proportions into which this new enterprise has grown. When it is known that a fifty foot whale in good condition produces nearly as many tons of meat, and that hundreds of whale are killed and canned in a year, some surprise may be occasioned, for few people know that there are so many consumers who are willing to substitute whale steaks and roasts for other meats. Some comparisons between this and the flesh of beeves, sheep and hogs will be interesting. A steer weighing 1100 pounds has only slightly in excess of 200 pounds of meat which is first class, while in a whale nearly all of the meat is of the same quality. A fifty foot, fifty ton whale produces as much meat as 500 sheep or 300 hogs. During the past annual season nearly 1000 whales were captured and the meat readily disposed of, much more than supplying the deficiency in the normal supply of other meats. It is difficult, especially when cooked with sauces, to detect the difference between whale meat and beef, and the steaks, although slightly coarse in grain, are quite as edible as beef or veal. The tongue of a whale in itself weighs 3000 pounds, and is said to even be tenderer than the best beef tongue. It would be interesting to calculate the quantity of spinach that would be necessary to serve with it if it were to be used as an entree for an army dinner.

The Bank of Service

An illuminative measure of the quality of Anglo service, its appreciation by bankers and commercial public is to be found in the record of our growth:

DEPOSITS

April 28, 1909.....	\$18,686,555.53
December 31, 1918.....	72,334,406.22

RESOURCES

April 28, 1909.....	\$ 26,156,224.32
December 31, 1918.....	115,134,798.17

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An Eleanor Martin Dinner

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained informally on Monday evening. Among those present were Mrs. Rittenhouse, Mrs. Marie Louise Jackson, Mr. Cebrian, Philip Paschel and Byrne Marconiere. Music and dancing concluded the delightful affair.

Mrs. Frederick J. Lane, sister-in-law of Franklin Lane, and her daughter, Miss Virginia, are occupying an attractive apartment on Stockton and Pine streets for the winter.

Mrs. Charles G. Clinch (aunt of Mesdames Marie Hanna and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent) is at the Fairmont with her son for the winter.

Mrs. Francis H. Davis (Dulce Bolado) is ill at her Santa Cruz home.

Miss Marian Fitzhugh, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Fitzhugh, will leave on Thursday for New York. She is one of the representatives chosen by the Junior League for canteen work abroad. If she passes the test she will sail the middle of February for France. Miss Fitzhugh is a niece of Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler. She will be a distinct loss to our local young society set here.

Mrs. Ira Pierce was hostess on Friday evening at an enjoyable dinner followed by bridge at her home on Jackson street. Among others present were Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst and Mrs. George H. Howard, Jr. (Helen Hamilton), who have been in New York for several weeks, left for home on Tuesday, January 22. Lieutenant Howard,

who is with the Aviation Corps abroad, will not return for some time.

Several months ago the Y. W. C. A. sent a call for two hundred young girls to assist in canteen and other work abroad. A great number of our local girls applied. It was decided to send delegates to represent the Junior League here. They were obliged to go through a course for food tests, physical, etc., after which they will again have a try out of one week in New York of physical endurance of a week of severe training. Among a bevy of attractive young girls here who have been chosen are Miss Marion Crocker, who is now abroad, having left about three months ago; Miss Helen Ashton, daughter of Mrs. George Ashton and sister of Mrs. John Piggott; Miss Pauline Wheeler, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. P. L. Wheeler. Miss Wheeler left on Tuesday last with the Sned-Kynnersleys. She will visit Washington, D. C., where she will be the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. D. Lafford, who has resided in the Capital City many years. Miss Katherine Wheeler has been in Washington for the past year where she has an important position in the government service. These attractive Wheeler girls will be greatly missed in the smart set here, where since their debut a couple of years ago they have occupied an enviable position by their grace and pleasing personality. Mrs. Wheeler was formerly Miss Kitty Kirkham, daughter of the late General R. W. Kirkham, the first quartermaster here, and after whom Kirkham street, Oakland, was named.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lane have returned to the city from a visit with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Kirchen, at Tonopah, and are at the Hotel Dorchester for the balance of the winter. Mr. Kirchen is manager of the Schwab interesting in Nevada.

Mrs. Alexander McCrackin has returned from the south. She will soon leave the Fairmont for Camp Lewis, where she will resume her duties as hostess of the Y. W. C. A. canteen. Mrs. McCrackin is the widow of Commander McCracken, U. S. N. She was formerly popular Isabel McPherson of this city, niece of William Fitzhugh.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Dougherty, who have been residing at the Hotel Oakland across the bay since the burning of their magnificent home at Pleasanton a year ago, will establish their home in this city about February 1.

Advices from Marin County would seem to indicate that "Sky Acres," the beautiful home of Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Chipman, is soon to resume its activities of pleasant entertainment. Mrs. Chipman is now with her brother, George Greenwood, convalescing from a severe illness, while her husband is still with the American Expeditionary Forces doing heroic work in the hospitals. He writes to say, however, that he hopes soon to learn that his "bit" has been done and his discharge papers signed, when he will hurry at once to "Sky Acres" to resume the "parties" of which he is so very fond. The first of these will be commemorative of a gathering given there last summer by Fred Greenwood, from which a poetical round robin was sent to him with Judge Melvin, Frederick Myrtle and Clay Greene as the poets, and which reached him on the very edge of a deadly barrage.

The Arthur Hill Vincents, who have been in New York for the past few months at the St. Regis, have leased the Cudahy house in Burlingame which they will occupy shortly for the season. Mr. Vincent went east to join the training class at Kentucky Barracks three months before peace was declared. Mrs. Vincent has attracted much attention in New York, where, with her sister, Mrs. Marie Wells Hanna, they are marked by their attractive appearance and chic costumes.

Another Californian in New York is Mrs. C. W. Cobb, who is a guest at the Gotham Hotel and is often seen with the smart California set in the metropolis. Mrs. Cobb will remain east several months.

Mrs. Elmer Breckenfeldt, is at present the guest of Mrs. August W. Bryant at her home in Broderick street, where she will remain until the return of her husband from France. Mrs. Breckenfeldt was formerly Miss Vivian Gurney, granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Cook, prominent in the early history of California.

Mrs. Arthur Cheeseborough is at the hospital suffering from a throat affection. She has been visiting her parents, the William Mayo Newhalls. Their grandson is also very ill with pneumonia. Mayo Newhall, Jr., is still in France.

Miss Lydia Hopkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, who left a year ago for France, where she was prominent in Red Cross work, has been seriously ill in Rome but has now entirely recovered. Miss Hopkins went abroad with Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali. The latter couple are now in New York; as yet they are undecided as to their future movements, Mr. Avenali being in New York on important business. The family of Mrs. Avenali (the Cadwaladers) have been awaiting her arrival here for some time. Late letters report they will likely go abroad again, where it will be several months before business will allow them to return to their home permanently.

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YOU WANT

Miss Hopkins has resumed her work with the Red Cross and will remain abroad indefinitely.

On With the Dance

After our prolonged siege of suppression, we may confidently anticipate a renaissance of gaiety at the Mardi Gras Ball and the Charity Ball, for "youth will be served." Brilliant colors for women will again dazzle the eye, and evening clothes for men will make their reappearance; though happily there will be uniforms aplenty to gladden the hearts of the girls. Elaborate preparations for both events are on the tapis.

Love's Young Dream

After all, the kind old world believes that "There is nothing half so sweet in life as Love's young dream." Hence the genuine sorrow expressed at the passing of Clare Crossfield and his wife last week. They were in the bloom of youth and still in the blissful period of their marriage—devoted to each other and existing in an atmosphere all sunshine. Mrs. Crossfield is mourned by a very large circle of San Francisco relatives. Besides her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Seabury Mastick Wood, she had aunts, Mrs. R. B. Proll of Forty-fifth avenue, Mrs. Albert E. Yates of Berkeley, and a bevy of cousins and other relatives. Mr. Crossfield, son of ex-Judge Crossfield of the Philippines, was a rising attorney in Garret W. McEnerney's office.

Reception to Mrs. Clay M. Greene

On Saturday evening of this week, there is to be a reception to Mrs. Clay M. Greene, given by quite a large coterie of her friends to celebrate the anniversary of her birth, it is not stated how many years ago. The Bohemian Club is to be the locale of the event, the Red Room and Theatre of that delectable institution having been selected as affording the best accommodations for the party, which is to be more than usually elaborate. After the reception there will be a cabaret supper and dance, and it is understood that many of Bohemia's shining lights in music and comedy will furnish the entertainment. There will be from sixty to eighty congenial spirits present, who will all doubtless be invited to a return celebration of some nature, at the new home of the Clay Greens at 2140 Hyde street.

Events in the Paul Elder Gallery

On Wednesday next, January 29, Professor Albert J. Carnoy will give the last of his series of lectures, the subject being "The Restoration of Belgium." Professor Carnoy, who is at present connected with the University of California, is a Belgian and was teaching at the University of Louvain when the Germans invaded that city. His present lecture will deal with the various aspects of the restoration problem, the future status of Belgium, and will

demonstrate the moral force that will insure the revival of the nation. Henri Napier Carmer, who is lecturing in the Elder Gallery on Oriental Philosophies at 10:30 Saturday mornings, will discuss "The Upanishads" this week, January 25. On Saturday of next week, February 1, she will deal with "The Bhagavah-Ghita" and the science of Yoga. Of the regular Saturday afternoon "Half Hour" programmes, Rev. Josiah Sibley is to talk on "Sidney Lanier and Joel Chandler Harris" this week; next Saturday, February 1, Suzanne Everett Throop of Mills College will discuss "Some Influential Russian Writers." These "Half Hours" are free to the interested public, and begin promptly at 2:30.

At the Fairmont

The cheerful atmosphere of the Fairmont Hotel is one of the features of San Francisco at present and not a day passes that something new in the way of entertainment is not offered at the hostelry at the "top of the town." This Saturday afternoon the Greenleaf Players, who offer something entirely novel in the way of the drama, will hold forth in Rainbow Lane, presenting a brilliantly costumed processional play in verse, entitled "The Grassblade," a moonlight fantasy in the form of a tragical comedy, called "Pierrot's Welcome," and gesture poems and songs illustrative of America from coast to coast. Many prominent San Franciscans will be patrons of the Greenleaf Players, who will be seen here again next week. Miss Katherine Constance Coots, the apostle of fresh air who is visiting San Francisco, is giving a series of talks and demonstrations of exercises conducive to good health every morning at the Fairmont. Her work is especially intended for the fair sex and she makes no charge for her educational offices. The Fairmont Follies continue as popular as ever in Rainbow Lane and Vanda Hoff is constantly presenting new and beautiful inspirational dances. Stella Jelica, the coloratura soprano, will be the vocalist at this Sunday evening's Lobby Concert at the Fairmont, when Rudy Seiger's orchestra will play a particularly attractive programme.

Kewpie Dolls at Techau Tavern

There is something new in dance favors at Techau Tavern, and the ladies are agreed that there never were such cute, clever, irresistible favors as these. Imagine the very biggest Kewpie doll you ever saw—oh, a whopper—and imagine its innocent eyes looking out at you from under the biggest pile of elaborately dressed hair—real hair—that ever graced the head of any doll, and you'll have some idea of what attractive little beings these particular Kewpies are, and you'll want to go at once to the Tavern and adopt one for your very own.

At the Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Davis Riddell will leave the first week in February for New Orleans. They have been making their home for the past year at the Cecil. Their son and daughter-in-law, Captain and Mrs. Jack Riddell, are being congratulated over the arrival of a daughter. Captain Riddell belongs to the regular army and is stationed at the Presidio. Mrs. Walter Wright, wife of Colonel Wright, entertained at dinner Thursday. The table was handsomely decorated with pale pink Enchantress carnations. Among those present were Colonel and Mrs. Edward Jones, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Warner, Mrs. Sue Merriman and Miss Augusta Ames. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Davis are entertaining the former's brother, W. G. Davis

of Los Angeles. General Edward McClernand was given quite an ovation on his return to the Cecil Monday evening. As he entered the dining room ever one stood up and as he was seated at the table he was greeted with applause. The genial officer responded by making a witty speech. Mrs. McClernand did not accompany her husband on his recent tour of inspection through the State of Washington, but remained in their apartments at the hotel. Fred J. Young and J. W. Winston are registered. Mrs. Kellogg has been entertaining her daughter, Mrs. Whipple, for the past week. Mr. and Mrs. Hudson were luncheon hosts Tuesday.

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Daily from 4:30 to 6

The Stage

Thrills at the Orpheum

Thrills caused by scenic effects make "a timberland drama" the headline act on the week's Orpheum bill. The illusions are marvelous and leave an indelible impression upon the beholders. Afterwards one senses the sublime courage of a girl whose heroism is framed, as it were, in smoke and fire. Sylvia Bidwell as a telephone operator, the heroine, is so impressive as to make one wish to see her emerge that one may enjoy her personality without the distracting externals of exciting scenic and mechanical effects. Another excellent sketch is "No Sabe." Its subject is the blind devotion of a Chinese servant to the young daughter of the house where he serves. It is not the revolting attachment of a Mongolian for a Caucasian, but just that servitor's devotion to the death to an employer. It is such service as only a California woman ever receives from Chinese servants, or a Southern woman from negro servants. I knew the sketch could have been written only by an author who had been brought up in a household where there were Chinese servants, for only such an one could comprehend the psychology of the celestial. Surely it was. The programme records, "By Elisha Cook," none other than the son of Elisha Cook, brilliant San Francisco lawyer of the long ago. Stella Mayhew is insinuatingly fascinating and wholesome in a melange of humorous songs. Swor and Avey are jolly and witty negro impersonators, Harry and Grace Ellsworth do a dainty dancing and singing act, Leo Beers has a pianologue of more intimate appeal than last week's, Mazie King and Hall have a delightful dance skit, and Buster Santos and Jacque Hays, who might be dubbed "the fat and the thin of it," make some people laugh.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

The Alcazar's Fine Showing

Let not the growler carp, nor the believer in the infallibility of a laurelled name shudder, when it is declared by at least one more or less critical observer, that the performance of "Daddy Longlegs" as presented by the Belasco-Mayer players is quite as satisfactory as that of the well-remembered Henry Miller Company. Here is a case where the odium of comparison is quite forgotten in the exploitation of facts. First of all, W. P. Richardson, the new leading man, gives so carefully studied a representation of the middle aged lover Jarvis Pendleton, that it was difficult to conceive that he had prepared it in a week, and he leaves nothing to regret, even when recalling the altogether delectable performance of his predecessor here in the same part. Then too, his appearance more than justifies the desperate and peace destroying love of Judy for him, which was not the case with Mr. Miller. This young actor has been a remarkable "find" for the Alcazar management, and he improves with ever renewed acquaintance. It is no injustice to Belle Bennett to say that she does not quite attain the naive charm and exquisite tenderness of Ruth Chatterton, but those whose minds are not hampered by comparison, must unhesitatingly declare that her Judy has very few blemishes, if, in fact, any at all. At all events she has given us nothing so satisfying since she has been with us. Clifford Alexander was excellent as the frivolous other lover, and the other members of the cast were quite up to their usual standard of

excellence. Again must attention be called to the delicate art of Enilie Melville, who was delightful as the dear old nurse, while the training of the children in the first act reflected great credit on the patience and skill of the stage manager. The schedule of coming plays announced on the programme does not inspire the slightest apprehension, for this company will present them intelligently and the staging will be just a shade more than adequate.

—C. M. G.

The Symphony

Schumann's C Major Symphony reveals the master in an energetic mood—roused out of his dreaminess, especially in the adagio movement where the music sang in earthly cadence. The strings throbbed with realism in the scherzo. Altogether, the orchestra's intellectual reading of the score revealed a Schumann in an unaccustomed mood. "Sadko," tone poem of Rimsky-Korsakow, colorful Russian music, with weird, wild harp predominance, sent one's blood coursing at a mad pace. The Hertz rendering of this number was electrical. Sinigaglia's overture, "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte," played in San Francisco for the first time, made a delightful impression. Musically its themes are interwoven with scholastic exactitude and their complexity is skilfully wrought to satisfy the appeal for melody and rhythmic cadence.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

Orpheum

The Orpheum announces a great new record breaking bill for next week. "The Only Girl," a musical farcical comedy, the music of which is by Victor Herbert and the book by Henry Blossom, will be the headline attraction. Elsa Ruegger, the Belgian 'cellist, who is generally considered one of the world's greatest virtuosi, will be a special feature of the coming bill. She is assisted by Grace Marcia Lewis, an operatic soprano who has also gained international distinction, and Edmund Lichtenstein, the conductor. Florenz Ames and Adelaide Winthrop will appear in a little revue entitled "One Moment, Please," which is a happy combination of mirth, melody, wit and travesty. Ames and Winthrop are exceptionally clever eccentrics who successfully succeed in amusing their audiences. Marguerite H. Farrell, who styles herself "The Kelly Girl," is a most proficient and delightful exponent of character songs. Real personality, real gowns and real numbers are what she gives and she has proved one of this season's greatest vaudeville hits. Jim and Marian Harkins, genuine comedians, will present a skit called "They Talk About Their Neighbors," which is both funny and original. Maurice Brierre, "The Boy from New Orleans," and Grace King, "The Little Girl from Boston," will introduce exclusive songs and dances which will be found original and entertaining. The only holdovers will be Buster Santos and Jacque Hays, "the girls with the funny figures," and the Sylvia Bidwell Company in the thrilling melodramatic spectacle, "The Forest Fire." The most recent series of the Hearst Weekly Motion Pictures will be the finale to a programme which reaches the highest standard of vaudeville.

Fourth "Pop" and Fifth Symphony

The fourth "pop" concert of a most successful season will be played Sunday afternoon,

January 26, beginning at 2:30 o'clock sharp, at the Curran Theatre, by the complete San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Hertz. A prodigal feast of light masterpieces drawn from a variety of world-famous composers has been contrived by Hertz, and the offerings are up to that high standard maintained by the distinguished conductor in these concerts, which have appeal not only to the casual lover of melody in its more obvious forms but to the technical musician as well. The fifth regular pair of symphonies, announced for Friday and Sunday afternoons, January 31 and February 2, at the Curran, will programme Mozart's best-loved Symphony in G Minor and one of Tchaikowsky's most ambitious works, his overture-fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet." The outstanding feature of these concerts, however, will be Saint-Saens' Concerto in G Minor, recorded by Harold Bauer on the Duo-Art piano, which will be reproduced on this instrument, accompanied by the orchestra. Of the New York event, the Sun of that city said: "It was received with enthusiasm although there was no soloist to receive the applause." Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, said: "It was an artistic experience, strange and bizarre. Not only the characteristics of Bauer's playing were reproduced, but it seemed as if the player were actually there—the playing was so humanly impulsive. I gained new impressions which I should like to repeat."

At the Curran

With the performance of Sunday night, January 26, Kolb and Dill enter upon the final two weeks of their tremendously successful engagement at the Curran Theatre in "As You Were." Although it is evident that the two popular comedians could hold forth at the Curran for weeks to come, the engagement must be terminated according to the existing contract, as the San Carlo Grand Opera Company is definitely booked for appearance on Monday, February 10.

Alcazar

Adhering to its policy of giving a new play weekly, the Alcazar presents next week, commencing at Sunday's matinee, another up-to-the-minute New York success that San Francisco has never seen. As given by George C. Tyler and Klaw & Erlanger at the Knickerbocker Theatre it was acclaimed with enthusiastic interest of "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and "Raffles." It depicts the thrilling adventures of a "gentleman crook," known to the underworld as "The Dancer" and in fashionable society as a gifted amateur actor. His quest of a wonderful necklace leads him to a Long Island house party, where fun fast and furious is created at the rehearsal of an amateur play for charity written by an addle-headed young society playwright. And the mystery that involves the disappearance of the jewels, attributed to "some one in the house," keeps an audience in a maze of bewilderment and sudden surprises.

Columbia Theatre

Alexandra Carlisle, who originated the role of Nancy Price in "The Country Cousin," the Booth Tarkington-Julian Street comedy coming to the Columbia Theatre, Monday, February 3, for an engagement of two weeks, scored such a distinct hit when the play was first produced

that she was immediately advanced to stellar honors by her managers, Klaw & Erlanger and George C. Tyler. Miss Carlisle is an English woman and was very successful in London before coming to American eight years ago. She played here as leading woman with E. H. Sothern, John Drew and Cyril Maude, and was then engaged for the leading role of "The Country Cousin." For an English woman to play a girl of the Middle West requires genuine talent. Miss Carlisle, however, made good in the role from the very start.

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FOURTH "POP" CONCERT
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SUNDAY AFT., Jan. 26, at 2:30 Sharp

PROGRAMME—Overture, "Oberon," Weber; "Danse Macabre," Saint-Saens; "Neapolitan Scenes," Massenet; "The Bamboula," rhapsodic dance, S. Coleridge-Taylor; Andante Cantabile, Tschalkowsky; "Ball Scene," Hellmesberger; Spanish Caprice, Rimsky-Korsakow.

PRICES—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, daily; at theatre from 10 A. M. on concert days only.

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Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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Every Night Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1
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Letters

"In the Heart of a Fool"

William Allen White's new novel, "In the Heart of a Fool," is as much an allegory as a story, for the characters are all class-types, "Harvey" may stand for any progressive city, east or west, and the problems which cry for solution are those of the whole community. The narrative begins within a decade of the close of the Civil War and ends with the present date, during which period Harvey progresses from "prairie grass and sunshine" into something of a metropolis, and though new characters are introduced the pioneers are still active and afoot. The object of these new settlers, mostly young veterans of the war, with their younger wives and a sprinkling of very young children, was to found a community where all could enjoy "equality of opportunity," and as fortune had made no great difference in their equipment they had a fair chance to found a New Utopia. How they succeeded, and just which of the characters is the Fool remains to be seen. "Equality of Opportunity" makes a good rallying cry for the discontented, and early and often we quote: "We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal—" but many another "truth" once proclaimed to be self-evident, has been discarded in the stern light of facts. A flat and stationary earth was at one time accepted as the center of the universe, and we were persecuted for doubting. Witchcraft was another established belief. It is not so much the inequality of opportunities which makes difference in fortune as the lack of ability to recognize the opportunity when it comes or to take advantage of what presents itself. Embarrassment of riches may keep one hesitating until the time for decision has passed, whereas if there were but one choice, take it or leave it this moment, the dissipated energy would be engaged to some purpose. This same group of people dropped on an island in mid-ocean would have wrought out their destiny in practically the same form as they did on the Kansas prairie. They all took up homestead claims, a quarter-section apiece, and a hundred and sixty acres is a sizable domain, as any one will testify who ever walked around such a holding. Some of the men, Sands, Perry, Wright, went into business. Others prospected for coal, oil and other minerals, found what they sought, but lost their holdings through foreclosures by the capitalistic merchants. Were they the fools? We are not told why they borrowed money or why they had so little business sense that eventually they were only underground employees of the new owners, but as soon as the mines and later the factories were established as going concerns there was the sharp dividing line between the Hill and the alley, the Hill signifying the merchant and professional class, and the alley the artisans and factory employees. The Adams family surely had a good start well up on the ladder and yet, at the end of fifty years Amos Adams was an inmate of the poor house. He was a printer and editor who set up his office in a tent, first on the field. No one would have disputed his claim, in that day, to be reckoned a professional man, and no external circumstance prevented him from expanding his small journal into an influential newspaper. But Adams was visionary or worse, and when he became a devotee to the Planchette board and filled his columns with communications from Emerson and Carlyle and Meredith, Grant, Lincoln, Plato and "Mr. Left," the only wonder is that he lasted as long as he did. Henry Fenn, rising young lawyer, at one

time County Attorney, drank himself out of friends and means, social position and everything else. Who was to blame for that? When Grant Adams, still a student at high school, found himself the father of a child and was obliged to drop out and take up carpentry to support it, could he blame inequality of opportunity? George Brotherton, "peanut butcher," who stopped off the train and started a cigar and news stand, had neither the social background, the education nor any of the other externals in his favor, yet while Grant went down he came up. Why? Tom Van Dorn was a charming fellow, good-looking and successful. Every one, man, woman and child old enough to comprehend, knew him for what he was, a materialist who believed in nothing but the present good and acted up to his belief, that he had a right to take anything he could get. He was notorious as a pursuer of women of any rank, an unscrupulous attorney, a dishonest judge, a tool of capital. His venality grew like a snowball rolling down hill. Virtually he had no opposition. What had "equality of opportunity" to do with him? Dick Bowman was one of the first settlers. He was an early member of the city council, but Dick was "poor" and had a growing family. He accepted a bribe of \$100 to pass a franchise giving Daniel Sands certain monopolies. Every one appears to have known of the bribe, but like Sands' chicanery, Van Dorn's venality, and a score of

(Continued on Page 15)

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Price movements in the stock market were generally downward the past week as the absence of outside interests left trading largely to the professionals. Irregularity and sluggishness marked trading, while the pressure was exerted against several parts of the list, the steel industrials in particular, and the general feeling seemed to be that this was an index of the sort of trading that may be expected for the next month or so. Should the public remain out of the market, it is conceded there will be no incentive for an advance, and with the Treasury officials insisting on the money restrictions until the next loan is out of the way, the market is expected to drag lower. Less optimistic interviews given out by some of the captains of industry, the money situation, the general feeling of depression in business, and the uncertainty regarding the railroad situation, and last, but not least, the political situation abroad, have again become chief considerations. The outlook for business just now seems to be the present factor in the market, as it was noteworthy that stocks which stood out strong in the transactions last week, were those representing industry which it is believed will not be affected by the transition from a war to a peace basis. Among those issues were the oils, food and tobacco stocks. The food stocks are growing in favor because of the shortage of world supplies. On the other hand, the weakness in steel industrials indicated the fears that that industry has a serious problem on its hands, regarding the maintenance of prices. From the start of the week the steel shares acted heavy, and toward the close of the week the weakness in these issues dragged the entire list down with them. The copper stocks were also heavy, as reports are persistent of sales considerably below the price at which it is believed necessary to hold the metal in view of production costs. Curtailment of production, however, is indicated in the reports from time to time of the different copper companies, and interests identified with these companies say production will be kept down until the demand for copper insures a reasonable profit. The oil stocks started the week with a show of strength, but the weakness in the general list was too much for them, and they lost all of their advance. The fact that the price of oil has not been cut, and the huge demand in prospect, have been the chief factors in the demand for oil shares, but the weakness in the general list was an influence against them. Summing up the general situation, we look for prices to work lower, and would only buy moderately of the best issues, with the idea of averaging up on a lower level, should prices go lower. Conditions are not favorable to an advance at pres-

ent, and with so much pessimistic sentiment in the air, prices will probably drag to a lower point where technical conditions will bring about a good rally.

Cotton—There was a show of strength early in the week on a better demand from abroad and a feeling that shipping conditions were gradually getting back to normal. The advance, however, proved to be mostly short covering, and just as soon as this element was eliminated, weakness again developed that brought prices down to the lowest they have been since the armistice was signed. Spot prices only partially reflected the decline in futures, but the demand by the mills was small. The general feeling that cotton prices, as well as all other commodities, are too high, as well as the belief that we are in for a period of depression in general business, was probably the biggest factor in the trade. Mills report a poor demand for finished goods, and while they have cut their prices as much as 25 per cent, it does not seem to bring in any orders. There was a little more doing in the way of export business the past week, but the increase was so small that this was soon lost sight of as a market factor. Labor troubles in England generally, and the closing down of some of the mills at Manchester, were used as an argument against any increase in exports. The shutting down of some of our mills, as well as curtailment in the number of working hours, was another factor against the price. The one big factor against the decline was the holding movement in the South. As yet the holder of actual cotton has not been scared into selling his cotton, although here and there a little changes hands at lower prices, but the big spot holder sits tight. Unless he decides to let loose, we will get good rallies from present levels, as the options are now selling at from four to six cents per pound under actual cotton, which would suggest a purchase of the distant futures at present levels. Normally, these futures sell at a premium over the spots, and it looks as if the bears are overdoing it. We do not look for cotton to sell below the 20-cent level for the futures, and advise the purchase of the distant futures, as we believe that before a new crop is harvested, the bearish sentiment that now prevails will change again, and cotton will again come back to a price well above prevailing figures.

Jimmy wanted his tooth after it had been pulled, so the dentist wrapped it up in paper and gave it to him. "But what are you going to do with it, Jimmy?" he asked. "I'm going to take it home, cram it full of sugar, and watch it ache."

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Letters

(Continued from Page 13)

other small dishonesties, nobody appeared to consider it of any importance. The money came easy and Bowman needed it. Who could blame him? By and by, when Bowman slipped still further down, removed to the factory suburb of South Harvey, misrepresented the ages of his children so that he could get them early to work, and saw them maimed and crippled in the works and debauched by their surroundings, neither he nor any one else thought that he was only paying interest on his bribe. There is old deaf John Kollander, the professional patriot who waves the "bloody shirt" with one hand and the Stars and Stripes with the other, though he has never been in a battle, and Dr. Nesbit, excellent physician, and successful if less admirable political manipulator, and there are all the wives and daughters, who have their part in the drama. The climax comes in the culmination of a labor disturbance. Grant Adams has developed into a socialistic agitator bent on unionizing and amalgamating all the manual workers. He is still calling for "equality of opportunity," which he sees in compulsory profit sharing. With the aid of Dr. Nesbit he has succeeded in having a compensatory law passed but when little Dick Bowman, aged twelve, and minus both legs and one arm as a result of a mine accident, is awarded five thousand dollars, Judge Tom Van Dorn, shareholder in the properties, and secret partner of the corporation attorney, quashes the law and the mischief is let loose. A strike was called in the mines and the allied industries. Like all strikes, it was meant to be peaceable, but there are the familiar scenes of picketing, strike-breakers, police, militia, martial law, dynamiting and mob madness. Though the South Harveyites were peaceable enough, Harvey became a storm center for all the discontented, the natural trouble makers and the idly curious,

who could find their way to the place. Not only capital, but peaceable citizens became terrorized. Judge Van Dorn again played the part assigned to him. Law was his only God and law was obedient to him. Grant Adams, whether or not he was The Fool, was a martyr to his cause. Of course there is a love story—two or three or half a dozen, for "The Heart of a Fool" is a big book, a slice out of life in which there is inevitably marriage and giving in marriage. Perhaps there are those who will find in it the long expected Great American Novel. We may each decide for ourselves which is the greater fool and what, in particular, constituted his folly, but in every individual case we will be obliged to admit that the characters have reaped what they sowed, whether in blindness or in sight, and that effects may be traced to causes. Evils must be dealt with as they appear, not when they are too strong to grapple, and as "the whole is the sum of all parts," a nation made up of a magnitude of Harveys, with its political manipulators, its corrupt judiciary, its grasping capitalists, its cranks and visionaries, is no better, no wiser, more efficient or more respectable than any of its Harveys. From the Macmillan Company, New York.

One Truthful One

Frank—When you proposed to her I suppose she said: "This is so sudden?"

Ernest—No, she was honest and said: "This suspense has been terrible."

"I was just thinking."

"What about?"

"Gee, whiz! Suppose they christened babies as they christen ships, by cracking them over the nose with a bottle."

"And when you told him I was married," said the girl who had jilted him, "did he seem to be sorry?"

"Yes," replied the other, "he said he was

very sorry—although he didn't know the man personally."

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93611. Dept. No. 10.

DAVID TRUGMAN, Plaintiff, vs. ELSIE TRUGMAN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greetings To: Elsie Trugman, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of November, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
MARCUS D. WOLFF,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
625 Market Street,
San Francisco, California.

12-21-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93516. Dept. No. 10.

IWA V. CURTIS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM HOPKINS CURTIS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff.
The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM HOPKINS CURTIS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 15th day of November, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
AUGUSTIN C. KEANE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
901 Hearst Building,
San Francisco, California.

12-14-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93641. Dept. No. 15.

ORSON E. SHIMMIN, Plaintiff, vs. ANNA J. SHIMMIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

John S. Hogan, Attorney for Plaintiff.
The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Anna J. Shimmin, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd day of November, A. D. 1918.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

Endorsed: Filed November 22, 1918. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.
JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
88 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

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IN THIS ISSUE

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National Prohibition the Miracle of the Twentieth Century
—by Veritas

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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Order Out of Chaos?

As this is being written, the apparent cloudiness that seemed to hang about the deliberations of the Peace Conference at Paris has in a measure dissipated itself. Such publicity as has been given to the proceedings would seem to indicate both harmony of sentiment and concordance of opinion in so far as the hoped for outcome is concerned. In the first place the power of President Wilson has been strong enough to so alter the order of business first agreed upon, as to place his pet project of the League of Nations first, and there seems to be a commendable unanimity of opinion as to the wisdom and entire advisability of it. To be sure, both England and France have voiced some objection to the admission of Germany and Russia into the council of such a league, until such time as governments bearing some semblance of stability or hope of it have been established, but in the main it may be announced that the league is even now in its incipient stage of actual formation. The news from Germany is more or less encouraging. Premier (or is it President?) Ebert has announced the approach of peace among the contending elements of Germany, and Von Bernsdorff is quoted as saying that when the newly elected assembly has met, and the new constitution is promulgated, Germany will be in a position to once more take her place among the nations. Russia does not make so good a showing. The Council of Marmora, assumed to be a convention of different brands of revolutionists in that country, has been invited to send representatives to Paris, but is indignantly protesting because the Bolsheviks have been included in the invitation. Ebert also objects to the consideration of any claims that the Bolsheviks may make, because Bolshevism can not be less tyrannous than militarism itself. But in the Peace Conference everything points to harmony, to faith in the wisdom of President Wilson, and to an

apparently firm belief that a League of Nations will be necessary to insure the peace of the world. To President Wilson was accorded the honor of opening the deliberations of the Congress, and he it was who made the motion, in his best oratory, to proceed at once to a discussion of a plan that "must not only satisfy government circles anywhere, but the opinions of all mankind." In replying Premier Clemenceau was equally emphatic, and so ended the day, all our President's. What may happen when he has come home and his dominant personality is removed from the Congress, no one can now predict. This may appear somewhat pessimistic, and more or less expressive of doubt as to the sincerity of the envoys. But diplomacy is peculiar and inclined to swerve according to the seeming necessities of the moment. May such new necessities never arise.

* * *

Bolshevik Propaganda

We have every day manifestations of the existence in this country of a carefully organized system for the dissemination of the propaganda of Bolshevism, and yet, so far as we know, the government is taking no steps to prevent it, if indeed it is noticing it at all. Under the foolish fallacy, inherent in so-called Democracy, to the effect that free speech and free press must be permitted under any and all circumstances, meetings are held, inflammatory speeches made against government because it is government, and an anarchistic press is permitted to yaup its insidious propaganda of threatened destruction unbridled, under the cloak of another fallacy miscalled the brotherhood of man. In this city, the newspapers of a week ago announced without comment that a certain Charles Mowbray White would on the following Sunday explain Bolshevism in Parlor A of the Palace Hotel. The meeting was not disorderly and it was somewhat sparsely attended. But in a quiet way the apparently reverend gentleman disseminated theories which, if given greater publicity and voiced with greater intemperance, must sow the seeds of Bolshevism in more dangerous fields of action. According to Mr. White, the aims and purposes of Bolshevism differ in no particular from those of the creators of American independence. Lenin and Trotsky are worthy counterparts of Washington in that they have risen to crush out political persecution, and must kill when

opposed by the violence of arms. In New York there has been organized a "Truth About Russia Committee" whose purpose is declared to be the dissemination of proof that the Russian Soviet (Bolshevik) government is carried on "in an orderly fashion," and advocating that in dealing with the Russian problem, the Allies and the United States must deal with Lenin, who is in jail, and his functions now being performed by the equally murderous and anarchistic Trotsky. On this committee are such names as Alvan Johns of "The New Republic," Henry R. Mussey and others, editors of "The Nation," Paul Kellogg, editor of "The Survey," the editors of other publications of similar policy, Jane Addams and Amos Pinchot. If from these people we are to learn the real truth about Russia, the whole world will be only too willing to listen to them, for truly enough, that truth has been too long in concealment. If there is any good in it which we do not know to explain satisfactorily the evil which has been all too predominant, we shall be glad to learn why it has been concealed. But "the truth about Russia," as at present embroiled, carries with it the suspicion that, after all, we shall be asked to listen to a defense of Bolshevism and the propaganda to strengthen and sustain it. Forewarned is forearmed!

* * *

Why Do We Work?

What's the use of working? Why the endless routine of an office or the arid monotony of a ranch or the deadening sameness of swinging a pick day after day? Where is the profit in keeping books, or in writing them, or in selling them, or even in reading them? What do we gain from toil of any sort? Philosophers seem agreed on the proposition that work means happiness, and that since it is the right of every way to be happy he should embrace work with a loving arm. But philosophers are usually happy themselves, yet who ever knew of a philosopher working? Aristotle himself, the greatest of them all, spent most of his time talking, and talking isn't work. And he delighted in audiences, thus keeping the many who listened to him from their work. So it would seem, from the evidence furnished by the very men who advance the theory, that work is not necessarily incident to contentment. And yet—most of us work. Is it because we have to? The Bible is quite clear on the question. If Adam hadn't eaten the apple.

or if Eve hadn't harkened to the serpent, we would now be wearing crepe de fig in the sun-lighted valley of the Euphrates while lions gamboled with lambs on velvet lawns—and we wouldn't have to keep the lawns trimmed, either. But Eve did harken and Adam did eat, according to the Bible, and so here we are groaning and sweating under a weary life, lashed by the whips and scorns of time. Thus it would seem that the Bible and the philosophers are at loggerheads. The one says we work because Adam fell into disrepute; the others say we work to keep ourselves from falling into discontent. And which, pray, is correct? Craving your pardon, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends,

and Wise Men all—neither the Bible nor philosophy is correct. We work not because we must suffer from Adam's weakness and not because if we didn't work we'd feel bad about it. There are plenty of reminders of the original sin besides work to keep us from forgetting it was committed; and where is any man more happy than the man of leisure, the gentleman of slippered ease, the lad who does nothing but what he shouldn't do? Ah! no, there is another reason for working aside from the Biblical and the philosophical reasons. Lend an ear. This is it: We work because if we didn't work what the devil else would we do? We work because if we didn't work the drool and drivel

of life soon would waste us even more than working does. We work, in a word, to keep from thinking. Well then, say you, what of the aforementioned gentleman of leisure, who doesn't have to work and who doesn't want to work? Why does he not crumple under the cruelty and the pain of things? Here again the answer is clear: The cruelty and the pain of things doesn't bother him—he is of the blessed few who could not think even if they craved the experience. And if he could think he'd soon stop whittling chips from the shingle of Time and get busy at something. Of brain he has little, of soul he has none, or he, too, would be working, even as you and I.

Exiled from God

By John Hall Wheelock

I do not fear to lay my body down
In death, to share
The life of the dark earth and lose my own,
If God is there.

I have so loved all sense of Him, sweet night
Of color and sound,—
His tangible loveliness and living light
That robes me 'round.

If to His heart in the hushed grave and dim
We sink more near,
It shall be well—living we rest in Him.
Only I fear

Lest from my God in lonely death I lapse,
And the dumb clod
Lose Him, for God is life, and death, perhaps,
Exile from God.

Perspective Impressions

Gasoline said to be cheaper than horse feed. Well, who wants a horse nowadays, anyway?

Clock in State Senate lies about time of day. Well, misery loves company. Why shouldn't clocks be inaccurate as well as Senators?

Legislature talks of merging sixteen State Commissions into one. Gosh! All into one salary, too?

Well known automobile agent refuses to re-employ returned soldier. Like to know his name? We've got it.

Bolshevists invited to Paris Conference! So you can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear after all.

Old Lincoln School pupils want David Belasco to come out here to a dinner. Come right along, Dave! We'll have some more dinners and reduce the average of expense.

Hope nobody's going to holler about militarism because Secretary Baker allows unemployed soldiers to remain in the service. That's about the best thing the Secretary has done.

Steel ships "offered for a mere song," the price being \$100 per ton. Let no one worry. There will be more tuneful harmony in the song at the old figure of \$40 or \$50 per ton.

So King Manuel is back in Portugal! Con-template suicide?

Engagement of Sinker Swim and Vera Darke is announced. Pause, reflect!

Beauty unadorned is now a ten-dollar crime. Wear your masks!

Monsieur Pichon declares that the French Government will make no contract with crime. Why then bother about the Bolsheviks?

Cables announce that Paris Conference have agreed about Russia. Who hasn't—excepting the Russians? More time wasted!

Colonel Mullally's got the right idea. Let the colonels of regiments see to it that their discharged comrades secure employment.

The man that knows his own father is not half so wise as the fish that knows his own mother.

German authorities declare that stories about secret prison camps are myths. Nothing mythical about the other camps.

Federal ownership and deprive us of individual liberty in profiteering! Down with them! Are we slaves, we grafters, that we should be thus dealt with?

A sign of the times: The present flourishing condition of the undertaking business.

"Little", Serbia, eh? She lost \$4,000,000,000 and 320,000 men, all the same.

Thought they have to devise something to replace munitions profits. Now it's a bridge to Alameda!

Carranza threatens great drive against Villistas. Must be wanting to hand General Pancho another laugh.

The Irish Unionists are split apart even before they are really joined together. Kilkenny cats again! What's the use anyway?

Seventeen hundred Maximalists (Bolsheviks and I. W. W.'s, same thing) deported from Argentina. Now, what are we going to do? Wait until they strike?

Senator Lewis of Illinois says that United States will sink to Prussian depths if it fails to back President Wilson. Oh piffle! Why are Lewises?

Do not take women from the side of those who suffer; it is their post of honor.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."—Milton.

National Prohibition the Miracle of the Twentieth Century

By Veritas

The first recorded miracle wrought by Jesus Christ on earth was when at the wedding feast of Cana in Galilee, He turned water into wine. Two thousand long years have since rolled by and now on the western hemisphere of the earth suddenly and miraculously the American people have turned wine into water.

A careful review shows that this miracle was wrought through the powerful influences brought to bear upon the American mind by the exigencies of that mightiest conflict of all ages, the late European War.

In Europe the diadems of princes, the crowns of kings and czars and the sceptres of emperors have been stricken to the dust by the crosses of the people.

The American people like a young giant entered into that unprecedented war.

This young giant girded up his loins for the battle.

To do this effectively he repelled all false stimulants and entered the arena freshened for the contest by wholesome food and by unfermented drink.

Where is the man who in 1914 when that universal war broke out believed that in less than forty-one months a well fed and liquor consuming nation like the American people would pass as part of their very national Constitution a bone-dry law?

Maine was the first State in the Union to declare for prohibition. This was in 1851. She remained in her solitary dryness for decades.

When the European War came on, there were only a few states which had declared for bone-dry prohibition. During that war and up to the time that the American government took up prohibition as a war measure, twenty states adopted prohibition and seven states since that time added themselves to the column of thirty-six states, making the required two-thirds of the forty-eight states necessary to carry federal prohibition into the national constitution.

Rapid work, sure enough!

The dry link passed over the state line of Maine and reached out and embraced California.

The dry Atlantic coast has joined with a dry Pacific coast. It is now one big dry country. The twelve other states that held out are now compulsorily dry. They have voted themselves wet, but the other thirty-six states have voted them dry. The twelve states say they are wet, but the thirty-six states say they are dry, and dry they are.

The first Federal blow at the mammoth alcohol industry was dealt in 1917, when as a food measure the manufacture of whiskey in the United States was stopped.

The second federal blow was the congressional rider hooked on to the Emergency Agricultural Appropriation Bill which ordered all sales of liquor to stop on July 1, 1919, and so to cease until after the demobilization of the American troops. The third Federal blow dealt was the Dry Zone Resolution passed by the United States Senate and House palisading the vicinities of war industries.

The fourth federal blow was dealt on September 6, last, when the Food Administration with the President's approval ordered the breweries throughout the United States to shut down on December 1, 1919, and that when the then stock of beer was consumed, all sales of beer should stop.

In the meantime taxation commenced to add toll upon toll on the remnants of liquor to be found within the country.

On top of all this, the District of Columbia, Alaska and Porto Rica went dry. Canada also voted the same way, and they are dry down there at Yucatan, where they commenced to call loudly for a Congress of Central American States to meet and adopt national prohibition for those states.

The secret of prohibition's success lay not only in the attitude of the administration towards liquor as a war measure, but in the fact that during the war every member of Congress, every member of the state assemblies, stood strong with the President and all his war measures. So anti-prohibitionists voted with the prohibitionists. Politicians who were known as pronounced "wets" did not dare to advocate anything wet while the war was on. They knew if they did they could be called pro-Huns, pro-Germans and that charge was so abhorrent that the strongest "wet" voted dry on any old proposition that came before Senate or Assembly. This accounts for the universal voting for dry, dry, dry.

However, the great King Alcohol, who has withstood assault after assault and revolution after revolution for ages, now saw the handwriting on the wall. That terrible hand of the prophet foretold his sudden doom and downfall.

In the short period between January 8, 1918, and June 26, 1918, the dry amendment was passed by the legislatures in Missouri, Virginia, Kentucky, South Carolina, North Dakota, Maryland, Montana, Texas, Delaware, South Dakota, Massachusetts, Georgia, and Arizona, with a tie vote in Louisiana.

John Barleycorn was fast caving down the bank.

California, the France of America, the greatest wine growing state in the nation, was about the last to make up the two-thirds number of states necessary to ratify that amendment.

Many are still ignorant as to the terms of this constitutional amendment.

It should be known that the federal dry measure does not go into effect until one year after the ratification of the amendment to the constitution—so it will not be until early in January, 1920, that the constitutional amendment will be in effect all over the national domain, including all its territories.

This amendment does not forbid the possession of intoxicating liquors in one's own home, or the use of the same at the family table, or for the use of the family, or for the use of the family guests who are served as guests, but it does forbid the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors, within, the importation thereof, into, or the exportation thereof from, the United States, and all territories subject to the jurisdiction thereof, for beverage purposes."

So, Mr. Householder, you have got to drink it yourself, or serve it free; you can't get rid of it by sale, nor can you export it, and if you have it not, you can not buy it and you can not import it whether you live in a state or in a territory.

It took two-thirds of each House of Congress to propose this amendment. It took the ratification of the legislatures of two-thirds of forty-eight states to put it into operation after one year.

This amendment could be ratified within seven years. It was ratified in less than two.

Every prior amendment to the constitution took effect immediately on ratification. This one does not take effect until one year after ratification.

Eminent lawyers in the East contend that Congress had no power to attach this one year clause to this amendment and the Supreme Court of the United States will be called upon to pass on the validity of the action of Congress on that point. The court may decide, however, that the one year was a reasonable provision to give institutions theretofore legally existing and helpfully tax paying an opportunity to dispose of their stocks and shut down their factories.

William Jennings Bryan had much influence in Nebraska on the prohibition movement.

Ex-President Taft was quite a force against national prohibition.

Now that the law is passed, questions like this will arise:

Is a state a sovereign state—sovereign as to the internal conduct of its own affairs? Is there any question more local to each state than the question of what clothes its residents shall wear, what food they shall eat and what liquid they should drink? Can eighteen great big states of this country, who all want to drink, be compelled to stop drinking because thirty-six states, many of them very small states, say no? Can a gathering of states come forward and reach past their own borders and tell distant territories like that of Alaska that it shall not take a drink after being out all night on the ice? These questions will have to be solved.

The writer believes in the scriptural proverb: "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." "Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts."

But the writer believes that the same great God Who gave the wine, is the One Who now take it away again.

The pendulum of ages has swung back and onto the other extreme—back to the cave, back to the water and back to the spring. It is the way of the great Unseen Power. Only yesterday and France had sprung from all the powers and civilizations of the beginningless past to the very forefront in the march of the earth's progress. And in art, in virtue, in science, in refinement, in splendor, in learning and in martial prowess she rose to eminent heights; but all the while unmindful of her great world position and never self-sufficient, she turned to the thirteen little struggling colonies (in what was then considered to be the uttermost recesses of the earth). They were fighting in their last ditch at Valley Forge under a young man named George Washington, to lay the foundation of democracy in a new continent, following the democratic lead of the French Republic, striving to lay the cornerstone of a great and independent nation. At once, without falter or delay, she sent her generals and her admirals; yea, her youngest and richest blood, to the rescue of these colonies, to the end that they might not perish but that the democratic principles for which they fought might be there established to endure unto the end of all time.

Such was the disinterested assistance that the

lending hand of France gave to America in its darkest day and during its most critical situation; in fact in a day when the Atlantic coast from Maine to Georgia was entirely within the exclusive grip of the Hessians of Germany and the Red Coats of England.

The scene suddenly shifts and changes. Today that great nation is deflowered of four out of five millions of its spindles, while millions of her brave race have been wounded or destroyed by the armies of the Hun. Her coal and iron mines of the north, her orchards, her vineyards, her farms, her great towns and her numberless villages, her cathedrals and louveres have been demolished and wiped off the face of the earth, and in their places are left a vast desert of shell-holes and debris, without a living thing to walk, creep or crawl thereon. Her industrial losses run into the millions and billions of dollars.

Her remaining resources are almost exhausted from battle with the great powers against her,

her national debt is overwhelming; the blood of her people has been poured out like the water of the river, and she today, to the greatest extent in her history, lies almost breathless, almost prostrate from loss in material resources and in man force, but she remains undaunted in spirit and in soul. There surely is a God above us Who looks on, Who appreciates all this and Who now stretches out His hand.

It no doubt is the great design of the Almighty Power that the great American nation that has since come to its present zenith as the greatest world power should in its turn take up the hand of suffering France and assist to bring her out of her dire distress.

The American nation therefore, as it were by a miracle, has been turned dry over night. There will be a legion of her millionaires from their dry land to visit the ever-wet country of France, and instead of spending in France, as before the war, four hundred million each summer, they will go there and spend their money

by billions, where formerly they spent millions. The wines of France will find a market at American hands sufficient to restore her lost territory and put it in a greater, richer and more beautiful condition than it was before.

Such, no doubt, will be the result of the guiding hand of the Almighty, and when France is restored, her cottages rebuilt, her factories re-opened, her farms re-established, her five million spindles again all singing, and her people rejuvenated and made happy, the great pendulum will again swing back and then will come a reformed amendment to the constitution of the United States which will do away with the criminal saloons and criminal liquor practices, but will give to the people of the United States the right and liberty to decide for themselves what they shall eat and drink, and will protect their right to moderate indulgence in the nectar of the gods at home, as well as enjoyment in the bottled laughter of the French peasant girls abroad.

The Impersonal View

By G. S. Street

There are some who arrive at it while they are young; there are many who do not gain it all their lives, and perhaps the most of those engrossed in affairs have always a personal view of life. It is easiest to take extremities for definition. The personal man is concerned with likes and dislikes, takes little count of qualities save in relation to his interests, is very much affected by attitudes towards himself. Perhaps he admires where he dislikes and likes where he despises; but it is with a tendency to sink appreciation in predilection until praise and dispraise change places. Sexual desire (where, we know, the reverse happens) apart, indifference to him is prone to create dislike in him. He is not patient to observe and to estimate where he himself is not concerned.

To the impersonal man (to keep to our extremities) people are pictures, or puzzles of Euclid, or amusing tales to read. Putting the matter brutally, one may say that to him a woman's tears are as rain-drops from the glistening leaves of a tree, the death of his comrade as the loss of an accustomed book: it is but a question of degree. The wholly self-centered man, who has no eye nor understanding for others, is not impersonal in this sense: he is merely stupid, dull. The impersonal man, to deserve the title, must be observant and interested in human beings. He likes to detect the hidden causes and the subtle effects of life. But he is a spectator, rarely even the prompter at the play; or it may be one should say he is a supernumerary who walks through his part with credit, and unobserved observes the chief comedians.

It is not profitable to dwell on the genesis and the conditions of the personal man. Among those whose artistic appreciations and intellectual judgments are swayed by their likes and dislikes you will find most of your acquaintances—soldiers, poets, thieves, politicians, and alas! critics. The mean is of course the virtue of him who is personally involved with his acquaintances, but keeps his estimation of them distinct, and has eyes for others. I fancy he is rare in his perfection. But the impersonal man is an interesting creature. He is one of the late flowers, or weeds if you will, of civilization, and his genesis is commonly in this wise. He is commonly one who has asked a question of life, and is convinced he has understood the answer.

He has had some hot ambition, but now he bets moderately on probabilities and is little disturbed if he loses. Very likely he has sometime worn his heart upon his sleeve, and daws have pecked at it; or it has been pierced, first by the blind god's arrow, and then by the little daily pins that women use. But he is left with vitality enough to be amused by men and things, and time has mellowed the bitterness of failure. Such is usually the outline of his genesis. One of the elements in it is indeed necessary: he must, as our sentimental grandmothers said, have "suffered." He must, that is, to enjoy the perturbations and manoeuvres of his acquaintances who are slaves to passion, have been through all that once himself: mere imagination is useless for analysis of such things, an analysis which must have some parallel of knowledge to work withal. It is sweet, we are told, when the storm is raging, to watch the laboring mariner from the land: it is sweeter when your own clothes are but just now dried of the sea. Then how pleasant to remark the helplessness of a man of learning and cleverness in the hands of a silly girl, while you reflect that not Helen of Troy nor Cleopatra could so affect yourself! Or to watch the grovelling and pushing of the man who will succeed, when you know what success is worth!

The impersonal man is consistently aesthetic. All motions (not physically jarring) and inferred feelings of human beings have for him an aesthetic value. His mind—may not we say?—takes the place of a sense and yields a pleasure that is, in effect, sensuous. As he enjoyed the fresh air or the dim outline of the trees as he drove to a house by night, just so he enjoys a tale of passion that is told him on his arrival. In that, of course, he is personal, if you care to make the criticism: men exist, as do the trees, for his personal pleasure, and yet his view of them is impersonal objectively; but a paradox is perilously near. He is a quiet spectator, who knows the game with its varying imports. He is frank and open, having no secret pain he fears to show the world, and thus he invites confidences, exchanging counters for others' silver and gold.

I sometimes wonder why the personal men do not band themselves together and tear the impersonal ones to pieces, so palpable is his advantage over them. Moreover, he has a

tendency to be a devil. If her ways be pretty, the cruelty of a wicked woman, wrecking some young life, stirs no indignation within him; he is placidly amused; and if the wicked woman confide to him a passing scruple, he will smile it away. The faults of people, being in character, entertain him, and he is likelier to encourage than to admonish them. For his is the clear head which distinguishes between occasions, and sees that unstable conduct is irrelevant to amusing conversation; his is the complete toleration of indifference to remote results.

Such being, in his extreme, the impersonal man, the question arises if the impersonal view be worth attaining. It means escape from the pains and penalties of feeling. Does it mean surrender of pleasure worth the pain? The delight of the game is gone, the thrill of utmost energy, the thrill of a foot's superiority. On the other hand is the exquisite and more constant, if tamer, joy of the spectator. But a question of taste is not for argument. Given a certain temperament and experience, a man must be indifferent: add a certain intelligence, and he will take the impersonal view. Given another temperament, a man will leave watching the finest match of billiards to play his own game, albeit he can not hit the object ball.

Confound not the impersonal view with dullness, as has been said; confound it not with the superficial carelessness of the man of the world; but chiefly confound it not with a merely tired system and intelligence. It is not a merely negative quality. It implies activity of mind and quickness of perception, or it means nothing. But when you answer the question, if it be worth attaining, remember this—that it rarely endures. None but the very elect may go on to old age, observing and noting with no personal interest. In the others the impersonal view either is a reaction, which spends itself to give way to a fresh instigation of personal desire, or sinks into living with the obvious senses only. In fine, one may call it a phase of the life of certain temperaments and minds. It is likely to begin just after the last great folly of youth has been punished, and to last until the mediocre things of the world seem worthy a little keenness. Like most things, it may be an affectation of boyhood. But I think I have never known a woman who took the impersonal view.

The New Boasting

From The Spectator, London

Children boast by instinct. The natural man boasts. The more civilized he becomes, the more effectually is this tendency curbed. Even children put it down amongst each other, for no educated man and no child is interested to hear another boast—unless as a revelation of character. As soon as a boy realizes that his happiness depends in a large degree upon the effect he produces on his surroundings, he tries to stop boasting. The result of going to school and bottling up this natural tendency is often a wild outbreak of boasting at home. To stop it short would result in injury to his will or his pride. The phase soon passes, and at last the well-brought-up child ceases altogether from the habit of self-glorification in public. In private we think every one boasts sometimes. A man must have an outlet somewhere for his self-conceit. The overpowering desire to have some one to boast to accounts, we are convinced, for many otherwise inexplicable friendships, and even a few otherwise inexplicable marriages. That the face of Providence is set against the boaster would seem almost to be provable, so often is he brought to naught. Nevertheless, man remains a boasting animal, who expresses himself modestly by grace only, or by that useful substitute for grace which we call convention.

Where convention has most power manners are self-depreciatory—verbally so, we mean. A public school boy will not boast of his athletic prowess, however highly he may value it, or however well aware he may be of its price among his elders and betters. Prize-fighters, on the other hand, boast themselves against each other with a vociferous eagerness which is comic or disgusting, according to the ears of the hearers. Each country has its own code of manners. We have heard it said that Americans resent our verbal self-depreciation, and declare it has no more meaning than we ourselves see in the more exaggerated expressions of abasement which adorn the conversation of Eastern peoples. Americans do not deny that they are proficient in those things in which they obviously excel; but they have their own way of expressing both real and simulated modesty, and of the polished American, as of the polished Englishman, it may be said that he hides such conceit as he has, not only from the world but from himself.

Just now new circumstances have freed us for a while from old conventions. The natural man has come very much to the fore of late, and we are indulging in a little boasting. We do not mean that men return from the war boasting of their great deeds. True modesty, not convention, shuts their mouths. But we who remain at home do boast to each other with united tongues in a manner we should never have done before. There is no great harm in it—perhaps there is some good in it even—and it is nothing new. It has always been done among simpler and less critical people who owe less than we do to the conventions. A little while ago it was not common in polite society for one lady to remark that she was much more conscientious than another or much more economical, that she worked much harder, wasted much less on dress or amusement, was more generous to her dependants, or a very much better cook. Nowadays drawing rooms ring with such remarks—when

they have enough people in them to ring at all. Just now a vast number of people, when not employed in energetically doing right, are talking about how they have done it, and sometimes not stopping short at comparing their own conduct with that of their neighbors, with what would have seemed before the war a perfectly shameless bias in their own favor. We hear habitually modest men comparing their own conduct with that of their neighbors in a manner which three years ago they would have scorned. So-and-so still keeps a car or a horse for other purposes than labor, while they have had nothing to ride or drive for three years. They would be ashamed to be seen driving to the station as he does; the station cab is good enough for their friends, etc. They assure their acquaintance of their own generosity and industry an self-sacrifice in a manner to make their hearers jump if they had not become accustomed to it. In the same way, their wives are very much shocked at some one's else extravagance, and describe their own domestic shifts with positive glee, turning pink with self-satisfaction. They also, as all people are inclined to do when once they set out to boast and are carried away with the delight of listening to themselves, vie with one another in economic talk. Do we not all pretty frequently hear some one in beautiful clothes declare that she has not spent ninnence on dress since the war began? And she will frankly give her hearers to understand that some one's else vanity is not so well under control as her own, for that some one else, she fears, is a less patriotic and strong-minded woman than herself. Now none of these people have altered for the worse. They have, so to speak, fallen through an accidentally broken convention and precipitated themselves amongst those for whom such a convention does not exist. The hard-working class—the mass of people for whom there is no time to evolve, consider, or follow fashions in manner—do now boast, and always have boasted, a little where moral questions are concerned. That is, in describing an action they think wrong or doubtful, they always illustrate their point by saying that had they themselves been in like circumstances they would have done so-and-so—always the right thing. Again, if they have in a particular matter acted in a manner complete to satisfy their own conscience, they will say so; and if in course of talk it goes through their minds that a less right-minded acquaintance would have done very differently, they will give words to their thought. We are not speaking of deceitful people who want to appear better than they are. They are to be found in every rank of life, and everywhere they have their own methods of attaining their ends. We are speaking of very straightforward men and women whose frankness is greater perhaps than that of their richer neighbors. The truth, we believe, is that if any set of people are very intensely impressed with the desirableness of any line of conduct, they tend not only to act in the way they admire, but to call attention to the fact, unless some strong convention prevents their doing so. The poor have much fewer conventions than the rich, but they of course have some, even where boasting is concerned. How rarely, how very rarely, does any person belonging to the class who work with their hands

boast of economy. They hardly ever do it, and they detest to hear any one else do so. They have had to go without: it is no virtue in their eyes, but a hard necessity. Generosity is, indeed, something to boast of, but saving—no. Unfortunately they do not know generosity from lavishness, but neither do the professional class when they consider millionaires. We all think millionaires ought to be less particular of a shilling's worth of waste than we are. The woman who boasts that she has just fed a neighbor's children, and remarks that she was brought up to do right and show kindness, that she would always rather be hungry than see a child so, and that she is "like that," meaning she is a kind and pitiful woman, perhaps exasperates a more sophisticated hearer; but the irritable person has no idea how intensely she rasps her interlocutor when she boasts of her own economy. The poor woman knows, even if she could not put it into words, all the sordid side of sparing, all the unkind, hard, cruel acts which it may generate, and she does not appreciate the wicked side of waste. The rich woman's experience is the opposite of hers. There is something very vulgar in waste in the eyes of a good rich woman. There is something mean in economy in the eyes of a good poor woman. The one feels that she ought not to be careless; the other that she should, when she can, cast care away from her.

It is an odd thing that where luck is concerned rich and poor seem to feel quite differently, and sometimes one is tempted to say with reason that Providence does really seem to allow boasting in the simple which He punishes in the sophisticated. It is very common to hear a working woman say, in discussing health insurance, that she is never ill, and therefore for her personally any insurance is unnecessary. Nothing seems to happen after she has spoken, but who among the educated would take ten pounds to make the statement in public? Which of us, if he heard a friend make it, could avoid a little chill of fear? We should even reprove a child who said such a thing.

For ourselves, we should very much doubt if one class or one country is more self-righteous than another. It is all a question of convention. That the feeling for a particular duty at the present moment is strong enough among the rich to make them unmindful of their manners is, we think, a good sign, especially when economy is concerned. But they ought to remember that in praising the virtue they have no convention to get rid of. It is only in praising themselves that they err against their code. The simple man, on the other hand, is willing to praise himself when he feels he deserves it, but to praise economy is to him very hard. It goes against his instinct, against his experience, and against his conventional code. There is a sense in which one might almost say that it goes against his conscience. If patriotism makes it necessary for him to spare, he will—in our belief. He will do it as he has had so long to do it, as a hard necessity productive of a thousand pains and fraught with a thousand temptations, but, as we said before, he will never make a virtue of it.

The charity which Plenty spares to Poverty is human and earthly; but it becomes divine and heavenly when Poverty gives to Want.

The National Anthem of Greece

Version by Rudyard Kipling

We knew thee of old,
Oh divinely restored,
By the light of thine eyes,
And the light of thy Sword.

From the graves of our slain
Shall thy valor prevail
As we greet thee again—
Hail, Liberty! Hail!

Long time did'st thou dwell
'Mid the people that mourn,
Awaiting some voice
That should bid thee return.

Ah, slow broke that day
And no man dared call,
For the shadow of tyranny
Lay over all.

And we saw thee sad-eyed,
The tears on thy cheeks,
While thy raiment was dyed
In the blood of the Greeks.

Yet, behold now thy sons
With impetuous breath
Go forth to the fight,
Seeking Freedom or Death.

From the graves of our slain
Shall thy valor prevail
As we greet thee again—
Hail, Liberty! Hail!

The Spectator

Work for the Soldiers!

It is no credit to American pride in the duty it owes to its soldiers who have carried the Stars and Stripes to glory, that far off Australia is the first country to inaugurate any concrete plan in the interest of its unemployed heroes. According to Minister of Repatriation Miller, at least ten per cent of Australia's returned soldiers will be without employment, and it is proposed to provide a fund of \$150,000,000 to set the impoverished ones at work upon the public lands, and furnish them with the capital necessary for tools, seed and habitations. Here, however, with fully three times as many soldiers interested, we have heard nothing but the unsatisfactory speculations of tentative suggestion. Every day we hear of soldiers who have "come home broke" and yet can neither be returned to their old positions nor secure new ones. A daily newspaper is running a serial, narrating the experiences of a soldier in his fruitless efforts to secure employment. The Associated Press furnishes at least two accounts of the breaking up of meetings of returned heroes who criticized the government for withholding its aid, and yet I. W. W. gatherings and Bolshevik meetings are held without interference. The suggestion to pay returned soldiers until such time as they may secure work, is still languishing in the red tape cauldron, almost submerged in the proposition to appropriate \$100,000,000 in feeding the hungry of Europe. This is not as it should be. Relief work should begin at home and we should relieve our own suffering first. We have plenty, more than enough for all that part of the world that is really suffering, but our boys want the first "dab into the dough dish" and should have it, before we have our own armies of "soldiers and peasants" to plunge us into anarchy. Let the contractors wait for relief from the losses resulting from abrogated contracts; let us call upon our solons at Washington to pause in their vapid questionings with reference to a League of Nations and exploit a little more of their oratory in the interest of the returned soldier. To conclude, let it be said that if more commanding officers would interest

themselves to the extent that Colonel Mullally of the Grizzlies has, in pledging himself to secure work for every member of his demobilized regiment who wants it, before looking out for his own welfare, the unemployed soldier would soon be out of the woods.

Bring Them Back!

A member of a prominent club in this city is showing a letter from an officer in the United States Forces now in Siberia, which in some way or other has escaped the surveillance of the censors. It is to the effect that there are not enough American troops there to "do much good"; that they must fight wrapped in furs like Esquimaux, in a temperature which often registers fifty degrees below zero or thereabouts, and, worst of all, there is not a man in the American Army, if such it may be called, who knows what he is in Siberia for. The impressions voiced in this letter are rapidly becoming those of a majority of Americans at home. We do not know what those soldiers are in Siberia for either, and we would like to know. Of course, Gertrude Franklin Atherton, with the touching idealism of the experienced novelist, assures us that since the Americans have lost the least blood in the war, and are "as strong as backwoodsmen, they ought to take up the burden of this intervention in Russia." Mrs. Atherton stands almost alone among our American novelists, but she is one of many hundreds who are making wild plunges into the realm of diplomacy, in which only the experienced are potent. The lady once remarked to the writer that above all men she preferred the Russians, their customs and their history, and that among all gentlemen, the Russian reigned predominant. Here is the whole matter in a nutshell, unwittingly expressed in the personal impressions of a single woman, and applied after many years to the present regrettable situation. The American soldiers are obviously fighting against desperate odds, and without the proper support, for the "Russian gentleman," instead of for the liberty of nations, the purpose for which he offered his life in this war. England has given notice of

the withdrawal of her troops from Russian soil, France has done likewise, and yet, in spite of the insistence of an almost unanimous press, and the earnest pleas of senators and congressmen, our unimportant little force of heroes is wasting its blood in Siberia, in the interest of the "Russian Gentleman" who should be working out his own salvation as many hundreds of thousands of his kind have done before, and generally with success. President Wilson, as is very well known, was for a long time reluctant in giving his consent to the sending of these troops to Siberia, and his countrymen

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would like to know why, now that the war is presumably over, and the large majority of their compatriots is on its way home, this little force should still be at war, ignorant of its purpose and indifferent as to its outcome.

Written in Prison

It is curious to reflect that most of the Epistles of St. Paul were written when a prisoner under the more benign conditions of Roman detention; that tradition would have us believe Cervantes composed parts of the immortal "Don Quixote" in prison; Sir Walter Raleigh wrote much when in the Tower, and the would would have been without the "Pilgrim's Progress" had the twentieth-century penal restrictions been in force in the seventeenth century; while Silvio Pellico from his Austrian dungeon, and Kropotkin from his French gaol, have enriched the world's literature with their writings as prisoners. The author of the following lines writes us that he composed them when a convict at Folsom State Prison on April 28, 1918:

THE PATH

Betwixt me and my shining goal,
The black clouds roll.
My feet are weighty with dark mud
And spotted with my blood.

Despair sits in my heavy heart,
Nor will at all depart;
Yet even despair becometh friend
In making fears to end.

Hopeless, I hope and journey yet,
Nor will the goal forget;
Who striveth wins at last, tho' hell
Clangs out its sullen bells.

In the black mists there is no rift;
Yet one foot I can lift,
Each after each, and feel the way.
Falling, yet rising, aye.

Move on, oh heart-chilled traveler, creep
Up the rock-faces steep!
Each day that passes leaves one less,
Before they crowned success.

He shall not fail who moveth on,
Tho' hope and light be gone,
Who rises after fall on fall,
Unconquered, conquers all.

Why Not Annex It?

Some of those deluded cranks who rise in virtuous indignation and cry "Imperialism!" every time the annexation of needed territory is spoken of, are braying against the annexation of Lower California to the United States. These are the only possible objectors of the plan, which seems wiser and wiser with each consideration of it. Most of Lower California is an arid waste of mountainous country, inhabited by an exceedingly undesirable class of people. But it contains one fairly good harbor on the gulf, another on the Pacific, and Magdalena Bay we have long used as a naval drill ground. The objection of the opposers of the plan is based largely upon argument that we are afraid of Japan's acquirement of Magdalena Bay, and it is urged that Japan has never at any time even made a move toward securing it. While this statement is open to much doubt, according to one or two small leaks from the Secret Service—it may be said that Japan's intentions form no part of the scheme as discussed by those most interested. We not only should have Lower California but a

goodly slice of the State of Sonora, principally for the reasons that American mining properties in Sonora are not protected from out-lawry, and all of the Colorado River, that important stream being almost all American, should all be on American soil from source to mouth. Then too, Imperial Valley, which in a comparatively short space of time has become the most fertile district in the United States, is not only partly on Mexican lands, but Mexico controls part of the Colorado River that irrigates it, and this should not be. As a matter of fact the United States should take measures to control every foot of Mexican soil contiguous to the Rio Grande, which, however, is something for the future to bring about. But let us have Lower California and that slice of Sonora, for we sadly need both of them in our business.

That "Poor Little Army" of Ours

The latest calculations furnished by the War Department place the strength of the American Army, which was wont to afford the late lamented Kaiser so much keen amusement, at over 1,900,000 men, and the casualties in dead, wounded, prisoners and missing at 218,285, with more being added to the list each day. At the beginning of the armistice the army commanded by General Pershing was second only to that of the French, while the British Army was a close third, and it was surely a knowledge of this on the part of the Germans that caused them to call for an armistice and make the empty claim that they came out of the war "undismayed and unvanquished." It would be interesting if we could look into the history of the future and know what the numerous historians of varying opinions and sentiments are going to say about it, for after all history is accurate only according to how far personal feeling or sentiment is allowed to alloy recorded facts. French historians will have their notions of what history should record, the English theirs, and our own will be guided by their

observations and opinions added to study of the records. Already there are advance warnings as to the threatened variance of opinion about how the sudden collapse of Germany came about, not only among writers but the stories of soldiers, and even these vary according to the nationality of the narrators. What "we" set about to do, and what "we" did, has become altogether a matter of flag, and we are compelled to select our facts from the confusion as best we may, of course leaning to the reports of our own officers. Two cases in point are cited. On the day when the city was ablaze with enthusiasm over the victory at Chateau Thierry, the writer asked a British Major if the news was not glorious. The Briton laughed. "Splendid! I suppose the Yankees have captured a couple of villages and you're all getting hysterical about it. You seem to forget that we had them on the run already." Whereupon another British officer supplemented the remark with: "Hysteria, my boy, believe me. We're obliged to America, of course, but, depend upon it, we should have been in Berlin a year ago, had we not been anxious to save our men." It is safe to venture the remark that neither the French nor English historians of the future will reprint General Pershing's splendid report of the achievements of his army up to the time of the armistice, while our historians, if they are true Americans, will use nothing else. We will surely have some peculiarly conflicting histories of this war, and it is sincerely to be hoped that future boards of education will not permit politics to govern their choice of histories to please the strong foreign element. Imagine, for instance, a naturalized German superintendent urging a history of the war written by a German!

Death of Otto Irving Wise

The passing of Otto Irving Wise last week cast a gloom over the legal fraternity of San Francisco. Mr. Wise, of the law firm of Wise and O'Connor, was held in high regard by his

The Bank of Service

An illuminative measure of the quality of Anglo service, its appreciation by bankers and commercial public is to be found in the record of our growth:

DEPOSITS

April 28, 1909	\$18,686,555.53
December 31, 1918	72,334,406.22

RESOURCES

April 28, 1909	\$ 26,156,224.32
December 31, 1918	115,134,798.17

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confrères and had by his ability and integrity won the esteem of all who came in contact with him. The Bar Association passed resolutions eulogizing his career and expressing sorrow at his demise. His father was the late Rabbi Wise. He leaves a widow for whom sincerest sympathy exists among their wide circle of friends, for their domestic life was unusually serene and their mutual devotion beautiful.

Snake Farming

There is now really something new under the sun and the interesting information comes from Brazil. It is very well known that, India alone excepted, Brazil is the world's most dreaded habitat of venomous reptiles. India has never attempted to combat the scourge of fatalities from snake bites, which have reached the abnormally high figure of 30,000 deaths in a single year. A Brahmin priest, the noted Mr. Damarapala, being asked by the writer if something could not be done to abate this alarming death rate, replied: "It is the will of Allah, and that is something we have no right to question. Besides, our country is too densely populated, there are hundreds of thousands whom we can not feed, and through the bite of the cobra, Nature herself, at the command of Allah, relieves us of some of our burden." But Brazil is not so fatalistic, and believes that all of the ways of Nature are not good. It seemed to the government that it was especially blame-worthy for Nature to deprive Brazil of 4800 of her people by death from snake bites, and 19,000 who became cripples for life from the same cause. The money loss, too, was calculated to be \$8,000,000 a year, including the value of animals destroyed, and a scientist decided that the best way to abate the scourge was to fight fire with fire, or, in other words, to cure snake bites with serum made from their own poison. Accordingly, at an outlay of upwards of \$1,000,000, a snake farm was placed in operation and venomous reptiles bred on a tremendous scale. In addition to breeding, snakes are sent to the farm from all parts of the republic, and, as a consequence, there are many thousand of poison sacs from which the venom is extracted and converted into the life-saving serum. The venom is first inoculated into healthy animals, a very small quantity at a

time each day for three weeks. Then the blood is extracted from the animal, the anti-toxin separated from that, and the doctor does the rest, it is claimed, with unvarying success. Another way of fighting the venomous snake is by the raising of many thousands of the Mussnurana, a non-venomous snake of the constrictor type, which when large enough is liberated and sent on his errand of destruction, for he is the deadly enemy of his poisonous prototypes, and never attacks them but to destroy them.

Expensive Flour

The famous Shriners' sack of flour, sent some months ago upon its peregrinations, to be sold at auction at different cities, was finally knocked down in a North Carolina city for a price that brought the sum total up to the large figure of \$134,512, which is to be divided among various societies, principally the Red Cross. An arithmetical calculation of the most of pancakes made by this sack of flour must certainly be interesting even to those who hate figures. A housewife has told the writer that a pound of flour should make twenty-four wheat cakes, of "rather fair size. At this rate, and assuming that the Shriners' sack weighed 100 pounds, there would be 2400 cakes costing about \$56.50 each, and the usual portion of three cakes would cost the consumer \$169.50. The sale of this sack of flour recalls a similar incident during the War of the Rebellion, when a California farmer named Gridley toured the country and auctioned off a sack of flour for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, an organization with much the same objects as the Red Cross of today. The sum total gained from the Gridley sack of flour is not now at hand, but, if memory be not at fault, it was greater than that of the Shriners' and created much more excitement on account of its great novelty. The tour of Gridley from West to East was billed like a circus, songs were written about him, and no doubt there are many of the citizens of the now flourishing town of Gridley, California, who have not thought of informing themselves why their home town was so named.

TO THE AMERICANS

"We hold these truths to be self-evident"—
So runs the bravest utterance ever penned
Since man stood upright and perceiv'd his end
Implied in his beginning. For them you spent
Your blood and manhood, and your young men
went

The way of Death, and counted him their friend,
If death might serve that charter to defend;
So fought, and died, and rested, well content.
What hope, what promise had those dead? What
gage?

Shut are the griefs and cicatriz'd the scars
Their loss left gaping; but their high presage
Shall stay you in this greatest of your wars.
Prophets, they lift the Flag, your heritage,
Which points thro' barrier clouds the radiant
stars.

—Maurice Hewlett.

All women are fond of minds that inhabit
fine bodies and of souls that have fine eyes.

A man entered a drug store very hurriedly
and asked for a dozen two-grain quinine pills.
"Do you want them put in a box, sir?" asked
the chemist, as he was counting them out.
"Oh, no, certainly not," replied the customer.
"I was thinking of rolling them home!"—Tit-
Bits.

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By TANTALUS

The Mardi Gras

Expectancy is at fever heat with regard to the Mardi Gras. The board of managers of the Children's Hospital are assured of a financial harvest because the hospital has really been for years San Francisco's pet charity. "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me"—the command which pulls apart the tightest purse strings. The aim of the committee in charge of the annual ball has always been to give the public ample return for their generosity. This year, successful novelty and a brilliant consummation may confidently be anticipated, for the indefatigable William F. Humphrey of infallible executive ability is the director in chief. He will be the floor manager with thirty-three assistants. Three years ago, he managed the circus benefit for the Infant Shelter which netted the charity over \$20,000 and which left happy, lingering memories of its gaiety. Instead of the usual grand march at the Mardi Gras there will be a circus parade. Then will come circus feats in three rings by society favorites, to be followed by burlesque features and strange animal acts performed by local clubmen. Best of all, the ringmaster, it is hoped by every one interested, will be Douglas Fairbanks. If it is a possibility for "Doug" to come to San Francisco for the event, he surely will. He is the adoration of the small boy of the country, the active, healthy urchin whose ambition in life is to duplicate his astonishing adventures. What a splendid return for the children's devotion, to give him the opportunity to perform his remarkable feats, to appear in his own adored person for the material benefit of little children, sick, poor, maimed! There will be an auction sale of boxes on Tuesday, February 18, at the St. Francis Hotel. The boxes left will be sold in rotation for \$100 each. Mesdames Clara Darling, Eleanor Martin, Major Philip Wales, Messrs. H. D. Pillsbury, Webster Jones, George Newhall, I. N. Walter, Herman Levy, E. F. Heller, Henry T. Scott, W. H. Poolc, William Thomas, Marcus Koshland, Herbert Fleischhacker, Richard Hanna are among those who have signified their intention of purchasing boxes.

Betrothal Announcement

The betrothal of Miss Mildred Agnes Schmidt to Mr. Carl Frederick Volker was announced to a circle of intimate friends at a prettily arranged luncheon given at the home of the parents of the bride-elect, Mr. and Mrs. Carl H. Schmidt, at Berkeley. The announcement was a pleasing surprise to the friends assembled, and the luncheon a memorable event amidst a beautiful setting and artistic decorations. The bride-to-be and Mr. Volker are immensely popular on both sides of the bay, and many pre-

nuptial gaieties are being planned by their friends in honor of the young couple. Miss Schmidt is a graduate of Ursuline Academy, and is noted for her accomplishments and talents. She is an artist of recognized ability—landscape painting being her specialty—is also a musician; and, although her career has been a busy one socially, she has become widely known for her activities in charitable as well as war work. Mr. Volker is the scion of a pioneer Oakland family. He is gifted with an excellent baritone voice, and is a member of the Orpheus, Athenian and Bohemian clubs. In business he is prominently identified with one of San Francisco's largest wholesale houses.

The Greene Reception

The birthday reception to Mrs. Clay M. Greene at the Bohemian Club on Saturday evening last was most notable, even for that home of clever and pleasing functions, both as to attendance and the quality of entertainment offered. The dancing floor of the theatre was well filled with dancers when the excellent band was in operation, and in the intervals between, the guests about the tables were treated to an amateur cabaret of much distinction. Among the singers were Mrs. Stella Thomas Deshon, a contralto who has acquired considerable fame in the Southland; Mrs. Lillian Birmingham and Signor Giusti, each of whom was several times encored. At the supper there were no speeches except from the honored guest herself, who in responding to a toast asked that there be linked with it the name of her daughter Helen because it was also her birthday. Seventy-five guests were present, including Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Myrtle, Judge and Mrs. Henry A. Melvin, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Young of Ross, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Hanlon, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto, Arthur Stringer, Isaac O. Upham, Rudolf Seiger, Joseph D. Reddings, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Haslett, Miss Elizabeth Holmes, Udo Waldrop, Mr. and Mrs. David Low, Roy Pike, Harry Lamberton, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenery, Howard P. Veeder, Mrs. Shorb, Miss Dozier, Leon Lowe, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Sweeney, Captain and Mrs. Brewer, Major Osborne, N. C. Mason and C. D. Johnson.

Dance of the Kewpies at Techau's

The average, or garden variety, of Kewpie doll will have to look to her laurels if she does not wish to be totally eclipsed by those aristocratic members of the family now appearing at Techau Tavern in the guise of dance favors. True, these young ladies have "nothing on" the less pretentious sisters in the matter of clothes. In fact, they have nothing on at all. But their hair! Real hair, built up in towering and elaborate coiffures that make mere clothing seem a superfluous vanity. Any lady would be glad to adopt one, and every evening the favorite recipients of these favors bear them proudly away.

Mrs. Duncan McDuffie Honored

On the editorial page of the New York Times of January 17 the California Division of the National League for Woman's Service is given credit in the report of the work of the League for operating the largest League Defenders'

Club in the United States for the men in uniform during the period of the war. This is the canteen in the Monadnock Building, which is under the direction of Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, chairman, Misses Fannie and May Friedlander, Mrs. Frederick Henshaw, Mrs. Charles Deering, Miss Laura Taylor and Mrs. Marjorie Stafford

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Fitch. There are fifty-six service clubs throughout the United States managed by the National League, nine of which are in California. Mrs. Duncan McDuffie was elected to the National Board and the following women of international reputation were re-elected: Miss Anne Morgan, Miss Grace Parker, Mrs. Coffin Van Rensselaer and Miss Maude Wetmore.

There will be an exhibition of the paintings of Thomas Shrewsbury Parkhurst (landscape and marine artist) for a fortnight beginning February 3 in the Gump Galleries. The patrons and patronesses are: Mr. and Mrs. Henry St. Goar, Mrs. E. B. Braden, Mrs. Walton Norwood Moore, Mrs. Charles Minor Goodall, Mrs. Guy C. Earl, Mrs. Warren Gregory, Mrs. W. F. Boardman, Dr. and Mrs. George Preston Wintermute, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hamilton Hart, Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling, Mrs. C. M. Faris, Mrs. Edington Detrick, Mrs. Lucy Putnam, Mrs. Walton N. Moore, Mrs. Henry W. Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. Thos. Winslow, Mrs. Thos. Stoddard, Mr. and Mrs. F. V. Keesling, Mr. A. C. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Wetmore, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Criley, Miss Gladys E. Floete, Mr. F. G. Holden, Dr. W. S. Porter, Miss Elizabeth Reese.

The Heroes We Shall Never Greet

When our boys come home safe and sound, we exult; when they return mutilated, we honor them, bow reverently before the evidence of their glorious deeds. But what of the heroes who never will return, whose loved ones will never clasp them to their hearts until they meet in the Great Beyond? For them, it seems selfish to grieve, for they could not have died in a greater cause. It is for the friends who mourn them the heart bleeds. The parents whose hope in life these young warriors were, are as brave in bearing the sacrifice of their sons as their children were in giving their lives for freedom. James H. Wilkins, an editorial writer of the Bulletin, is one of the bereaved fathers making a valiant fight with his grief for his only son, who was killed in battle. His words are: "The boy died in France on October the twenty-seventh and as a soldier should. While assailing a machine gun nest, he was mortally wounded, but reached the objective, falling dead among the captured." James Hepburn Wilkins was but nineteen years of age when he enlisted. He was a handsome youth, typically Californian. Of fine athletic figure and handsome, winning face, he was noticeable anywhere. In his high ideals far beyond his years, in his steadfast character and good habits he was everything parents have reason to be proud of. His sorrowing parents are both of old California families, his grandparents having been identified with the settlement of Marin County. His father was long editor of the principal newspaper there, and his mother was formerly Isabella Forbes of a prominent pioneer Marin family. May all such bereaved mothers and fathers as Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins find consolation in the realization of the victory their sons died to win.

Some of the boys who attend Potter School and are yet in their teens have organized a jazz band which meets every Friday evening at the homes of the several members. Last Friday night Miss Katherine Masten entertained at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Masten, on Washington street. The band is made up of four instruments: Jack Lerman at the piano, Bernard Dohrmann, saxophone; Ed Harris, banjo; Al K. Knight, traps.

The affair was most successful and gave evidence of the musical talent of the youthful jazzists. Among the coming bells and beaux present were: Barbara Sesnon, Marjorie Dunne, Dolly Payne, Helen Hawkins, Jane Carrigan, Katherine Robinson, Adrienne Sharp, Ruth Whitley, Edna Taylor, Cecil Mohun, Katherine Masten, Warren Clark, Porter Sesnon, Charles Fee, Victor Browne, Al Bull, Beverly Haslett, William Wilson, Clovis Tilden, Chink Ruthers, George Thorwick, Dibblee Somers, John Baumgarten.

Mrs. Perrin, wife of Dr. Perrin, has come up from her southern home and, with her sister, Mrs. Jack Coffey Hayes, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. John McMullin, for a few weeks.

Mrs. Walter M. Willets chaperoned a merry party of young people on Saturday afternoon last at the Orpheum in honor of her daughter, Miss Audrey. Those who enjoyed the afternoon were: Jane Carrigan, Ruth Whitley, Audrey Willets, Jack Lerman, Sherman Holcher and R. M. Jackson.

One of the notable events on the social calendar where society with a big "S" will be present is the opening of Del Monte Lodge, Pebble Beach, Monterey, on Washington's Birthday. This is the new Lodge which has recently been completed at a cost of \$200,000. Parties have already been made up from the peninsular set, San Francisco and Oakland. An entertainment is being planned by the Del Monte management which promises to eclipse all other affairs ever given at Monterey.

Mrs. Charles L. Weller has returned from Annapolis, where she was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Earl Shipp (Anna Weller). Mrs. Shipp is now settled in Boston, where she and her little daughter Betty will remain some time. Commander Shipp is awaiting orders. Mrs. Weller has recently been the guest of Mrs. John H. Norris in Oakland. Mrs. Weller has taken apartments in the Northern.

Mrs. Franklin Jones is at present the guest of Mrs. Gohn. Miss Jones is a sister of Mrs. Sills, whose husband, Colonel Sills, recently died in France. An unusually sad circumstance of the Colonel's death was that his wife did not hear of his demise until he had been dead over a month; then the news reached her here through a nurse. Mrs. Sills had been living at the Presidio awaiting the return of her husband.

One of the most hospitable army matrons, who will soon leave the Presidio, is Mrs. Gohn, Colonel Gohn having been transferred from Kelly Field to Camp Kearney. They will leave in about three weeks for their new post. Mrs. Gohn will be missed greatly by the young set.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Irby have taken apartments at the Warrington. Mrs. Irby was formerly Miss Harriette Ryland, daughter of the late C. T. Ryland, well-known banker of San Jose.

The many friends of Mrs. Randolph V. Whiting will be pleased to know she has entirely recovered from a severe case of influenza.

Miss Margaret Will is ill at the Adler Sanatorium.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shepard, who left here a few weeks ago, are now settled in Chicago, where they have taken a house on Drexel Boulevard. Mr. Shepard has gone in business in the Windy City, where he will remain for the next five years.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Austin have taken an apartment at the Pincheart. Lieutenant Austin has been mustered out of the service and entered business in this city.

Mrs. George Nelson (née Mercedes Huffman), wife of Colonel Nelson, U. S. A., and two children are visiting in this city at her parents' home on Buchanan street. Colonel Nelson is in charge of the Motor Service Department for the Government at Camp Lewis.

Mrs. Matt Bristol (Genevieve Huffman) has joined her sister, Mrs. Nelson, and will remain during the absence of Colonel Bristol, who is at present in France serving as chief inspector of Remount Service.

Chilean Consul Guarillo has been transferred from his San Francisco post to New York, for which city he will leave about February 1. He speaks of San Francisco as a city where true hospitality reigns supreme, and praises our climate and the beauty of our women in the way we always love to hear. Consul Guarillo will be a loss to the ultra smart set, where his interesting personality won him many friends.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter B. Coffey entertained at dinner at their delightful home in Vallejo street in honor of Colonel Thornwell Mullally on Saturday evening. Mrs. Liggett was among the guests present.

At the Fairmont

With its many social activities and the "Victory Convention" on the City Federation of Women's Clubs, the Fairmont Hotel has been the scene of even more than usual life this week and for the coming week there promises to be no diminution in the gayeties of the popular hostelry "at the top of the town." The nightly dances in Rainbow Lane serve to attract hundreds of devotees of Terpsichore and the varied entertainment offered by the Follies includes several novelties of a high order. Vanda Hoff's "Dance of India," to the music of Rimsky-Korsakow's "Chanson Indoue," delightfully sung by Miss Eva Clark, has created an artistic sensation and will be continued by request, while on Monday night Miss Pauline Arthur, a clever singing comedienne, will make her first appearance in a number of bright specialties. "Carnival Night," every Friday, brings an unusually merry throng. Mme. Elviera Wynne, lyric soprano and a sister of Herman Heller, the well-known violinist, will be the vocalist at the Fairmont Lobby Concert this Sunday evening, when Rudy Seiger and his excellent orchestra will discourse a particularly pleasing programme. Next Thursday afternoon Miss Sarah Ethel Preble will interpret the ceremonial songs and dances of the Zuni Indians of North America in Rainbow Lane. For many years Miss Preble has been a close student of the customs and traditions of the Zuñis and she is said to present a novel and pleasing entertainment.

At the Cecil

Spring flowers adorned the dinner table at which Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Highley were hosts Monday. Captain G. E. Finell is receiving a cordial welcome from his friends in San Francisco. He returned from Fort Mills, N. Y., where he was awaiting orders to be sent "overseas." This gallant officer has been visiting his mother at the Cecil. Mrs. Donaldson Clark entertained with twelve covers at dinner Thursday. A profusion of fresas, violets and roses adorned the table. Miss Edith Bishop and her mother, Mrs. Charles Bishop, entertained a coterie of Honolulu friends at luncheon Tuesday. A few friends were the guests of Mrs. Keith Wednesday.

One of the most effectual ways of pleasing and of making one's self loved is to be cheerful; joy softens more hearts than tears.

The Stage

Hertz Sunday Concert with the Duo-Art

Harold Bauer's interpretation of Saint-Saens' Concerto in G Minor, as recorded on the Duo-Art piano, which created a sensation on Friday, will be given again in accompaniment with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Alfred Hertz conducting, on Sunday afternoon, February 2, in the Curran Theatre. In addition to this feature, the entire programme of Friday will be repeated, though at prices appreciably lower than those obtaining at the Friday event. For the orchestra alone Hertz will offer Tschai-kowsky's masterful Overture-Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet," based on the Shakespearean tragedy, and Mozart's finest symphonic expression, the tender and wistful Symphony in G Minor. Louis Persinger, the popular concert-master of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, will make his first appearance as soloist this season at the fifth "pop" concert, announced for Sunday afternoon, February 9, at the Curran. Persinger's appearances in this capacity are always productive of tremendous interest among local music lovers, and his superb violinistic art will be disclosed at its finest at the coming occasion in the Romance and Finale, a la Zingara, from the D Minor Concerto of Wieniawski. Alfred Hertz has contrived the following enticing feast of light masterpieces for the orchestra alone, supplementing Persinger's offering, for the fifth "pop" concert: "Military March," Schubert; "Funeral March of a Marionette," Gounod; Overture, "Mignon," Thomas; Entr' Act Rigaudon, from the dramatic idyll, "Xaviere," Dubois; "Humoresque," Dvorak; Intermezzo from "Naila," Delibes; Ballet Music from "Le Cid," Massenet; Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," Johan Strauss. Prospective concert-goers are urged to make early ticket reservations at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s box-office.

The Ganz Recitals

Rudolph Ganz, the great Swiss pianist, will give recitals at the Columbia Theatre Sunday afternoon, February 2; at the Oakland Auditorium Theatre, Thursday evening, February 6, and at Assembly Hall, Stanford, Friday evening, February 7, under the local management of Frank W. Healy. Charles L. Wagner, the manager of Rudolph Ganz, and who is also the manager of Galli-Curci, the great coloratura singer, and of John McCormack, undoubtedly the most popular concert singer who ever lived and whose opinion is thoroughly worth while, believes that as a pianist Ganz is absolutely without a peer. Certain it is that Mr. Wagner has good reason to believe this, for it is doubtful if any pianist at present before the public is the recipient of more attention from the press and public. It is a fact that Mr. Ganz makes more appearances with the great symphony orchestras than any of the other pianists. Mr. Ganz' appearance at the Columbia Theatre, Sunday afternoon, should be construed by lovers of pianoforte music as an event. The programme that Mr. Ganz will give is full to the brim and overflowing with good things. Here it is: 1, (a) Fantasy, (b) Four Etudes, (c) My Joy (Polish song, transcribed by Liszt), (d) Scherzo in C sharp minor, Chopin; 2, Sonata Eroica, in G Minor, Op. 50, MacDowell; 3, (a) Fantasy in C minor, Bach; (b) Romance in A flat, Mozart; (c) Perpetual Motion, Weber; (d) Heroide-Elegiaque (Fifth Rhapsody), Liszt; (e) After Midnight, Ganz; (f)

Capriccio for the right hand alone, Ganz; (g) Reflects dans l'Eau, Debussy; (h) L'Isle Joyeuse, Debussy. Tickets on sale at the usual places, January 27.

Grand Opera Coming

That San Francisco is not to be left entirely off the Grand Opera map of the country this season comes as gratifying news to music lovers. It will also interest theatregoers generally, because of the repertoire announced by the San Carlo Grand Opera Company, which comes to the Curran for a two-weeks' engagement beginning Monday, February 10. The San Carlo Company, numbering more than one hundred people, has always been recognized as a wonderful singing body, and its success the past several seasons in the big eastern opera-loving cities has been such that its forces have been able to keep far ahead of any competition as a touring body. Upon the roster of principals are some twenty opera stars of the present day, other noteworthy features of the company being a large and brilliant singing chorus and symphony orchestra. Five sopranos are to be heard, and Salazar, the sensational Spanish tenor, is down for three appearances each week. Their repertoire Manager Curran gives as follows: Monday, February 10, "Aida"; Tuesday, "La Boheme"; Wednesday matinee, "Tales of Hoffmann"; evening, double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci"; Thursday, "Madame Butterfly"; Friday, "Lucia Di Lammermore"; Saturday matinee, "Madame Butterfly"; evening, "Il Trovatore." Second week: Sunday, February 16, "La Traviata"; Monday, "La Gioconda"; Tuesday, "Rigoletto"; Wednesday matinee, "Secret of Suzanne (in English) and 'I Pagliacci' (in Italian); evening, "Madame Butterfly"; Thursday, "Faust"; Friday, "Jewels of the Madonna"; Saturday matinee, "Romeo and Juliet"; evening, "Aida." A pleasing feature and one that will make a strong appeal to music lovers, is the announcement that popular prices will feature the engagement.

Orpheum

There will be six new acts in next week's bill. Rae Samuels, "The Blue Streak of Vaudeville," will make her annual appearance. From her first appearance on the Orpheum Circuit Miss Samuels has carved an enviable reputation for herself, both in vaudeville and the musical comedy field, but she returns each year

to reconquer the audiences that were so cordial to her at the beginning of her career. This year she brings with her new songs and recitations that will surely set a new laugh-making record. Lee Kohlmar is conceded to be one of the best character actors in America. His work in musical comedy first brought special attention to him, but it was in the legitimate that he found his own. Mr. Kohlmar's name will always be associated with "Potash and Perlmutter." He brings to vaudeville one of the best sketches the varieties have to offer in "Two Sweethearts." He is ably supported by a cast which assists in unfolding an interesting though intricate little American-Jewish family problem. John Robinson's Military Elephants, weighing fifteen tons, present the best act of its kind that has been offered to the public. A complete scenic set descriptive of the interior of a fort, with a Red Cross hospital on the side, is exhibited and the elephants are seen going into battle; one is pulling a Gatling gun, another enters with a machine gun on her back, driving off the enemy. After the fusillade the Red Cross elephant performs works of mercy. The piano-playing elephant who accompanies two jazz-dancing elephants has one of the most laughable stunts ever staged. Cleveland Bronner's "Dream Fantasies" is a lavishly costumed terpsichorean surprise. Bronner is a creative dancer of standing and in his present production he has eclipsed all his previous efforts, his scenery and costumes alone having cost ten thousand dollars. He is assisted by two pretty and exceptionally graceful dancers, Ingrid Hunter and Loretta Lappington. Jennings and Mack will present "The Camouflage Taxi," a surprise act of an agreeable and amusing character which is an admirable vehicle for wit, humor and song. Dan Stanley and Al Birnes will present an original and entertaining dancing act entitled "After the Club." The most recent series of the Hearst Weekly Motion Pictures will be exhibited. The only holdovers will be Marguerite Farrell and Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom's musical farce, "The Only Girl."

Alcazar

"Mother Carey's Chickens," to have its first San Francisco production at the Alcazar next week, commencing at the Sunday matinee, will bring joy and gladness to thousands of young and old, who were moved to laughter and tears

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PROGRAMME:
Mozart.....Symphony in G Minor
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(Recorded by HAROLD BAUER on the DUO-ART Piano)
Tschaiowsky.....Overture-Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet"
PRICES—Sunday, 50c, 75c, \$1; box and loge seats, \$1.50.

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, daily; at theatre from 10 A. M. on concert days only.

NEXT—Sunday, February 9, FIFTH "POP" CONCERT; LOUIS PERSINGER, Soloist.

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Thursday evening, Feb. 6, at 8:15

STANFORD: ASSEMBLY HALL

Friday evening, Feb. 7, at 8:15

Tickets at usual places. Steinway Piano.
Local Direction FRANK W. HEALY

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Loaded With Laughter, Thrills, Surprises

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"MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS"

By Kate Douglas Wiggin and Rachel Crothers, from the Former's Exquisite Story That Has Charmed Thousands of Readers, Young and Old. An Adorable Human Comedy.

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"THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO"

By David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully
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by Kate Douglas Wiggin's loveable domestic story of optimistic good cheer which rivaled her "Mrs. Wiggs" as a phenomenal best seller. Mrs. Wiggin has collaborated with another brilliant woman playwright, Rachael Crothers, in bringing to the stage a play of even greater picturesqueness, humor, pathos and heart appeal than "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" or "Daddy Long Legs." The big business done by the latter will be more than equaled by "Mother Carey's Chickens," for it is a novelty and in tune with the optimism that this period demands. Very soon the Alcazar will give a big revival of California's favorite native drama, "The Rose of the Rancho," by David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully. The present company will give it an ideal cast.

Fifth and Final Week of Kolb & Dill

With the performance of Sunday night, February 2, Kolb and Dill begin the fifth and final week of their successful Curran Theatre engagement in "As You Were." There is no possibility of an extension of the engagement, as contracts made months ago, calling for the appearance of the San Carlo Grand Opera Company at the Curran on February 10, must be filled. The present run of Kolb and Dill is the most prosperous of their careers. Since the days of old Fischer's the popular funmakers have produced something like half a hundred musical pieces, but none has proved as popular as "As You Were."

Lectures on Oriental Philosophies

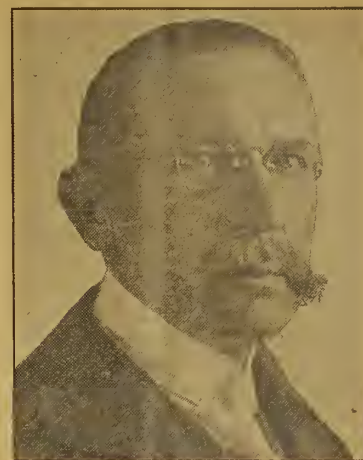
The last two lectures in the course on Oriental Philosophies given by Henry Napier Carmer in the Paul Elder Gallery will occur on Saturday of this week and next Saturday, February 8, at 10:30 a. m. This week's lecture is on "The Bhagavah-Ghita," including a discussion of the two great Indian epics, the highest spiritual elevation attained by Hindu faith, and the science of Yoga. The final lecture on February 8 is to be on the subject of "Taoism," and will include points on the Tao-Teh King or book of the virtues of the Tao, the Doctrine of the Way, the Classic of Purity and Rest, a remnant of Atlantean literature.

Saturday Afternoons at Paul Elder's

This week, February 1, the "Half Hour" programme in the Elder Gallery is to be given by Suzanne Everett Throop of Mills College, who will discuss "Some Influential Russian Writers"—Chekhov, Gorky, Andreyev, Sologub and Artzibashev, and their connection with revolutionary thought. On Saturday, February 8, Professor Perham Nahl of the University of California will lecture on "Futurists, Ancient and Modern," being a comparison of man's attempts to suggest movement in art. These lectures are free to the public and begin at 2:30 o'clock.

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Driver—I am well, thanks, but my engine is dead.



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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—It was a week of irregularity in the stock market, but on the whole prices were better than the previous week and sentiment was a little more favorable to the constructive side of the market. Outside interest was again lacking, and stocks that have been going up on pool manipulation sold off on professional selling, with nearly all the gains wiped out, and losses substituted in many issues at the close of the week. The changes at the end of the week were without special significance, except in the railroad list; the general undertone of the market was one of strength in which the specialties, steels and equipment stocks were prominent. The action of the directors of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation in declaring their regular dividend, and the excellent statement issued by this company went a long way toward the change in sentiment in the steel issues. On this announcement there was very good buying of all the steel stocks, and a general covering by the short element took place which brought about a fair advance in the list. However, it seemed that the public would not take hold, and as soon as the more urgent buying orders were exhausted, the market, in the absence of support, reacted and lost most of its advance. The rails were hurt by the announcement that Director General Hines would ask Congress for another \$500,000,000 to finance railroad improvement. When Southern Pacific broke through par, the general list turned lower, but the decline did not go very far. The oil stocks were inclined to be reactionary, although there was no special reason. These stocks have been in the lime light for so long a period, and have had such extended advances, that a reaction was long overdue. The action of the Money Committee in removing all restrictions from the money market, was about the best piece of news Wall Street has had for some time, and it will no doubt go a long way in putting confidence in the average trader, as well as pool operators. The decline in the commodity market was also looked upon as favorable, as it shows conditions are rapidly getting back to a pre-war basis. There are many things yet to contend with, and the one stumbling block seems to be the labor situation. Strikes are to be expected, but they will only be temporary factors, as the number of unemployed seems to be increased, owing to the number of men released from military duty. This problem will be taken care of from time to time, but nevertheless it will give the speculator many anxious moments before conditions finally adjust themselves. We look for a scalping market for the time being, with lower prices generally, until after the next loan is well launched, and believe advantage of any material setback should be taken to buy the better class of stocks.

Cotton—Bear onslaughts which were unopposed by any sort of buying, resulted in big losses in prices in the cotton futures last week. At no time throughout the week did the market show any snap; rallies were frequent, but the selling pressure was so great that at times the market looked demoralized. Spot cotton at first did not share in the weakness with the futures, but later in the week prices for spot cotton could not withstand the weakness in the futures and prices broke sharply. There was no development in the news that favored the bears other than the spread of general pessimism over the outlook for an early resumption of trade. The principal argument that found favor with the trade was that prices go down under persistent offerings that find no takers. This was the situation that developed in the market early in the week. There was buying from time to time by speculative longs, with the hope of causing a rally, and forcing a turn in the market, but the pressure was too great. Liverpool upset the trade by sending lower quotations, and in view of the fact that they also sent favorable news regarding the releasing of large numbers of ships for the general trade, the trading element on this side of the water was at a loss to understand why their market did not respond, instead of showing a declining tendency. The latter was later explained by a cable saying that there was a growing belief that reopening of trade would be deferred for some time, and that prices were too high even at this level to warrant any extensive buying of spot cotton. Domestic trade was slow. Mills report a poor demand for finished goods, and some of them have either gone on short time or closed down temporarily. Labor troubles are predicted for the New England mills, and already there seems to be trouble brewing regarding working hours and wages. All things taken into consideration, the market gave a good account of itself around the twenty-cent level for the distant futures, and we believe this price discounts most of the pessimistic news that seems to be uppermost in the minds of the trade. The market may get below the twenty-cent level, but we believe it will only be of short duration, and would advise the purchase of the May or July option.

"Judge," said the man at the bar, "there's no use your trying to square this thing up. My wife and I fight just so often and just so long, and we can't help it. So there you are."

"And about how long do you keep it up?" asked the judge.

"About two weeks, Judge."

"All right. I'll give you 15 days in jail; in

other words, you are interned for the duration of the war."

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93611. Dept. No. 10.

DAVID TRUGMAN, Plaintiff, vs. ELSIE TRUGMAN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greetings To: Elsie Trugman, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of November, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MARCUS D. WOLFF,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
625 Market Street,
San Francisco, California.

12-21-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LENA L. REED, deceased.—No. 26028. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of LENA L. REED, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LENA L. REED, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Lena L. Reed, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-1-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93641. Dept. No. 15.

ORSON E. SHIMMIN, Plaintiff, vs. ANNA J. SHIMMIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

John S. Hogan, Attorney for Plaintiff.
The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Anna J. Shimmin, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd day of November, A. D. 1918.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

Endorsed: Filed November 22, 1918. H. I. Mulcrevy,
Clerk. By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.
JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
88 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

12-7-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY YENIS, deceased.—No. 26025, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of MARY YENIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers without four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY YENIS, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Mary Yenys, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,

Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-1-5

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ADELAIDE F. MORRIS, deceased.—No. 26026, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ADELAIDE F. MORRIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ADELAIDE F. MORRIS, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Adelaide F. Morris, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MICHAEL T. TRAVAS, also called M. T. TREVES, deceased.—No. 26029. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of MICHAEL T. TRAVAS, also called M. T. TREVES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MICHAEL T. TRAVAS, also called M. T. TREVES, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Michael T. Travas, also called M. T. Treves, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLOTTE MERRIWEATHER, deceased.—No. 26027. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of CHARLOTTE MERRIWEATHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLOTTE MERRIWEATHER, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Charlotte Merriweather, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-1-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93516. Dept. No. 10.

IVA V. CURTIS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM HOPKINS CURTIS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff.
The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM HOPKINS CURTIS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 15th day of November, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
901 Hearst Building,
San Francisco, California.

12-14-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, FEBRUARY 8, 1919

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Prohibition, Woman and Song

An Estimate of Nat. C. Goodwin

Senator Phelan and Woman Suffrage

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIV.

San Francisco-Oakland, February 8, 1919

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Thorns in the Path

In spite of the somewhat roseate atmosphere that seemed to envelop the opening of the Peace Congress at Versailles, and the optimistic daily communiques from the inside which promise much and tell little, one by one thorns seem to be sprouting through the velvet path of progress. The "publicity" as to its deliberations, promised upon the earnest insistence of President Wilson, has been fulfilled to the extent that the substance of these deliberations are given out, while what was said about them, is carefully omitted from these communiques and left for the correspondents outside the diplomatic pale to report upon according to their separate and strangely variable views. We find that even among the Allies there are "scraps of paper" which must be disregarded. One of them is the Treaty of London between Italy and England, made in April, 1915, in which Italy was guaranteed the assistance of money and arms in regaining her lost provinces, provided that she would abrogate a treaty with Germany and Austria, which had existed for thirty-two years. Italy has been insisting upon fulfillment of this bond, even to the exclusion of a possible seaport for the new Jugo-Slav nation, but has almost agreed to surrender the Adriatic city of Fiume, provided it be made a free port for all time. President Wilson, with inflexible and ably expressed determination, has clung to his ideals, apparently with the approval of the Congress. But at home, the United States Senate, or at least that part of it which is politically opposed to him, seems to be arrayed against him hot foot, hammer and tongs, with reference to his notions as to what the government of Germany's and Turkey's captured colonies should be, and how they should be carried into effect, peaceful or otherwise. Senator Lodge pronounces as "absolutely unbelievable" the plan to commit the United States to co-

operation in maintaining order in the occupied territories; Senator Knox declared it to be a "stupendous and preposterous undertaking," while our own Hiram Johnson, with his usual sledge-hammer eloquence, asserted that he would never vote for a treaty that provided for the sending of American troops to Africa or Asia, or anywhere else outside of the possessions of the United States. So it is not difficult to conclude that the diplomatic pathway of our President is not strewn with roses. His ideals are splendidly and sweepingly altruistic, but many of them he can not make effective realities without the concurrence of the Congress at Washington, and that body is unalterably opposed to them. Perhaps, after all, he was too precipitate in hurrying his favorite measure to the front before a definite peace with Germany had been signed, which the greater part of the world supposed was to follow the armistice, and this has not yet even been touched upon. The way of the transgressor is hard, but no harder than that of the diplomat who must determine the extent of, and the penalties for, his transgressions.

* * *

Which Shall It Be?

Remembering the shoulder-to-shoulder attitude of England and the United States during the war, when the latter beyond question turned seemingly inevitable defeat into glorious and sweeping victory, it is truly difficult to understand the present attitude of our should-be grateful ally. Early in the pre-Peace Congress proceedings, much was said about England's "supremacy of the seas" by her representatives, and no one attempted to gainsay them. Even President Wilson, dominated by his more luminous ideals, pronounced their claims to be just ones, while Mr. Clemenceau, knowing that France did not care a rap as to which nation should rule the seas, since France could not, agreed with him. During the existence of the armistice with Germany, and until a permanent peace has been signed, the various belligerents are still at war with one another, and we are still shoulder to shoulder with England, at least in a military sense. In a commercial one, however, there are already murmurings of war which promise to be bitter and lasting. In this history repeats itself. She has always been at war to maintain her commercial supremacy. She went to war with China to compel the acceptance of her opium from India; in the Crimea she allied herself with France

against Russia to assist the Turks, and so create new markets for her wares; she then united with Germany against France and brought about Waterloo for a similar reason, then arrayed herself with France against Germany, because the Germans had become a too potent mercantile power. Germany is destroyed, and it is generally admitted that there are now only two nations properly equipped to dominate the markets of the world—England and the United States. There would seem to be markets enough through the seven seas to afford each of these nations all the necessary marts of trade without jealousy or friction, but England does not seem to think so. Already she has placed an embargo on each and every article which she can manufacture herself, and denies them competition in her markets, in spite of her long boasted ideas of free trade. She wants to know how large our merchant marine is going to be, and whether we are going to carry our merchandise in our own bottoms. We are to be asked to return to English capitalists the \$175,000,000 or so invested in American breweries and lost because of prohibition, utterly disregarding the fact that two or three times that amount is being confiscated from our own investors through the same cause. England has cut her freight rates to tempt the shippers of such goods as she needs, compelling our own Shipping Board to meet the cut by making a lower one. In fact it is the same old story all over again. With England competition is not the life of trade; to her, opposition to her will is tantamount to a declaration of war; with her it must be supremacy of the seas, supremacy of trade, supremacy over all competition that is not British. And still we are supposed to be shoulder to shoulder, brothers in arms, friends evermore! Time will tell.

* * *

Stupendous Navy Appropriation

Immediately following the first election of Mr. Wilson to the presidency, the Navy League gave its annual dinner in Washington. Its honored guests were beginners in national government, and included Vice-President Marshall, Secretary of State Bryan, Secretary of the Navy Daniels, and Mr. Fitzgerald of New York, of the Naval Committee. All of them opposed the building up of a great Navy, because the United States, being a peaceable nation, would never be at war and would not need it. Mr. Bryan went so far as to say that he would make it his busi-

ness to see that there would be no need of a navy at all; the Vice-President agreed with the wisdom of this amazing piffle, and Secretary Daniels had a notion that our Navy was quite large enough, while Mr. Fitzgerald, with true Democratic spread-eagle eloquence, recalled the days of the Civil War, when a great Navy was created in a few weeks out of river steamers and ferry boats, because anything that would carry guns was good enough to fight with, and much cheaper than battleships. These statements are not idle tales, but facts that burned into the memory of the writer, who was present, and echoed his fellow members of the Navy League, when they murmured, "What have we struck?" Secretary Daniels has learned something about a Navy and the needs of one since then. Some of his orders have excited ridicule and indignation by turn, but they have been lived down in a measure, and he has been a good business secretary, considering that he entered the Naval Department fresh from the editorial room of a country newspaper. Granting that he knows something about a navy and its needs, more particularly our own Navy, perhaps he also knows why it is that

he has been inspired to call for a naval appropriation in the stupendous sum of \$750,000,000, nearly one-third of which is to be for the construction of new ships. Perhaps he knows what "secret diplomacy" has not permitted to reach the ears of an interested public, out of the deliberations of governmental authority, namely, that the necessity for such a Navy really exists and we must have it at all hazards. If indeed there be such a necessity, an already over-tax-burdened people should know of it, for it is their right, since they are to furnish the money, to be informed as to why it exists. It is difficult to conceive if there is to be a peace upon earth that shall be eternal, why there should be a gigantic Navy to enforce it. In that case there would be war and not peace, and we should be informed in advance so that we may properly prepare our minds for it. We have been led to believe that a League of Nations was to insure peace forever, and if this can not be achieved without going to war to enforce its provisions, where the use for a League of Nations at all? Of course up to the present time we have not been furnished with any definite understanding of just what it is going to be, and

how it is to be brought about. Our knowledge is altogether tentative, and while the proposition, in the vernacular, "listens well," and its creator has ventilated its splendid possibilities with matchless eloquence bristling with Wilsonian altruism, he has not explained to us how all of these possibilities are to be merged into one concrete and lasting fact. If, on the other hand, there are, in the realms of "secret diplomacy," good reasons why we must have a navy equal to that of England, let us have it by all means, and a greater one, too, so as to be able to cope with any possible adversary of the future, or two or three of them combined. But we should know the reason why and not be kept doubtful under the cloak of unsatisfactory conjecture. If half of this great Navy is to be kept on the Pacific because of Japan's notion that she should dominate our own ocean, our half can not be too powerful; if the other half must be kept in the Atlantic to protect our merchant marine from the aggressions of too greedy commercial opponents, let us add to that. But who shall say that all of these preparations do not make for war rather than eternal peace?

Mother

By Scudder Middleton

Tho' through the pain of many months you held me

A mystery beneath your girlish heart,
Tho' on your quiet breast my first tears fell
And there my first vague thoughts were weakly voiced,

Tho' with a guiding touch you sent me out
From your reluctant arms into the world,
Tho' all your love went after me in prayers,
Tho' you made dreams around my boyish face—
O Mother, this is pain to you and me—
We are but little more than strangers now!

But little more than strangers, yet I feel
A loneliness and longing for your arms;
Could I but come again and be a child,
Hear you in low voice call that secret name
You gave me for my locks of yellow hair;
Could I reach out once more with little hands
And find you near me in the silent night—
O Mother, I would not be as sad as now,
Nor would you gaze so wistful at the young!
For we had understood each other then.
But time has torn me from your lovely breast
And I have wandered far, O Mother, far

From that sweet nursery of your peaceful arms;
Life told a different story to my heart
And now I speak a language strange to you.

Yet no—I would not, Mother, if I could,
Come back and be again that little child!
Tho' there is pain in me and loneliness,
Tho' there are tears behind your quiet eyes,
I must be now about my spirit's work.
O Mother, this is bitter truth to me—
We are but little more than strangers now!

Perspective Impressions

The public as referee: "This corner, Charley Fickert—Judge Brady here—time!"

More police persecution! Dupont street firecrackerless for the Chink New Year!

Lots of sympathy wasted on returned soldiers. Most of them don't want their old jobs. Oh, very well; suit yourself.

Sympathy for the unemployed lags when we hear that all log grade ore mines are shutting down owing to the exorbitant demands of labor.

Washerwomen in Coblenz refused to do washing for American soldiers unless they furnished soap and the soldiers had to come across with the kind that floats.

German papers say Wilson is only "musical and declamatory." Well, there was one tune that made the old Hun die: "Over the Rhine."

Ex-Crown Prince Eitel says that papa is a dead one. Hear, hear!

City gives notice that it will appeal from decision giving public access to record of departments. More "secret" diplomacy!

What's the matter? Afraid to put us wise to Hetch-Hetchy affairs?

French detectives supposed to be best in the world, but American sleuths had to show them that perpetrators of recent crimes were Frenchmen in American uniforms. Another yellow-cover idol shattered!

"Don't yer hyah de black clouds risin' ober yonder?" United States says no to Japan's claim for Caroline Islands and Hun Samoa.

Say! Why have ships built in China and Japan, and cancel contracts over here? Don't you Sihpping Board sages believe in signs?

San Jose man tells fiancée "it's all off" and it costs him \$5,000, so the only balm is not in Gilead.

England cuts ship rates to United States; United States cuts rates to England. They're off!

Man named Conger buys \$10,000,000 worth of airplanes from Canada. What for? Going to be another Fenian raid on the Dominion?

Another disastrous result of prohibition: Two hundred thousand discharged American soldiers to remain in France. All's not joy that's wide open over there.

President thinks a second trip to Europe may be necessary. That all?

Germany is to be allowed 6,000,000 bushels of foodstuffs a month—if she's got the price. Now, Mr. Hoover, you're talking.

President Wilson and Clio

By Lionel Josephare

Amalgamating San Francisco and Oakland is a slow affair compared with rolling the whole world into a League of Nations. Incorporating the two hemispheres and the five seas, absorbing the small competitor nations into compulsory good will, and creating a huge trust of the habitable globe controlled by one board of directors, was the final touch to the modern craze for expansion. The mind that conceived it can rest assured that development will go no further. There is nothing beyond this.

When President Wilson announced his plan to have a look at the Peace Conference in Paris, our newspapers at once debated the matter on technical grounds. There was a latent anxiety that the trip might uncover some constitutional joker whereby the chief incumbency would be found to lapse and leave our 100,000,000-PLY sovereignty without a head or tail to stand on. Nervous politicians feared something like the situation in old-time melodrama, the loss of a marriage certificate endangering the heroine's claim to marital virtue and upsetting everybody's honor.

Now we find the Democratic standard bearer here, there and everywhere in Europe, while even Mr. Bryan does not claim the presidential chair on the theory of abandonment.

The somewhat mendacious lady of Helicon, known to the ancient Greeks as Clio, was supposed to inspire them in the writing of their histories. It seems that historians rely to some extent upon inspiration when the search for fact becomes tedious or impolitic. Hence, the Muse of History, Clio as aforesaid. Clio has been regarded as a spirit both with and without compunction, as befits a perfect Greek and a muse who drank Hippocrene before the wets won the election of Helicon. That is to say, Clio would let a great man's reputation run along easily for fifty or a hundred years after his death, while the scribblers attended to his merits and demerits; then would she inspire a first-class historian to write the truth in a more interesting, more human way.

Who can predict what inspiration Woodrow Wilson will arouse in those years to come when the names of ten thousand orators shall have crumbled away in sere and yellow newspapers—good and witty men crowded out of history for lack of space?

One thing is certain: Clio, with all her faults, is a lady of big ideas. She aims to perpetuate the figures on the sky-lines of history; or, lowering her eyes from topmost facts, finds something colorful and picturesque in the shadows. A thousand years to come, and she may esteem Roosevelt's polka-dot neckerchief more memorable, more interesting to her readers, than all the reasons advanced for and against his third term.

As for Wilson, the Muse of History will write some unveracious paragraphs about him, as of others, because she knows that fiction, if interesting, is more likely to be nearer the actual man—or some other actual man—than the non-essential ideas of his friends and enemies. What matters it to us if the story of Nero was inspired by facts in the life of Caligula? In signalizing Wilson, Clio may see fit to use a little data from the deeds of Roosevelt. That would be unfair; yet it is history.

With all that, the muse can not neglect mention of Woodrow Wilson as the American

President who attended the Peace Conference of the World War and made monarchical Europe pay homage to a Republican. We can not fancy her devoting more than a sentence, if that much, to the Puritan grumbling against letting a President embark for the insidious pomp of European capitals.

Perhaps the grumblers were just a little envious on that very score. Consider the staunch senators (ignoring the representatives because they are too many) worried lest their leader become seduced with old-world and royal smiles, his stern republicanism spoiled with the entangling alliances of gold-plate dinners. Even Chester A. Arthur did not risk himself thus.

But why did Wilson cross the sea? In politics, and in statesmanship, there is only one motive—duty.

We must not infer that the duty is otherwise disagreeable. And Clio, being a student of human nature, will say that Wilson was addledly actuated by the idea that would act upon any man's actuation-point. Why would you—or you—or you—like to be in Paris today? In other words, is there not a personal side to a President? Severely minded Americans hate to think that there is. We revere the nation's chief as the embodiment of the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution—in his heart nothing more worldly than the party platform.

Upon Wilson's arrival in Paris, we learned from Parisian sources that once he toured England on a bicycle. Clio will find that he was gathering material for a world league. We read with further concern that he has a fairly good tenor voice. Clio may exaggerate that characteristic. Singing statesmen are rare; at least in history. So it can not fail that the President's biography will be subjected to personal and Plutarchian paragraphs more or less melodramatic and no more quashable than cutting down a cherry tree.

Howsoever, a man who insisted that even a President might enjoy freedom of the seas, will not object to the freedom of clever historians. In this we should glorify him rather than begrudge a few royal dinners. We should feel proud that kings and near-kings look upon our executive as a stately personage (or person), an ideal speaker produced by ideals of our own, and which Europe desires to imitate.

So Clio will see a magnificent feature in this: that the American Colonies of 1776 not only expended into a great nation but did, in the crisis of the world, send back to the parent land money to sustain it in distress, soldiers to win its war, and a chief executive to soothe and stimulate the parent wisdom in founding a new world policy. Contrary to George Washington's advice or not, the thing is done. It is history. Washington may have been the greater man. Wilson has become the larger figure—a figure too large to be incommoded by precedent, too large to allow the critics one thrill of having wounded him, too large, in fact, for a mere party platform. It might be said that he became too big for his office. Terrible statement! The presidency is supposed to be such a stupendous honor that governors and senators become amazed and foolish when the candidacy thereof is suggested to them. By not making an amazed and foolish reply, Admiral Dewey lost the nomination. He said, "I am only a sailor, but I think it an easy job to be Presi-

dent." That settled him. He refused to be awed, and was forgotten.

Evidently Wilson has found it an easy job. In two years he would automatically become a private citizen, with the right to vote, attend party banquets and lay corner-stones. His political ambitions bound to close with the second term of office, he went to Europe and has apparently become a sort of President of the World.

The world is a bigger place than any country. In the world one meets bigger people, or more of the big ones, many of them more resplendent than senators and cabinet members. Still, Clio has bigger names from past centuries. Wilson was not called upon to engage his wit with that of a Tallyrand, to oppose temperaments with a Napoleon, to endure the flaming philosophy of a Voltaire, nor to stand in calm, contemporaneous world-scoring with a Washington. So Wilson's prestige at home did not suffer, but was augmented, abroad.

He has met perhaps on all occasions men more notable in modern achievement than classic expression. Wilson's documents and speeches are complete with wisdom but not with the genius of Lord Bacon, for instance. In parts they are nearly classic but all in all are legal rather than emotional. They are not quotable upon the great and small occasions of life. The reader snatches no gems from the President's literary crown. Few statesmen rank with the poets or even great prose writers in that fashion. Washington, Lincoln, Webster struggled to test their minds with fiction writers, and became great on that account.

Nevertheless, the speeches of Wilson are adequate and dignified, certainly beyond those of Lloyd George. But the President will live in history for achievement and wisdom. America can not point to a mistake in his policy. He has always succeeded. And through that policy America has become a more powerful and more honored nation. Washington danced the minuet, Wilson sings; and it may come to pass that posterity will not deem the trait unworthy of the world's incorporator.

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The Key

By Beatrice Allhusen

The narrow drive was such a blaze of color that I stood astonished; in the little garden there was only enough green to form a background for the radiance. No walls of New Jerusalem, built of gold and garnished with emeralds, rubies, and all the glory of unknown precious stones, could ever bring about a more desirable dream of beauty than that mass of color under the wonder-working sun. The forget-me-nots like lakes of bluest water, the brown and pink and gold of the wallflowers, the scarlet tulips, the rose and white of the rhododendron, and above them all the lilac, all the desires of spring in the cool, fresh chastity of its scent and touch. There is little doubt that England at such a time is worth a voyage of discovery.

One must do something on such a day—that's the spirit bequeathed us by our roving ancestors. So I left the garden flowers and the soft blue waters falling on the sands beneath with the hush of a sleeping child in each little wave break and motored away filled with enthusiasm and eagerness to add something to the day's memories.

There really seemed little one could do except to race along empty country roads and gaze in at village shops and wonder who needed the surprising things stored up in them. And as is always the case in every village, at length I found myself before the Old Curiosity Shop. I am grateful when it's not called "Ye Antique House" or something equally modern.

This one had no pretensions. It consisted of one window and a tiny room filled with rubbish, each article with a placard recounting its merits, most of them unrecognizable otherwise. China cats with one ear were apparently very valuable and the volubility of the owner showed he was accustomed to the art of persuasion. Anyhow, I was persuaded—I always am, because while he is talking I can go round on my knees in the less fashionable corners, where possibly I may find something to interest me more than the genuine old Staffordshire ware and Worcester cups and saucers. There may be an old brass-bound Bible that no one cares for, or something that tells a story of the past and is not valuable—I mean valuable in the eyes of its talkative owner.

But on that day which was so opulent of color abroad and so deplorably dark and gloomy in the shadow of the dingy little shop, there seemed really nothing that could appeal even to me. Rows of rattling, worn, kitchen spoons and cooking utensils, the mysterious, incomprehensible implements which suggest a cottage kitchen and yet which fail to explain their utility to one's enlightened understanding. Pewter mugs tell their story anyhow clearly enough. One can imagine the gradual cheerfulness creeping to the tired brain when beer was unadulterated; was the one joy in the poor man's dull routine, and the one possible way of opening the gate into that land of dreams to which we all try to find an entrance.

Among the bunches of ill-shaped spoons and time-worn keys on a nail by itself hung one large and important enough to have served Bluebeard.

As I looked at it I could see the old castle and the fatuous husband giving his directions, with the hopeful belief of the man departing on the mysterious pursuit of business or pleasure that the woman left behind, will obey his instructions in trembling fear of the consequences of disobedience. I could see the departure, feel the bride's elation which embraced the certainty of gratified curiosity and that held no premature fear of dire results. I wonder what she really hoped to discover. Perhaps she dreamt of hidden beauty that in the pompous wealth of the gloomy castle she had failed to find. Did her dream center in diamonds and rubies or undying thoughts in price-less binding? It is impossible to know what in her barren existence she had come to long for—but of this we may be sure, the key in her eager hands stood for whatever her soul needed, that its possession consoled her as she hid it while she stood watching her terrifying husband and smiling goodbye till he had vanished from her sight. For her it symbolized all that the new life on which she had carelessly entered had failed to provide.

The key, the sight of which had carried me so far afield, hung on a nail in proud distinctive loneliness—its humbler companions bunched together above it. It was rusty and clumsy and possessed no distinctive marks of value—a worn, ragged piece of paper tied to it attested its *raison d'être*.

Idly I turned it round and glanced at what was written thereon; the first words quickened my interest.

"This key is that of the prison in which the Delhi prisoners were kept."

And then followed its brief history. It had belonged to a soldier who had brought it home. At his death the house in which he lived, in a large seaport town, had been pulled down and his little possessions had found their way hither.

Slowly the bright sunshine faded and over the cool lilac and the budding greens fell a shadow, black and terrible, that banished all I saw and in exchange called up all I had heard.

India in rebellion and everywhere men fighting for their lives and their country. Above a brazen sky, out of which a fierce sun stared down on them in midsummer fury. Under its scorching rays rebels in arms, towns besieged and assaulted; a little garrison defending what was almost defenseless for the sake of the flag above them. In such conditions men, at any rate, had their grim, unceasing duties—the risk of guns, a tireless enemy, and ever-insistent thirst. But what of the women hidden away in such comparative safety as was possible with the sick and wounded, wearied children to comfort and console, crying babies to soothe through broiling days and suffocating nights.

Doubtless to both, the toiling man and the enduring woman, there came in swift flashes dreams and memories of England in June.

All those troubles, little and great, that dog man's footsteps, and that nowhere can be escaped, were forgotten, nothing remained but the memory of soft blue skies, the white

clouds that dissolved in brief, welcome showers, the gently stirring wind among the fresh green of the oaks and birches, the wafts of scent from familiar gardens—all the harmonious blending of sound and smell that only June can produce.

"To think that there should be twelve months in a year and only one June."

I saw the worn-out women catching at those memories between the sigh of some dying soldier and the cry of some suffering child. No time for tears, only a softer thought effacing the bitter anguish of the present and obliterating for a moment the ever-haunting grief of those daily dug graves that were emptying life of all that was dear, the narrowing in of that terrifying future towards which no one dared to look.

For one second there was the scent of limes, the murmur of bees, the homely sound of church bells on the summer air. Then the awakening crash, the realization of the accustomed loud-voiced gun, the treasured drops of precious water, whose price was life, the sun shining in a sky of brass.

I put back the heavy key that had opened so much more than those Delhi prisons, and prayed the lock might turn and enclose those memories it had called up, and hurried away into the street, through which a cold spring wind was blowing, banishing the scent of lilac with its prophecies of spring. The conquest of India can not be resolved into rows of figures—it was not with money it was bought, but with the heroism and stern suffering of men and the endurance of those women who, of courage or necessity, shared their fate.

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The Teachers of Napoleon

War has ever been not an agent of brute force but a spiritual drama, which has expected every soldier to act as if he had several lives to pass on earth, so that it mattered but little if he lost one or two of them in battle. "The first word of the military vocabulary—attention—belongs to the spiritual region"; and "the most fertile source of success or disaster is a spiritual factor, surprise, the contrast between attention and inattention, between a mind alert and a mind in lethargy, between forethought and neglect." The effects of surprise are seen on the greatest scale "when a government finds itself unexpectedly plunged into a war of which it has not foreseen the conditions, and in regard to which it has failed to make a true estimate of the forces which will confront it and of those with which it can oppose them." But there are other surprises in the history of war, and among them is the small amount of creative thought which has shown itself age after age in military operations. An iron routine has held in bondage the large human brain, with the result that only a general here and there has used his mind without excessive awe of authority, or without unquestioning obedience to custom. Consider also the four periods into which the evolution of war may be roughly divided:

1. The Primitive Period, during which every man had to do something for the defence of his tribe or clan.
2. The Semi-Barbaric Period, during which empire builders turned their captives into slaves and into soldiers in order to free their civil populations at home for the pleasures and pursuits of ordinary life.
3. The same period in its Christian aspects, during which civilians tried even more and more to evade national defence by hiring other men to die on their behalf, only to find that their own lot in war during an invasion was pitious and humiliating.
4. A gradual return to the Primitive Duty of Home Defence; that is to say, the gradual transformation of caste armies into national or citizen armies.

These periods are not divisions with definite frontiers, but they are useful as rough guides.

A most interesting book upon this subject and of present timely appeal is "The French Army Before Napoleon," by Spenser Wilkinson. Professor Wilkinson treats of the fourth period in its relation to France in pre-Napoleonic years, when the French state passed from the royal "L'Etat c'est moi" to the civilian and national "L'Etat c'est nous." Gradually the French people became the French Army, and the French Army the nation of France. When Napoleon fought for patriotic ends with this united and militant people he passed from one astonishing success to another, bewildering the rest of Europe; but as soon as he became the god of his own imperialism, harking back into the "L'Etat c'est moi" ideal of royalty, he began to fall from the zenith of his power, till at last he was overthrown by a rally of armed citizenship coming from those monarchical countries which he had flouted or ravaged. In his triumph Napoleon personated France; in his decline and fall he lived apart from the equities of citizenship and toiled for his personal ambition.

There is no greater fact than this in modern history, and Professor Wilkinson is among the first to draw attention to it. France during the last five years has risen beyond her Napoleonic spirit, not because she has a supreme general, but because her army in all ranks represents her citizenship and her beautiful historic fortitude. With us, on the other hand, there is still an anti-social cleavage separating the men who fight and die from the men who stay at home to trifle in security with their prejudices and with their strikes. Not yet have we reached that higher level of citizenship where national defence reigns as a duty which cannot be shunned by the able-bodied and the able-minded. So we hope that Professor Wilkinson's new book will be read with care by everyone who has a vote, and therefore an active part in the government of his country. To learn how France, with indomitable patriotism, transformed herself from social wrong into social equity, from a false voluntary system into national service, is to learn what our illusionist people must pass through if they wish to learn from the present war how in the future to keep themselves far off from similar crises.

The odd thing is that Napoleon's forerunners and teachers were not men of great genius, but men of simple common sense who examined the routine follies of their times and criticized them aptly, while recognizing that changes of method in war needed changes of ideal and practice in social life. Guibert, for instance, was struck by the cumbrous and halt-footed routine that ruled over military customs, and "set before his readers the picture of a new generalship of which the character would reveal itself in the rapidity of its movements, the suddenness of its blows, and the decisiveness of its victories. He had made clear his opinion that this new generalship would have to be associated with a new kind of army, an army not recruited from the dregs of the people, not supplied from ponderous magazines, not administered by corrupt contractors, but a national army, an army representing the people for which it fought, and administered by a government enjoying the confidence of that people. Such an army, he saw, was impossible for any of the nations of Europe in his day; it was

not consistent with the constitution of any of them. The France that was to produce it must be a regenerate France; before the national army could come in being the nation itself must be reconstituted." Then came the young Napoleon, who had learnt from his forerunners—Guibert, Du Teil, Bourelet, and others—guiding principles for a new system of warfare.

Imagine the joy of the young Napoleon when he found in Guibert a passage such as this: "Suppose there should arise in Europe a people endowed with energy, with genius, with resources, with government; a people which combined the virtues of austerity with a national militia, and which added to them a fixed plan of aggrandisement; which never lost sight of this system; which, as it would know how to make war at small cost and subsist on its victories, would not be compelled by calculations of finance to lay down its arms. We should see that people subdue its neighbors and upset our feeble constitutions as the north wind bends the slender reeds. . . . Such a revolution can be brought about only by a change in the spirit and manners that now prevail. But to change the spirit and manners of a nation can not be the work of a writer, whoever he may be. It can be that only of the sovereign or of a man of genius, into whose hands great misfortunes and the public voice, stronger than cabals, will place for a series of years the helm of the machine."

Professor Wilkinson follows his great subject through all its phrases, and his seven chapters have an abiding value. France, England and our own country have left behind them for ever their aggressive period, but adequate defence needs as much forethought as Germany delighted to give to conquests of surprise.

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Then through the land a fiery cross will rage,
Fierce righteous wrath with stern consuming speed,
Shall sweep away those at the reckoning hour,
Who debts of plighted honor failed to heed.

But if woman has attained the position of taking care of herself in the industries and in the professions, certainly she has a right under the spirit of our laws to-day, to have representation. We tax her in her industry, and in her property, and we deny her representation, which is contrary to one of the cardinal principles of our institutions.

If we require that she obey the laws, it follows inevitably that she must be given a voice in making the laws. So the great principles of our government have today in spirit conferred upon her this right, and all we ask is that it be expressed in law so that it will have binding effect; and the appeal is made to men because they control the ballot.

I will not claim for woman that she is equal in all respects to man. She is different. Woman is not undeveloped man, as Tennyson says, but diverse; and yet in manly pursuits we have everywhere exceptional historical examples of women even engaging in combat—the great Queen Semiramis; Boadicea, who fought the Romans in Britain; Joan of Arc; the Maid of Saragossa.

It is said that the West is for equal suffrage because we are a hardy and independent people; and I know that the East is only opposed to it because they fear their won people, and when that is told to the constituencies there may be no very generous response. The South is opposed to it on account of race conditions, and the East is opposed to it because of their congested cities. In their sweatshops, in their factories, there is a great aggregation of women, and they fear that if they are invested with the suffrage there may be an outburst of democracy—meaning not in a partisan sense democracy, but democracy with a small "d"—that there may be such an outburst of democratic manifestation at the polls that the old order will change, the "predilections of the drawing room" will no longer obtain, and the advice of Wall Street no longer be heeded, but that the sweatshops shall be made wholesome; that the homes shall be made livable; that the tenements shall be made sanitary; that the working conditions of the people in the factories shall be made better. A movement of that kind necessarily will carry, probably, increase in wages, because a person endowed, I will call it, with the beneficent ballot is in a position to protect himself or herself. That is what Wendell Phillips means when he says that we should give woman suffrage not for the purpose of protecting woman, but rather to place her in a position where she can protect herself. That is the secret of opposition to woman suffrage—the fear of an enlargement of democracy; the same fear that kept the franchise restricted in England until by slow degrees it dawned upon those who gave laws to that country that the strength of the empire consisted in its dependence upon the people, upon trust, not fear, of the people, and the evils of democracy are cured always by more democracy.

I can see an enfranchised womanhood in this country spring to the defense of the flag, not dishonoring it; women who will love their country because their country loves them. I can well understand why women might rebel even in the shadow of the Capitol, against the inequality of the present laws by which they are condemned to subjection. I am not one of those who are alarmed by these occasional ebullitions of feeling. I do not believe for a minute that there was any disrespect meant to the flag, as we understand the flag as the emblem of the nation, marching with the boys at the front, but it was a criticism of the Congress that has the power to make the policies which the flag protects, and as Congress deprived the flag of the privilege of extending its aegis over American womanhood, they said, if they are correctly quoted, "The flag is the cause of all our trouble," meaning you and me, meaning the House and the Senate.

It was a woman's hand that first wove the

flag; it is women who have given every one of the boys to fight the battles of their country under the flag. Who shall deny the privilege to his mother to participate in the affairs of government? Who is so mean and selfish as to arrogate power exclusively to himself, knowing that he sprung from woman, who in many respects was his superior in judgment and in wisdom, in love and devotion?

Woman is endowed with intuition, a faculty or sense which men do not possess. It enables her to see things which are obscured from our vision, and in the economy of nature she possesses a heart, and the heart has reasons of which the reason itself knows nothing.

Woman suffrage in California has made public life more attractive to men. It has purified the elections, once disgraceful; it has in all its ramifications strengthened the State, and it has upon a sure basis of equality and justice laid the foundations of a real and true democracy, which, thus buttressed, will survive all the storms of time and passion. At last has come to the West what we fain would give to the world, a reign of law based upon the consent of the governed.

I have in my hand a survey of the results of woman suffrage in California:

Women have been interested in legislation along humanitarian lines for the protection of women and children and the general community welfare. Though no women have served in the State legislature, these State laws are directly due to their influence—

To a large extent. For instance, married women enjoy community property rights, which is an evidence, embalmed in the law today, not in California alone but throughout the Union and the world, of the real partnership that exists between men and women, because what a man earns in his shop during coverture becomes one-half the possession of the wife upon his demise, which is an admission of the fact that the wife participated in the creation of the wealth, a co-partner. If she did not stand behind the counter nor plow in the field, she provided for the breadwinners at home; she gave them comfort and sustenance; she cared for the family, and did a thousand and one things necessary to keep the worker behind the counter or in the field.

So the law has recognized her equal partnership in the results of such labor. Why does the law not extend it to her political activities? She is given the education and the intelligence but is denied the power of expressing herself. There is no equity and no justice in that, and I may say to those who doubt the expediency of this measure that justice is always the highest expediency.

The abatement law, placing the responsibility of disorderly houses on the property owners rather than on the inmates and providing for the prohibition of such houses—

They found a solution for disorderly houses—

The age of consent, raising the age from 16 to 18 years. Establishing State training school for girls, with a board of women trustees.

The teachers' pension law—

They have added a pension law for teachers to the statutes and have been instrumental in amending the juvenile court law to separate dependent from delinquent children.

A joint guardianship law, giving women equal rights over minor children.

Women are so closely interested in all governmental activities—in juvenile courts, the rights of minor children, schools, nurseries, things which come within what some gentleman would fain call her proper sphere—that certainly the

right to vote should not be denied when matters over which she has undoubted knowledge are involved. Yet we find men voting about minor children, juvenile courts, infant hospitals, and matters of local concern, of which they only have knowledge so far as it is imparted to them by their wives, and the wives and mothers are excluded from the ballot. Should we not in war and peace mobilize the resources of our womanhood? Colonel Roosevelt, in his speech on Saturday in Baltimore, advocated the registra-

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tion of women as well as men. Then the burden and the benefit must go together.

The extending of the eight-hour law in California for women was a great reform, because the covetous manufacturers worked them nine and ten hours without hindrance from the male legislators until the women invested with the ballot simply made the request and the men acquiesced. It was not the compulsion of justice. It is the power of the ballot.

Making tuberculosis reportable to the State Board of Health.

Creating minimum wage commissions.

A psychopathic parole law.

Birth, death, and marriage registration.

The home teachers' law.

Changes in the compulsory education law.

A pure-milk law.

At the 1917 session of the legislature laws making important changes in the community property laws, giving a wife greater equality with her husband with regard to their community property, were passed by the legislature; also laws making women eligible to jury service, and appropriating \$250,000 to establish a colony for the feeble-minded. These were the especial laws advocated by women and carried.

So their usefulness must appeal to us, because men, involved in the discussion of the greater questions, very often lose sight of the smaller questions none the less important to the welfare of the community.

Prohibition, Woman and Song

There was, not many years ago, on one of San Francisco's newspapers, a very, very bibulous copy reader. He was promised by the owner a New Year's gift of \$500 on condition of teetotaling himself for a period ending December 31. The probationer passed through the phases of very bibulous copy reader, then merely bibulous, and finally a totally dry copy reader. Having fulfilled all requirements, he saddened his friends with the remark: "I got the \$500, but don't know what to do with it. I don't drink any more." One of the charms of prohibition is its seeming impossibility, like the sight of a cityful wearing "flu" masks. Unexpected, unbelievable, weird and then tiresome. Love is another example. And no constitutional amendment can forever disunite wine, woman and song. Think of love made safe and sane. Prohibition is not only a fad, a blunder, a paradox, but a very witty thing. It put the first bit of humor into the Constitution of the United States. Who is funnier than a fanatic? No one but his dupe. So it follows that in enforcing others to imitate their fanaticism, the prohibitionists have made millions funnier than themselves. It is certainly a joke that we are treated as criminals for liking a toddy after a walk in the wind. On Saturday nights it was our custom to spend several hours and most of our wages at the corner saloon. What amusement is left us? What will Saturday night mean to a married man when he lacks impulse to hurl the cat at the clock, toss the children outdoors, blacken his wife's eye, send them all supperless to bed and then rest his hot and snoring face on the coal-scuttle? Those of us who have never mussed up the family now feel the opportunity slipping away. Unless we beat up our wives as much as possible this year, we shall not have another chance for a long time—unless we perform the deed soberly; and that would be a nice repartee upon the Prohibition party.

Military Efficiency

Handing out passes at noon dated the preceding midnight. Keeping fit to fight by keeping your extra pair of shoes laced. (This effectively prevents their use in a hurry.) Youth-

ful officers and lectures on military courtesy. Saving the company commander's time for poker by making it unnecessary to get permission from the first sergeant to speak to him. Hours spent on the manual of arms for parade purposes and minutes on the target range for shooting purposes. Keeping the hands out of the pockets. Keeping the coat tightly buttoned during the summer drill periods. The Little Infirmary pill, guaranteed to cure everything from corns to headaches.

Soldiers' Memorial Begun

It is pleasing to be able to congratulate Messrs. John McLaren and Earl Cummings upon the fact that while different interests have been quibbling over what form a memorial to our dead soldiers should take, they have formulated a definite plan, had it passed by the proper authorities, and are even now breaking ground for it. The artistic theme and sculptural designs are by Earl Cummings. It has been decided that this initial memorial, which later on is to form part of a more imposing unit, shall take the form of a graceful shaft, sixty-five feet high, and surmounted by a draped figure of Victory, which is full of action and grace. It will be somewhat taller than the Dewey monument in Union Square, but is more chaste in design, and offers better opportunities for the sculptor's art. It is to be hoped that the activities of John McLaren and Earl Cummings in this matter may encourage those of our citizens who are patriotic to redouble their efforts toward securing a proper memorial in the Civic Center.

Speaking of Societies of Nations—

There are many dear good people who persist in the theory of sweet forgiveness—no matter how grave the offense committed—moved, of course, by the lesson taught by the Redeemer in His prayer for the thief on the Cross. "Forgive them, Father, they know not what they do," is their watchword, and in sermons, dis-

cussions and essays, these ministers of mercy are applying it to the vanquished Germans. It is claimed that they are down, with the heel of the world upon their neck, and it is neither merciful nor just to grind that heel down until the life or the power to sustain it is crushed out of her. Until Germany, or her imperialists who caused the war, have been summoned for trial; before she shall have been admitted into a league or society of nations, what she has done with reference to a league of nations which is still in existence, namely. The Hague Tribunal, she is entitled to no consideration of mercy or generosity. The articles of The Hague Tribunal provided that "the property of municipalities, religious, charitable or educational institutions, or those devoted to the arts and sciences, should be treated as private property, and that all willful destruction of such property is forbidden." How Germany has respected her signature to this provision is as much a part of history as is her disregard of another article forbidding the following cruelties in time of war: To employ poison or poisoned weapons; to kill or wound an enemy, who, having laid down his arms, or having no longer means of defense, has surrendered at discretion; to declare that no quarter will be given; to employ arms, projectiles, or material calculated to cause unnecessary suffering; to make improper use of a flag of truce, of the national flag, or the military insignia or uniform of the enemy, as well as the distinctive badges of the Geneva Convention; to destroy or seize the enemy's property, unless such destruction or seizure be imperatively demanded by the necessities of war. A belligerent is likewise forbidden to compel the nationals of the hostile party to take part in the operations of war directed against their own country, even if they were in the belligerent's service before the war. Germany has violated every provision of this as well as other articles of The Hague Tribunal; she knew what she was doing, and must not be forgiven until she has made full reparation, despite the prayers

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of these angels of mercy. Hercon is built the seemingly insurmountable barrier to the enrollment of Germany into a league of nations, and with her out of it, how can there be one at all?

The Woman in Us

Ironical as it may seem, it took the war to bring out the woman in man. When William Hohenzollern changed his address and title, Washington announced that in round numbers some four million of the "physically fittest" had been fitted to their O. D.'s. Four million beds to be made each morning. Four million meals to be prepared and served three times a day. Twelve million mess kits to be washed each day—and not a domestic in the army. But somehow or other it was done—bungling at first, perhaps, but with increasing dexterity as the days went by. The cow puncher demanding his rifle became expert with the mop and the broom—the city man became adept with the dish rag. Consider the status of the wrist watch Christmas, 1916—an easy selection of a gift for a woman. The clock turns and it is Christmas, 1917. The wrist watch, the one gift for the soldier. It will not be doubted that 100 per cent of the output of the bracelet manufacturers New Year's Day, 1917, was to be found either in the show cases of the jewelers or on one of the show cases of every woman—her wrists. Consider the change wrought in one year. By the time the last of the A. E. F. embarked, the link bracelet with the identification plate was a snappy competitor of the wrist watch. Another year of war and each masculine wrist would have its watch and bracelet. And there is the matter of vanity. Some authorities claim it started with the first O. D. clothing issue. At any rate more mirrors were used when the little overseas cap was doled out than ever saw service Easter Sunday.

Man's Predilection to Gossip

Before the Cantonment Age mankind was singularly free from gossip—had little use and less time for rumor. But, how mankind has changed! "The chairman of the Exemption Board told a guy who told me that we are going to be called Monday," was the line that probably started the masculine offensive into the realm of rumor. Later when the offensive got into full swing the line changed. It ran thus: "The colonel's barber got it from the colonel's orderly that we move in ten days." And now the offensive is over, but the habit is still with us. The new line and the most important of all is: "I got it from a bird at headquarters that we are going to get out next."

The Murderous Butcher Bird

A newspaper last week gave out the important news that at last the butcher bird who has been depopulating canary bird cages in the Presidio district to the number of some hundred and fifty victims, had met merited extinction at the hands of an intrepid policeman armed with a .22 calibre rifle. The owners of canary birds should be warned to the effect that this one bird did not commit all of these songster murders, and there are many more of his kind lurking in the tree tops and shrubs listening for the chirps and songs that shall direct them

to fresh prey. Consultation with a book on birds, sets forth the habitat of the Butcher Bird in a way that it not quite reliable. He is said to belong to the northern United States and is of a class that is almost extinct. This naturalist certainly could not have visited our Southland, where this enemy of small birds shows no indication of becoming extinct, and many cherry growers regard him as a valued friend, for the reason that he rids the orchards of birds who exist upon the succulent berries. The writer has seen as many as five victims of the Butcher Bird, impaled on the thorns of a lemon tree, no doubt placed there until such time as the murderer shall have become hungry, and returns to find that his meal has reached the proper stage of "gaminess." The Butcher Bird, to the uninitiated, strongly resembles the Mocking Bird in form and color, but is slightly larger, and has a heavy crooked beak, instead of the long and delicate one of his innocent double. His presence may be detected by a short rasping chirp, much like that of the Cat Bird, when he should be killed, driven away, or the canary cage removed from the porch or window. There are many of his kind in the gardens and parks of the city just at present, and the boy with the slingshot should devote his attention to exterminating his instead of the far less harmful sparrow.

A SUMMER WIND

By Gertrude Bone

Choric I surge, upbearing sounds of others' music,
Tuneless I am till deep desire awake me,
A soundless organ-pipe, staying the singing
Of each musician.

Silent is Winter's peevish chiding trumpet,
Call of full floods and clang of tyrannous sea,
Pacan long sounded: soft now comes entreaty
Like rising fragrance.

No ring of Autumn with his stiff gold armor;
Sun-tinctured Summer all alight with flowers,
Light shaking, and the delicate winged glancing
Of humming flies.

Soft-roofed woods that cover up a shadow,
Screening it close lest any sunlight see;
Where all day long the poplar tells the ring-dove
Of cooling water.

Full-hearted laugh, wide sunlight in the pasture,
And the thin wail of scythes and twittering grass,
And a gay song all unaware its music
Plaineth some drowned one.

Generous bright water, rushing in a rapture,
Gone as ye fall, your covering rainbow hides
The issuing river of your headlong giving
Singing far distant.

Tender I stoop upon the fecund Summer,
Guiding her tendrils, light to stir the pollen,
While she, all-glowing, sighs her happy burden
Of dear fruition.

All full desire I sound: love-throated singing
Of birds in happy coverts, all full-flowering;
All lovely forms I fill and make them vocal,
I, all the spirit.

"Was the wedding a success?"

"Yes, in most particulars, but some of the guests thought the bride's mother did a lot more crying than was necessary. You see the young couple are to make their home with her, so she really isn't losing her daughter."

"Maybe that was what she was crying about."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Anent the Greenway Reminiscences

Confidential conversations with Mr. Edward M. Greenway, in which, by the way, entire confidence was not insisted upon, have revealed the fact that his forthcoming book of social reminiscence is quite like to be the most interesting work of the kind yet published. It is not to be, as seems to have been generally foreshadowed, a mere narration of the doings and personalities among San Francisco's "best and only," for whom he was the guide and mentor for so many years, but an intimate history of plots and counterplots in the business world. He will tell us all about the rise to fabulous wealth of the bonanza kings, how some of them were admitted into the inner circles and why others were kept out; he will write the true history of the great financial crash which led to the death of Ralston; it will be full of love affairs, and the curious will learn why such and such engagements of marriage were severed. The real reasons why he narrowed San Francisco society down to a small but classy group of one hundred and fifty will be most bluntly set forth, and, in short, we shall know all about "society" as it existed during his supremacy over it. Greenway has enjoyed the reputation of being a friend to the death of those whom he liked, but an implacable enemy to those who incurred his displeasure; there were many who did so in the circles wherein he swayed a magic sceptre, so there is a ripple of trepidation on the surface of "about town." But Ned is a "Southern gentleman" before all else, and will inflict no incurable wounds. For the sake of making an epigram he will drive no knife thrusts into the bosoms of the descendants of those whose social destinies depended often upon his favor. In consequence his book will not be the sensation it would be if he ruthlessly told nothing but the truth; but there is no doubt it will be a book worth reading if for no other reason than that he will record therein the impressions of a mind ever on the qui vive for the beauty and brightness and pleasant things of life.

The Tobin Sisters at Tait's

The personnel of Tait's luncheon hour excellent jazz band is of interest to San Francisco as Lotta and Belle Tobin, principal performers, are San Francisco girls. They played numerous engagements on the Orpheum circuit, where their act was always featured. Both play many instruments and are attractive looking young women. They are visiting in California with their mother, Mrs. Trousseau of Berkeley.

Fairmont Morning Talks

FRIDAYS, 11 A. M.

by

ALINE BARRETT GREENWOOD

on Current

Drama, Art and Music

Feb. 14

DRAMA

Feb. 21

ART

Feb. 28

MUSIC

Social Notes

*Mrs. Schwartz (née Helen Sutro) has returned to San Francisco after a long absence and is domiciled at the Palace. Mrs. Schwartz is a sister of Charles Sutro.

Mrs. Wilford Matsen has returned from a three months' trip to Toronto. She stopped in Mexico on a visit to her sister. Mrs. Matsen will be a guest at the Hotel Whitcomb until her home, which has been rented during her absence, is vacated.

The Pacific Musical Society has arranged a children's afternoon for February 13 at the St. Francis. An ambitious programme will be rendered, the eldest executant being ten years. Constance McGaw, aged nine, who seems to be walking in the footsteps of her talented mother, will be one of the pianists.

Mr. and Mrs. George Aydelott of Fresno, who have been occupying the H. J. Douglas home at Menlo for the past three months, are now guests at the Fairmont Hotel. They will leave next month for their home in Fresno.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams of Oakland have taken apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.

Captain and Mrs. George Lowell are guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Fischer, at Napa.

Mrs. William Brooks will be hostess on Thursday, February 6, at a large tea in honor of her daughter, Mrs. S. H. van Geuns. Mr. and Mrs. van Geuns are leaving for Holland, where Mr. van Geuns has an important position awaiting him. Mrs. van Geuns is a brilliant and accomplished woman. For the past two years the van Geuns have been expecting to leave for Holland. Mrs. van Geuns has been perfecting herself in the Dutch language.

Miss Katherine Magee has returned to her home in this city from a lengthy visit with her aunt, Mrs. Arnold Marcus, in Los Angeles. Mrs. Arnold was formerly Miss Helen Cowles, whose husband, Lieutenant Marcus, U. S. N., was killed on board his ship at Cavite, shortly after his marriage three years ago.

The many friends of Mrs. Dennis O'Sullivan will regret to learn of her determination to return to England, where she will permanently reside. The kindness and gentleness of this charming matron will be a bright memory for many a day to young and old. She it was who inaugurated the receptions here given to the young soldiers and sailors during the war. Her home in London is the rendezvous for visiting Californians.

Mr. and Mrs. Evers will arrive from China early next month on a visit to the parents of the latter, Dr. and Mrs. Gasper Pischel. The marriage last year was a society event. The young couple left immediately for the Orient, where the groom went on architectural work for the government. Mr. Evers has now been called east on business and Mrs. Evers will remain with her parents during her husband's absence.

Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillmann will arrive in this city early next week from New York. Mrs. Stillmann has been in the East several weeks awaiting the doctor's return from abroad. They left New York on Wednesday, February 5.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hanum have sailed for the Orient on a three months' trip. Mr.

Hanum goes on business. With Mrs. Hanum they will visit friends in Honolulu and the Orient. Mrs. Frederick L. Perry (Mary Hooper) was at Coblenz doing Red Cross work when last heard from. She will return to San Francisco in May.

Miss Fredericka Kellogg, whose engagement to Major I. H. Idrett, U. S. A., sailed for her home in Connecticut a few days ago. Miss Kellogg has been prominent in Red Cross work "over the seas" for the past year.

Mrs. H. J. Douglas and Mrs. J. C. Jordan are at the Manhattan Hotel, New York, for the next two months. Before returning to California they will visit friends in Boston.

Dr. and Mrs. John Murtagh and family are at the Richlieu.

At the Fairmont

So popular have become the Follies in Rainbow Lane at the Fairmont Hotel that beginning this Monday the artistic entertainers, under the direction of Winfield Blake, will make their first appearance every evening, except Sunday, at the dinner hour, seven o'clock. Hitherto the Follies have not put in an appearance until half past nine, but now Vanda Hoff, the inspirational dancer, and the dozen other clever singers and dancers will appear for the entertainment of the dinner guests, as well as those who come later in the evening to dance. Dancing, which continues nightly until one o'clock, is unusually enjoyable in Rainbow Lane, as Rudy Seiger's music is very out of the ordinary and a notable factor at the Fairmont. The Carnivals which are given every Friday evening in Rainbow Lane attract a particularly jolly crowd of merry-makers. Manuel Romero Malpica, the eminent baritone, who is known as the "Mexican Tita Ruffo," will be the vocalist at the Fairmont Lobby Concert this Sunday, when he will be heard in half a dozen operatic selections and ballads. The augmented Fairmont Orchestra, under the leadership of Rudy Seiger, will also give a most attractive programme.

At the Cecil

Mrs. Norman Wright and son, Norman Wright, Jr., who have been sojourning at the Cecil, returned to their home yesterday. Mrs. Walter Wright, who has been entertaining with a series of dinners, complimented friends on Thursday and Friday. Judge and Mrs. William Hunt are receiving a cordial welcome from their friends at the Cecil. They have been occupying the Barnaby Conrad's home on Divisadero street. A delightful card party was given in the lounge at the Cecil Monday evening. Among the bridgers were General and Mrs. McClernand, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Geary, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Evans, Mesdames Walter Wright, E. C. Pratt, Eugene Davis, A. R. Worrall, B. R. Keith, C. S. Kenyon, Mrs. J. Wyche, B. N. Rowly, W. S. Wood, E. V. Forte, W. B. Hamilton, H. M. Beall. Mrs. Dora Shinn is among the recent arrivals. Cosmos Morgan arrived this week from Los Angeles and has joined his wife and father-in-law, C. B. Jennings, at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. R. Merrill are enjoying their stay at the Cecil.

King Lear's Daughter

By Maurice Baring

I have writ my sister.

—"King Lear," Act I, Scene iv.

Letter from Goneril, Daughter of King Lear, to her sister Regan

The Palace, November.

Dearest Regan,

I am sending you this letter by Oswald. We have been having the most trying time lately with Papa, and it ended today in one of those scenes which are so painful to people like you and me, who hate scenes. I am writing now to tell you all about it, so that you may be prepared. This is what has happened.

When Papa came here he brought a hundred knights with him, which is a great deal more than we could put up, and some of them had to live in the village. The first thing that happened was that they quarreled with our people and refused to take orders from them, and whenever one told any one to do anything it was either—if it was one of Papa's men—"not his place to do it"; or if it was one of our men, they said that Papa's people made work impossible. For instance, only the day before yesterday I found that blue vase which you brought back from Dover for me on my last birthday broken to bits. Of course I made a fuss, and Oswald declared that one of Papa's knights had knocked it over in a drunken brawl. I complained to Papa, who flew into a passion and said that his knights, and in fact all his retainers, were the most peaceful and courteous people in the world, and that it was my fault, as I was not treating him or them with the respect which they deserved. He even said that I was lacking in filial duty. I was determined to keep my temper, so I said nothing.

The day after this the chief steward and the housekeeper and both my maids came to me and said that they wished to give notice. I asked them why. They said they couldn't possibly live in a house where there were such "goings-on." I asked them what they meant. They refused to say, but they hinted that Papa's men were behaving not only in an insolent but in a positively outrageous manner to them. The steward said that Papa's knights were never sober, that they had entirely demoralized the household, and that life was simply not worth living in the house; it was impossible to get anything done, and they couldn't sleep at night for the noise.

I went to Papa and talked to him about it quite quietly, but no sooner had I mentioned the subject than he lost all self-control, and began to abuse me. I kept my temper as long as I could, but of course one is only human, and after I had borne his revilings for some time, which were monstrously unfair and untrue, I at last turned and said something about people of his age being trying. Upon which he said that I was throwing up his old age at him, that I was a monster of ingratitude—and he began to cry. I can not tell you how painful all this was to me. I did everything I could to soothe him and quiet him, but the truth is, ever since Papa has been here he has lost control of his wits. He suffers from the oddest kind of delusions. He thinks that for some reason he is being treated like a beggar; and although he has a hundred knights—a hundred, mind you! (a great deal more than we have)—in the house, who do nothing but eat and drink

all day long, he says he is not being treated like a king! I do hate unfairness.

When he gave up the crown he said he was tired of affairs, and meant to have a long rest; but from the very moment that he handed over the management of affairs to us he never stopped interfering, and was cross if he was not consulted about everything, and if his advice was not taken.

And what is still worse is this: ever since his last illness he has lost not only his memory but his control over language, so that often when he wants to say one thing he says just the opposite, and sometimes when he wishes to say some quite simple thing he uses bad language quite unconsciously. Of course we are used to this, and we don't mind, but I must say it is very awkward when strangers are here. For instance, the other day before quite a lot of people, quite unconsciously, he called me a dreadful name. Everybody was uncomfortable and tried not to laugh, but some people could not contain themselves. This sort of thing is constantly happening. So you will understand that Papa needs perpetual looking after and management. At the same time, the moment one suggests the slightest thing to him he boils over with rage.

Put perhaps the most annoying thing which happened lately, or, at least, the thing which happens to annoy me most, is Papa's Fool. You know, darling, that I have always hated that kind of humor. He comes in just as one is sitting down to dinner, and beats one on the head with a hard, empty bladder, and sings utterly idiotic songs, which make me feel inclined to cry. The other day, when we had a lot of people here, just as we were sitting down in the banquetting hall, Papa's Fool pulled my chair from behind me so that I fell sharply down on the floor. Papa shook with laughter, and said: "Well done, little Fool," and all the courtiers who were there, out of pure snobbishness, of course, laughed too. I call this not only very humiliating for me, but undignified in an old man and a king; of course Albany refused to interfere. Like all men and all husbands, he is an arrant coward.

However, the crisis came yesterday. I had got a bad headache, and was lying down in my room, when Papa came in from the hunt and sent Oswald to me, saying that he wished to speak to me. I said that I wasn't well, and that I was lying down—which was perfectly true—but that I would be down to dinner. When Oswald went to give my message Papa beat him, and one of his men threw him about the room and really hurt him, so that he has now got a large bruise on his forehead and a sprained ankle.

This was the climax. All our knights came to Albany and myself, and said that they would not stay with us a moment longer unless Papa exercised some sort of control over his men. I did not know what to do, but I knew the situation would have to be cleared up sooner or later. So I went to Papa and told him frankly that the situation was intolerable; that he must send away some of his people, and choose for the remainder men fitting to his age. The words were scarcely out of my mouth than he called me the most terrible names, ordered his horses to be saddled, and said that he would shake the dust from his feet and not stay a moment longer in this house. Albany

tried to calm him, and begged him to stay, but he would not listen to a word, and said he would go and live with you.

So I am sending this by Oswald, that you may get it before Papa arrives and know how the matter stands. All I did was to suggest he should send away fifty of his men. Even fifty is a great deal, and puts us to any amount of inconvenience, and is a source of waste and extravagance—two things which I can not bear. I am perfectly certain you will not be able to put up with his hundred knights any more than I was. And I beg you, my dearest Regan, to do your best to make Papa listen to sense. No one is fonder of him than I am. I think it would have been difficult to find a more dutiful daughter than I have always been. But there is a limit to all things, and one can not have one's whole household turned into a pendentium, and one's whole life into a series of wrangles, complaints, and brawls, simply because Papa in his old age is losing the control of his faculties. At the same time, I own that although I kept my temper for a long time, when it finally gave way I was perhaps a little sharp. I am not a saint, nor an angel, nor a lamb, but I do hate unfairness and injustice. It makes my blood boil. But I hope that you, with your angelic nature and your tact and your gentleness, will put everything right and make poor Papa listen to reason.

Let me hear at once what happens.

Your loving

Goneril.

P. S.—Another thing Papa does which is most exasperating is to throw up Cordelia at one every moment. He keeps on saying: "If only Cordelia were here," or "How unlike Cordelia!" And you will remember, darling, that when Cordelia was here Papa could not endure the sight of her. Her irritating trick of mumbling and never speaking up used to get terribly on his nerves. Of course, I thought he was even rather unfair on her, trying as she is. We had a letter from the French Court yesterday, saying that she is driving the poor King of France almost mad.

P. P. S.—It is wretched weather. The poor little ponies on the heath will have to be brought in.

Kewpie Dolls De Luxe at Techau's

The Kewpie doll has gone in for dress. No longer does she appear, au naturel, in all her native innocence. She has become sophisticated and is gowned in silks with modish trimmings of fur. Also, she has "done up her hair" and become a personage. Real hair, masses of it bedecks her pretty head, and expert hair dressers have built it up into marvelous coiffures. Her headquarters are Techau Tavern, where she is presented as a dance favor to the delighted ladies. Her popularity is great, in fact, she has made a distinct hit.

"Who drives your car?" "Nobody—it has to be coaxed."

"And when the war is over, dear, I'm going to bring you home a souvenir," said the young husband about to go "over there."

"Oh, that will be nice, dear. What will it be?" asked the sweet young thing.

"One of those German helmets, dear."

"Oh, George, I'd rather you'd bring me one of those French bonnets."

The Stage

An Estimate of Nat. C. Goodwin

Through the death of Nathaniel C. Goodwin—or "Nat" as he has always insisted upon billing himself—the American stage has been deprived of one of its geniuses. There have been many who have acquired distinction through years of earnest devotion to their art; many more who have suddenly been thrust into prominence through exigencies which afforded them the opportunity for which they long have waited; but those upon whose brows may be placed the laurels of undisputed genius may be counted upon the fingers of one hand. The dramatic experience of the writer has extended through half a century of knowledge of, or acquaintance and friendship with, every stage notable whose vogue has existed during that time, and there have not been many of them who merited the distinction of actual genius. With the passing of Booth, Jefferson, McCullough, Barrett, Charles R. Thorne, Jr., and Walter Montgomery (who died almost at the hour when his genius was proclaimed), dramatic memory languished for lack of names to inherit their mantles. Today, with the passing of Goodwin, and not forgetting the enviable distinction attained by many worthy American actors, there are only four names left in the process of just elimination, whom the wand of true genius may be said to have touched. These are, in the order named, David Belasco, Henry E. Dixey, David Warfield and George M. Cohan. These are geniuses because none of them was ever small, because each of them rose, out of his own efforts, from momentary obscurity, that was in its very self notable, to the topmost round of the ladder of fame in his own particular line. Goodwin's rise to greatness was perhaps the most notable of all of them, for the reason that when it began, there was no halt, no months of waiting, no periods of enforced penury. One commentator has written that, when attending school in Farmington, Me., and afterwards during brief periods at clerkships in Boston, he devoted all of his spare time to the study of Shakespeare and dramatic art. As a matter of fact, however—and the statement is based upon the intimacy of personally acquired reminiscence—this is a kindly juggling with the truth, for the foundation of Nat. Goodwin's dramatic education was laid in the theatre itself, and grew into knowledge, through copying the voices, mannerisms and characters of his stage favorites. At school his masters assured him that he ought to go on the stage, for he certainly would never be a scholar; his employers during his very brief periods of clerkship, gave similar advice, for it shocked them beyond measure to learn that a clerk of theirs had become famous as an imitator of actors in bar rooms and cafes. This advice he adopted, and his first opportunity came when he accepted the role of a newsboy, at the old Howard Atheneum, in a drama called "Law in New York," in which Stuart Robson was the star. In one of his scenes he was permitted to introduce his imitations of favorite actors, and from that night he was never without an engagement whenever he wanted one. After a brief experience in the variety theatres he succeeded William H. Crane as Le Blanc in "Evangeline," married Eliza Wethersby, and under her encouragement became a star, there to remain for the balance of his singularly successful career. Goodwin was essentially a comedian and character actor, but, like most comedians, believed himself best fitted for serious roles, and

persisted in exploiting them, somewhat to his artistic disadvantage. His Nathan Hale was actor-like but lacked real dramatic conviction; in "The Cowboy and the Lady" he gave the performance of an ordinarily good leading man, and his Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," interesting and powerful as it certainly was, disappointed him because it did not gratify his ambition to be recognized as the legitimate successor to Henry Irving and Edwin Booth. But in strong character roles, or any branch of comedy, he was undeniably without a peer, and these will never be forgotten. His matrimonial discrepancies are matters of public knowledge and should not be discussed in this article, which is intended to be only the tribute of an old friend in recognition of his indisputable claim to the mantle of genius. He had more faults of judgment and disposition than most men, and yet all men and women knew him but to love him. He was vain, but greatness is no encourager of modesty, and he would brook no opposition in his conception of any particular role, or his opinion as to the value of a play. But he who is without faults has not yet been born, and those who knew Nat. Goodwin best, must remember him as a delightful companion, an able speaker, a keen wit, a devoted son, a loyal friend, a just enemy, and a great actor.

—Clay M. Greene.

Bauer in the Spirit

I admit that I went to hear the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the Curran last week in a dubious mood. I was not enthusiastic about the presence of a Duo-Art piano as a soloist with the orchestra in a Saint-Saens concerto; but when I heard the singing tones of the instrument and realized that all the fire, the breadth of tone, the delicacy of Bauer were there, I rejoiced that such artistry can be perpetuated, and that the substantial reward to great pianists can be inestimably increased. At first it seemed weird to see Hertz follow the instrument, to observe his attention to every nuance—how he waited for the full effect of the tonal color to make its appeal, until one realized that he was doing just as he would have were the artist playing. The most magnetic moment came with the striking of a light staccato chord at the close of the concerto in which it was easy to visualize the arm of Bauer springing from the key-board which registered his magic touch. The Mozart Symphony in G Minor with its delicate melodies was classically read by Hertz, who understands the development of the Mozart simple forms without obscuring their outline. When one listens to Mozart, one knows just what to expect and when Hertz is the conductor, one is never disappointed; but Mozart has too little diversity to make a strong appeal to modern ears. Tschai-kowsky's Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet," a titanic composition, though by no means one of the composer's most impressive, closed the programme.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

Bright Bill at Orpheum

One gay number follows another at the Orpheum this week. Rae Samuels in unusual songs, some of them a bit daring, but delivered without offending good taste, captivates her audiences, to whom nightly she has to apologize for not continuing indefinitely. Hanly and Birné's, two gay club youths, do a rollicking

act which looks like a semicolon suddenly attacked by the dance craze. "The Only Girl," bristling with clever lines and situations, continues a big favorite with its cast of ten excellent people. Jennings and Mack's "Camouflage Taxi" is an irresistible negro act which is punctuated with roars of laughter. "Dream Fantasies," by Cleveland Bronner, Ingrid Hunter and Loretta Lappington, is one of the most beautiful and original dance pantomimes I have ever seen, even including the artistic creations which the Royal Russian Ballet used to present. Marguerite Farrell wins her audiences with lively songs, her prettiness and "different" personality. An extremely clever Yiddish sketch is "Two Sweethearts," in which there are real comedy and genuine pathos, is artistically played by Lee Kohlman, Margarette Wolfe, Esther Vezina and Milton Wallace. Then there are Robinson's "Military Elephants." There is no denying that they are exceedingly intelligent and well trained elephants; but I can't help wishing that now when all the small nations are having their wrongs righted that some animals' friend would insist upon the rights of the animal kingdom and agitate the removal of trained elephants from the vaudeville stage to the jungle.

—H. M. B.

The Country Cousin

Booth Tarkington and Julian Street, names to conjure with, vouch for an interesting and live country cousin. We meet her at the Columbia Theatre in the person of Alexandra Carlisle, portraying Nancy Price of Ohio, kind, wholesome, "wise as a serpent," the rescuing influence of an unsophisticated youthful heiress thrust into the contaminating environment inhabited by beings (happily rare)—idle, selfish, aimless social rotters, among whom are her own scoundrel of a father and a vampire step-mother. The willful ingénue is charming in the person of Genevieve Tobin. Alfred Lunt as a New York "silly ass" is an impressive individuality. Frivolous and absurd outwardly, but sound at the core and 100 per cent American after all. Mr. Lunt's technique has the originality which makes for its possessor a niche in the hall of fame. Jack Crosby, as "a small town boy" who believes in himself thoroughly, acts so convincingly that his audience can visualize him as a senator, president, ambassador, or any other high dignitary he may elect to become. The play is beautifully mounted and sparkles with bright lines.

—H. M. B.

Ganz Recital

A large gathering of enthusiastic music lovers testified by their attentiveness and generous applause at the Columbia on Sunday their realization of the place in the world of artist pianists of Rudolph Ganz. As may be said of all great pianists, his technique is impeccable, but the soul of the man, the intellect of the artist, make him the peer of the greatest instrumentalists. Mr. Ganz reveals this insight in his playing of Chopin, the classicist of form and he delivers the master's message with persuasive eloquence. MacDowell's Sonata Eroica he executed with passionate force and witchery. It seemed to me that this Swiss artist is the one to spread the doctrine of MacDowell's music to the multitudes who do not yet fully recognize his genius. Bach, Mozart, Weber, Liszt, Debussy—a splendid group of numbers

superbly played—constituted the final group in which were two melodious, forceful numbers of Ganz, "After Midnight" and "Capriccio for the Right Hand."

—H. M. B.

The San Carlo Opera

Impresario Fortune Gallo of the San Carlo Opera Company opened his season in New York City to the tune of thirty-two packed houses, and has played to immense audiences everywhere—Boston, Montreal, Detroit, Minneapolis, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Winnipeg, and is now packing Portland's Civic Auditorium nightly for a period of one week. A special train of six cars will bring Gallo's operatic aviary to San Francisco. Great interest always attaches to the personnel of a large organization like the San Carlo, and for the edification of prospective patrons the list of leading artists is here-with given. It is as follows: Roster of principals: Soprani—Mmes. Elizabeth Amsden, dramatic; Queena Mario, coloratura; Haru Onuki, the eminent Japanese prima donna, who comes to sing "Madame Butterfly"; Sophier Charlebois, Estelle Wentworth: Mezzo soprani—Mmes. Stella DeMette, Doria Fernanda; Frances Morosini, Alice Homer, Bettina Delmo. Tenori—Messrs. Manuel Salazar, the sensational Spanish artist; Romeo Boscacci, a former leading tenor with the Boston Opera; Giuseppe Agostini, Luciano Rossini. Baritoni—Messrs. Joseph Royer, French artist from the Paris Opera; Angelo Antola, Rodolfo Fornari, late of the Chicago Opera Company; Luigi Dellemolle. Bassi—Messrs. Pietro DeBiasi, Natale Cervi, Pietro Canova. Musical Directors—Messrs. Gaetano Merola, late of the London (Hammerstein's) Opera, London; Amedeo Barbieri. The repertoire is as follows: First week—Monday, February 10, "Aida"; Tuesday, "La Boheme"; Wednesday matinee, "Tales of Hoffman"; evening, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" (with two separate casts); Thursday, "Madame Butterfly"; Friday, "Lucia Di Lammermoor"; Saturday matinee, "Madame Butterfly"; evening, "Il Trovatore." Second week—Sunday, February 16, "La Traviata"; Monday, "L. Gioconda"; Tuesday, "Rigoletto"; Wednesday matinee, "Secret of Suzanne" and "Pagliacci"; evening, "Madame Butterfly"; Thursday, "Faust"; Friday, "Jewels of the Madonna"; Saturday matinee, "Romeo and Juliet"; evening, "Aida."

Persinger Soloist at Hertz "Pop"

With Louis Persinger, the distinguished concert-master of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, as soloist, the fifth "pop" concert of that organization will be given in the Curran Theatre on Sunday afternoon, February 9, under the direction of Alfred Hertz. Persinger's appearances in a solo capacity with the orchestra are always a source of gratification to music lovers. He has appeared successfully on both sides of the Atlantic in recital and as soloist many times with such organizations as the New York Philharmonic, Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and others, in addition to serving with great popularity as concert-master and soloist with our own symphony orchestra. Persinger will be heard at Sunday's concert in the Romance and Finale a la Zingara from Wieniakswi's D Minor Concerto, which will display his superb violinistic artistry at its finest. The remainder of the programme will be devoted to a prodigal feast of light masterpieces, characteristically Hertzian in selection, from the just-published Leopold Damrosch orchestration of Schubert's "Military March," which will open the concert,

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Begins

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TWO WEEKS, STARTING MONDAY, FEB. 10

SAN CARLO GRAND OPERA CO.

FIRST WEEK—Mon., Feb. 10, "Aida"; Tues., "La Boheme"; Wed. Mat., "Tales of Hoffman"; Wed. Eve., "Cavalleria"; "Pagliacci"; Thurs., "Butterfly"; Fri., "Lucia"; Sat. Mat., "Butterfly"; Sat. Eve., "Trovatore." SECOND WEEK—Sun., Feb. 16, "Traviata"; Mon., "Gioconda"; Tues., "Rigoletto"; Wed. Mat., "Secret of Suzanne" and "Pagliacci"; Wed. Eve., "Butterfly"; Thurs., "Faust"; Fri., "Jewels of the Madonna"; Sat. Mat., "Romeo and Juliet"; Sat. Eve., "Aida." PRICES—Evenings and Saturday Matinees, 50c to \$2; Wednesday Matinees, 50c to \$1.50.

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FIFTH "POP" CONCERT

CURRAN THEATRE

SUNDAY AFT., Feb. 9, at 2:30 Sharp

Soloist—LOUIS PERSINGER—Violinist

PROGRAMME—"Military March," Schubert; "Funeral March of a Marionette," Gounod; Romance and Finale from D Minor Concerto, Wieniawski (MR. PERSINGER); Overture, "Mignon," Thomas; Entr' Acte Rigaudon, "Xaviere," Dubois; "Humoresque," Dvorak; Intermezzo from "Naila," Delibes; Ballet Music from "Le Cid," Massenet; Waltz, "Beautiful Blue Danube," Strauss.

PRICES—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s daily; at theatre from 10 A. M. on concert days only.

NEXT—Sixth Pair Symphonies, February 14 and 16.

to Johann Strauss' famous "On the Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz, the concluding number. Other numbers will be Gounod's droll "Funeral March of a Marionette," which is far from being as grim as its title; Thomas' "Mignon" overture, an annual favorite; an entr' acte, Rigaudon, from Dubois' dramatic idyll, "Xaviere"; Dvorak's popular "Humoresque"; the charming waltz intermezzo from Delibes' ballet, "Naila"; and the ballet music from Massenet's opera, "Le Cid." An attractive group of numbers is announced for the sixth regular pair of symphonies, to be played Friday and Sunday afternoons, February 14 and 16, in the Curran. "Baba Jaga," a tone poem by Liadow, based upon a Russian fairy tale, will be given for the first times in San Francisco at this pair of concerts. Rimsky-Korsakow's "Scheherazade" is always received with enthusiasm as interpreted by Hertz. The remaining numbers will be Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and a composition practically unknown to this generation, the classical overture to Cherubini's opera, "The Abenceragen."

Alcazar

The popular interest aroused by the first San Francisco staging of "Mother Carey's Chickens" by the New Alcazar Company, and the great demand for seats make inevitable the continuance of this delightful bok play next week. Mrs. Wiggin's story had a sale of over two million copies. Its dominant theme of mother love goes straight to the hearts of the people of all classes and conditions. Its embellishment of quaint and genial humor, wholesome optimism, gentle pathos and fresh, joyous romance establishes its drawing power now that it has reached the San Francisco stage. It is admirably interpreted by Belle Bennett and Walter P. Richardson, who make real and vital, by sincerity and simplicity, its alluring love story. Emily Pinter is charming, tender and true as the brave young mother of the brood of fatherless children. The theatre resounds with merriment over the quaint characterization of eccentric types. "Mother Carey's Chickens" is a fascinating play of real people, without artifice. It is a wholesome indication that the public flock to see it with an enjoyment that a single week is too brief to satisfy. Quite as significant of well deserved dramatic vitality is the coming revival, upon a spectacular scale, of the famous classic of early California, "The Rose of the Rancho," by David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully, native sons who put into its romance a passionate love for their beloved State. Next follow a number of recent New York successes, never acted here, including "A Stitch in Time," "The Unkissed Bride" and Edward Clarke's comedy, "Not With My Money."

Doria Fernanda

The appearance of Doria Fernanda with the San Carlo Opera Company is awaited with keen interest in San Francisco, where she was born and reared. She is a brilliant young woman of unusual gifts and accomplishments and aflame with ambition. Since leaving this city she has been in concert work in the East, until she recently joined the San Carlo organization. Those who know of her musical gifts and striking appearance say that grand opera is the field for which she was born. Her mother, Mrs. Ernest Simpson, resides in this city and is eagerly anticipating her daughter's arrival, as are also large numbers of admiring friends.

Columbia

San Francisco is having a taste at the Columbia Theatre, of a real Broadway cast and

show in the offering by Klaw and Erlanger and George C. Tyler, of Miss Alexandra Carlisle in "The Country Cousin." The second and final week of the engagement opens Sunday night, February 9, and it is to be regretted that star, supporting company and play will have to leave us so soon. The cast from first to last is perfect. There will be Wednesday and Saturday matinees. Among the coming attractions at the Columbia are "Pollyanna"; Richard Carle in "Furs and Frills"; "Going Up" and "The Better 'Ole."

Healy Attractions

Following up his great success with the recitals of the Swiss pianist, Rudolph Gans, at the Columbia last Sunday, Manager Frank W. Healy will in quick succession present to the music lovers of this community three other artists of the first magnitude: Max Rosen, the phenomenal violinist; Madame Frances Alda, the Metropolitan's great soprano, and Miss Ethel Leginska, the pianistic marvel. Rosen, though by eighteen years of age, is the violinistic sensation of the present day and he will electrify and delight San Franciscans as he has the music lovers of the Eastern cities. Born in poverty, the son of a Roumanian Jewish barber, it would appear as if he had been blessed by the gods with the power to reach men's hearts with his music. For his first San Francisco concert he will play spectacular concertos by Pagannini and Nardina as well as dozens of smaller pieces that lie in the realm of pure melody. The concerts by Madame Alda are intended by Manager Healy to be events. It was only by the dint of great effort that he succeeded in securing concerts by Madame Alda in California, as her every minute is desired by the managers of the Eastern cities. Madame Alda, in private life the wife of Gatti-Casazza, the general manager of the Metropolitan, has appeared at the Metropolitan constantly since 1908. Ethel Leginska, the pianistic marvel, the third artist to appear under Manager Healy's direction, a remarkable Leschetizky pupil, is the foremost woman pianist of the day.

Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will include seven entirely new acts. "White Coupons," a morality fantasy with songs and dances, will be produced for the first time in this city with Barrett Greenwood, a clever leading actor, in the principal role. Bert Baker, who is immensely popular both as author and comedian, will present his latest farce effort entitled "Prevarication. Burns and Frabite, a team of clever Italian dialect comedians; Harry Jolson, brother of Al Jolson; the Four Harmony Kings; Will Ferry, known as "The Frog," and Buster Santos and Jacque Hays, "The Girls with the Funny Figures," will be on the bill with the latest series of the Hearst Weekly Motion Pictures, and Robinson's Military Elephants and Rae Samuels in new songs.

Saturday Afternoons at Paul Elder's

Next Saturday, February 15, Henri Napier Carmer will be the lecturer for the "Half Hour" programme, which is free to the public. Her subject is "Modern Tendencies," and she will discuss the Oriental philosophies, Buddhism and Taoism, with reference to their influence on Western thought of today. The lecture will be given in the Paul Elder Gallery, beginning at 2:30 o'clock.

Kindness is the only charm permitted to the aged. It is the coquetry of white hair.

Letters

"A Chance to Live"

"A Chance to Live" is Zoe Beckley's first novel. It comes with an introductory foreword by Kathleen Norris, and that alone is enough to commend it. The book belongs in the same list with Olive C. Malvery's "Soul Market," which is not a novel at all, for what Zoe Beckley has really done is to give us a moving picture study of the life of a child born in the tenements and who has to make her own way in the world and help the family to survive. The Hargans belonged to the self-reliant and respectable class who ask only for work and wages and try to keep out of debt and away from charity organizations. Annie's father neither drank nor gambled, but he had not the faculty of getting ahead, and when there was sickness or a spell eight, was already an accomplished "little mother" and a shrewd household shopper. The one bright spot in her little life was her mother's sister, "Aunt Moggie," a spinster who earned her living in an office, had a room in a comfortable apartment house, owned a typewriter, and was able to give her little niece an occasional treat and now and then a new dress which was not pieced out of unmatched samples. Before Annie was quite fourteen, before she had finished her grammar school work from which, with Aunt Margaret's assistance, she was to have gone to a business course, Mr. Hargan died, and little Annie beamed per force a bread winner, first as a cash girl in a department store and later as a hand in a shirt waist factory. Annie was ambitious and had never lost sight of her first plan, to learn stenography and typing, and Miss Beckley is one of the few writers who have given a true picture of the efforts of a worker employed ten hours in the day, to switch her tired mind to intellectual pursuits in the evening, and of the harsh reprimands of both teacher and foreman, each demanding that all her thought shall be devoted to their particular thing in hand. The almost forgotten holocaust of the Triangle Factory plays its part in liberating Annie from this particular form of servitude, and she is next installed as switchboard operator, through the efforts of her good aunt, and though not brilliant at all, she is steady, reliable, prompt and obliging, and makes progress in the office. Annie, however, has not cut entirely loose from her old factory associates and through her occasional meetings and talks with them we are kept in touch with their problems and the obvious reasons why they cannot all escape. Aunt Margaret is the good angle without whose assistance not only Annie herself but the whole Hargan family would soon find themselves submerged, but Aunt Margaret is not growing younger. All her prospective savings go to helping her sister's brood, and she finds herself supplanted by younger and cheaper clerks and has no one to whom she can look for assistance. Annie's problems include her search for amusement of some respectable and suitable kind, but the Settlement House does not supply that. So far as supplying a long-felt want or any want at all, the Settlement House proves a decided failure. Young people usually find their own solution and Annie Hargan was no exception, and here again we have the problem of the tenement girl. Annie could go to the Boat Club dances with her Bernie, but where could she entertain him, and how, in her crowded tenement? They were engaged to be married, but when, with a family still to be supported? For Annie was determined that her little sister should start higher up than she had been

forced to begin. Of course it was Aunt "Moggie" to the rescue, and for a little while the new household was fairly prosperous, but that did not last. Bernie "lost his job," and new jobs were hard to find. New wages were scarcely more than half, for an increasing family, what they had been for the youth alone, and now begins the old problem again, of stretching every coin till it cracks, doing without, planning and plodding, and slipping backward. Fortunately, both Annie and Bernie had a fair share of grit, intelligence and health inherited from their forbears, so they did manage to keep hold by tooth and toe-nail until they could drag themselves above the immediate danger line, but their improvement was due solely to their own efforts and their neighbors were as badly off as ever. Something seems to be radically wrong when people who are hard-working, respectable and economical can barely manage to keep themselves alive, and Zoe Beckley sees the cure-all in government ownership. But thus far, wherever government ownership or co-operative ownership has been tried it has proved a disastrous and often a costly failure. "Government ownership" to a large proportion of those who clamor for it, means simply charitable dole handed out without question and without return. "Govermint" is a vague, impersonal something which can take possession of all things and give to "the people." What the ultimate source of supplies may be there is not an idea, nor how stocks are to be replenished. There are people in San Francisco who hark back to the days after the big fire as the golden age when everything was given and there was no work. That the thing could be done at all was the entering wedge. The Southern negroes had the same ideas after emancipation—that they would inhabit the "big house" and pick the banjo and enjoy themselves and all the good things would come somehow. Government ownership is akin to the old vernacular saying, "When the sky falls we shall all catch larks." It is absolute folly in the United States, where the people who now in theory, and once in fact, owned the government itself, have handed it over to demagogues and professional politicians. However, "A Chance to Live" is a sane and sensible portrayal of the life of the decent poor, and it is told without sentimentality or "sob stuff." Annie Hargan and her problems are typical of those of her class. From the Macmillan Company, New York.

RESURGERE

By Benj. Paul Blood

Though shrapnel-stript the poplars rear
Bare fingers to the shivering skies,
Some leaves will come another year
To whisper that the dead will rise.

Then mourn no more the minster spires
Whose foliate stones lie overthrown;
Still on the altars dream their fires;
The spirit walks, and waits its own.

The genius lives, the faith remains,
Nor needs the Peter-pence of years;
It dreams of scaffolds, cranes, and chains
Where Ar tin khaki garb appears.

The best are there, the men who know
In the old fashion. Spire and dome
From shards resurgent swift will grow,
And burgeon ere the boys come home.

—Scribner's Magazine.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The trend of the stock market was lower until toward the end of the week when a little buying started a short covering movement that brought a fair sized rally. Transactions, however, were on a moderate scale. The steel shares were again the targets for bearish attacks, and Steel Common was offered down slightly below 89, the lowest level since last April, but the stock showed stubborn resistance on the way down, which was also evident in the other steels. This resistance indicated that good buying was going on in the issue on the scale down, which was evident in the other steel stocks and railroads. The weakness in the market early in the week was not explainable, on the ground of the condition of trade and industry, which from all reports are slowly gaining in the forward movement. The explanation lies in the fact that during the week a large short interest had been built up in the specialties and highly speculative issues, and professional operators regarded the moment ripe for improving their position, in view of the fact that their tactics had failed to bring out any stocks in volume, and also because there is evidence of a fair investment demand from cash investors eager to take advantage of the low prices at which some of the standard stocks are selling. The break the past week has improved the position of the market. The movement of prices the past two months has been discounting the industrial adjustment which is now fairly on its way, and that the market is moving ahead of the procession. Stocks may go lower due to day-to-day market operations, but at present prices of many stocks, the worst that can be expected from trade reaction is over. The appearance of easier money is hailed by close observers as one sign of an uplift, or at least strength, at present levels. Then, too, the market is too low to warrant any severe decline. Of course, general conditions at the moment would argue against any advance in the market, such as the political condition abroad, prospects of labor troubles in this country, high taxes, the poor outlook for the metal market, and the coming Liberty Loan. But we believe that while these items of general news will be with us for some time, yet they have ceased to be the market factor they were when prices were considerably higher, and that conditions, while they may be a disturbing factor in the market for some time, in the long run they are bound to change, and the strong bearish sentiment that now exists will give place to a more optimistic feeling once prices get on the up-grade again.

Cotton—The pressure against prices which has featured the trading in the past week or more, was absent toward the close of the week,

and fair sized advance was scored at the expense of the short seller. The reaction early in the week established the near months at new low levels for the season, and put the bears on record as the dominating factors in the market. Shipments of cotton during the week were well under the week before, and compared only fairly well with the same week of last year. The outlook for shipments next week is considered much better, and in the event the much predicted movement materializes, it may develop a better feeling in the market. Foreign buyers were prominent in the market the past week, and through the kindly efforts of the bears, were enabled to accumulate a considerable volume of contracts. The recent development of a strong bearish sentiment in speculative circles has made attacks on prices by the foreign spot buyers unnecessary, as they are now able to reap the benefits of the bear operations. The general situation has favored the bear side of the market, however, and the decline was not due to any particular astuteness on their part. Trade centers are alive with pessimistic predictions, and the steady decrease in new orders for the mills has been a factor which the market could not very well ignore. The growers on the other hand have maintained their position against sales at the present level. Bullish sentiment in the far off option is much stronger than in the nearby futures. A revival of business is expected just as soon as spring opens, and we believe that the market has now discounted all the bearish factors that have been brought out by the bears. Cotton, around the twenty-cent level, is not high, taking everything into consideration, and the spot holder does not get frightened. As long as spot cotton commands a premium over the futures, and is now five cents per pound over, we see very little risk in buying cotton on the breaks around this level.

Standard Oil of California

A financial authority in New York writes, February 1: "I am not advising the purchase of railroad securities. I think the best investments I know of are Standard Oil of California, Standard Oil of Indiana, and some few other Standard Oil issues. I believe in a number of high-grade industrials. But at the moment I fail to see any hope for railroad investments in this country. Unless something unexpected develops along this line, the future of railroad investments is precarious."

Red Cross would subserve peace soldiers' health; Y. W. C. A. correct their morals. Who wins?

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Capital Actually Paid Up.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,336,411.92
Employees' Pension Fund.....	295,618.00

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93611. Dept. No. 10.

DAVID TRUGMAN, Plaintiff, vs. ELSIE TRUGMAN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greetings To: Elsie Trugman, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of November, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
MARCUS D. WOLFE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
625 Market Street,
San Francisco, California. 12-21-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LENA L. REED, deceased.—No. 26028. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of LENA L. REED, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LENA L. REED, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Lena L. Reed,
deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-1-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93641. Dept. No. 15.

ORSON E. SHIMMIN, Plaintiff, vs. ANNA J. SHIMMIN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

John S. Hogan, Attorney for Plaintiff.
The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Anna J. Shimmin, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd day of November, A. D. 1918.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
Endorsed: Filed November 22, 1918. H. I. Mulcrevy,
Clerk. By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.
JOHN S. HOGAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
88 Post Street, San Francisco, California. 12-7-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY YENIS, deceased.—No. 26025, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of MARY YENIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers without four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY YENIS, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Mary Yenys, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-1-5

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ADELAIDE F. MORRIS, deceased.—No. 26026, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ADELAIDE F. MORRIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ADELAIDE F. MORRIS, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Adelaide F. Morris,
deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MICHAEL T. TRAVAS, also called M. T. TREVES, deceased.—No. 26029. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of MICHAEL T. TRAVAS, also called M. T. TREVES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MICHAEL T. TRAVAS, also called M. T. TREVES, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Michael T. Travas,
also called M. T. Treves, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLOTTE MERRIWEATHER, deceased.—No. 26027. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of CHARLOTTE MERRIWEATHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLOTTE MERRIWEATHER, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Charlotte Merriweather,
deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-1-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93516. Dept. No. 10.

IVA V. CURTIS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM HOPKINS CURTIS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff.
The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM HOPKINS CURTIS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 15th day of November, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
AUGUSTIN C. KEANE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
901 Hearst Building,
San Francisco, California. 12-14-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXXIV. No. 1382.

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, FEBRUARY 15, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company OF CALIFORNIA

RESULTS FOR 1918—FIFTY-FIRST YEAR

New Life Insurance Issued (Paid-for basis).....	\$ 36,957,884.00
Total Life Insurance in Force, December 31, 1918.....	208,647,520.00
Gain in Life Insurance in Force.....	22,689,061.00
Total Cash Income.....	12,149,530.62
Gain in Cash Income over 1917.....	956,680.80
Total Paid Policyholders.....	5,133,303.47
Grand Total Paid Policyholders since Organization.....	58,356,033.73
Surplus, Assigned and Unassigned (Exclusive of Capital).....	4,039,328.50
Gains in Admitted Assets.....	3,363,912.33
Premium Income, Accident Department.....	2,042,122.11

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1918

ASSETS

Loans on Real Estate.....	\$23,247,571.16
<small>The amount of Loan does not exceed the statutory percentage of appraised value.</small>	
Loans on Approved Collateral.....	3,342,645.76
Loans to Policyholders.....	7,603,691.23
<small>In no case does amount of Loan exceed the Reserve held by the Company.</small>	
Bonds Owned.....	6,063,379.10
Real Estate Owned.....	2,120,916.90
<small>Including Home Office Building.</small>	
Interest Due and Accrued.....	768,547.55
Outstanding and Deferred.....	
Premiums { Life Department.....	706,316.86
{ Accident Department.....	354,637.06
<small>Net Amount, Reserve charged in Liabilities.</small>	
Cash on Hand.....	1,221,848.82
<small>Including \$1,053,221.37 of Deposits drawing Interest.</small>	
Other Assets.....	3,141.17
TOTAL ADMITTED ASSETS.....	\$45,432,695.61

LIABILITIES

Reserve on Policies.....	\$38,744,783.53
Claims in Process of Adjustment.....	795,210.22
Premiums and Interest Paid in Advance..	237,279.85
Reserved for Taxes Payable 1919.....	175,000.00
All Other Liabilities.....	441,093.51
<small>Including \$146,892.94 Reinsurance Fund and \$117,065.00 for Agents' Commissions in Accident Department.</small>	
Total Liabilities.....	\$40,393,367.11
Capital Stock.....	1,000,000.00
Surplus Set Aside for Future Dividends to Policyholders.....	3,213,576.79
Surplus Unassigned.....	825,751.71
TOTAL.....	\$45,432,695.61

Death Rate, Actual to Expected (Normal, 55%, War and Influenza Claims, 49.6%—Approximated).....	104.6%
Average Rate of Interest Earned.....	6.15%

KILGARIF & BEAVER, Managers

F. A. STEARNS, Manager
Accident Department

EDWIN G. BATH, Manager
Monthly Premium Department

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIV.

San Francisco-Oakland, February 15, 1919

No. 1382

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Buncombe and Politics

It is greatly to be deplored that ineffable buncombe should continue to thwart the aims of practical politics by intruding its discordant spleen into the vainglorious flights of some of our senatorial orators. Even those of us who do not with servile patriotism acclaim as infallible the ideals of President Wilson; even those of us, of differing political faith who did not vote for him because "he kept us out of war," and who disagree with him as to his precise reasons for getting us into it, can not, if we are just, fail to regret and condemn some of the intemperate tirades that his political enemies continue to hurl against him. There has been altogether too much oratory of the "me too" kind in the United States Senate, and, worst of all, much of it can not be accepted as authoritative because it is true for it is nothing of the kind. It can not be denied that most of the doings and dictums of the President, both here and abroad, have smacked and bristled with an unexpected air of autocracy, but he should not be blamed for the inefficiency, or blindness, or indifference of the head of any department merely because he appointed him. A glaring example of this is the bitter and unusually vindictive attack of Senator Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, made last week, in which he hurled his keenest shafts of oratorical buncombe at the President and his administration, more particularly the War Department. It goes without saying that the administration of this department is not invulnerable. George Harvey, in a recent issue of "The Weekly," declared it to be "the most incompetent War Department on record." At the same time, in his bitter attack on the President and Secretary Baker, Senator Frelinghuysen made many statements which were palpably untrue, thereby weakening his whole argument. Of course Mr. Wilson has more or less "exhibited himself with royal pomp at the head of triumphal

processions marked by Roman splendor," but he has not done this at the expense of the soldiers, and they are not returning home "ragged and penniless, like a lot of tramps." Truly enough, the Senator only hails from New Jersey, but still that State has produced some good men, and President Wilson is far and away the best of them.

* * *

Seattle's Bolshevik Fiaseo

It is earnestly to be hoped that the Government will not affect to minimize the extent of the strike at Seattle, nor to avoid such investigation as may determine its ultimate aims. It should also be insisted upon that no part of such investigation be left to Mr. John B. Densmore or his apparently equally socialistic chief in the Department of Labor, for this is a crisis where the inevitable whitewash brush must be pinned to the earth by the steel of determination. The West has had quite enough of the nefarious methods, the impertinent bias, and the glaring incompetency of this person. The champion of Murderer Mooney must have neither voice nor authority in the adjustment or investigation of an outbreak which Mooney himself might have headed, were he not, fortunately for the country at large, behind the bars of a penitentiary. This, at its very outbreak, has assumed almost the proportions of actual revolution, and should be fought to a finish, not by salaried incompetents, but by a body clothed with the dignity and authority of a Government Commission. This should be composed of statesmen who possess the courage to say what they think, and the determination to devise the proper enforcement of whatever decisions they may feel compelled to make. The word revolution is not idly employed. This Seattle strike, from an economic point of view, bears upon its face the stamp of injustice, unfairness, intolerance, and an indifference to the welfare of the concerns employing them, that has been equalled by no similar incident in the history of American labor. No fair-minded person, employer or otherwise, can fail to justify the necessity for labor unions, in that they were designed to protect labor against the aggressions of greedy capital. But there must be justice and fairness on both sides of every dispute or there can be no result that will prevail. In the present deplorable crisis there is neither of these elements to entitle it to wise discussion or even serious considera-

tion. The shipworkers insist upon higher wages when the possible profits of the builders are reduced to a minimum so small as to threaten absolute loss, in view of the sweeping reductions in builded tonnage. This increase of wages is refused, whereupon all of the labor of Seattle goes out in sympathetic strike. The business men declare that it is a revolution and not a strike: that it is an experiment of Soviet power, and that meetings of the strikers have developed an element which believes that actual revolution is at hand. But for the courage and wise initiative of Mayor Hanson, the city of Seattle would be now absolutely in the hands of these new recruits to the army of Bolshevism. A labor police force was already formed, soup kitchens opened to feed the hungry of all classes, and an issue of the Post-Intelligencer published a cartoon which depicted the red flag above the Stars and Stripes. The labor newspapers declared in capitals, "It will lead no one knows where." Is the Government at Washington too busy with party politics to point out where it ought to lead, or must the citizens themselves be the guides?

* * *

Who Is to Blame?

It is a simple matter to learn from the obviously well grounded complaints of returned soldiers, that while the honored heads of both the War and Postmaster General's departments may not have been personally responsible for maladministration, they have surrounded themselves with perhaps the most inefficient armies of incompetent deputies on record. Many soldiers have declared that at times they have not received their pay for six months, and the periods during which they received no mail from home have varied from three to five months to not at all. Many Senators and Congressmen have told of letters of complaint received from abroad, and their strictures of department criticism were intemperate or otherwise, according, of course, to their political faiths. These letters have told how soldiers lay in hospitals in utter ignorance as to whether their home folk were alive or dead. Complaint has been made that "tons of the precious letters they have been waiting for so long, have been dumped into some dead letter receiving vault." Then we are told that when the vault is full the masses of mail are shipped back home to be finally destroyed or sent back to the writers, who are unable to secure any information from

the War Department as to why they were never delivered. It has been published, on the authority of the Postmaster General in a statement before Congress, that eight or ten carloads of this kind of mail matter had just been received from France. Representative Mann (Republican) read, not long ago, upon the floor of the house, a great number of these complaining letters from both soldiers and relatives, but received no redress. Senator Chamberlain (Democrat) incurred the permanent displeasure of President Wilson, because he dared to arraign Secretary Baker for the glaring inefficiency in his department with reference to the delivery of soldiers' mail. The irrepressible Mr. Harvey sets forth the case in his usual sledgehammer way by saying, among other things: "Responsibility should be brought home to somebody for the needless, senseless suffering our soldiers and their relatives are undergoing." But now, in a cabled report, General Pershing denies that there has been any congestion of soldiers' mail in France; that only 126 sack of dead letters had been shipped back to the United States, and that all of the small collection there of misdirected mail could easily be placed in one car. Somebody has been not only inefficiently meddlesome, but positively mendacious. President Wilson once said it was Senator Chamberlain, but surely it

was not General Pershing. Could it have been the soldiers?

* * *

Wilson Still Predominant

As far as the world knows, the deliberations of the Peace Congress are altogether peaceable and quite in accord with the unexploited yet never discredited altruistic views of President Wilson. Of course our information is largely based on such publicity as "secret diplomacy" has permitted in the daily "communiqués" which communicate about as much as is usually contained in newspaper headlines. But, nevertheless, our worthy Chief Magistrate, whom his erstwhile friend and now bitter enemy Mr. Harvey, persists in calling impudic names, seems to be still "on the top of the job." The fourteen points of his ideas for the formation of a League of Nations seem to have all been discussed without more friction than might have been expected, in view of the different opinions and varying needs of the separate nations, large and small. But outside of these apparently pleasant family councils all would seem to be not quite so serene. Newspapers both French and English—no doubt under instructions from the inner shrine—are not so trusting in their eulogiums of our President, and some of them begin to question the potency of his authority, or

the essential success of it. Since it is not at all supported by many of the great men of his own country. The London "Saturday Review" complains that "Mr. Wilson has left behind him a distracted and disunited country that on the whole does not support him." "Refuse your League of Nations," says the London News, "which will compel us to disarm the British Navy, and America will challenge you at sea." Again the Times says in the usual heavy English style: "With reference to the freedom of the seas the question must be taken seriously, with every disposition on our part to come to an amiable understanding, so far as that is consistent with the maintenance of honorable British interests of the sea." The French journals, while extremely laudatory of Mr. Wilson's personality, eloquence and forceful diplomacy, are beginning to comment upon certain differences between the French points of view and his. Happily, however, the French press is divided, a large part of it being seemingly willing to support him so long as he shall not insist upon anything that will rebound to the discredit of the glory of France. So, taken as a whole, the week's deliberations at Versailles may be said to have been mostly to the liking of Mr. Wilson, principally since Germany is to be spanked for her increasing arrogance.

Perspective Impressions

P. H. McCarthy has risen steadily in politics since his term as mayor. He is already on the committee to welcome Taft.

Ex-president Taft will visit us in the flesh, which means, among other things, that he is not a movie.

While the President is in Europe, Taft comes to take a look at the state that made Wilson famous.

On account of the Allies' various demands, Germany threatens to become Bolshevist. What has that country been for more than four years?

It is to be hoped that the soldiers who fought for the slogan, "Make the world safe for democracy," will not have to fear that after a while to the effects that republics are ungrateful.

Still persists one of the war's mysteries—why the Grizzlies were not let into the light?

Grealey, Hearst, Bryan, Ford—just names of a few editors that wanted to be president.

Ford has put Edward G. Papp in charge of the Dearborn Independent. A good opportunity for Charles Dana Gibson to revive his "Education of Mr. Papp."

Urging thrift stores for valentines is an innocent attempt to supplant the heart with the dollar sign. That will do for the loving ones, but what could replace the comics?

Apologues of the statement that nothing is free but the air, we are gratified that next March will see another verbal of Rayleigh saying: "On the other hand, most of our daylight savings are spent at night."

Indulging in night travel, the last ruling of the Congress.

Talk about American prohibition persecution! Bolshevist penalty for drunkenness is death.

Some speech, that of Senator Johnson's in demanding recall of troops from Siberia. A certain president's nomination—but it's a little early for that just yet. Wait until next week.

Headline: "Man falls face down without a mark." What's the difference? He's dead.

Wife shot in leg for going to movies. Well, that won't stop her—she can use a crutch.

League of Nations to inaugurate peace, military marines to enforce it. That peace?

Argument to North Pole? Well, it'll cost a little quicker that way.

Name Panama canal after Roosevelt? Why not? He chose the route, the builders, the way to annex the Canal Zone.

Nine-year-old child destroys new destroyer with dynamite. Now for posthumous medals and promotions of kid back for that unbecraft.

Restrict immigration? Best suggestion yet. But friend (?) Japan won't like it.

Two German candidates for president, one a prince and former czar flut, the other a banker. How about this "groch shall rule" stuff?

Not a year yet from British government about singular condition in Ireland. Alright to call the Irish?

Abolition Society suggests bird fountain as memorial to Roosevelt. This recalls the bird girl who offered her services to Mr. Lincoln.

Poor Henry Ford! Now Mr. Root accuses him of past infidelity.

Same Henry Ford going to reform Mexico by getting the young men at work in his Detroit plant. More divisions?

Ex-Secretary McAdoo as mayor would cost \$5,000 per year is sufficient proof that he wasn't doing so well in the Cabinet after all.

No restriction of time for filing income tax statements. Filings should still be done long far our person as known.

Here's altruism for you, President Karolyi of Hungary says the first lands he has claimed will be his own returns. This quite un-Wilson.

So Germany is growing arrogant. About time president, that arm sore.

The Ghosts of Chateau-Thierry

By Lionel Josephare

There are good ghosts and evil ghosts—if there be ghosts at all. If there be none, then this little essay is useless, being merely the motive of a song that might be chanted any night on an outworn battle field.

A ghost is a spirit. Without one, how could man have a spiritual side? Well now, the logic of that is true as one meets nowadays.

In olden times, the ghost of a pirate or his victim would haunt a treasure chest, presumably a most interesting occupation. He protected the spot from inquisitive eyes until there came a hero who required the gold for the absorbing purposes of a dime novel.

May we not accept the story for symbolic truth? One need not have the eloquence of John D. Barry or Senator Smoots to enforce upon readers the following, to wit: That the soldiers who died in France have left us a terrific legacy for which we must ever yearn. In common terms, it was peace, which, comparatively speaking, we now enjoy, without going so far as to celebrate it with anything as big as the Portola Festival.

That which now soothes our nerves is the soft and cozy, toast-and-coffee part of peace. With the cry of "Extra" at the night there is no longer any frightful groping for adjectives with which to comment upon another submarine horror. The wild flowers are springing early in northern France, writes Annie Laurie as a news scoop to the Hearst papers; and over there is peace, peace, wonderful peace.

Be that as it may, to vaunt our commercial supremacy and imagine that those dead men are telling no tales of other theme is galvanizing our hearts against the corroding memory of why they went to die. We may now sail for Paris on a vacation or business trip; we may stroll about London at night without being slain from the sky; or make lace in Belgium without fear of invasion.

Barbed wire, bursted uniforms and breast bones, rotting helmets, an ancient and mushroom shell, make a misty-sweet vaudeville setting, quite caporously blue, where every night you can hear, if you tune your attention from anywhere in the world, a soldiers' chorus; and of it the press agent may well say that this is without parallel in history. The magnitude of it is appalling to those who are not yet bored with war news.

Evidently the ghosts of battle are singing to us. Their words hint at marvelous doings that we have left undone. To use an epigram of Hiram Johnson, "any fool can see" that there is something mysterious here. Somewhere in the fields of chance is buried a treasure. Surely a spiritual boon. Come and get it, sing the good ghosts; avault, say the bad.

Let us take the war seriously. Life to us is something beyond matters that can be attacked by a watery torpedo or a bomb from the skies. Many of us will never have the pleasure of a confab with Lloyd George; never cross the Atlantic nor send a cargo through the Dardanelles. With patriotism, though, we applaud fellow-countrymen that are having the fun of it. Perhaps many a wealthy ship owner will use the freedom of the seas upon the same petty basis that another man would conduct a corner grocery. Walter MacArthur has often said that the ship owner deals in still smaller mental packages. Our knowledge is small on this point.

Since we do not know all that will be done in

the name of President Wilson's fourteen points, nor every controversy that will follow the Constitution of the United States, which in turn follows the flag, it behooves us to wot not for a little while and have a few misgivings upon what is the most magnificent thing in the world; that is, upon identifying it.

From the time of Cleopatra to Alkali Ike, man has found that the gilded barges of success have added no whit of happiness to the simple pleadings of his heart and confessed a lack of enthusiasm over the things they once desired most. If Alkali Ike had no gilded barge, no doubt he possessed something that served his dusty ambition as well. That is why a vast spiritual unrest has been remarked now and then, and a spiritual uplift bespoken during the war. There were expectations that the war would make this a better world than we have known for ten or more years; although Confucius did speak of a time when men were better than in his day; and yet again in Ecclesiastes is the injunction to say not that former times were better than these. At any rate, the notion of war improving the spirit of man was in accord with the old Greek idea of tragedy, which was said to purge the soul of emotions and wreak the audience into a nobler mood. Today we are skeptical of uplifts, perhaps because of traits in the uplifters; furthermore, we no longer like the word. A long cast of characters enacted the tragedy that began at Serajevo, and if ever it was true that all the world's a stage, this was the time. Many of the star performers, with millions of retinue, are dead or disgraced, and we should all go back to work feeling much better, almost equal of the Greeks when they had witnessed a play of Sophocles. Yet again we hear that chorus of the dead. There is in their words something not about trade expansion. There is something they have to tell us which is not concerning the technic of commerce. Neither the rich nor the poor are always with us; occasionally they are against us. The shipping trades will strike for higher wages now and then; the strike breakers will break the strikes; and the ship owners will afford better cigars than we can. Democracy will always be safe enough, because a few men will always be able to draft it to fight for the good cause. But the great spiritual gifts that should result from the war are not so continuously maintained.

The war and the sacrifice were too great to be neglected in the ideal. Besides, if we ignore the ideal, we shall fall into the hands of reformers, without power to distinguish between the grand and the insignificant. Mr. Vox Populi does not always say the right thing in his letters to the newspapers. More likely it is the voice of the dead that is the voice of God. Tragic, is it not? Sounds like the big drama with an unhappy ending and a small audience. Not necessarily. If the world contemplate finding any treasure amid all that destruction and death, the gain ought to be something worth the cost. A high price was paid for victory. Peace was expensive indeed and might reasonably be expected to last a lifetime, with a spiritual gift thrown in.

Reform is not spiritual. It is the kind of good will that comes with a spanking. Makes everybody a little red, and mad all over. It is only melodrama. We know the cheap jewels on the sword that slew John Barleycorn, and

recognize the court that is getting ready to try My Lady Nicotine for her life. We have a premonition that to say "clubs are trumps" will soon be a crime. Weary are we of the intruders who roll their moral push carts along the avenues of enlightenment, and who will depart only when we have cast from us the hypocrisy upon which they thrive.

Supreme events have superb fruits. Otherwise, a man could meditate upon a poppy on the slopes of Tamalpais and experience emotions more profound than in a battle for Dead Man's Hill. Peace to California does not mean a pleasant seat beneath her vines and fig trees. In this very same peace are the nations worrying one another over trade embargoes, when not more grievously agitated by labor strikes. Why all this selfishness at this time? Of course, we have no desire to eliminate the selfish principle from man. Yet those who have the ear of the world and control of the news cables might bethink themselves that the spiritual side of man is more important than the woolly side of a sheep. We seem to be dribbling into a debate over wool and cotton when hardly has there been a separation of the sheep from the goats. The Germans had hardly been driven back to Germany when inventive geniuses were demanding the right to sell him a new machine for making sauerkraut, while governments were using their most potent endeavors to decide upon the means of doing it.

Our soldiers return from France, and we do not speak to them of subjects that brought about their expedition to that country. Some newspapers reporters were curious to know if the Civic Center of San Francisco were not more inspiring than similar streets in London and Paris. Interviews were influenced somewhat by the formula of a home-coming from business trips east—"New York is all right, but San Francisco for mine." This was not quite fair to the boys. That sort of provincial news gathering was good enough before the war, but it is not uplifting, if the word may be used again, justifiably in this case upon having read in more than one soldier's letter that he was lifted right off his feet by what he saw in Paris, or words to that effect. When all the boys have returned, we will have to show a little more spirituality over the blessings of other cities. The distinction that San Francisco enjoys above other cities does not consist of outdoing them in everything wherein they shine. San Francisco is different. The panoramas of Europe have been maturing for centuries. San Francisco's stronghold is that of youth. Europe is the beauty of the ivy tower; San Francisco, that of the unweathered and brilliant stone. They are different and can not be compared. The traditions of war, those that are soaked in the soil, are over there; and if the world is to be any better, if the world is to feel any purge of the soul, then may it be said that the tears and the groans and the message of the ghosts were not wrung from the battle in vain.

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO

Brought Forward

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

The workshop in Parkhead was not inspiring. From one week's end to another, all throughout the year, life was the same, almost without an incident. In the long days of the Scotch summer the men walked cheerily to work, carrying their dinner in a little tin. In the dark winter mornings they tramped in the black fog, coughing and spitting, through the black mud of Glasgow streets, each with a woolen comforter, looking like a stocking, around his neck.

Outside the dreary quarter of the town, its rows of dingy, smoke-grimed streets and the mean houses, the one outstanding feature was Parkhead Forge, with its tall chimneys belching smoke into the air all day, and flames by night. Its glowing furnaces, its giant hammers, its little railway trucks in which men ran the block of white-hot iron which poured in streams out of the furnaces, flamed like the mouth of hell.

Inside the workshop, the dusty atmosphere made a stranger cough on entering the door. The bench with the rows of aproned men, all bending at their work, not standing upright, with their bare, hairy chests exposed, after the fashion of the Vulcans at the neighboring forge, gave a half air of domesticity to the close stuffy room.

A semi-sedentary life quickened their intellect; for where men work together they are bound to talk about the topics of the day, especially in Scotland, where every man is a born politician and a controversialist. At meal times, when they ate their "piece" and drank their tea that they had carried with them in tin flasks, each one was certain to draw out a newspaper from the pocket of his coat, and, after studying it from the Births, Deaths, and Marriages, down to the editor's address on the last page, fall a-disputing upon politics. "Man, a gran' speech by Bonar Law aboot Home Rule. They Irish, set them up, what do they make siccan a din aboot? Ca' ye it Home Rule? I juist ca' it Rome Rule. A miserable, priest-ridden crew, the hale rick-ma-tick o' them."

The reader then would pause and, looking round the shop, wait for the answer that he was sure would not be long in coming from amongst such a thravn lot of commentators. Usually one or other of his mates would fold his paper up, or perhaps point with an oil-stained finger to an article, and with the head-break in the voice, characteristic of the Scot about to plunge into an argument, ejaculate: "Bonar Law, ou aye, I kent him when he was leader of the South Side Parliament. He always was a dreary body, sort o' dreich like; no that I'm saying the man is pairfectly illiterate, as some are on his side o' the hoose, there in Westminster. I read his speech—the body is na blate, sort o' quick at figures, but does na take the pains to verify. Verification is the soul of mathematics. Bonar Law, eh! Did ye see home Maister Asquith trippit him handily in his tabulated figures on the jute business under Free Trade, showing that all he had advanced about protective tariffs and the drawback system was fair redecklous . . . as well as several errors in the total sum."

Then others would cut in and words would be bandied to and fro, impugning the good faith and honor of every section of the House of Commons, who, by the showing of their own speeches, were held to be dishonorable rogues

aiming at power and place, without a thought for anything but their own ends.

* This charitable view of men and of affairs did not prevent any of the disputants from firing up if his own party was impugned; for in their heart of hearts the general denunciation was but a covert from which to attack the other side.

In such an ambient the war was sure to be discussed; some held the German Emperor was mad—"a dait-like thing to challenge the whole world, ye see; maist inconsiderate, and shows that the man's intellect is no weel balanced . . . philosophy is whiles sort of unsettlin' . . . the felly's mad, ye ken."

Others saw method in his madness, and alleged that it was envy, "naething but sheer envy that had brought on this tramplin' upon natural rights, but for all that he may be thought to get his own again, with they in-demnities."

Those who had studied economics "were of opinion that his reasoning was wrong, built on false premises, for there can never be a royal road to wealth. Labor, ye see, is the sole creative element of riches." At once a Tory would rejoin, "And brains. Man, what an awful' thing to leave out brains. Think of the marvelous creations of the human genius." The first would answer with, "I saw ye coming, man. I'll no deny that brains have their due place in the economic state; but build me one of your Zeppelines and stick it in the middle of George Square without a crew to manage it, and how far will it fly? I do not say that brains did not devise it; but, after all, labor had to carry out the first design." This was a subject that opened up enormous vistas for debate, and for a time kept them from talking of the war.

Jimmy and Geordie, hammering away in one end of the room, took little part in the debate. Good workmen both of them, and friends, perhaps because of the difference of their temperaments, for Jimmy was the type of red-haired, blue-eyed, tall, lithe Scot, he of the perfervidum ingenium, and Geordie was a thick-set, black-haired dour and silent man.

Both of them read the war news, and Jimmy, when he read, commented loudly, bringing down his fist upon the paper, exclaiming, "Weel done, Gordons!" or that "was a richt gude charge upon the trenches by the Sutherlands." Geordie would answer shortly "Aye, no sae bad," and go on hammering.

One morning after a reverse, Jimmy did not appear, and Geordie sat alone working away as usual, but if possible more dourly and more silently. Towards midday it began to be whispered in the shop that Jimmy had enlisted, and men turned to Geordie to ask if he knew anything about it, and the silent workman, brushing the sweat off his brow with his coat-sleeve, rejoined: "Aye, ou aye, I went wi' him yestercen to the headquarters of the Cameronians; he's koined the kilties richt enough. Ye mind he was a sergeant in South Africa." Then he bent over to his work and did not join in the general conversation that ensued.

Days passed, and weeks, and his fellow workmen, in the way men will, occasionally bantered Geordie, asking him if he was going to enlist, and whether he did not think shame to let his friend go off alone to fight. Geordie was silent under abuse and banter, as he had always been

under the injustices of life, and by degrees withdrew into himself, and when he read his newspaper during the dinner hour made no remark, but folded it and put it quietly into the pocket of his coat.

Weeks passed, weeks of suspense, of flaring headlines in the press, of noise of regiments passing down the streets, of newspoys yelling hypothetic victories, and of the tension of the nerves of men who know their country's destiny is hanging in the scales. Rumors of losses, of defeats, of victories, of checks and of advances, of naval battles, with hints of dreadful slaughter, filled the air. Women in black were seen about, pale and with eyelids swoolen with weeping, and people scanned the reports of killed and wounded with dry throats and hearts constricted as if they had been wrapped in wh'p-cord, only relaxing when after a second look they had assured themselves the name they feared to see was absent from the list.

Long strings of Clydesdale horses, ridden by men in ragged clothes, who sat them uneasily, as if they felt their situation keenly perched up in public view, passed through the streets. The massive caulkers on their shoes struck fire occasionally upon the stones, and the great beasts, taught to rely on man as on a god from the time they gamboled in the fields, went to their doom unconsciously, the only mitigation of their fate. Regiments of young recruits, some in plain clothes and some in hastily made uniforms, marched with as martial an air as three weeks' training gave them, to the stations to entrain. Pale clerks, the elbows of their jackets shining with the

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By a Sub.

They lie on their backs, flung one across the other, like two half-empty corn sacks, deeply layered with the gray-green dust of the explosion, and so pale, so sunken that to the inexperienced eye they might have been dead for days instead of minutes. Their toil-roughened hands, wide-thrown in the fall or gently folded on the breast as though by some comrade's pitying care, seem waxed-white and strangely small; altogether, in fact, these forms, which less than a quarter of an hour ago were laughing, have just the unreal, calculated look of waxworks that have never been alive. Even the dark crimson trickle curving from the nostril of one of them, and already caked dry—the only visible sign of violent death—appears to have been streaked there by the brush of some too clever artist, whose discreet cunning, by its very reticence, utterly fails to convince. Above them, slung from a cross-beam, dust-smothered too, hangs the hollow carcass of the pig which they were scouring when they fell, and at the other end of the barn there still smolder the embers of the fire they had lit for roasting it, now hastily trodden out. It was the simple striking of a match to kindle it against orders that was their death. Merrily the tufts of straw caught and crackled into heavy volutes of blue smoke; there was no chimney, no window that could betray them to the enemy—where was the harm? If they had been going to shell the farm in the hope of accounting for the colonel and his carefully hidden staff, they would have begun long ago. Unfortunately, the troop cooks had failed to notice that a tile was missing from the gable—and a moment later the shell had arrived, one only, as though conscious of its sufficiency, drilling the wall waist-high as neatly as a rifle bullet, and by some uncanny chance, as truly aimed.

"Gave their lives for their country"—killed while drawing a pig! Is there not something voluntary in giving, some implied consent, that ill accords with such mere passive destruction—just the mechanical, motiveless erasure, with neither choice nor glory, of two foolish, natural men?

Why be at pains in days like these to load one's conscience with gratuitously disingenuous altruism? Deny it who may, there is a wickedly Lucretian satisfaction in idly watching beyond the window pane the swift, thronging fall of ragged-edged snowflakes that slant streaming downwards in fleeting, inexhaustible succession and almost tangible silence, instantly rusting into slush as their flat surface kisses the thawing ground. Already, though it is only lunch time, the cast iron bowl of the stove that projects buttress-like into the room is glowing a pure orange, and after thirty-six hours of return to civilization the squadron mess is still piled with the contents of a week's accumulated parcels. On the slippery American cloth that covers the table an incongruous assortment of absurd delicacies, from caviare to crystallized violets, jostles, in true British fashion, sodden potatoes and beef burnt to the texture of india rubber. On the mantle piece, window ledge, wherever one looks, are stacked beautifully planed and finished boxes, clumps of smug little polished tins, which, when emptied of their too-laborate dainties, will surely rumble, if held well-like to the ear, authentic echoes of Piccadilly.

Small blame if these seem for the time being to stand for what is best worth having in this world. In the misspent ingenuity of these foolish trifles there is balm for nerves more jangled than their owners, even here where super-frankness is the rule, would care to admit—healing in complete surrender to the gross refinements of material ease. Ten days of rest assured! Limp trails of cigarette smoke wreath the feast; scoured and renewed, the half-dozen officers dream in lazy contentment. The tedious fatigues are over, the billets cleaned, paths of broken brick and gravel laid across the mire, every horse under cover, and the men as comfortable as care and experience can make them—a degree rudimentary enough, it is true. Ten days of rest. . . .

"Have some Grand Marnier?" Golden-brown as a trout stream over shinble, the southern-scented essence slides into the coarse glasses. The clink of bottle on rim chimes with the rattled spurs of a headquarter orderly, purple-cheeked and stippled with melting white, who hands the squadron leader a folded paper. No sound save a crisp flutter as the officer spreads the flimsy sheet. No change in his expression save a straightening of the mouth-line as his lips set together like stretched elastic.

"Saddle up—turn out at once! We're for the trenches. . . . Sergeant-Major!"

* * * * *

They have been digging almost till the late, dreary dawn, for entrenching tools were not available till after midnight—the subaltern and nine men, a sparse handful of stark humanity flung down at random, you would say, a couple of hundred yards in advance of their squadron, in the middle of stiff ploughland, already methodically diapered yesterday by the enemy, every fifteen yards, with shell holes, great and small, like the spots on an old-fashioned veil. Digging with grim, grudging concentration to the soft whirr of stray bullets flitting bat-like this way and that, savagely scraping, fighting the flinty soil till by the queer chemistry of labor fatigue has nearly passed out of their aching bones, now feelingless; pausing only for muttered, murderous bickerings over an interchange of pick and shovel, or to gulp icy draughts of doubtful water drawn from the shell of a demolished cottage near by—for there is no time to waste in noticing the glare and shouting away on the right, where a hill-throned townlet has twice been taken and retaken since dusk. Openly mutinous at times, in their insolently confident ignorance of high explosives, punctiliously anxious to know whether they are to be kept working all night after having been marched about all day. There is no sergeant at hand to support the young officer's authority, for he, too, equally isolated on a flank, has been burrowing with the remainder of the troop a couple of fields away. Nothing but outright bullying of the rougher element has saved the situation, the subaltern inwardly marveling with the curious aloofness of crisis at the unguessed harshness of his own voice.

Now, in the creeping winter daylight, save for the troop leader, too tightly keyed with weariness, only the half-dozing sentries are awake. Réveille: the first shell flops with a thud half-way across the field behind them. In a moment the hurricane follows, its margin leaping capriciously, shuttlecock fashion, from side to side of the double half-moon slot in the ground, but

drawing always closer. Impossible to raise a head, to do anything save crouch and pitilessly flatten body on cramped body. "A tellt ye thon God-damned parapet wis too high—it's dthrawn their bloody fire." "Ay, they've got the range, lad." "Not 'arf." There is little enough to cheer in the whispered repartee of these men gripped in powerless immobility, muffled for no reason save a reverential hush of unsolaced dread—the sheer, unreasoning horror of annihilation, an imperious, elemental quailing wholly distinct from fear of death. The walls of their narrow grave quiver ominously, acrid blasts scorch the men's eyes and nostrils, while tiny runnels of dry earth trickle down in tremulous cascades and settle in their necks. There is an added dreadfulness in the utter isolation of this little earthly hell; the subaltern knows that it is only a temporary position, that the regiment is due to retire at any moment, but no order can reach him across the sundering zone, which, if he knew it, a messenger sent to recall him has already refused to risk. How long is he to hang on? What is he to do? Pray for the grace of willing sacrifice for himself and his men, who can not move without him? As the certainty of death becomes more indelibly sure, resolving itself merely into the alternative of being blown skywards or buried under a trampled mole hill, prayer for an ungrudging spirit seems the sole anchorage of reason. No time now for a drowning man's vision of hygone scenes or the telepathy of love; the hour demands, admits, nothing save a relentless tension of every faculty towards a generous will, and mercifully commands at least the effort, if not the whole result. Thump, and gasp of stifled pain—the rifle of the double-bent sentry has been shattered at the breech in his hands. A crack that dents the numbed brains underneath—the stout door on which the three-foot pile of overhead cover rests has been split from end to end. Next time—yes, next time will be the last.

"Oh, sir, I'm wounded!" The trooper, who had raised his head for an instant, falls back

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Enjoying the Game; or the Man Who Does Not Retire

By Edwin N. Ferdon

He has been a pretty successful business man. He has made some money—put aside enough to live on at ease the rest of his life. A friend of mine showed me a letter from him the other day, and in it appeared the following paragraph: "It may surprise you to know that I am going to give up business—let some one else take my place. I am fifty years old; I think I have worked long enough to deserve a rest. I have bought a little piece of land out in California. I shall move out there, build a bungalow, play golf and enjoy life."

"Do you know," said my friend, who is also a successful business man in every sense of the word, "that paragraph somehow seems to tell the story of a misspent life. By that I don't mean anything disparaging to the man's mode of living. He's a fine gentleman. But somehow I can't imagine any real virile man, who has the right outlook on life, wanting for a minute to give up active life to spend the rest of his days playing golf. I don't mean that a man should tie himself down to business and never get out into the open to enjoy life. But why give up active life entirely?"

"Personally," he continued, "I like golf and motoring and hunting, and such like outdoor recreations. And I indulge myself in them, too.

If I want to take a few days off from my business to shoot ducks, I do so. But then I come back to my business and mingle in the active life around me. I enjoy life, but I don't separate myself entirely from the business of the world. In fact, I can't imagine anything that would depress me more than to leave all real work behind me and settle down to a life of mere lazy physical enjoyment.

"How long would it be, do you suppose, were I to do such a thing, before I should be absolutely out of touch with everything alive and active in life? My business friends would become a thing of the past—big men who give me inspiration and impetus. I would find myself living in yesterday, instead of today; I would eat my heart out, through longing to do something and be some one, instead of doing nothing and being no one, as far as progress is concerned.

"Yesterday I was downtown and passed James J. Hill walking up the street, talking business to two of his lieutenants. How happy would he be with a bungalow and eternal golf or any other amusement? He gets a lot of pleasure out of life. He goes to Labrador on a fishing trip, or to Glacier National

Park for an outing. He plays while he plays. And then back he comes and gets into the midst of things again, where there's life and action and work. And it's the same with all your really successful men, isn't it?

"I say that the man has acquired a wrong perspective on life and living, who, after years of life and work in business and affairs, feels that he should give these things up and devote the remainder of his life to doing nothing. All those years he has entertained a wrong view of business. He has failed to get from it what he should get. He has confused it only with busy-ness. In my estimation that man alone gets the full out of life who enjoys work and enjoys play up to the very last moment, but who never becomes the slave of either.

"The energetic man must have more of an outlet for his spirits than can ever be found in aimless pleasure seeking. He would die a-moping with such an existence. Some of them have tried it, and been forced to get back in harness to keep themselves alive. Temperate use of muscular and mental vitality is the best elixir of life any man can take. And eking out your days in a bungalow, with golf on the side, isn't that sort of a tonic."

The Generous Gambler

(From the French of Charles Baudelaire)

Translated by Arthur Symons

Yesterday, across the crowd of the boulevard, I found myself touched by a mysterious Being I had always desired to know, and whom I recognized immediately, in spite of the fact that I had never seen him. He had, I imagined, in himself, relatively as to me, a similar desire, for he gave me, in passing, so significant a sign in his eyes that I hastened to obey him. I followed him attentively, and soon I descended behind him into a subterranean dwelling, astonishing to me as a vision, where shone a luxury of which none of the actual houses in Paris could give me an approximate example. It seemed to me singular that I had passed so often that prodigious retreat without having discovered the entrance. There reigned an exquisite, an almost stifling atmosphere, which made one forget almost instantaneously all the fastidious horrors of life; there I breathed a sombre sensuality, like that of opium smokers when, set on the shore of an enchanted island, over which shone an eternal afternoon, they felt born in them, to the soothing sounds of melodious cascades, the desire of never again seeing their households, their women, their children, and of never again being tossed on the decks of ships by storms.

There were these strange faces of men and women, gifted with so fatal a beauty that I seemed to have seen them years ago and in countries which I failed to remember, and which inspired in me that curious sympathy and that equally curious sense of fear that I usually discover in unknown aspects. If I wanted to define in some fashion or other the singular expression of their eyes, I would say that never had I seen such magic radiance more energetically

expressing the horror of ennui and of desire—of the immortal desire of feeling themselves alive.

As for mine host and myself, we were already, as we sat down, as perfect friends as if we had always known each other. We drank immeasurably of all sorts of extraordinary wines, and—a thing not less bizarre—it seemed to me, after several hours, that I was no more intoxicated than he was.

However, gambling, this superhuman pleasure, had cut, at at various intervals, our copious libations, and I ought to say that I had gained and lost my soul, as we were playing, with an heroic carelessness and light-heartedness. The soul is so invisible a thing, often useless and sometimes so troublesome, that I did not experience, as to this loss, more than that kind of emotion I might have had had I lost my visiting card in the street.

We spent hours in smoking cigars, whose incomparable savor and perfume give to the soul the nostalgia of unknown delights and sights, and, intoxicated by all these spiced sauces, I dared, in an access of familiarity which did not seem to displease him, to cry, as I lifted a glass filled to the brim with wine: "To your immortal health, Old He-Goat!"

We talked of the universe, of its creation and of its future destruction; of the leading ideas of the century—that is to say, of Progress and Perfectibility—and, in general, of all kinds of human infatuations. On this subject his Highness was inexhaustible in his irrefutable jests, and he expressed himself with a splendor of diction and with a magnificence in drollery such as I have never found in any of the most

famous conversationalists of our age. He explained to me the absurdity of different philosophies that had so far taken possession of men's brains, and deigned even to take me in confidence in regard to certain fundamental principles, which I am not inclined to share with any one.

He complained in no way of the evil reputation under which he lived, indeed, all over the world, and he assured me that he himself was of all living beings the most interested in the destruction of superstition, and he avowed to me that he had been afraid, relatively as to his proper power, once only, and that was on the day when he had heard a preacher, more subtle than the rest of the human herd, cry in his pulpit: "My dear brethren, do not ever forget, when you hear the progress of lights praised, that the loveliest trick of the Devil is to persuade you that they don't exist!"

The memory of this famous orator brought us naturally on subject of the Academies, and my strange host declared to me that he didn't disdain, in many cases, to inspire the pens, the words, and the consciences of pedagogues, and that he almost always assisted in person, in spite of being invisible, at all the scientific meetings.

Encouraged by so much kindness, I asked him if he had any news of God—who has not his hours of impiety?—especially as the old friend of the Devil. He said to me, with a shade of unconcern united with a deeper shade of sadness: "We salute each other when we meet." But, for the rest, he spoke in Hebrew.

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The Spectator

Ole Hanson of Seattle

Some years ago, the late Augustus Heintze was regaling a party of friends in The Lambs, which was his favorite New York club, with stories of his adventures in Montana, connected with his famous fight to dethrone Senator Clark, who had discovered that "this young man is dangerous and we've got to get him." He related that once, when the battle was raging fiercest during the exciting day just preceding the election, he and his associates discovered that they were out of good speakers and had exhausted all of their efforts to supply the shortage. As they sat in their headquarters sending telegrams to orators only to be met with refusal, a covered wagon drove into Butte, containing a wiry, sunburned looking man of determined visage, his wife and two children. The man asked for the whereabouts of the Heintze headquarters, was given the necessary directions, and soon stood in the presence of the handsome and implacable young enemy of Senator Clark. "Mr. Heintze," the man said, "my name's Hanson. I've heard of your fight, it's a just one, it interests me, and I want to talk for it, for a consideration, of course." Heintze regarded the man doubtfully, for he looked not in the least like an orator. But, thinking of the pressing need for speakers, he asked: "Yes, but can you talk?" "You bet your sweet life I can talk. Want me to show you?" "Come into the committee room." The man was taken into the campaign committee room and after a brief introduction walked the floor and began. "He talked like a blue streak," Heintze told us, "and in less than half an hour we had him on the platform under a contract by which he was to receive a thousand dollars for the campaign." His success was prodigious,

and the Clark forces became alarmed. Many efforts were made to shout him down, but, in the words of Heintze, "he could shout louder than they could and nobody feared him." One day he was speaking at the mouth of a rocky canyon whose sides were crowded with the roughest of the Clark adherents. Many efforts were made to disconcert him without success, and then the crowd pressed in upon him. "Look here, me," he said, "I'm out to talk as my conscience tells me I ought to talk, and I'm going to do it. If I've got to fight my way, I'm willing to do that, too. I've heard a lot about fair play among the brave hearts of the West and I call for some of it. Do I get it or not?" He got fair play, from that moment until the campaign was over, received his thousand dollars, remained in Montana a short time and then proceeded with his family over the mountains to the state of Washington. How he succeeded there has already been told in the news of the strike at Seattle, for the sun-browned stranger who got a thousand dollars to speak in the Clark-Heintze campaign was Ole Hanson, Seattle's present fighting mayor, whom the thousands of angry strikers could not terrify any more than did the few hundreds of the Clark roughs of Montana.

Excessive Pay for Labor

What right or justice is there, or has there been at any time, since our country has been in the war for our soldiers to be paid \$30 a month, half of which goes to his family, and for the government to send to his family enough money to make up a monthly income for those at home of about \$45 to \$50 a month, and at the same time pay the laboring man the kind of wage that the government has paid during this war? We know what railroad employees are getting now. We know what carpenters and bricklayers and every kind of laborers got who did work at the cantonments. We know that carpenters very often got as high as \$10 and \$12 a day, and this was paid with the approval of the government. We know what kind of salaries workers in munition plants received and the excuse which has always been given was that it was because of the high cost of living that these big wages were paid. It cost a soldier's family just as much to live as a laborer's family, and why were not these laboring men who were working for the government drafted into the army and put under the same regulation and salary that the soldiers were put under? I believe that this question is one which the government have got to answer, whether they want to or not. It is a question which the better class of the people of the United States will demand to have answered. This socialistic taint which is rendering every act of the government obnoxious has to be explained.

Cut Down Prices

What Congress ought to do, but what we know perfectly well they are not capable of doing, is to disband the Interstate Commerce Commission, repeal the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, grant to all railroads a federal charter so that interstate railroads can operate without the constant interference of petty politicians in every state through which the railroad runs. Furthermore, the railroads should be allowed to make sufficient money for their upkeep, for

the payment of fair wages to their employees, for the payment of dividends at not less than 6 per cent to their stockholders, and also for making those improvements and extensions which the convenience of the public demand. As I stated, there is slight possibility of Congress enacting any such legislation as this. The government ought to remove all artificial restrictions on business. Price fixing should be cut out. And a general proclamation should be issued to the laboring classes informing them that war-time wages are now at an end; that their wages have got to be reduced to a point which will enable business concerns to live and thrive and keep going. Otherwise these concerns will go to the wall. The laborers will be thrown out of employment and it will be a very short time before we have a huge army of unemployed. The class which the government has to deal with now if they want to pull this country out of the hole they have got us in, is the laboring class. The cost of labor must come down. The cost of living will then come down, but so long as labor is receiving the artificial scale of wages which it is receiving now, the cost of everything in the United States will stay up to where it is now, and may possibly go higher. We want this country to get down to the old sound economical basis of supply and demand. We do not want any artificial stimulus in any line of trade. Price fixing by the government in peace times is absurd. Just take our farmers for example and see what they have enjoyed during this war period. The government fixed the price of wheat, and some other cereals at more than double the normal price for wheat. When it came to the matter of taxation, the farmer was treated with great consideration. So the farmer

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class is one class which has benefitted largely by the war and comes second to the laboring class, which practically pays no taxes.

Julius Kahn and the Bolsheviki

Congressman Julius Kahn, veteran chairman of the United States Military Committee, writes us from Washington: "I have read the Veritas articles in Town Talk upon the anarchist activities with great interest. The Bolsheviki of America are going to be a very dangerous element to deal with. We Americans are always so afraid that the right of free speech might be invaded that we are apt to go to the other extreme and tolerate expressions that are doubtlessly treasonable rather than martyrize the person who utters the treasonable sentences."

The Manufacture of Souls

Dr. Dwight Hillis' admirable paper on "The Repopulation of the World" published in McClure's for February, calls for the manufacture of souls rather than the commodities of commerce, and furnishes some astounding facts, which encourage further investigation in support of his truly novel theory. We, too, like him, are impelled to give serious thought to the all important question of how the world is to replace the dead millions of the war that still seems to be on, for the fatalities are still counted by the hundreds with each succeeding day. It is not difficult to collect the figures necessary to support the paramount need for the manufacture of souls, and they are indeed appalling. England and her colonies have charged against them on the death roll of Fate 1,000,000 dead, and must support no less than 1,500,000 helpless cripples; the roll of France numbers 1,500,000 dead, 2,000,000 cripples and 1,000,000 consumptive, stricken in the trenches; Austria's casualties number 4,000,000 all told, and Russia's 2,000,000 dead, 2,000,000 wounded and 3,000,000 deaths from disease. The souls of all good men are staggered by these appalling facts, and the question naturally arises, how are these more than 20,000,000 fathers to be replaced, and how many generations must pass before it can be accomplished? Russia and Germany have placed all laws of religion, virtue and common sense and decency in a state of utter defiance, for they are the greatest rivals in territory and population and must engage in an interminable war to increase their populations no matter how terrible the cost. Even before the war Germany's social structure was tainted to the core with moral perversion, licentiousness and wanton illegitimacy. In Bavaria alone the census showed that more than 50 per cent of the births were illegitimate, and nearly the same ratio existed in other provinces. How the women of Belgium and France were treated by invading Huns is proven by an array of facts which even the Germans themselves dare not dispute, for they openly by edict encouraged rapine and bound themselves to maintain properly its miserably progeny. To meet the rapidly growing death rate among her soldiers, Germany passed laws legitimatizing these children and all others of illegitimate birth, or, in other words, boldly placed a premium on polygamy and the monstrous doctrine of free love. She now calls upon her widowed daughters, in the name of their love for the fatherland, to marry crippled soldiers, bear them children, and in addition to the cares of maternity, saddle themselves with the added burden of supporting them by their labor. Russia has gone even further, for an edict has gone forth compelling her maidens to marry whatever men may fancy them, and they may

secure a government order to that effect for the asking. None of these facts have been laid before the Congress of Peace, perhaps for the reason that other nations, or all of them, may finally take similar measures to replace the mighty list of honored dead.

Medieval Transcription by San Franciscan

An issue of "English Studien" (Germany, 1918) contains an article on "The Gray's Inn Fragment of Sir Ysumbras," by Charlotte D'Evelyn, Ph.D. This article was submitted to the magazine early in 1915, all traces of its fate being lost until it appeared as above stated. This interesting fragment of the famous romance of Sir Ysumbras is transcribed from rotographs of the original, a single vellum sheet bound in as a fly-leaf at the end of manuscript No. 20 of Gray's Inn, London. Schleich had already collated the text, but the readings of his copy and those of the rotographs bring out the fact that the rotographic process has made visible several words and parts of lines evidently not legible to the eye in the original. As far as the formation of the letters is concerned, the writing of the manuscript is quite clear, but the ink has become very faint and the vellum, furthermore, is blurred over in some manner, especially in the lower half of the leaf. The text is quaintly arranged, being written in two columns, the long lines which rime in pairs being placed in column "A," the corresponding short lines standing opposite in column "B." This fragment has for students of literature a further interest from the fact that it is probably the oldest extant manuscript of the romance. The character of the handwriting places it not in the fifteenth century, as it is dated in the catalogue of Gray's Inn, but as early as the middle of the fourteenth century. Evidence for this date is found in the use of the tau-shaped "T," in which the stem does not extend above the cross-stroke—a form of letter used almost exclusively in the manuscript. In only four instances (in each case in the ligature "st"), is

a "t" found with the stem continuing above the cross-stroke. The tau-shaped "t" is rarely found after 1350, and consequently its presence in the Ysumbras fragment places that manuscript earlier than Cains College 175, which is generally accepted as the earliest manuscript, and dated in the second half of the fourteenth century. The writer concluded: "Though Gray's Inn Fragment is probably an older manuscript than Cains College 175, it can hardly be regarded as presenting a version of the romance nearer to the original, for the reason that in several places its stanzas are imperfect through the omission of lines, which are preserved in the later manuscript." The writer is Charlotte D'Evelyn, daughter of Dr. F. W. D'Evelyn of this city. Miss D'Evelyn is now a student at Holyoke. She is a sister of the brilliant Mrs. Carleton W. Allen and of Lieutenant Wright E. D'Evelyn of the 221th Engineers, U. S. A.

A Great Ad for Modesty

Did you ever notice that an unduly long discussion of sex is always begun by some one protesting against its fitness as a theme? The recent debate of letter writers in the Bulletin proved that the most indecent thoughts are entertained by those who profess to dissuade others from telling or doing something indecent. What was said about woman's hose made good reading for the rakes. The question was propounded by Mrs. Ella Sterling Mighels, who declared herself "jealous for our city to maintain its fair name"—a consummation that seems impossible in the imbroglio that female glitter is making, to distract the male mind from duty. Mrs. Mighels, in her closing argument, informed us that the crinoline skirt was contrived for Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugenie to conceal the evidences of maternity; quoted Mohamet to the extent that "woman is a temptation to man; therefore let her be covered"; and described as a modern example of wickedness a Mrs. Potipharish dame "in the abandon of her revelation." Mrs. Mighels may be un-

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aware that psychologically the negative or resisting side of the sex question is more seductive than calm simplicity, even with a calm, simple knee showing. Clever women do not begin a conversation with the weather nor end it with a slap. It is quite possible to marry without a single mention of the word "sex." Yet weather and sex are important affairs of mankind. It is the calling of attention to them that deserves reprimand. For centuries the law of election booths drew a distinction over which no woman could step. Woman could not vote until she took the gender out of politics. It remains in grammar, though, and for that reason alone will ever and anon pop up in the most polite conversation. Having made herself a voter without changing the face of the universe, presumably she knew the proper clothes to wear withal; and if honest-to-goodness men were to flee from the temptation thereof, as Mrs. Mighels says they have fled on many occasions (not one of which I have ever witnessed), why, let them flee and write to the newspapers about it. But theirs is not the stuff of which heroes are made. Plato wrote that the Grecian games led the thoughts of youths and maidens to marriage. We can not say that it is the duty of maidens to prevent such heavenly thoughts. In general, the sturdy oak will not take to flight when the clinging vine comes shedding a few leaves of raiment in the interests of fashion or matrimony. Romance begins in devious ways. Wedded bliss may result from the most trivial, frivolous act, the turn of a little finger or the tremor of an eyelash. The sturdy oak (remembering that sturdy oaks from acorns grow) might honestly catch the idea of marriage from whatever you please or what not, according to the lady a right to address herself as she will to his fancy.

The Sinn Fein Situation

We still read that the Sinn Feiners are determined upon self-determination—whatever that may mean—but up to the present writing they

seem to be still "determining" with no solution of their abstruse and knotty problem yet in sight. England's attitude with reference to the situation in Ireland continues to be puzzling. Patriot De Valera, who would be President if there were an Irish republic, just escaped from jail, while the McGraths, the Shanahans and the Roisites—all equally dangerous in their determination to melt the British crown—are still at large and apparently ready to strike anywhere, or at anything that will aid their cause. This apparent governmental apathy is either another example of British cocksureness, or England has, in her absorption of more important matters, concluded that the whole Sinn Fein business is a superficial sore that is going to heal itself. Then, too, she may have found temporary consolation in the fact that some one or other has likened the present history-making epoch of Ireland to the history of Hungary during a similar upheaval in the last century. Arnold Winkelreid "made way for liberty and died," Kossuth was only more successful in that he escaped, and then the Hungarians convened and began to talk business rather than absolute liberty and independence. Of course, Austrian propaganda flourished in their midst and finally had its intended effect. Hungary acknowledged a dual monarchy with one monarch, was self-governed to the extent that she had her own constitutional deliberative body, and hence Austro-Hungary. British cocksureness assumes, according to the London press, that when Sinn Fein gathers its Parliament in Dublin, there will be little said about an independent republic, but there will be a tacit understanding that George V is still King of Ireland. At all events, this is the policy apparently set forth by Arthur Griffith, the right-hand man of De Valera, but some of the London papers declare that it is "only a farce to try the gullibility of the English"; and seem to see in it a clever ruse, by which the Sinn Feiners may escape trial for sedition if not actual treason. Another reason for the present inactivity on both sides of the question is attributed to the industrious efforts of Sinn Fein emissaries to secure the ear of President Wilson. We hear of such a delegation following him from Euston Road to Buckingham Palace with that object in view, but a skillful police kept it at a distance. The Yorkshire Post declared that had the President been so intercepted, he would surely have recognized an independent Irish republic. This is another example of English twaddle. Mr. Wilson would have done nothing of the kind, but it goes without saying, that when Ireland shows herself reasonably capable of maintaining a republic, he will gladly give it ample recognition, and he would be right. On the other hand, he doubtless would be better satisfied to recognize a constitutional self-government under the British crown, which is quite likely to be the outcome of the present mess. In the meantime, England had better be less indifferent with reference to De Valera, for he is not going to be either an Arnold Winkelreid or a Kossuth.

One Missing

Post—There's a mistake somewhere.
Parker—How so?
Post—Only 364 charities have asked me for one day's income.—Town Topics.

Beauty Adorned

First Soldier (looking at pictures of himself)—Which do you think is the best, Mike?
Second Soldier—Well, personally, I think the one of you in the gas mask.—Bridgeport Life.

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A Tribute to Golden Gate Park

By Mrs. Mary Colmar

How delightful it is to wander through the park!
 Our park, that links with God's great masterpiece
 The wide Pacific Sea; where turbulent sand,
 Caught by a simple little plant, like magic
 Turns to a landscape, beautifully entrancing,
 Carpeted throughout the year in springtime green.
 With burnished walks, and lanes, and boulevards,
 Bordered with palms, pines, oaks, and stately eucalyptus
 With gray-green ribbons swaying in the breeze;
 And gardens billowing with flowers of every hue,
 White and purple iris, where the morning sun
 Wakes from their slumbers sweet our golden poppies.
 Nestling beside the lodge of rustic Romanesque,
 Mantled in royal robes by fragrant climbers,
 And banked with sweet alyssum, our winter's snow,
 Is seen the orange tree, with its luxuriant bud,
 Blossom, green and yellow fruit gracing the tree together.
 Enveloped in oriental charm, arch-bridged and clambered o'er
 With gay wisteria, lies the tea garden aglow
 With apple blooms and fluttering butterflies.
 Azaleas, with American beauties, exotics running wild,
 All breathe sweet perfume to San Francisco's bracing air.
 And now, from music's shrine we move in atmosphere of song
 To the echo of our nation's hymn, "The Star-Spangled Banner,"
 Bird-fluting trills, and joyous, youthful laughter,
 The singing and whistling of many happy children
 Dancing around the may-pole and their living Christmas tree;
 Riding on donkeys and merry-go-rounds the whole day long.
 Though aged and gray and bowed beneath life's sorrows,
 Still we are thrilled with pride and appreciation
 Of statues and other noble gifts bestowed by generous friends,

To make humanity one family in this,
 Fair California's broad field of merriment.
 So calm, so alluring, is the melody of rhythmic waters,
 Rolling down the high cascades, while we ascend
 The serpentine path through the mellow twilight,
 Sheltered from noonday sun by verdant canopy
 Of laurel dense and tender swaying ferns.
 From the summit of Strawberry Hill we see ships on the ocean,
 Seals on rugged rocks, and afar, mountains and tree-covered islands;
 Alcatraz, and winged fleets, hovering and darting between
 Opalescent clouds of fog and the azure beauty of the bay.
 There below, a panorama of midwinter and June,
 Move men at their ball games and women at tennis.
 Thoroughbreds are seen in the stadium, and lambs in the meadow,
 Encircled with lines of limousines and vehicles of every kind.
 And near the aviary, close to the aerie of eagles,
 The proud peacock promenades the emerald lawn as his own;
 Water lilies, goldfish, and swan swim the lagoon together,
 Our grizzly dwells in his cave at the zoo; white elk, deer and buffalo.
 Roaming their canyons and paddocks wide, live under the bloom
 Of acacia, locust, and bending cypress, linked by a chain
 Of rowing lakes, o'erlooking the mighty ocean,
 Ruffled and bejeweled in fluffy white waves,
 Crowned by the King of Glory in rainbow radiance,
 Shimmering, shimmering, shimmering the whole way down.
 Oh! 'tis ecstasy to be here, at peace with God,
 Where all is tranquil, when the day is done;
 To behold, above the sky line, the rising silvery moon
 In Heaven's diamond-studded dome, that appears
 To follow the blazing sun's course through the Golden Gate
 The whole way 'round. (Copyrighted)

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Vincent Whitney Dinner

Mrs. Vincent Whitney celebrated her birthday at her pretty home on Washington street on February 3 in an unusual way, characteristic of the vivacious, warm-hearted little woman, which won her the hearts of countless friends since the days of her belleship as Pearl Landers. There were three tables—one at which sat her parents and six of their closest contemporaries. Another with Mr. and Mrs. Whitney and thirty of their own set; another where the six descendants of the third and fourth generations of Mrs. Whitney's parents celebrated. After the sumptuous dinner, catered by the cuisine of the Pacific Union Club, the children entertained the grown-ups with dance interpretations and recitations; Mrs. Stella Thomas Deshon delighted all with contralto arias; Mrs. Whitney was charming in vocal soprano numbers, artistically interpreted, and Clay M. Greene contributed a group of his own poems. For a change there was no dancing, but the celebration lasted until three a. m. Among the guests were: Messrs. and Mmes. Edgard Piexotto, Nat Messer, Orlow Black, Clarence Smith, Frank Wakefield, Clay M. Greene, Winthrop Austin, and the hostess' parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Landers; Mmes. William Whittier, R. M. Carroll, Mary Bell, Fred Tallant, Baumeister, Frances Merryman, Frank Deshon and Isabel Austin, aged seven weeks; Messrs. M. H. De Young, E. M. Greenway, George May and Dr. Michelson.

Social Notes

Lieutenant Colonel Poppen Young, second husband of the stunning Lillian Beckett of Oakland, was recently knighted for his distinguished services in the English Army stationed in India. Lieutenant Arnold Marcus, U. S. A., who was killed at Caville, was Lady Young's son by her first marriage. * * Mrs. J. P. Smith has come over from her country home, "Olivia," for a visit of a few weeks and is at the Fair-month. * * Frederick Vincent, who is with the 1st Aircraft Corps in France, is expected soon to arrive in San Francisco, where his mother, well known in musical circles, resides. * * Alan Black, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Black, was host on Saturday evening last at dinner at the residence of his parents on Clay street. Among the coming beaux and belles who made up the jolly affair were: The Misses Edna Taylor, Ruth Whitley, Jane Carrigan, Marie Spreckels, Adrienne Sharp, Messrs. Calvin Tilden, Tom Williams, A. C. Rulfson and Arthur Meija. * * Miss Helen Du Bois left a week ago for a visit to New York. * * Mrs. Bessie Dargie is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Andrew McCarthy, at the latter's home in San Mateo for several weeks during the absence of Mr. McCarthy in New York. * * Miss Mary Ayre (daughter of Grove Ayer) recently arrived in Paris and has been ordered to a post on the Rhine with the Y. W. C. A. * * Mrs. C. O. Whittemore, Miss June Whittemore and Mr. and Mrs. Meserve motored from Los

Angeles recently and stopped at the Palace for a few days where they entertained some of their San Francisco friends. * * Mrs. Jack Adams, who has been the guest of friends in the South and in this city for several weeks, soon leaves for her home in the Canadian Rockies. She was the motif of a tea on Monday at the Palace, the hostess being Mrs. Bob Adams, whose husband is a captain in the English Engineer Corps in Siberia. * * Mrs. J. Hene of China, who is a guest at the Claremont, Berkeley, gave a luncheon there in honor of Mrs. Jack Adams on Thursday. * * Mrs. Ernest Mott gave a tea at her Vallejo-street home, entertaining some prominent Red Cross workers. * * Miss Eileen Waldron will preside at a tea at her Jackson-street home on February 21. * * At her home, Stanford Court, Miss Geraldine Grace, young daughter of

Fairmont Morning Talks

FRIDAYS, 11 A. M.

by

ALINE BARRETT GREENWOOD

on Current

Drama, Art and Music

Feb. 14
DRAMA

Feb. 21
ART

Feb. 28
MUSIC

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grace, will entertain her friends at a tea on February 14. Miss Alyss Allan of Stanford Court will give a dance for some of the younger members of society on Saturday evening, March 1. * * Miss Frances Lent has sent out cards for a tea at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent, for February 22. * * Miss Ruth Lent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent, is attending school at Westlake Academy, Los Angeles. * * Miss Helen Deemer will be the hostess at a dancing party on March 1 at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Deemer. * * Miss Virginia Chadbourne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Chadbourne, will entertain her young friends at a tea on February 28 at her home. * * Mrs. Bronti M. Atkins of this city has gone to Tonopah, Nevada, where she is the guest of her sister, Mrs. John G. Kirchen, whose husband is manager of the Schwab interests in Nevada. * * Major and Mrs. Shields entertained at a jolly supper at their quarters last week after the Presidio dance. * * Mr. and Mrs. Frank V. MacPeak of Los Angeles are in town to attend some of the San Carlo opera performances. Mrs. MacPeak is a lover of grand opera and, as she expects to be in Coronado when the opera company sings in Los Angeles, they motored up to enjoy the San Francisco season. They are at the St. Francis. * * Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mitchell gave a dance for their daughter, Miss Bernice, at their home, 3857 Clay street, Thursday evening to which about eighty guests were invited.

Debut of Miss Payne

The entrée of little Miss Payne, daughter of the W. M. Paynes, took place at the St. Francis Hospital last week. The wedding of her parents was a pretty event of a year ago at the charming Boyd home in San Carlos. Mrs. Payne was Aileen Boyd. One of her aunts is Mrs. John McEnerney. Mr. Payne is a son of the Alvin Paynes. The young couple recently purchased the bijou Sparboro residence at Walnut and Jackson, which will be their future home.

Art Aids Industrial Activities

In the face of the unrest and economic disorganization on the Eastern continent the prophetic vision of the sound American business man sees the establishment, before long, between these various conflicting nations, of orderly, flowing industrial activities. Many such men and women are pioneers in the fields as

the bookings of the outgoing steamers to the Orient show. Mrs. Joseph Epstein, designer and manufacturer of women's gowns and costumes, is one of the forerunners of this movement, and expresses great confidence in the future of the Far East. In connection with her work, she is taking with her a collection of pictures by some of our best American painters to be exhibited in a number of cities included in her itinerary. In looking over the field in San Francisco, her attention was attracted to the work of A. W. Best. And the result has been the largest private purchase in a number of years. To a stranger entering California for the first time, she felt that Best had been particularly fortunate in catching the peculiar feeling and atmosphere of the West, especially in the mountain and desert scenes. They make a direct appeal—the appeal a stranger senses upon first entering our state. The glowing sunshine and blue and purple shadows with golden high-lights, the fog mists of our coast, and the varied expanses of our valleys. No doubt this interest in art is the awakening of the new civilization that will be the result of the reconstruction forces that are now operating throughout the world.

Fairmont Morning Talks

Those who had the pleasure of hearing Miss Aline Barrett Greenwood's talk on art in the tea room of the Fairmont Hotel last Thursday will be delighted to know that she is opening a series of three talks on current drama, art and music, Friday mornings, February 14, at 11 o'clock, in the Empire room. Her first talk will be "Drama of the Present Period," showing the aesthetic movement of the age, marked changes influenced by film productions, costuming and stage effects, and plays in preparation in New York and London. After the surfeit of war these talks are timely and valuable to all interested in the development of the arts.

Larry Harris, Auctioneer

Larry Harris will auction the boxes for the Mardi Gras in the garden room of the St. Francis Hotel next Tuesday at noon. After the auction the remaining boxes will be disposed of at \$100 each in rotation. There will be a sale of boxes beginning Wednesday at Sherman & Clay's and also of reserved seats at \$2.50 each in the first five rows of the balcony. Dinner at midnight will be served in the Larkin Hall of the Auditorium at \$2.75 a cover. Reservations of tables may be secured by an additional payment of \$5.

At the Fairmont

Rainbow Lane, that particularly bright spot of the Fairmont Hotel, is attracting large crowds of diners every evening except Sunday, since it was decided to have the Follies make their first appearance at seven o'clock, when the table d'hôte is served. From that hour until one o'clock fun and frivolity reign supreme in the beautiful room, particularly on Friday nights, when a special carnival is given, with unique souvenirs for all the guests. Visitors from New York are immensely attracted by Rainbow Lane and every one from the metropolis says that there is nothing offered in the way of entertainment there that will equal in attractiveness that offered by the Fairmont Follies. Especially is the music commented upon, Rudy Seiger having provided an orchestra that sets the feet tapping and inspires every one to dance. So favorable an impression was made by Mme. Elfrieda Wynne, the lyric soprano, two weeks ago, that she will

sing again this Sunday evening at 8:45 at the Fairmont Lobby Concert, her selections including a wide range of interesting songs. Director Rudy Seiger has also prepared a varied programme of instrumental numbers for his augmented orchestra.

At the Cecil

Colonel and Mrs. L. R. Ball have taken up a permanent residence at the Cecil Hotel. Mrs. W. L. Clapp and Mrs. G. J. Henry, who have been visiting in Memphis, Tennessee, returned this week to their apartments at the hotel. Mrs. Hillhouse, formerly of London, gave a dinner Thursday followed by a delightful theatre party. Mrs. Robert Howard of Oklahoma will make an indefinite stay at the Cecil. A group of friends enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Graham Crothers Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. C. Scott are a charming couple who are making their home at the hotel. Several officers from the Presidio were the honored guests at the dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Highly and Miss Blanche Highly Thursday. Mrs. Rodgers arrived from Spokane Monday and is visiting her mother, Mrs. Arthur Thane. Other recent arrivals include Mrs. R. P. MacAlpine, Mr. H. R. Sanders, Mr. A. R. Thompson, Mr. D. L. Smith, Mr. E. J. Gales. Mr. and Mrs. Moore were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ryan Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, who have been visiting Mr. Jennings, left this week for Los Angeles.

New Dance Favors at Techau Tavern

There is no doubt that the famous jazz orchestra at Techau Tavern would keep the dance floor crowded every evening even if there were no dance favors to further attract the ladies. But the Kewpie dolls, which are presented at the dinner hour and after the theatre, have proved irresistible in their appeal. They are so chic in their gowns of silk and fur, so fetching with their elaborate coiffures of real hair, that every lady who receives one is delighted. They are, in fact, the most attractive dance favors ever offered at the Tavern. For the gentlemen, Melachrino cigarettes are distributed as favors.

George Bernard Shaw writes that Hearst is the only editor who knows that the war is over. How did Mr. H. get this exclusive news?

Ominous name, Spartacans. They are gradually nearing the fate of the vanity inspired gladiator from whom they took their name.

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FAIRMONT FOLLIES

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Nat Goodwin as Ashton Stevens Knew Him

"There is one thing you can say about me when I die," Nat Goodwin told me one night last season in his dressing room at Cohan's Grand, when he and Arnold Daly were playing "Why Marry?"—"you can say I married 'em. I may forget an author's lines now and then, but I never forgot my marriage lines."

He died in New York, at the Claridge, aged 61, this famous husband and very fine American comedian, and all over the land folks are spinning tales of Nat and his wives and his jokes.

He came pretty close to joking and marrying himself off the stage, in the popular imagination. Indeed, but for a good part in that rather bad play, "Why Marry?" he might have been newspapered as "N. C. Goodwin, formerly an actor and successively the husband of," etc.

I remember one night rushing to the office with an "exclusive interview" with Nat wherein he avowed that he had gone into mining and left the stage forever. The editor discovered me breathless in the elevator and wanted to know what it was all about.

"Nat Goodwin has quit acting!"

"Yes; I should say about ten years ago," smiled my chief.

* * *

And in truth he had quit the larger acting for a number of years. Bad plays, careless living, and especially the wrong kind of parts, conspired against his success. He did not soon enough capitalize his maturity. He thought he could be the Gilded Fool forever. Maybe the young wives helped him to think this.

But when he found a part that fitted the old Nat, as he did in the Judge in "Why Marry?" he was again one of the big ones—I'll say one of the great. He "came back" before he died.

And nobody who loves the American theatre will want to say that Goodwin was not a great actor twenty-odd years back, when he was a young forty and playing the red-headed sheriff in Thomas' "In Mizzoura."

At that time he impressed me as being a much better actor than Richard Mansfield—less versatile, of course, less spectacular, but much more human, much more magnetic, more honest and artistic. He was a genius for the little

realisms that made his acting lifelike in a day that was just breaking away from the theatric, the posed, the stuffed.

"I saw him play Bob Acres in the wig left to him by Joseph Jefferson, and it was, I believed, a fuller and richer performance than Jefferson's. It was less calculated, less smooth; but had more twinkle."

* * *

His Shylock, of which he was very proud, reckoning it second only to his Sheriff Radburn, I never saw. But I remember Wilton Lackaye one time talking for publication about a certain unnamed American comedian who had committed professional suicide by attempting to act Shylock, and drawing from Goodwin, when he had read the interview, a telegram of protest: "By what right do you make yourself my critic and castigator?"

"My dear Nat," Lackaye wired back, "surely you do not think that you are the only American comedian who can not play Shylock."

Goodwin's revenge came a year later at the Lambs', he told me. It was at a great feast and Lackaye made a great speech. In the hush which followed its delivery, presaging a storm of applause, Goodwin pounded the table and cried, "Author! Author!" and the applause was turned to laughter.

He had a lively wit and doted on the prize ring—which may be summed in a message he sent to Richard Harding Davis after the out-of-town tryout of a vaudeville sketch by the novelist and newspaper man which barely got itself booked.

"The gong saved it," Nat wired.

* * *

One night he sat in a box at a London music hall with Henry Irving, and an American mimic on the stage said: "I will now give an imitation of Mr. Nat Goodwin."

"How's that, Nat?" the mimic asked when it was over.

"One of us is rotten," said Goodwin, and was cheered.

He was, perhaps after Mark Twain, the best story teller of his time, acting his yarns, giving them all sorts of detail and color, indulging in those flashing feats of mimicry of which he was a master. Hardly a club in the country

but heard Nat's stories retold the night of his death.

* * *

The shortest of these for a place here is the one of the London cabby.

It was a wet night and Goodwin was late for a dinner party. The four-wheeler seemed to crawl. Leaning out of the window, Goodwin shouted:—

"My good man, send your horse along! I'm in great haste."

"'E's doin' his level, guv'nor," the cabby replied. "Hi ceyn't shove 'im. 'E's 'uman as we, and besides 'e's been out half night."

The rain beat in at the open window, and the four-wheeler still crawled, and again Goodwin stuck his head out and pleaded with the driver: "For heaven's sake, send that horse along! He's simply crawling."

"'E's strivin' 'ard, guv'nor. 'E's no sprinter at 'is best. But Hi'll get you to the Carleton, never fear, sir."

By this time Goodwin, soaked through, was frantic. He opened the door and stood on the step and cried: "Yo fool, I'm not going to a funeral."

"Nor me to no bloomin' fire, sir," the aged cabby grinned. —

* * *

Nat wrote a book a few years ago in which he said of his marriages, "My whole desire was by repetition to prove that hope can conquer experience."

This is how, as an author, he recorded his wives:

"My first (Eliza Weathersby) was an angel;

"My second (Nella Baker Pease) a silly woman;

"My third (Maxine Elliott) a Roman senator;

"My fourth (Edna Goodrich) a pretty little thing;

"My fifth (Marjorie Moreland) all woman!"

But that is not the wittiest paragraph in "Nat Goodwin's Book." This is:

"All the tragedians whom I have ever known were never more tragic than when they tried to be comic."

Nat Goodwin died as he had lived—with a beautiful woman by his side.

—Chicago Herald-Examiner.

The Stage

Grand Opera

The pendulum has swung around, bringing grand opera to town again, and it is about time; for San Francisco opera devotees thought the clock's pace needed acceleration. That, for one reason, makes it the psychological moment to strike for a financial success. Several times in the past few years our city has allowed golden opera moments to go by unheeded, causing a dolorous chime in the box office. And the artists whom some critics lauded but the public neglected went quickly on their way to the Metropolitan and cherishing, no doubt, not an exalted opinion of the San Francisco taste in music. But the public, judging by its patronage, seems to be in more generous mood toward the San Carlo aggregation than it was to other companies of more ambitious calibre. So far San Carlo is commendable chiefly for its ensemble; but individual surprises may be in store for us. The "Aida" performance Mon-

day night brought joy to the hearts of nine-tenths of the audience, for that proportion of it was Italian, who love their "Aida" as they do the word Italy, and they revel in its soaring melodies and grandeur of structure. At the Curran, it was modestly presented in the stereotyped style with which even wealthy managers who give it sumptuous mounting are content. Some day a producing wizard will perceive its dramatic possibilities and amaze with its throbbing human interest; just as David Belasco dragged Caruso and other stars away from their traditional stage business and made them act in "The Girl of the Golden West" and "Butterfly." For instance, what joy to behold an Amneris such as Mary Garden would make her—a living being exulting in her own beauty and aflame with anticipation of the return of her hero lover! Then indeed the greatest of the Verdi works will come into its own. Elizabeth Amsden was the San Carlo Aida and sang

well. She looked and acted the generally accepted operatized version of the gentle Ethiopian. Amneris, Stelli De Mette, was an unimpressive and rather heavy Amneris. Manuel Salazar sang with a throaty tenor with a decided tremolo, but he was loudly applauded, for the average Italian listener passes lightly over such faults of vocalization if the artist but sings the beloved music in the right key and tempo. His most effective impression was made in the famous duet, "Pur ti riveggo, mia dolce Aida."

—H. M. B.

Giuseppe Angostini

"La Boheme" was an excellent performance in which, to the joy of the house, our old friend Agostini was the bright particular star. I could not recall the date of his last appearance among us when he appeared with Lombardi's Pacific Coast Opera Company at the Curran and

electrified his most ardent admirers; so I asked Signor Patrizi, who brought out that fine company, and he said: "In the fall of 1912." Let me repeat then what I said of Agostini then and add that the six years which have lapsed since he last charmed San Francisco music lovers have but added lustre to his voice, polish to his art: "We never weary of reminding ourselves that we discovered Tetrizini and others too numerous to mention. But what about Agostini? San Francisco had the opportunity to discover him. It is one of the traditions of the city that here for the first time in America was "La Boheme" sung. Agostini was of the cast. Did the critics enthuse over him? It is not of record that they did. When he came back with a provincial company some years ago they remembered that he was the Rudolfo of other days, but apparently they regarded him as a has-been. Since then he has appeared at Covent Garden and in other places where song comes high, and though he has never been celebrated for his art it is certainly of the very highest quality. Now one of the tests of the art of song is the endurance of a voice. For a voice can not last if its possessor is not dextrous in the art of tone production. So skilled is Agostini that, frail lyric tenor though he is, his voice after many years retains all the freshness of youth. But Agostini, one of the world's greatest exponents of bel canto, has never soared to great heights in his profession. Perhaps it would have been otherwise had he been a little less modest, a little more given to the art of self-laudation. Perhaps his manner and appearance have counted against him, for Agostini has never been a matinee idol."

—H. M. B.

Variety at the Orpheum

There is real variety at the Orpheum this week, the only streak of sameness being the yodel "perpetrated" in three different acts. Why will so many vaudeville people with really good voices persist in "yodling" upon the slightest provocation? The Standard dictionary says: "It is not love of music nor sentimental attachment to the shepherdesses that sends every little goat bell a-tinkling and every sweet-toned cow bell a-ringing when the yodel is heard." What is it then? Sometime I shall ask a vaudeville yodler. A real negro jubilee quartet is a welcome novelty. The voices are excellent, of the genuine, inimitable darky timbre, and the singers sing with such intense enjoyment and abandon as to make one picture what an ideal place to live upon must have been rich plantation "befo' de war," especially on moonlight nights with the darkies all bursting into song and just naturally falling into harmony. The basso's voice is of beautiful quality, perfectly placed by nature or art. They are the most magnetic group in black type I have ever seen and are worth several Orpheum visits to hear and see. "White Coupons," a very attractive morality playlet, makes an excellent impression. It is pretty to look at and sets one thinking about subjects well to ponder over in this busy, competitive world. "Prevarication" is a whirl of excitement caused by a jolly fat man (Bert Baker), who lies by instinct and incessant cultivation and gets himself and his company into an inextricable tangle, leaving the audience laughing themselves "to a finish." Burns and Frabito are funny and entertaining in an Italian duo and one of them (I'll wager it was Burns because he does not look as if his name should be Frabito) returned in the Rac Samuels acts as a capital "feeder." Rac is as popular as ever and has some nice new naughty songs to

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SUNDAY AFT., Feb. 16, at 2:30 Sharp

PROGRAMME:

Cherubini.....Overture, "The Abencerrages"
Lidow.....Tone Poem, "Baba-Yaga"
Debussy.....Prelude, "Afternoon of a Faun"
Rimsky-Korsakow.....Suite, "Scheherazade"
PRICES—Sunday, 50c, 75c, \$1; box and loge seats, \$1.50.

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s daily; at theatre from 10 A. M. on concert days only.

NEXT—FEB. 23—SIXTH "POP" CONCERT.

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Laughter—Pathos—Youthful Romance

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SAN CARLO
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Repertoire:

Sun., "Traviata"; Mon., "Gloconda"; "Tues., "Rigoletto"; Wed. Mat., "Secret of Suzanne" and "Pagliacci"; Wed. Eve., "Butterfly"; Thurs., "Faust"; Fri., "Jewels of the Madonna"; Sat. Mat., "Romeo and Juliet"; Sat. Eve., "Aida."

PRICES—Eves. and Sat. Mat., 50c to \$2; Wed. Mat., 50c to \$1.50.

NEXT—Feb. 24—WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AND MAXINE ELLIOTT in "Lord and Lady Algy."

Orpheum

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Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MATINEE EVERY DAY

THE BEST IN VAUDEVILLE

JOSEPH E. HOWARD and HIS SONG BIRD REVUE with Ethelyn Clark and Company; JOHANNES JOSEFSON'S ORIGINAL ICELANDIC "GLIMA" COMPANY; WALTER FENNER, in the Laughable Farce, "Show Me"; KENNEDY & KOONEY, in "The Widowed Pair"; SANSONE & DELILA, in Something Capital; BERT BAKER & CO. in "Prevarication"; BURNS & FRABITO, "Shoo's"; HEARST WEEKLY; CLAUDIUS & SCARLET, in "Song Memories."

Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

which even prudes couldn't object when she sings them. A very dainty, pretty little girl called Bertha plays wonderful accompaniments for the rollicking Rac. Then there is Harry Jolson, exceedingly funny and melodious, just like his brother Al, and everybody loves him right away, just like Al, and if we hadn't seen Al we would own that "he's great." Santos and Hays return in the under and over weight act, and that is nothing to complain of about weight in the elephant act which also continues this week.

—H. M. B.

Doria Fernanda

This paper will have gone to press before Doria Fernanda makes her debut in "Butterfly," but it is not a hazardous prediction to say that her Suzuki will be one of distinction and sympathy. In the hands of an artist it is a beautiful role. Also, Thursday night's house will doubtless be a fashionable one, for Miss Fernanda as Fernanda Pratt had scores of friends in "the smart set," when as a girl she lived here. Besides singing in concerts she played the harp at exclusive chamber music affairs and taught the vocal art in San Francisco and San Jose.

—H. M. B.

Sixth Sunday Symphony Concert

The sixth Sunday symphony concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra is scheduled for the afternoon of February 16, in the Curran Theatre, when, under the direction of Alfred Hertz, the delightful programme rendered on Friday will be repeated. The programme will open at precisely 2:30 o'clock and prices will be popular. Conductor Hertz announces another enticing programme for the sixth concert of the "pop" series, to be given on Sunday afternoon, February 23, in the Curran. The last "pop" concert saw every available bit of standing room taken, while forty enthusiastic Hertz followers contented themselves with chairs in the orchestra pit of the theatre. Concertgoers are therefore urged to secure their tickets for the forthcoming "pop" well in advance at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s box office, to avoid disappointment.

Alcazar

With the restoration of normal conditions, large and enthusiastic audiences crowd the Alcazar. "Daddy Long Legs" was the first play of the season to turn away people, and "Mother Carey's Chickens" has done the same during the past fortnight. The Alcazar has the confidence of the public built up by years of the best new plays, beautifully staged and artistically acted. Once committed again to the present definite and popular policy it has the cordial support of old friends and new. "The Rose of the Rancho," to have a sumptuous revival next Sunday afternoon, is the best beloved California classic of the American stage. It is an immortal play, this picturesque, poetic, passionate love story of Juanita, girl of the mixed blood, and her American lover. Six years have passed since its last revival. It is new to the younger generation. Their elders want to see it again. Early reservations can not safely be neglected. Frederic Belasco, who knows every intimate detail of the stage business in his brother's play, is lending personal supervision to the big production. The cast of thirty-three speaking parts is one of the most interesting ever assembled, including Belle Bennett and Walter P. Richardson as the central figures of the romance. In early preparation is a recent New York comedy of adventure, "Not With My Money,"

never acted here, by the author of "De Luxe Annie." Whatever the Alcazar does may be accepted with absolute confidence as worth the public's time and money.

At the Curran

That Impresario Fortune Gallo of the San Carlo Grand Opera Company, now appearing at the Curran will consider San Francisco a serious contender for an annual engagement of his organization, is the impression gained when the splendid audiences that have attended the performances this week are considered. The big opera-loving cities of the East have been hearing the San Carloans for the past several seasons, this being the only time the singers have appeared on the Pacific Coast since the days when Nordica and other celebrities were among the principals. Music lovers have heard some beautiful voices at the Curran this week, and Manager Gallo promises further and interesting surprises during the second cycle of operas, beginning Sunday night, February 16. Upon that occasion Queena Mario, the coloratura, the "Mimi" of last Tuesday evening, and "Lucia" of Friday night, will her brilliant role of "Violetta" in "La Traviata." When she sang the part first in New York recently she was presented by Mme. Sembrich, the one-time Metropolitan diva, with the rich costume which she, herself, wore when last she sang the "Violetta" part at the New York opera. Miss Mario will also be heard on next Saturday afternoon as "Juliet" in "Romeo and Juliet," another of her successes. The singing on Wednesday afternoon of Wolf-Ferrari's one-act work, "Secret of Suzanne" (in English), and "Jewels of the Madonna" on Friday evening, are interesting features of the coming week's song feast. Sofia Charlebois, San Francisco girl, will sing "Marguerite" in "Faust" on Thursday night.

Orpheum Next Week

The Orpheum announces for next week a bill of exceptional merit which will include six entirely new acts. Joseph E. Howard, the famous composer, and his Song Bird Revue with Ethelyn Clark and an excellent company will be the headline attraction. It has proved one of the greatest successes of the present vaudeville season, and deservedly so, for it's tuneful, bright, sparkling, splendidly staged and interpreted by a cast of unusual talent. Dane Claudius and Lillian Scarlet, recently features of Ziegfeld's Frolic at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New

York, are again in vaudeville, offering a new version of their old ideas, which they call "Song Memories." They sing to their own banjo accompaniment the songs of long ago and prove that they are as popular today as of yore. Johannes Josefsson's Original Icelandic Company will introduce to vaudeville a complete novelty. Josefsson is the champion of the Iceland method of self-defense known as "Glima," which has been in vogue in that country since the eleventh century. It was a sensation at the Olympic games and has been used successfully in coping with the Apaches in Paris and the Hooligans in London. It is also being experimented with in the handling of gangsters and gunmen of New York. Walter Fenner, new to vaudeville but popular on the legitimate stage, will appear in a laughable farce full of surprises and diverting complications entitled "Show Me." He will be supported by his own company. Clayton Kennedy and Mattie Rooney will introduce their great laughing hit, "The Widowed Pair." Sansone and Delila, a man and woman, present an original gymnastic and cycling performance of a very sensational character. Bert Baker and Company in his great comedy hit, "Prevarication," and Burns and Frabite, the witty and amusing Italian dialect comedians, will be the only holdovers. The Hearst Weekly Motion Pictures will complete the bill.

William Faversham and Maxine Elliott

The coming of William Faversham and Maxine Elliott to the Curran Theatre in "Lord and Lady Algy," beginning Monday, February 24, is of more than ordinary dramatic importance. Unquestionably this is the greatest co-star association since the days of E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe. The present tour has been a succession of triumphs. Limited engagements are being played in the few cities to be visited, as Miss Elliott leaves for her estate in England in May. "Lord and Lady Algy" is one of the most brilliant comedies penned by R. C. Carton.

Friend of Music

If you are a friend of music (and who is not?) and if you buy your season ticket at Sherman, Clay & Co. on or before Wednesday, February 19, at 5 p. m., you may secure for \$3.50, \$2.50 or \$2.00 a season ticket that will admit you to the recital of Max Rosen, the violinistic sensation, at the Columbia Theatre, Sunday, February 23; the recital of Madame Frances Alda, the Metropolitan's great soprano, at the Columbia Theatre, Sunday, March 23, and the recital of Ethel Leginska, the pianistic marvel, at the Columbia, Sunday afternoon, April 20. The regular prices for the three recitals total \$6.50, \$4.50 and \$2.00. The season ticket sale will positively close at the time stated and the season ticket offer withdrawn. Mail orders made payable to Frank W. Healy and that reach Mr. Healy not later than next Wednesday morning will be filled in order received and as near desired location as possible. Emmanuel Balaban, a very talented accompanist, will be at the piano for the Rosen recitals, and here is the Rosen programme for Sunday, February 23, at the Columbia Theatre: Chaconne, Vitali; Concerto in B Minor (Allegro non troppo, Andantino quasi allegretto, Molto moderato e maestoso), Saint-Saens; Summer Idyll, Cecil Burleigh; Slavonic Dance, Dvorak-Kreisler; La Capricieuse, Elgar; Legende, Godowsky; Zapateado (Spanish dance), Sarasate.



MAX ROSEN

The Violinistic Sensation, at the Columbia Theatre, Sunday Afternoon, February 23, Sunday Afternoon, March 2

Headline: "Divorces grow as 'war ends.' Well, when the cat's away, you know."

CHRIST AT CARNIVAL

By Muriel Stuart

The hand of Carnival was at my door,
I listened to its knocking, and sped down:
Faith was forgotten, Duty led no more:
I heard a wanton revelry in the town;
The Carnival ran in my veins like fire!
And some unfrustrable desire
Goaded me on to catch the roses thrown
From breast to breast, and with my own
Fugitive kiss to snatch the fugitive kiss;
I broke all faith for this
One wild and forthless hour,
To dance, to run, to beckon, as a flower
Maddens the bee with half-surrendering,
Then flies back in the air with petals shut.

Fainting with laughter and pursuit
I heard shrill winds leap out and fall again,
Tracking the green bed where the Spring hath lain,
And vanished from, whose feet made audible
Music among the tall trees on the hill.
Above me leaned a nightingale
Burdened and big with song, whose throat let fall
Long notes, so poignant and so musical,
I deemed his young mate, listening,
Heard him less passionately sing
That I a-foot to Carnival!

MOTHER-LOVE

By Theo van Beek

Child of a nightmare born,
Whose wild eyes mirrored deep
The pain of a spirit torn
And a fear that would not sleep—

Child that I longed to take
When night was tense and still
Within these hands to break,
To break and kill—

O child that died in the night
With a sob as tho' to say,
"You were never mine by right;
I will take my burden away"—

Let me hold you now to my breast;
Let me croon to you, little one;
O come, come out of the West
Like a song, like a warmth of the sun!

And I'll love not the God who forsook me
In the hell of a blood-red day,
But the mad, big beast who took me
And left me and rode away.



ETHEL LEGINSKA

The Pianistic Marvel, at the Columbia Theatre, Sunday Afternoon, April 20, Sunday Afternoon, April 27

BROUGHT FORWARD

(Continued from Page 4)

slavery of the desk, strode beside men whose hands were bent and scarred with gripping on the handles of the plough in February gales or wielding sledges at the forge.

All of them were young and resolute, and each was confident that he at least would come back safe to tell the tale. Men stopped and waved their hats, cheering their passage, and girls and women stood with flushed cheeks and straining eyes as they passed on for the first stage that took them towards the front. Boys ran beside them, hatless and barefooted, shouting out words that they had caught up on the drill ground to the men who whistled as they marched a slow and grinding tune that sounded like a hymn.

Traffic was drawn up close to the curbstone, and from the tops of buses and of carts men cheered, bringing a flush of pride to many a pale cheek in the ranks. They passed on; men resumed the business of their lives, few understanding that the half-trained, pale-faced regiment that had vanished through the great station gates had gone to make that business possible and safe.

Then came a time of waiting for the news, of contradictory paragraphs, and then a telegram, the "enemy is giving ground on the left wing"; and instantly a feeling of relief that lightened every heart, as if its owner had been fighting and had stopped to wipe his brow before he started to pursue the flying enemy.

The workmen in the brassfitters' shop came to their work as usual on the day of the good news, and at the dinner hour read out the accounts of the great battle, clustering upon each other's shoulders in their eagerness. At last one turned to scan the list of casualties. Cameron, Campbell, McAlister, Jardine, they read, as they ran down the list, checking the names off with a match. The reader stopped and looked towards the corner where Geordie still sat working silently.

All eyes were turned towards him, for the rest seemed to divine even before they hear the name. "Geordie man, Jimmy's killed," the reader said, and as he spoke Geordie laid down his hammer, and, reaching for his coat, said, "Jimmy's killed, is he? Well, some one's got to account for it."

Then, opening the door, he walked out dourly, as if already he felt the knapsack on his back and the avenging rifle in his hand.

TRENCH LIFE

(Continued from Page 5)

upon the subaltern, with blood gushing thickly from his scalp. It is the turn of physical sickness now. "Sir! Sir!" The end man has swiftly peered over the traverse. "The other section's gone!" Gone? The subaltern forces his way across the humped, breathing bodies and looks into the empty trench. . . . Well, there is no point in staying now. "Retire!"

As he scrambles out in rear of his four remaining men, two sound and two wounded, but all of them gray-checked under their stubble and deep-scored with newly bitten lines of anguish, the deliverance of escaping into the freedom of the reeling, death-shot air is like a taste of paradise itself.

Trotting at the head of the squadron exercise party that clatters through the straggling village, with shouted greetings to loitering comrades on the staff or frowzy girls boldly elbowing

each other in ramshackle cottage windows, the subaltern carelessly wonders why that knot of men from his own regiment is waiting under the drooping, rain-bleached pennant that marks the entrance to brigade headquarters. Then, as the group rattles to attention at the sergeant's sharp command, he remembers that a court martial is to sit that morning, and in a flash his mind's eye sees the prisoner's moon-like face as plainly as though he stood before him. It is more than a year now since the pale-eyed, cunningly vacant slum-brat, heartbreakingly foredoomed by-product of countless social injustices, was posted to his troop from the depot, to be transferred, after a first conviction two months later for desertion, to another squadron. Thankful indeed he was at the time to be rid of so irredeemably unpromising a piece of human material, to whom theft, lying, and curious forms of uncleanness were as natural, as involuntary as breathing. But now he is troubled by an accusing sense of linked destinies, of a shared responsibility for the corner-boy's impending fate. True, he had little enough power to mend him, and none to grant the return to freedom that a second attempt to disappear within six months, for which he was serving sentence when the regiment sailed, imposed as his one chance of escaping catastrophe. Yet the subaltern can not free himself from the knowledge that he is part, an accomplice, microscopic but indissoluble, of the colossal system whose unswerving weight the half-formed lad has doomed himself once and for all to experience in full. Asleep at his post in the trenches—the inevitable triumph of exhausted senses without moral to assist or resist them—he must pay for lacking what he never could have had.

"Owing to the frequency with which similar cases have of late occurred, the commander-in-chief is unable to confirm the recommendation to mercy of the court in the case of Private Blank"—so, a few days later, the regimental order runs. And the machine that feels, but must not, dare not, pity, rolls augustly on, guiltless and terrible.

The rising floods have changed from promontory to isle the osier-bed, now almost submerged, that fills an angle of the tiny roadside stream. Already fringed with throbbing orange-red as though blood-steeped, the sharply etched network of interlacing shoots doubles itself to bewildering infinity in the currentless pool, and you must look with a familiar eye if you would distinguish amid the mazy criss-cross the humble mark—two whittled withies roughly lashed together like the symbol grasped by the infant Baptist of an Italian Primitive—which tells that one of your own kind, lately quick and sentient as yourself, lies here. Who was he—friend or enemy? How did he pass—in writing or in resignation, hatred or charity, or mere short-snapped unawareness, with an unfinished sentence on his tongue? Not half a season has passed since the hasty turning of the clods, yet perhaps there is now no living soul who could say. Already the boughs that we hacked and parted to give him room have pushed forward to meet each other again, roofing him with their slender, unfilled spandrels, and the comrades who lowered him with sorrow or indifferent, circumstantial pity may every one of them be rotting now in just such a casual bourn. Possibly there was one, more closely knit to him than the rest, who penciled the spot on his map that some devoted, foolish woman might afterwards be able to seek it out—and the loyal record has been obliterated forever by a single downpour.

THE GENEROUS GAMBLER

(Continued from Page 6)

It is uncertain if his Highness has ever given so long an audience to a simple mortal, and I feared to abuse it.

Finally, as the dark approached shivering, this famous personage, sung by so many poets, and served by so many philosophers who work for his glory's sake without being aware of it, this said to me: "I want you to remember me always, and to prove to you that I—of whom one says so much evil—am often enough bon diable, to make use of one of your vulgar locutions. So as to make up for the irremediable loss that you have made of your soul, I shall give you back the stake you ought to have gained, if your fate had been fortunate—that is to say, the possibility of solacing and of conquering, during your whole life, this bizarre affection of ennui, which is the source of all your maladies and of all your miseries. Never a desire shall be formed by you that I will not aid you to realize; you will reign over your vulgar equals; money and gold and diamonds, fairy palaces, shall come to seek you and shall ask you to accept them without your having made the least effort to obtain them; you can change your abode as often as you like; you shall have in your power all sensualities without lassitude, in lands where the climate is always hot, and where the women are scented as the flowers." With this he rose up and said goodbye to me with a charming smile.

If it had not been for the shame of humiliating myself before so immense an assembly, I might have voluntarily fallen at the feet of this generous gambler, to thank him for his unheard-of munificence. But, little by little, after I had left him, an incurable defiance entered into me; I dared no longer believe in so prodigious a happiness; and as I went to bed, making over again my nightly prayer by means of all that remained in me in the matter of faith, I repeated in my slumber: "My God, my Lord, my God! Do let the Devil keep his word with me!"

Editorial announces that something is to be learned at the automobile show. Yes, most of us will learn "envy, malice and all uncharitableness."

Armenian Committee complains that San Francisco's contributions are far behind allotment. So are Fate's allotments to San Francisco givers.

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Julius Calmann

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28 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There was nothing in the general news marketwise to bring about a change in the general pessimistic feeling of the trade. The outside public is not in the market, and the professional trader seems to have the market to himself. On the whole the general news is not encouraging to the long side, and it never is when prices are down, but there seems to be so much of it that it scares the timid holder into either getting out of the market entirely, or reducing his line. Labor news, which filled the headlines of the leading papers, regarding strikes and prospective strikes, was used by the bear element to force prices down. But there were other bearish factors that came to the front. The reduction in the dividend of the American Smelters Company from \$6 to \$4, while not exactly a surprise, was unexpected at this particular time. The copper metal situation continues unfavorable, and with the large surplus of unsold copper on hand, mines are curtailing their production to as much as 65 per cent in the big mines, and a number of the small mines have closed down indefinitely. The price of copper metal is quoted at 18½ cents, and it was said that a fair business was being done at this price, but with the metal selling at 16¾ cents in London, it means that the export demand will be so small that accumulations will continue in this country. There is no change in the steel trade; orders are said to be coming in slowly, and the mills are running on about a 55 per cent capacity. Prices for some articles of the finished product are being reduced, but most of the business is being done on old orders. The only bright spot in the market the past week was the activity and strength in the motor group, which was based on the idea that there will soon be a revival in the industry. Prospects of continued prosperity for the farmer because of the world demand for farm products, and the likelihood that the government will continue the guaranteed wheat price, are regarded as forecasting a demand for the product of the automobile factories. Tobacco stocks were in good demand, and an advance took place in all of these issues. Improved business, and talk of combination, were the factors used. Oils and equipments stocks were inclined to drag. The latter were affected by the poor showing made by the American Steel Foundries Company in a statement issued which showed as much as 50 per cent decrease in earnings, as compared with war-time conditions. The market, notwithstanding all the bad news, holds up remarkably well, and would indicate that prices are not far from the bottom. No doubt a large short interest is being built up, and we believe that after the Victory Loan is well launched, stocks will turn for the better, which should give us a good upturn considering this large short interest.

Cotton—The market continues to back and fill, but in the main seems to be getting down to a basis around the 20-cent mark. Liverpool continued to sell cotton on all strong spots, and sent some very discouraging reports regarding the labor situation, not only in the textile trade, but labor troubles in general. The domestic trade is slow, and coupled with reports of labor troubles and strikes in the New England mills, was too much for the cotton bulls, and prices yielded whenever the selling became aggressive. The only bright spot in the horizon seems to be the holding tendency of the owner of actual cotton. Regardless of the weak future market, and the bearish news in general, the holder will not part with his cotton except at prices well above the future quotations. There is no denying the fact that conditions in the cotton goods trade are anything but encouraging. Mills report an extremely slow demand for cotton goods, and have reduced their prices, but this does not seem to encourage buyers. The general pessimistic view taken by buyers of all commodities seems to account for the slowness of trade. Everybody is looking for lower prices in all lines, and are afraid to stock up, and the only buying seems to be from a hand-to-mouth basis. How long this condition will last is problematical. Bearish sentiment usually runs its course in a very short period. Cotton prices have already declined to a point where prices should discount the bearish conditions, in as much as nearly all the bearishness is due to sentiment and not to an actual bearish condition. We raised a small crop of cotton last years and with shipping rates being reduced almost daily, it would seem that Europe would be in the market for considerable cotton, and they no doubt will be heavy buyers just as soon as their labor troubles can be adjusted. In the meantime, cotton may sell some lower, but we believe cotton bought around present prices will show handsome returns a little later on.

Mercantile Marine

Just a word about a mercantile marine. For years we have heard mercantile marine talked about. We are all familiar with the La Follette law which alone would make a mercantile marine in this country impossible as a business proposition. Now, we have a large number of ships, and a little bit later we will have many more ships. The government has the right to operate these ships for five years. So supposedly we are going to have a government-managed mercantile marine, but with our laws in the state they are in today, and with the practical impossibility of having these laws repealed by Congress the government will run this business at a heavy loss. This loss will come out of the pockets of the people in the shape of taxation. The "people" as I am using

the word now means the well-to-do, thrifty, industrious part of the population, who are the ones who pay taxes. We have before us a vision of what taxation is apt to be during the coming few years. We will be taxed heavily to make up the deficit due to government blundering in railroad management. We will have a big deficit to pay in order to maintain a mercantile marine which can compete with the mercantile marine of other countries.

PERSPECTIVE IMPRESSIONS

Thoughtless people in Southland send Russian Soviets to another town instead of off the pier at Santa Monica! And they had them all herded in a single motor truck.

The United States will have to be careful in selecting the requested guards for Turkey. Better leave it to the Y. M. C. A. They will be gentler.

See that wonderful model of a 27,000-ton Japanese ocean liner in the St. Francis lobby? Is that a promise or a threat?

Henry Ford is going to manufacture flivvers in Ireland. No reflection on the Sinn Fein activities intended.

George Bernard Shaw says Rip Van Winkle left many descendants in the United States. Here is a Shawism that will stand all acid tests.

Hadn't we better guess again in making Mr. Wilson's glorious optimism the reason for hurrying troops home? There is still a dangerous "over there."

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93611. Dept. No. 10.

DAVID TRUGMAN, Plaintiff, vs. ELSIE TRUGMAN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greetings To: Elsie Trugman, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of November, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MARCUS D. WOLFF,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
625 Market Street,
San Francisco, California.

12-21-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LENA L. REED, deceased.—No. 26028. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of LENA L. REED, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LENA L. REED, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Lena L. Reed,
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY YENIS, deceased.—No. 26025, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of MARY YENIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers without four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY YENIS, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Mary Yeniss, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-1-5

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ADELAIDE F. MORRIS, deceased.—No. 26026, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ADELAIDE F. MORRIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ADELAIDE F. MORRIS, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Adelaide F. Morris,
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MICHAEL T. TRAVAS, also called M. T. TREVES, deceased.—No. 26029. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of MICHAEL T. TRAVAS, also called M. T. TREVES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MICHAEL T. TRAVAS, also called M. T. TREVES, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Michael T. Travas,
also called M. T. Treves, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLOTTE MERRIWEATHER, deceased.—No. 26027. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of CHARLOTTE MERRIWEATHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLOTTE MERRIWEATHER, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Charlotte Merriweather,
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-1-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93516. Dept. No. 10.

IVA V. CURTIS, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM HOPKINS CURTIS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE, Attorney for Plaintiff.
The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM HOPKINS CURTIS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 15th day of November, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

AUGUSTIN C. KEANE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
901 Hearst Building,
San Francisco, California.

12-14-10

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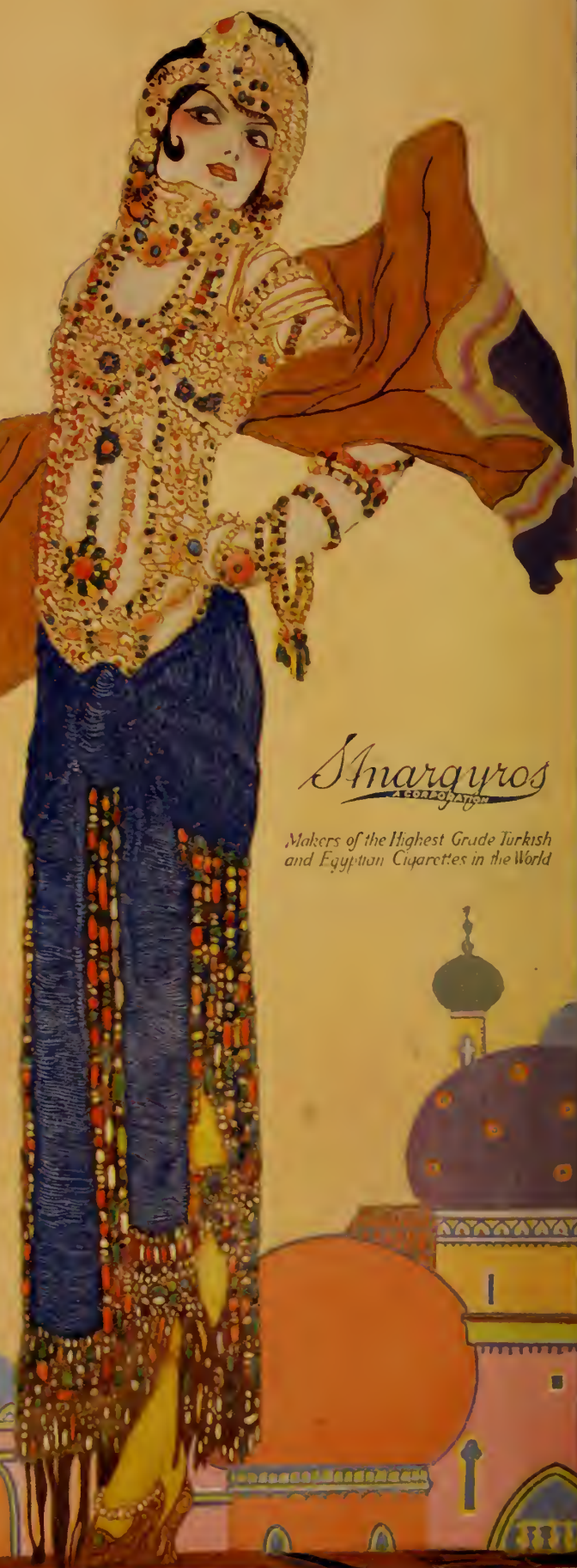
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The Best Laid Plans Gang Aft Aglee

Senator Phelan on Roosevelt National Park

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to retracted columns, and in this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Birthday of Washington

It is truly to be regretted that in the misdirection and celebration of our numerous legal holidays many of them of minor importance we seem to have relegated the birthday of the creator of our national being into the same class with Labor Day and others of no greater import or significance. Of course, this point of view has its detractors, but in the minds of the truly patriotic there is an unforgettable sense of duty to make the day second only to the anniversary of American Independence in which Washington's supremacy was so paramount that even his zealous rivals dared not speedily oppose him. All great men have their enemies and his were almost as numerous as were those of Lincoln, the only figure in our national history whose memory can not suffer by comparison with him. He was accused of arrogance and a disposition to ape monarchy; open charges were made that he merited his salary; forged letters were produced to show that he was about to abandon his revolutionary principles, and even a guillotine was suggested as the best means of getting rid of the "stepfather of his country." But he lived until his untimely death, "first in the hearts of his countrymen," and his memory lives there still. Almost his first utterance at the close of the Revolution, established the basis for our national existence, and it was written to the governors of the several states: "Our only safety lies in an indissoluble union under one federal head." Opposition to this theory led to the Civil War, and we are now confronted by the possibilities of a similar disregard of an even greater warning, uttered in his farewell address, "Beware of entangling foreign alliances!" It is too early now to ask ourselves whether or no such dangerous alliances may not be threatened by our final entry into the League of Nations. Such has been the nature of earnest protests already made upon the floor of the

United States Senate, but until the measure has been laid before the Congress and discussed to a conclusion of rejection or adoption, we should not be too premature in mapping out its future.

* * *

All Over but the Doing

The League of Nations is born, but it is not yet weaned. It is a healthy infant, sired by the President of the greatest of nations, who has breathed into it with becoming fervor and eloquence the inspiring influence of lofty ideals. The constitution that shall govern the future official life of this splendidly altruistic banding has been duly promulgated, signed, with promise to be soon sealed, and its sire and sponsor has departed for home, and the acclaims of a grateful Europe on board of a palatial prize of war bearing the significant name of "George Washington." It would be difficult to conceive a mind so blinded by bias against President Wilson that it could possibly attempt to belittle the grateful dream, the golden promise and the glorious possibilities sought to be achieved by this document. Dr. Vittorio Orlando, the Italian Prime Minister, declared it to be the greatest in all history, and his speech closed with the inspiring words, "Thus, born out of the pains of war, this is a document of Freedom and right which represents the redemption of humanity by sacrifice." It is open to conjecture whether the Prime Minister, in voicing this phrase with true Latin eloquence, really knew that in the word "sacrifice" he had struck the keynote of the whole shouting match. As a matter of fact the entire success or failure of The League of Nations depends entirely upon just how much sacrifice the several nations are willing to make, and already some of the nations have clouded their approvals of the constitution with qualifying phrases. "Lord Robert Cecil, head of the British commission, while generally lauding the document, said it was a good omen that this document had been laid before the world for criticism before final enactment, for it was to preserve the peace of the world with the least possible interference with national sovereignty. Leon Bourgeois of the French delegation, after glorifying the good will that had prevailed in the formation of the constitution, ended with, "At the same time the French delegates reserve the right to later present their views upon the plan as a whole" for there were great differences be-

tween the needs of the greater and the smaller nations. Baron Makino of Japan, with true Oriental cunning, said nothing specific, but intimated that soon "a proposal would be submitted which I hope will receive favorable attention." Greece, and China accepted the whole proposition without "hitch," as was to have been expected, while the Arabian delegate very sagely remarked that "while the constitution recognized the right of self-determination, and insisted upon it, there were certain secret treaties in existence which would prevent this self-determination." So you see, President Wilson's paramount ideal, which was his sole and selfish purpose in crossing the water, has, after all, reached no further than the achievement stage. While he is speaking over the water to bring recalcitrant senators to his way of thinking, his consulting physicians are even now making advance diagnoses of possible unavailing ailments that may retard its growth or cause its untimely demise.

* * *

"The Best Laid Plans Gang Aft Aglee"

In all earnestness, and with the candor of a journalistic pen that assumes to be independent, it is difficult to conceive that, logical and far-sighted as it would appear to be, coming from the careful reading of it, the final sealing and delivering of this constitution of the League of Nations can not be effected without much wrangle, dispute, temporizing and correction. May not the President, after all, have "reckoned without his kith?" Who knows but that in his splendid enthusiasm in an obviously grand project he may not have taken into consideration that each nation has its separate aims and ambitions, which may not accord with his notions of what our own are. And there are many of our best deliberative minds which differ from him in that they are not our own but altogether his. It is one thing to project, another to execute, for in the formulation of any plan, it is seldom that the finished product conforms with the original conception. It is earnestly to be hoped that in this case history is not again about to repeat itself with reference to well laid plans that went a-glee. In the only Democratic administration, previous to Mr. Wilson's, that has existed since 1850, it was decided to build two battleships, to be called "Maine" and "Texas" and a protected cruiser to be named "Philadelphia." In view of our inexperience in the construc-

tion of capital ships, our wise Secretary of the Navy decided that the designs for the "Texas" and the "Philadelphia" should be purchased in England and this was done. As the construction progressed, naval experts discovered that the "Texas" would sink of her own weight when launched, and that the "Philadelphia" would capsize from top-heaviness in her first gale. The necessary changes were made, but both ships were disappointments. After a few years, practically as a station ship, the "Philadelphia" was scrapped, and the "Texas" was made the target for modern ships in Hampton Roads and blown to pieces. It is the earnest prayer of all patriotic Americans that this grand ship of state, created by President Wilson and intended for the protection of all nations, shall not meet so deplorable a fate as did those lesser craft, the mistakes of the administration of his predecessor who invented the phrase, "innocuous desuetude." But in very truth, in spite of the careful preparation of the constitution of the League of Nations, no definite provision for the enforcement of its articles, when finally approved, has been made, and, although "enforcement" is suggested for recalcitrant nations, nothing is said about an international police in the shape of an allied army to whip them into line. The whole business seems to be of the same piece with the Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution, which makes no provision for definite enactment. The final clause of this reads: "The Congress and the several states shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation." If this does not mean that acts of enforcement must pass between Congress and the states, forward and back, and back again before the amendment can be a law, it means nothing at all, and up to now the constitution of the League of Nations is in a similar predicament, for nearly every member of the Peace Congress has some sort of a chip on his shoulder and an exacting condition in his soul.

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A Word in Reply

It is not generally considered good editorial form to discuss differences of opinion between a writer and his readers who may wish to exploit impressions contrary to

his own, especially when the communications of his critics are anonymous. In the present instance, however, an exception will be made, for the reason that the communication received—anonymous because the signature seems to be made intentionally illegible—has been twice repeated to the writer by less elusive critics. The bone of contention appears to be an editorial printed in these columns two weeks ago, under the caption of "Which Shall It Be?" in which England was taken more or less severely to task for her embargo on American manufactures. With the letter was enclosed an editorial from the New York Times, which ably set forth the entire justice of the embargo, from an entirely pro-British point of view, and endorsing the statement in the letter which said that as England is demobilizing a large army, she is justified in any drastic action that shall put her discharged soldiers to work. In closing, Mr. Anonymous accused this writer of being a Sinn Feiner, which is true only to the extent that he fails to see why the Irish are the only people on the face of the globe who are competent to govern themselves and yet are denied it. With reference to the matter of the embargo, he begs leave to differ from the opinion of the Times, for he is notoriously all-American, which in this instance at least, the New York paper was not. He is a firm believer in America for Americans, England for the English, France for the French, and Armenia for the Armenians. And he is too stolidly American to bother himself about the affairs or the patriotisms of any other countries, with the possible exception of Armenia, which needs all the sympathy she can get in her dream of the eventual extermination of the Turk. In conclusion, he promises to mind his own business to the best of his ability, provided that his critics will agree to do likewise in the same way.

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The Mendacity of Rumor

Honesty is loath to place any credence upon the old-time maxims, "Where there's smoke there's fire," or "Straws show which way the wind blows," when bearing in mind the changeless, interminable and studied prevarication of rumor, which is usually baseless. During the past week,

some news agency or other telegraphed accounts of disquieting rumors in the streets of Paris and Berlin, to the effect that the war was about to resume, and that the most active preparations were in progress to re-establish the battle lines. By the time these rumors reached here they became magnified beyond all reasonable proportions, in spite of the fact that the Associated Press supplied as authentic news to the contrary, as the half-secret communiques of the Peace Congress would permit. President Wilson had happened to remark during the course of an address, that Germany should be made to abide by the terms of the armistice, and one newspaper printed a headline to the effect that he had declared war upon Germany! In spite of such news as was authentic, the streets, the clubs, and family firesides accepted the rumor as fact and got wildly excited over it. There is one European rumor, however, which seems to be based on leakage from the inside circles of the Peace Congress, and it is worthy of serious discussion even if half true. It is said that Germany is to pay indemnity only to the extent of her depredations, and that what the war has cost her victors is to receive no consideration, on the ground of being just and fair to a fallen foe. Belgium is to be attended to at once, But England, France, and Italy must bear the expense of the war into which they were forced. The United States asks for nothing. After the Utopian proposition of beating Spain, and then paying her \$25,000,000 consolation money, how could she possibly do differently? But how about the great wrong committed against France in 1871, when Germany compelled her to pay an unheard-of indemnity, not only for the cost of the war, but damages which were never inflicted? And yet in the face of President Wilson's declaration that the "wrong done by Prussia to France must be righted," we are told that France is to be asked to waive all demand for a return of that indemnity. This is a good deal like having a thief arrested for stealing your pocketbook, and then telling him he can keep the money if he will return the book. We can well imagine the retort of M. Clemenceau when this amazing proposition is put up to him.

Winter Nights

By Ernest Blake

When winter nights are wild and stars shine clear
Tis snug to shelter deep in woods, and hear
The rude wind winnowed by the plumed pines,
Till the blind din of his diapason
To infinite small whisperings declines,
Like elfin waves awash round islets lone,
Aloof in Ocean's furthest hemisphere.

Then with a pagan joy my spirit sings,
I feel the fire of elemental things
Enkindle all those keen intolerant eyes,
The stars, and light, o'er dim expectant skies,
Waver and wane like breath of passionate flowers,
And Earth, half-conscious of her slumbering
powers,
Tremble with mute immense imaginings.

Clubs Are Trumps

By Veritas

When cards were devised by the martial spirits of France for the amusement and diversion of Charles VI, hearts were trumps, and the respective ecclesiasties of Asia and Europe controlled and dominated the then known world. These military inventors of cards honored the most powerful card with the name of trump," which is a corruption of the word "triumph."

In early history the slaves, the tradesmen, the members of professions and the governing synods were all carefully and permanently placed and kept in their respective castes. The Fiji Islanders still have the caste rule of life. They have their race of carpenters and the carpenter work goes from father to son in the carpenter class, from which escape is impossible. So were constituted the Egyptian nation, the Roman empire and the realms of Hindustan and the far east. Their internal affairs went on for centuries without strikes and the clashing of classes. Their trouble chiefly came from the outside, not from the inside; they came from the bordering of foreign nations who made war, or encroached upon them, and not from inside uprisings.

From the earliest Bible history down to the first Prussian king who was "summus Episcopus of the Protestant Evangelical church," it was a government game of cards in which hearts were trumps; hearts signified the ecclesiastical rule. The clergy was the "heart" of the government; tribes and nations were ruled by professors of religion. They had the only schooling. It was pope or druid, Brahman or rabbi; it was the Zend-Avesta, or the Koran, Osiris or the Golden Salf. The queens of hearts have had their day. Semiramis, Zenobia, Cleopatra have gone forever and their like will not be seen again. Later the heads of Queen Marie Antoinette and Queen Mary of Scotland fell into the discard without any queenly substitution for their respective countries. But in the old days all who played against the queen of hearts lost, and all stakes put up were gathered in by the trump card of hearts. Finally the day came when diamonds became trumps. The king of diamonds was the king of shields (carreau) and then over all the nations stood the war lords, the champions of battle, the countries needed war protectors—the kings—and when one king held a good trump hand he then gathered in all the kings of the earth and became a king of kings, or, in other words, an emperor. So when the diadems of about all the kings of earth were brought to grace the Roman triumphs, the Emperor Caesar Augustus and his Caesar line of emperors followed.

Then the game of kings changed to the gambling tables of Napoleon. Kings and rulers from all parts of the then known civilized world, except our country, were brought to the game. It was the world's battle of cards fought by the legions of Napoleon Bonaparte. Napoleon, though at the head of the French Republic, held in his hand the king of diamonds. He told the players his card was the spade which he christened consul, and they foolishly believed that. It really was the joker in the game of "five hundred." This time Napoleon did not call a "spade a spade." He called a diamond a spade. Napoleon, when he left the tables, had won with the king of diamonds; this is before his final abdication. Thereupon a pile of fallen royal crowns from all the countries from the

Baltic Sea down to the Mediterranean and from the Atalantic to the Urals were gathered into his strong box. He surely was a successful gambler and he became a king of kings—an emperor. Then came the gambling in southern Europe with a host of kings and powerful chiefs dealing cards with diamonds as trumps. King Francis II of the House of Hapsburg won, and with his winning came the clatter of falling crowns and thrones, and with the gathering of spoils Austria-Hungary became an empire, and the king of the fallen kings became an emperor ruling over Bohemians, Magyars, Czecho-Slovaks, Jugo-Slavs, Croatians, Ruthenes, Rumanians, as well as Austrians, and for decades these kingdoms were under the iron yoke of Francis and his successors, the Emperor Francis Joseph and the Emperor Charles I.

The king of diamonds had again won, and so it was with the fortunes of the Hohenzollern family. At one time we had a divided Prussia: East Prussia and West Prussia, with Germany between and with Schleswig-Holstein to the north and the kingdoms of Bavaria, Wurttemberg, Saxony to the south, along with its six grand duchies and its five duchies and its free towns. But a tall black gambler arose on the European horizon and cast his great shadow over all of Europe. It was Bismarck dealing out a new pack of cards. A great military backed his play. Bismarck won with the king of diamonds. A Prussian king was the croupier who gathered in the stakes—the sceptres, the crowns of a multitude of kings and princes, and at once the independence of four great kingdoms and of six grand duchies and of five duchies was lost to the geographical vision of the peoples of the world, and the King of Prussia became the king of kings—an emperor, and his illuminated power and that of his successor, the Emperor William of the house of Hohenzollern, spread over a commanding part of the map of Europe. The gambling for kingly power was also rampant in Russia. Here diamonds were trumps and one king beat a hand of kings and queens and a great house of royalty thus came to rule over more people than all the European empires put together. But he ruled them by holding them in unspeakable serf service and iron-bound military rule. Then the king became an emperor and then a super-emperor who essayed the role of the almighty Russian Czar.

China was not exempt from the feverish gambling of kings. Here also diamonds were trumps and here also diamonds again won. Hsuan Tung succeeded to the Manchu throne and became the emperor of the Chinese Empire, which he ruled with a tyrant's force. Yet the Mongol millions—a great race of people—stood for the gamble. They applauded each successful player in turn. Thus it ever was with kingdoms and with empires while the king of diamonds prevailed in making diamonds trumps. The Emperor of China as a super-king of diamonds wins an empire. The Czar of Russia as a super-emperor wins a czardom. But in both countries the serf class, the proletariat, the merchant class, and the farming class, lose. They were simply pawns who were allowed to give up their lives and their fortunes and their service to the king of diamonds, in the game of government.

But amid the dirt and debris of the fallen

Roman Empire a little light shone, a tiny spark of democracy. It fled to the mountain top of the Swiss Alps, but was so small that it drew unto itself derision rather than the desire of capture or extinguishment. A similar tiny bright gem was next seen in the gutters of blood in Paris. The French Revolution was another game, a drunken game at cards. Suddenly the tiny spark developed into a club. Clubs became trumps, and the king and queen of diamonds went into the discard while the stakes of the great French nation changed hands. A tiny speck of light shone in a stormy dark night at Valley Forge. The King of England, George III, was dealing diamonds from his royal hand. The republican god of progress showed clubs to be trumps. Lafayette and Washington together reached for this tiny spark and on grasping it, behold! they held in their hands a club. Clubs at last were trumps, and the king of diamonds lost, and the greatest continent on earth, the stake of this royal game, changed hands over night. The innocent game of Charles VI began to grow serious, faster and more furious; the kings commenced to lose—the holders of clubs were gradually becoming winners. Although clubs were trumps, still the kings and emperors held the major stakes of the world; these stakes they would put up against the unmistakable turn in the fortunes of the peoples of the earth. This tiny speck was carefully overreached on all the royal gambling tables of Europe, except in La Belle France and the Alps; but behind the European War and in the most despised and ignored quarter of the globe, in the very dirt of China, but with tantalizing energy that same contemptible little gem shone in the dark storm of an inky night in Peking. Peking, the capital of that area of the earth, so gigantic that the Martians have photographed it for fifty centuries past.

Could it be possible! That stubborn, unchangeable race to dream even of being a republic; but Li Yuan Hung grasped the tiny spark. He tugs at it, he pulls it out—it is a club. Clubs are trumps. Clubs win. Li Yuan Hung became president of the baby republic, and Hsuan Tung, the venerable king of diamonds, falls and, behold! one of the world's greatest empires changes hands in a night and the great Asiatic republic still lives. But the world's series of the game is not over yet. The king of diamonds still reigns and diamonds as trumps are elsewhere triumphant. The remaining kings and emperors still have high enough stakes and huge stacks of chips to outplay all the players on earth. "The longest purse," say they, "will win."

In 1914 the House of Hapsburg opened the gambling game with the populations of the entire earth as players and spectators. Emperor Francis Joseph carelessly throws down the first card, an ace club. Little King Peter of Serbia throws a little deuce of diamonds. It is a small trump, but it wins. True the stake is small. Merely the assassinated Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his consort being the stake of that deal. The loss irritates the Emperor. He calls the Emperor of Germany to the table. William responds and throws down the king of clubs. King Albert of Belgium covers it with his ace club. The German Emperor trumps it with a small diamond.

(Continued on Page 13)

The Bad, Bad World

By Lionel Josaphare

In order to be a good man, one must first be very, very indecent.

Pray, admit this, for has it not been said that everybody has been an infant at one time or another, and what could be more delightfully unconventional than the antics of a two-year-old as he blunders over the thread of life? Upon which assumption comes the thought that impropriety and immorality do not always go hand in hand; nor is face to face always a dangerous condition for them. To be indecent is sometimes an honor; never to be anything else but decent, is a calamity—which befalls no one.

Impropriety is a seeming wickedness, as when a woman tilts her chair and rests her feet on the table. Criticism would not leave her there but suspect that she is addicted to many similar characteristics, some of them far worse. This is because criticism of manners is likely to have its feet neither on the table nor on the solid earth, but up in the air, leaving the head to see personal liberty upside down.

One can hardly define what wickedness is. In the mind of some, the wealthiest must be the most wicked because of refraining from the greatest possible amount of good. Or, we read a statesman's outburst: "This is the most damnable insult, the most pernicious affront that has ever been offered in the history of the American people." These subjects are not quite to our purpose. There must be something else than these people are thinking of when they speak of immorality or wickedness, a something that stretches itself to more exasperating deeds than are charged to gold or politics. To get nearer the point, immorality in the present sense is a personal matter, with little relation to the incidental harm it may cause others. The Kaiser himself, in a moralist's view, may have lived a blameless private life, though he never in public yielded to any of a thousand opportunities for a generous act. Verily, public and private wrong doing have naught in common.

Suppose that we have the question—What and where is the most immoral condition you know of? Propound it to John D. Rockefeller, Jane Addams, Hiram Johnson, Samuel Gompers, Eugene V. Debs, J. Stitt Wilson and Larry Harris. Rockefeller might say "Hookworm." Debs might answer "Rockefeller." Hiram might have it, "The whole Democratic party," and so on. All the above celebrities are noted for their charming private life, and the wholesomeness thereof. They could not be imagined as taking part in a Saturnalian throng. Lord Byron, a sensualist, went on a diet, in order to make himself pale and interesting to every woman who would stop, look and listen. Russell Sage ate only an apple for luncheon, and perhaps lived accordingly. Neither of the two left a corrupting influence. Byron's wildness was atoned by his sincerity; Sage's parsimony, by his widow. Consider, though, a society populated with Lord Byrons and Russell Sages, or either of them, to the maximum, and we would have the average citizen climbing out the window, to escape the rent collector or an angry husband. Whether a state of society is to burst from its own evil weight or from outside pressure, the average citizen—usually innocent, easy-going, fairly ignorant, and without leisure to sin, are the ones profusely hit by the flying pieces. And that is the only way we have of identifying the common people; the others are engaged in prosecuting and escaping.

Be that as it may, all mankind now and then must submit gracefully to a loss of self-respect, when it prosecutes or is punished or escapes on a technicality for matters that are not essentially wrong. Man must submit, because he is a sinner, according to the original documents. He is conceived in iniquity and brought forth in sorrow, and by the sweat of his brow shall he eat his bread or hearken to the fury of reformers.

Thus creep in the diverting subjects of hell and sin, which gave the human race its first impetus, and occupied the thoughts of the best citizens for many centuries. Omission nowadays to discuss them in detail is part cause of empty pews. Were there more of the old-fashioned brimstone sermons, the kind that were enough to eat the lining off your stomach, the old-time congregations would appear again. No? Then witness Billy Sunday.

Still, it may be replied that the people at large no longer believe in hell. Many do not believe in sin. The old-timers worked the other way around. They assumed that there is a hell, hot and plenty, and belief in sin followed naturally enough. Modern preachers are in the novice class, so far as hell-binding is concerned. Thereunto enters the unlicensed reformer with his metric system of morals, his congressional lobby, his statistics, and he measures our duty in centigrams. All in all, we find it stupendous unto modern man, in his skeptical mood, that he should be Burbanked into a more exquisite vegetable than his pious ancestors, who had six days a week to the tune of their own conscience, with righteous indignation on the seventh. The ancestors had as many vices as we have now, excepting the dainty cigarette—an exception that kept him down to doing things on a small scale. He may have been a hard drinker and an able fighter, at first without tobacco and then with a pipe, but only in the age of the cigarette did he surpass all expectation. And our war, which was in fact a four-year battle, outroaring the empyrean thunders and outdying the dead of all wars, was a cigarette smokers' war. It was the flabby, ambitionless users of the weed who made the earth tremble from sea to sea. Water-soaked, rejoicing or wounded, the thoughts of the strife were lost in the demand for a cigarette.

It is unusual for great public commotion to bring about a more distinct moral sensitiveness. The reverse is more often the case. Perhaps the modern soldier had something to do with the change. Pershing's order was for a clean, moral army, and he got it—not by threats of court martial but by removing contamination along the route. The smart-looking captains in khaki, divested of every plume and color that once made war a shouting, gorgeous spectacle, pulled their little caps over their eyes and did their thinking in brown, flicked the ashes from a cigarette and quietly informed the companies of a movement toward the machine guns. It is this discipline that is envied by the civilian critics of our homes. They would lead us in the battle of life, but they begrudge the cigarette. That may be their undoing.

There have been reformers always, and always has there been a dispute whether the world is better or worse than before. We are better; we are worse; we are the same. The world is so big a place that it can change from better to worse and back again, and nobody

detect it. There is no standard by which to judge a human being. A strawberry is either good, bad or so-so. But not one woman in a million would allow a man to be perfectly decided that she is any one of those three degrees. As long as woman prefers to remain a mystery, how can a body of law makers regulate her into positive good and evil? A husband can not, and a lover can not. Is wine an evil? Is tobacco an evil? Yes, because they are enjoyed by children of original sin. No, because they are comforts and mysteries.

Everybody knows that the world is not the right sort of a neighborhood in which to raise a family; but nobody every improved even a half dozen persons by making them uncomfortable. You can regulate them into wearing round hats or square hats, but better confine your fad to the brim than that part which fits around the cranium. You can not fit a round immorality into a square one. The sensible thing to do would be to make all the normally immoral citizens paint their houses green with red stripes; and the abnormally immoral, red with green stripes. The chances for mistake would then be eliminated as far as possible.

The great drawback to human welfare is not that the bad are as bad as they can be, but that the goods are not so good as they can be. You can not see how good they are merely through eating, talking or working with them. You would never take them for reformers until they take something away from you.

In most instances reform is a mistake: more accurately it could be termed a clerical error. They set down the part as greater than the whole, and imagine it easier to amend the world than improve the next-door neighbor. Convinced that they could not reform a drunkard, they undertook to denature the whole population. Man is a drinker of deep emotions and a slave to passion. He may resume his jaunt to heaven or hell with or without the clinking of glasses, but he will not necessarily make increased use of the marriage license bureau.

The reformers do not care how thirsty an honest man is today, if they can save a fool from the thirst of the morning after. In order to prevent smoking on street cars, they are striving to take tobacco from everybody, everywhere. Attempting to blast out the root of the social evil, they have sent its shoots broadcast over the cities, blending the weed patches with the lily beds and making every neighborhood a place of suspicion.

It is true that they have thus raised the standard of the courtesan, causing her to don a more refined garb and conduct herself more or less like the housewife she meets in the corner grocery. They have a still more delicate system in Europe, where the subtypical women enjoy a recognized place at the tournament, and a man, strolling along the boulevard with one of them, does not tip the hat to his wife walking across the way.

"Business as usual," said the British during the war, and so may the business of immorality go on as usual in the war against it—or immorality in the ideal, without mercenary motive. Reformers have lost their sense of childhood. They do not know that the good old earth is a playground as well as a penitentiary. "Childhood as usual," will ever be the instinctive slogan of the human race, for without it there would be no interest in other things.

Perspective Impressions

San Francisco is to deport the undesirables. May we not all submit a list?

It comes with a "distinct shock" that a police woman in Palo Alto had to stop a performance of the hula hula with the shades up, though they pull 'em up higher in Hawaii.

The hula hula could not have happened to Palo Alto when David Starr Jordan was there. He supplied most of the excitement necessary to a college town.

It is not astonishing to find that college professors are underpaid. Aren't they supposed to make extra money by writing blank-verse dramas and things like that?

Edmond Rostand died leaving more wealth than the combined possessions of great poets of all time. It pays to learn French.

The Commissioner of Vocational Training asserts that algebra and geometry are of little vocational use. So is walking, unless one is without carfare.

George Bernard Shaw makes a livelihood writing about the fact that people do not take his advice.

One lamentable defect in the League of Nations is that in it we find no mention of those two countries beloved by the geography class—Afghanistan and Beloochistan.

A too-ardent wooer has been slain by the young lady "in defense of her honor." A long time since we heard that phrase. Some one declared the case to be an anachronism, and the police began an investigation at once.

Secret treaties do not look safe for democracy. On the other hand, publication of them, against the wishes of Japan, appears to be unsafe for China, which, we are informed ever and anon, is a republic.

Another armistice. The Germans evidently have not noticed that paying for peace on the installment plan is more expensive in the end.

Locally we have already honored the League of Nations with a luncheon at the Fairmont.

An evening newspaper states that the local divorce record is running ahead of the marriages. This does not seem possible, because most divorces are for the purpose of a second marriage.

Reds declare that they will pay Russian debt. Perhaps—with printing presses.

France and England already sparring over who's who in poor Arabia! Peace Congress?

For refusing to surrender his cigarettes to a second lieutenant (!) a soldier twenty-five days in the service is sentenced to twenty-five years in prison! This is democracy spelled without a capital.

One day last week, twenty-two divorces and only sixteen marriage licenses! What can you expect when any wifely whim is accepted by judges as just cause for divorce?

Oriental diplomats seem to see that America must help China to get on her feet. We can't see that with a telescope. Too many fallen arches over here.

Louis Zeh, secretary of the State Board of Pharmacy, says that the sale of narcotic drugs has doubled in two years! Prohibition, eh?

Taft's name, "A League for the Enforcement of Peace," is a better name for it than Mr. Wilson's.

Best way to solve Russian problem? Leave it to the Japs. They can expand there without pestering the rest of us.

Can you see France putting Coney Island out of business as a show place next summer?

United States cancels \$3,000,000 worth of ship contracts. Shut out? Why not?

Wets still insist on fighting prohibition as a new tyranny. Better look out, gentlemen. The women are against you.

Pin this in your hat: Look out for Japan!

The "flu" was worse than the war—81,427 deaths in five months!

Fine thing to deport the bolshevikily inclined, but why be stingy about it?

Stanford professor complains that small states are to have the same representation in the League of Nations as the small ones. Same rule works pretty well in the United States Senate, so you should worry.

Belgium insists on having a piece of Germany. Well, turn and turn about's fair play, and it's time Belgium were having hers.

Committee of Peace Congress suggests that Constantinople or some island be chosen for future meetings. Why Constantinople, and not Catalina, Alcatraz or even Goat Island? Provided, of course, that the Congress votes dry.

Mrs. Ebert insists upon being a plain frau. That's all right; Mr. Ebert is a plain president.

Chronicle headline: "Foe refuses peace terms!" Examiner headline: "Foe accepts peace terms!" Headliners should be called for rehearsal.

Twenty aliens barred from citizenship for evading draft. Thank heaven for a judge who places duty beyond fear of the foreign vote.

Keep your eye on Raymond Benpamin, people! He's coming.

The Spectator

Government Management of Industries

What has government control and congressional interference done for the industries of our country? It has given us the worst railroad service we have ever had. Passenger and freight rates have been increased to almost prohibitive figures and complaints on the part of shippers and passengers are ignored. The public has no redress for neglect and inefficiency. Wages of railroad employees have been increased until they not only absorb all of the increased earnings of the roads but actually are creating an enormous deficit and the public is being taxed to make up this loss. The stockholders and bondholders are treated with pure socialistic indifference and unconcern. Their losses of income and the shrinkage in value of their investments cause the government no uneasiness because their manifest object is to freeze out the security holders and bankrupt the properties. This arbitrary increasing of transportation costs on the part of the government management of railroads for the sole benefit of railroad employees, increases the cost of living

of our one hundred million population, already overburdened to the limit by heavy taxation, losses in the shrinkage in value of Liberty bonds, contributions to the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. and all war charities, arbitrary fixing of food prices by the government at more than double their normal price. The excuse for all this is "military necessity," which everybody knows is perfect rubbish, to cover the gross stupidity and ignorant blundering of the whole thing. If the railroad officials and directors had been given one-half the authority and privileges which the government managers exercised the country would have had the finest railroad service in our history through these war times and our soldiers would have enjoyed a real efficient service instead of the half-baked, stupid and blundering service of the past year. Government management of express has practically ruined our express companies. Congress started this a few years ago when it established the Parcel Post in direct competition with our old chartered and established express companies. This drove the

United States Express Company out of business and sent the values of express stocks and bonds down to the lowest levels they had ever touched. Thousands of investors who, relying upon government protection of their property, had put their savings in express stocks, suffered heavy losses. The socialists and anarchists smiled with approval. Now the Wells Fargo Express Company has passed its dividend. Express service is so bad that it has almost become a gruesome task. A few days ago I sent a box of fruit by express to a neighboring town 50 miles distant. It was sent Monday, reached its destination on the afternoon of the ninth day following. The fruit was ruined, of course. All letters of complaint were simply ignored. Express service is so bad that one wonders how long the people of this great country will endure government mismanagement. Let us pity the owners of these express companies—the stockholders—whose property has been confiscated and who ultimately will have their companies restored to them by the government in a practically bankrupt condition. Government

management of coal, wheat, telephone and telegraph—what of them? Could they possibly be managed worse? The argument of "war necessity" has been worked to the limit of our endurance. Money has been wasted by the billions and the lime light will soon be turned on at its highest illuminating power. Incompetent spendthrifts will be given an opportunity to account for the billions of our money which they have spent. "War necessity" will be confronted by "common sense," "judgment," "level-headedness," "economy." "War necessity" will not be accepted as an excuse for ignorant stupidity and amateur blundering in national affairs. Government management of our industries! A wail goes up from the entire nation: "How long, O Lord, how long?"

More Mismanagement!

Again are we brought face to face with the oft-repeated fact that "pull" places hopeless incompetents at the head of reformatory institutions. A Mrs. Pearce of Los Angeles recently made complaint to the State Board of Charities and Correction that the unfortunate inmates of the State Home for Girls at Ventura were being habitually maltreated in various ways, and that cruel punishments were being inflicted upon them. They were subjected to cruelly long solitary confinement; given unusual tasks, ice baths, and a favorite punishment for rebellious offenders was the washing out with a hose of mouths that had been using "naughty words." Investigation established most of this to be true, but instead of firing the whole outfit of incompetent officials, changes in government were ordered. These embraced elimination of mouth washing, but permitted ice baths; shortened the hours of confinement to a low minimum, forbade humiliating punishments, and specified three hours of schooling with plenty of assisted exercise. It of course requires temperaments of unusual patience and kind initiative to control a large number of incorrigible girls, who are confessedly more unmanageable than boys. But it can be done, and should be

done, for these unfortunate creatures are not themselves to blame for what they are, and there is surely some way—perhaps kindness alone—by which they can be controlled. The report of the board suggests the formation of a psychopathic class, which all inmates must attend, and this will probably eventuate in a satisfactory solution of the problem.

Present Aspect of Suffrage

A curious anomaly is presented when we come to contemplate woman suffrage as it now exists and yet does not exist; what it is and is not; what it ought to be and yet is not permitted to be. To how many of us has it occurred that while most of the states have declared very emphatically in favor of suffrage; while they have not only permitted women to vote but elected very capable women to office, they have done so in open violation of the Constitution of the United States, which explicitly denies the vote to women. It seems to have been a simple matter to secure a prohibition amendment to the Constitution, and its goes without saying that the woman vote was a potent factor in the election of the representatives who passed it. But when it comes to legalizing woman suffrage beyond question, and fortifying it by its own amendment to the Constitution, Congress balks and refuses to pass it. Naturally woman is indignant, but it is not to her credit to contemplate the constantly recurring and altogether feminine expedients to enforce the passage of the amendment, making them the political equals of men under the Constitution, as they have been already made under state laws. Picketing about the White House, winter and summer, and the burning of the President in effigy almost on his very door step, excites ridicule rather than admiration, and hurts their cause. It is not likely that the question can ever be definitely settled, or other equally vital questions become laws, until the measures can be passed by a direct vote of the people. We should consider the difference between "voting for a thing and voting for a

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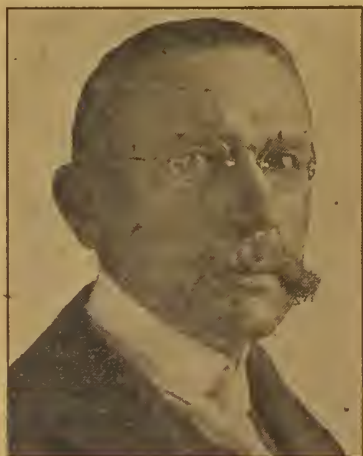
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candidate who says he is in favor of that thing," as is aptly expressed in a recent number of "Reconstruction." The fact is that nearly every member of Congress has been elected on suffrage platforms, and yet national equal suffrage is not yet a fact. The voters have been fooled by the representatives whom they have elected, for in their hearts they do not want women to have the vote and hence the quibble and delay in selfish temporizing. Even the wishes of the President himself have been set at defiance, and so, ladies, a popular vote, if such a thing can be arranged in defiance of the politicians, is your only method of establishing your constitutional rights.

Radio Control of Vessels

In a recent report of the committee appointed for that purpose, the John Hays Hammond, Jr., invention for the control of torpedoes and small vessels by radio plants on ship or shore has been pronounced a success which would appear to leave no doubt as to its inestimable value in naval operations. It is pointed out that \$417,000 will adequately prepare for exhaustive final experiments, and that \$750,000 will be required for the purchase of the patents, so that no nation other than ours shall use the invention in the event of a future war. The report is singularly emphatic in commending the value of this invention, and yet members of our congressional committees, most of whom know much more about headers and threshing machines than torpedoes and radio plants, are beginning to suggest absurd conditions with reference to the experiments. These may eventually lose us the Hammond appliance altogether, as we lost the Lewis machine gun, through the reports of haggling committees and incompetent service officials. If the Secretary of the Navy wants the Hammond invention, he ought to have it without further red tape, which too often is only another word for graft.

Washington Dramatic Notes

(As a vaudeville press agent would handle a Washington correspondent's job.)

After a brief illness Senator Hiram Johnson has resumed work with his old act, "What's the Idea in Russia?" Of late Senator Johnson has been opening the bill and his act is going bigger than ever. Senator Johnson's act is unique in that he uses a new newspaper clipping with each performance. * * The 97th episode of the great serial, "Swatting the War Department," is meeting with increasing success. Senator Weeks and Congressman Mann are registering distinct personal successes as the chief "swatters." In fact, so great has been their success that a score of understudies are now training for their roles. * * An absorbingly interesting entertainment is offered in the new propaganda act, "What's Wrong With Wilson?" or "Why a League of Nations Can't League." Senators Lodge and Knox are scoring heavily as the polished villains while the perennial Beau Brummel, Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, is acceptably handling the role as the chief foiler. This act is playing to top-heavy houses, the galleries especially, being crowded at every performance. * * A great interest has developed in the spectacular acts formerly used by the late Colonel Roosevelt. As yet none of his acts have been taken up but the Washington Rialtos are thronged with aspirants. * * A unique incident of the current season is the lack of "sister acts" on the bill. It may be said that the present programme is an "all male" one. * * Despite his energetic efforts, it is accepted here that Henry Ford

did not get by the booking offices. He is not expected to show this season. It is not improbable, however, that he will break in his monologue on the small time and make another effort to break into the "big time." * * An entire change of programme is announced for March 4.

The Constitution Condensed

The following is offered to afford our readers an opportunity of reading the twenty-six articles in condensed form and without comment: Article 1 binds the delegates representing the contracting parties to frequent meetings of an executive council at a permanent secretariat. Article 2 provides for the said assembling of the representatives of the high contracting parties, each party to have one vote, but not more than three representatives. Article 3 provides that the executive council shall consist of representatives of the United States, England, France, Italy and Japan, but invitations may be extended to smaller powers having interests demanding discussion. Article 4 provides for the procedure at the first meeting of the League, which first meeting shall be called by the President of the United States. Article 5 arranges for the establishment of the permanent secretariat, the staff to be appointed by the Secretary General with the approval of the executive council. Article 6 specifies the nature of the entertainment of the high contracting parties, promising for them what is called "extraterritoriality." Article 7: States not signatories to the covenant may be admitted to discussion by a two-thirds vote, provided that they strictly observe the rules with reference to armaments. Article 8 recognizes that permanent peace will require the reduction of armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety, and demands full and frank information concerning them. Article 9 provides for the constitution of a commission to execute the provisions of Article 8. Article 10 treats of the manner by which territorial aggression may be prevented, and the will of the executive council fulfilled. Article 11 asserts the right of the high contracting parties to attempt adjustment of all war or threats of war. Article 12 provides that should disputes arise between the high contracting parties, they must be decided by arbitration, and the award of the arbitrators shall be made within six months. Article 13 binds the high contracting parties to abide by decisions of the court of arbitration, but failure to carry out the award shall be left for adjustment to the executive council. Article 14 provides for a permanent court of international justice, which shall have the right to determine any disputes such as are outlined in the previous article. Article 15 is long and provides for the adjustment of suppositious disputes, which, in case of disagreement by the executive council, may be referred to the body of delegates for final adjustment. Article 16 specifies the nature of treatment or punishment of any high contracting party which shall break or disregard the provisions of this covenant. It will be considered an act of war, and the forces of the league will be permitted free passage through any territory of forces whose duty it is to protect the covenants of the league. Article 17 treats of possible disputes that may arise between a nation which is a member of the league, and another which is not. In the event of refusal of the latter to accept the obligations of membership in the league, the executive council shall take such action as will prevent hostilities, but result in the settlement of the dispute. Article 18 gives

the league full supervision of all trade in arms and ammunition. Article 19 covers with great exactness the subject of colonies which, through the exigencies of war, have passed under other flags, and the conquered Asiatic possessions of the Turkish Empire, as well as those of Germany in Southwest and Central Africa, are definitely placed under mandatory government, but the countries formerly under Turkish rule may have some voice in the selection of said mandatory power. Article 20 treats of the humane maintenance of conditions of labor for women and children. Article 21 binds the league to freedom of transit for the commerce of all states, especially with reference to those countries devastated by the war. Article 22 places all international bureaus established by treaty under control of the league, if the parties to such treaties consent. Article 23 specifies that all such treaties shall be registered with the secretary general, and no such treaty shall be binding until so registered. Article 24 provides that the league may have the right to advise the reconsideration of such treaties as may endanger the peace of the world. Article 25 binds the high contracting parties to secure the abrogation of such treaties as are inconsistent with the terms of this covenant, and before any nation may be admitted to the councils of the league it must take immediate steps to secure its release from such obligations. Article 26 is, in full: "Amendment to this covenant will take effect when ratified by the states whose representatives compose the executive council, and by three-fourths of the states whose representatives compose the body of delegates."

Another Mischief Maker

No sooner do the elements most interested meet, and "resoloot" and vote upon the adjustment of important economic matters, than some publicity-loving crank or other begins to yaup in public or in print and spill the beans all over again. The latest of these is a Mr. Walter K. Polakov—what a Bolshevikian flavor that name has—who is said to be a power expert for the United States Shipping Board. This idealistic gentleman has managed to get himself interviewed by the New York World, in which he manages to voice some amazingly revolutionary theories, which are to peace-congress the long war between labor and capital. He tells us that wasteful methods are the principal destroyers of profit, and too-long hours the cause of insufficient productive labor. He assumes to be able to demonstrate by figures that men can produce more goods in six hours than they can in ten or twelve, owing to the great fatigue inseparable from the longer periods. From this point of view we are asked to believe that half a day will produce twice the energy and double the product of a whole day, and here is the conclusion of Mr. Bol—Polshkev's interview: "If America will set out to eliminate all waste, and all friction in her industrial system, we may

expect a four or even a two hour day. With production simplified and all power utilized, we could probably produce all we want in much less than six hours." Mr. Bol—Polakov, does not state, however, that half a day would entail half wages, thereby removing all possibility of the fairness implied in the fifty-fifty idea.

Roosevelt National Park, California

Remarks of Hon. James D. Phelan of California in the Senate of the United States, January 13, 1919: Mr. President—Theodore Roosevelt was early identified with the West, and the west of the West. He sought among the great mountain ranges and the vast expanse of prairie a field for his abounding energy. From his narrow environment of city streets and congested population he naturally sought expansion. The liberalizing influences of the western life nationalized him and prepared him doubtless for the larger tasks which he was destined to assume. I can not imagine a more fitting memorial for a man of his character, courage, culture, generous nature, and love of the beautiful than the rugged, wild, and sublime scenery embraced in the region of central California. The story of William Tell might apply with equal pertinency to Theodore Roosevelt, who learned his love of liberty from his love of nature. He, too, was influenced by the mountain streams, which "plough the valleys without asking leave" and the mountain peaks which "wear their caps of snow in the very presence of the regal sun." Here are the King and Kern River canyons, Mount Whitney, the highest in the continental United States proper, and here in the crystal-pure waters, "never too grave to smile, too tired to run," disport the golden trout, peculiar to this place alone, and already bearing the scientific description of Salmo Roosevelti. There is no equal area on earth superior in natural wonders. It is bounded by the crests of the high Sierra; cataracts leap in glory from altitudinal clefts; giant trees lift their heads far above the besetting fog, erect amidst tempests, resplendent in the light of day, wreathed in immortelles, and serenely at rest in the free air of Heaven. California—a state richly endowed by nature—can dedicate no finer monument to Roosevelt than this, the choicest of her natural gifts, nor the nation a more appropriate memorial.

Swinging Singers at Techau's

High above the heads of the guests, three beautiful show girls swing to and fro, singing to the rhythm of their graceful motion. With swish of silken skirts they float across the cafe, rising to the ceiling and swooping down almost to the polished surface of the dance floor, their voices keeping time to the rise and fall of their velvet-seated swings. It is a pretty and exhilarating sight and one that is drawing scores to this popular cafe every evening.

Dr. Clappett to Lecture

Next Saturday, March 1, the "Half Hour" talk in the Paul Elder Gallery is to be given by Dr. F. W. Clappett, who has recently returned from service in France with the Grizzlies. Dr. Clappett's subject is "A Leaf from a Chaplain's Diary." The lecture will begin at 2:30 o'clock and is free to the public.

All-of-a-Sudden Truth

"He may be a satirist, but he is not a bore."
"What's the difference?"
"Why a bore is always telling you the truth, but a satirist only tells it when you least expect it."—Judge.

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By TANTALUS

The Chevalier Party

Mr. and Mrs. George Chevalier entertained at the Charity Ball an attractive party of young people. They were Misses Adele Chevalier, Helene Comte, Katherine Mackall, Katherine Sessions, Lieutenants Heessler and Theodore Rethers and Messrs. Don Bradford, Lawrence Archer Kelly, and Hugh Fullerton.

Social Notes

Mrs. George Howard, Sr., was hostess on Thursday last at an artistically appointed luncheon in her apartments at the Warrington. Among the matrons present were Mrs. Remi P. Schwerin, Mrs. Fritz King, Mrs. Ruby Bond, Mrs. H. Kauffman, Mrs. Edward H. Hamilton and Miss Nettie Hamilton. * * It will be pleasing news to the many friends of young Mr. and Mrs. Edmond Lyman (Genevieve Bothin) to know they will settle in California, Mr. Lyman having been given a lucrative position by his father-in-law, Henry Bothin, in the Sultan Iron Works. * * Mrs. D. H. Allen and Miss Edith Allen have taken an apartment at Jones and Washington streets. * * Mr. and Mrs. E. Burke Holiday left on Sunday for Oak Knoll, in southern California, where they have recently completed a beautiful summer home. They will remain until September. * * Mr. and Mrs. S. Morley Jackson will arrive on Friday from their home in Tacoma and take rooms at the Palace Hotel. Mr. Jackson is president and manager of the Bank of California at Tacoma. Mrs. Jackson is a former San Francisco girl, well known in society here. She was Miss Marie Williams, daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. Robert Williams. * * Miss Frances Killam will be the hostess at a dance on Saturday evening, February 22, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick B. Killam. * * One of the interesting "teas" of the last week was that of Miss Helen Head at her home on Clay and Laguna streets on Saturday, February 15. The guests included many of the rising young belles and beaux of the exclusive set. * * Miss Anita Berendson has issued invitations for a "tea" at her home on Saturday afternoon, March 1. * * Miss Geraldine Gannon and Miss Hallie Pomeroy will be joint hostesses at a dance at the Country Club in Berkeley on March 1. * * Miss Gladys Lyle of Los Angeles, who has been the guest of Mrs. Frederick Herr for the past ten days, will sail for Honolulu this week, contemplating remaining there for a lengthy visit. * * Miss Albertine Pendleton of Los Angeles will be at the Palace Hotel for the next week or two. * * Mrs. Bevan Jones has returned to the city from a ten days' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Rollin Forester at their home in Mill Valley. * * Mrs. F. H. Dunne and Miss Rae Dunne will leave the last of February for Saltillo, Mexico, on a six months' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Blas Narro. * * Miss Pauline Wheeler, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. P. L. Wheeler, who left here two months ago for New York, where she went to pass the physical test for canteen work in France, has sailed for "over there." She left New York on February 1, sailing with members of the Junior League. The evening before her departure, Mrs. William C. Peyton, a prominent matron of New York's smart set, gave an elaborate dinner in her honor. Mrs. Peyton was formerly Miss Dupont, daughter of the head of the famous

Dupont powder works. * * Miss Marion Fitzhugh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Fitzhugh of this city, has also been accepted for overseas canteen work.

Sofia Charlebois

Sofia Charlebois of the San Carlo Opera Company is in private life Mrs. Fortune Gallo. She is a California girl, formerly of San Mateo, and a granddaughter of the pioneer Kashaw, owner of Kashaw's Island's, now Belvedere. She was a pupil of Paul Steindorf, later going to Rome and Milan to study, where she also sang successfully in opera. As upon her previous visits to her girlhood home, she has been the motif for many social affairs since her arrival. On Tuesday Mrs. John Martini entertained at a tea at her Union-Street home for the fair singer. Others who entertained her were Mrs. Edward Landers at a Palace Hotel luncheon, Mrs. Jack Daniels at a tea at the Fairmont, Mrs. Jerome White at a Palace tea, and Mrs. William Mason at a luncheon in Berkeley.

The Mitchell Dance

The dance which Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell gave for their daughter, Miss Bernice Mitchell, last week at their Clay-Street home was a delightful affair. The guests were: Misses Annette Rolfe, Katherine Sesson, Marjorie and Marian Dunne, Frances Lent, Justine and Lucille McGrath, Helene Comte, Barbara Payne, Irene and Rose Grunbaum, Marian Burns and Agnes Flynn, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cooke, Lieutenants Alex. Young, Dan Brown, Ed. O'Connor, Dubois, Sevelli and Messrs. Don Bradford, Fullerton, Alpheus Bull, James Neary, Wm. Pitt, Stanley Burns, Alvin Payne and Hosmer Rolfe.

As Ned Remembers

One factor to make Ned Greenway's reminiscences noteworthy everywhere is that there are few literary efforts of this nature. Social leaders constitute a rare species of dandelion, and still more scarce is the one who wields a pen. His readers should be a multitude, for everybody is interested in the secret treaties, the entangling alliances, the ups and down, the ins and outs of society, particularly in expectation that society will be turned inside out for the amusement of outsiders. Theoretically, therefore, Greenway's book will be as interesting to a Frenchman or a Russian as to those who are familiar with the names of his belles and beaux—and grandmothers. Ten years ago, "The Saunterer" in Town Talk wrote that the czar of the local Four Hundred, in the twenty-fifth (25th) year of his reign, would "pull off," said the Saunterer, "his first dance of the season, on his birthday, November 4, in behalf of the Friday Night Club. In the same issue, The Saunterer commented on the tact of Mrs. Inez Shorb White in opening her dancing season two weeks after that date, so as to take advantage of any tactical errors made by her rival. The year previous, she had outdone the Greenway supper, 'twas said, and had supplied a greater varieties of dishes at less cost. It is not everywhere known that society figures the cost of what it eats; but when debutantes are many, and there are two factions, two leaders, and, in the words of the song, "absolutely two of every thing," society must bite its lead pencil and figure the dollars. Mrs. White lost money

on that remarkable supper, and The Saunterer intimates his regret, adding that the matron, not being a seller of champagne, had nothing to gain but the plaudits of her friends. Perhaps Greenway will go to the extent of telling just how a few of such incidents came to pass, and add a fund of anecdote that will make a quarter century ago as newsworthy as today. While Ned has no intention of staggering humanity nor of exposing the history of strawberry marks, I believe that in his quiet way he can not refrain from giving us a thrill here and there, and will deliver us a book as captivating as many a best seller.

Events at Fairmont

The Fairmont Hotel has been the scene of unusual activities this week, many social functions of importance being housed in the big hostelry at the top of the town. The dinner tendered to Ex-President Taft by the Harvard-Yale Alumni on Wednesday evening and the luncheon on Thursday under the auspices of the City Federation of Women's Clubs of San Francisco given in honor of Mrs. Philip North Moore, president of the National Council of Women, were notable affairs, while the art exhibit in aid of the wounded French soldiers, in the beautiful Laurel Court, has attracted much attention. Rainbow Lane, with its atmosphere of cheer and very agreeable follies, is one of the most popular places in San Francisco and is filled with a jolly throng of pleasure seekers every evening except Sunday. In honor of Washington's Birthday, there will be a special table d'hôte dinner in all dining rooms, for which the price will be two dollars. The Sunday evening Lobby Concerts at the Fairmont, with the augmented orchestra, attract hundreds of music lovers, and for this Sunday at eight forty-five Director Rudy Seiger has prepared a particularly interesting programme. Delightful little Hana Shimozumi, the Japanese soprano, will be the vocalist and will be heard in several selections by standard composers, in addition to some Japanese songs.

An Australian Ballet Teacher

Miss Dora de Fiddes, danseuse, has taken quarters in the California Club building, Clay and Van Ness, to accommodate her rapidly increasing class which at present numbers two hundred kiddies. Miss de Fiddes received her terpsichorean training in Australia with Tracy Williamson and M. Clifford and was for some time ballerina in grand opera there.

Jomelli Musical

Some eighty musical and society folk attended the matinee-musical given on Saturday by Jeanne Jomelli at her home on Walsworth Avenue, Oakland. A number of her advanced artist-pupils rendered a charming vocal programme, to which Jeanne Jomelli, herself, contributed several delightful operatic arias and songs. Fred Maurer, Jr., accompanied the singers at the piano and Alexander Saslafsky, recently concert master of the New York Symphony Orchestra, was guest of honor of the occasion.

Advice to a Tramp

"I'd like to cut your grass for a meal."
"Don't bother to cut it; eat it right off the ground."—Judge.

The Stage

Prowess at the Orpheum

How our aspirations for future achievements alter! When I saw Sansone and Delila in a complicated balancing act on the Orpheum stage I thought it interesting for a change and marveled at its daring. But it brought to mind that at the age of nine my secret ambition in life was to be the strong lady in a circus and balance billiard tables on my teeth. I don't remember why, but as I used to think the most important thing in the world for a woman was to be a raving beauty (I'm not sure that I've changed my mind yet), perhaps it was because it presupposed some extraordinarily robust and handsome teeth, such as the performer whom I wished to emulate revealed when she smiled her acknowledgments for wild applause. So, parents who worry because their boys and girls long to become movie kings and queens, don't fret—they will change their minds and content themselves by just sitting through film stories as you do. A real novelty, also in the athletic line, is "Glima," which is called the Iceland method of self-defense. It is exciting and looks very difficult, but it would be a perilous thing to furniture and the rest of the family if a houseful of small boys should start to "glima" one another in the manner in which they have a habit of falling upon one another in wrestling bouts whenever they are moved to work off a bit of superfluous energy. Claudius and Scarlet have a quiet musical act which "gets over" well, though it consists merely in their playing old-time melodies whose words are flashed upon the screen. Joseph E. Howard has a captivating song revue of his own compositions in a fascinating scenic atmosphere. Kennedy and Rooney would be more entertaining if they omitted their mourning symbols. It is true that some widows and widowers eager for a new matrimonial venture are intensely amusing in real life, but to burlesque death and burial is shocking taste, don't you think? Walter Fenner and Company, Burns and Fabrito, Bert Baker's "Prevarication," and the pictures make up the rest of the bill.

—H. M. B.

Brother Against Brother

At the Alcazar during the past week Fred Belasco has thrown down the gauntlet to his famous brother of international fame, in his sumptuous production of "The Rose or the Rancho." While in individual instances the cast may have fallen short of that of the original New York production, it was quite as satisfactory from a popular point of view, as evidenced by the unusually large attendance and the many scene and curtain calls. Beautiful Belle Bennett in the title role again delighted her rapidly increasing phalanx of admirers, and, barring a preponderance of an accent which at times made her diction difficult to follow, her performance was very satisfactory indeed. Walter Richardson was excellent in the not very exacting role of Kearney, as were also Tom Chatterton as the jealous lover and Henry Shumer as Padre Antonio. Clifford Alexander and Al Cunningham fell very little short of the originals in the roles, and the rest of the long cast was quite adequate, barring a tendency to too much variety of accident and an utter absence of knowledge as to how Spanish is pronounced. This same fault was predominant in the original production, as were other discrepancies and anachronisms, under the ex-

perienced direction of the Great David and his collaborator, Mr. Tully. For instance, Rose spoke with an almost incomprehensible accent, while the English of her mother and grandmother was most perfect, and the same anachronism existed with reference to the Spanish Priest. Moreover, it is safe to say that back in the forties there was not a single palm in the entire state of California, nor did it contain any buildings bearing the slightest resemblance to those at Rose's rancho, as may be easily proven by inspection of the mission architecture of San Juan, much of which is still standing, occupied by descendants of the original owners. But all of this is hypercriticism as far as the public is concerned, and something which dramatic license may be said to quite disarm. The performance scored, the cast scored, the stage director scored, the man in the box office was wreathed in smiles all through the week, so what has history and chronology to do with the case anyway?

—C. M. G.

San Francisco Symphony

The sixth pair of symphony concerts were as appealing as they always are to music lovers. The overture to "The Abencerrages," by Cherubini, was new to me. It is a stately composition and as Hertz skillfully builded the music scene, I tried to visualize the Alhambra; but perhaps I was not in a romantic mood, for I did not get beyond admiring the tonal portrayal of our fine orchestra. It was different with "Afternoon of a Faun"—I could have aided the forgetful faun in picturing his adventures in his woodland paradise, perhaps because the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra has revealed its beauties by several renditions. This is one of the numbers which is a magnet to those who love sensuous music color. "Baba-Yaga," by Anatole Laidlow, was given its San Francisco premiere and won immediate appeal. It has the characteristic witchery of Russian music, though some epigrammatic musical authority claims that "There is no such thing as Russian music; there is only music." When Hertz's men later played the Rimsky-Korsakow "Scheherazade" with throbbing strings, summoning brass and echoing wood-wind all magically woven into an enchanting mural, exquisite to behold, I felt like paraphrasing, "There is no such thing as music—there is only Russian music." I can well understand the intense musical satisfaction of a leader saturated in musical literature when he hears his orchestra in such a superb concert. What a splendid educational influence it would be, if we had a concert hall where rehearsals of the orchestra could be heard at a nominal price! This, I believe, has been one of Hertz's earnest desires and one which ought to receive serious consideration.

—H. M. B.

Sixth "Pop" and Seventh Pair of Symphonies

Conductor Alfred Hertz announces a most enticing programme of light masterpieces for the sixth regular "pop" concert of the complete San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, to be given on Sunday afternoon, February 23, in the Curran Theatre. Advance interest indicates the usual capacity audience. Following is the list of offerings: Overture, "The Black Domino," Auber; (a) Nocturne, (b) Polonaise from "Chopiniana," Glazounow; Three Hungarian

Dances, Brahms; "La Farandole" Suite (Les Tambourinaires, Les Ames infideles, La Provencale, Sylvine, Farandole Fantastique), Dubois; Hungarian Rhapsodie, No. 1, Liszt; Prelude to "The Deluge," Saint-Saens (Violin Obligato, Louis Persinger); "Espana," Rhapsodie for Orchestra, Chabrier. No more interesting programme has been offered at the more serious events this season than that contrived by Conductor Hertz for the seventh regular pair of symphonies, to be played on Friday and Sunday afternoons, February 28 and March 2, in the Curran Theatre. The programme follows: Symphony No. 7 (Poco Sostenuto—Vivace, Allegretto, Scherzo, Presto—Trio, Assai meno presto, Finale, Allegro con brio), Beethoven; "Mother Goose" (five children's pieces—Pavane of the Sleeping Beauty, Hop o' My Thumb, Laidronette, Empress of the Pagodes, Beauty and the Beast), Ravel; Symphonic Fantasia, Hadley. Tickets for all events of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra are to be had at Sherman's Clay & Co.'s box office. They are available at the Curran Theatre on concert days only.

Second Grand Evening "Pop" Concert by Hertz

For the second time in its history, under the direction of Alfred Hertz, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will appear in the Exposition Auditorium. The affair is announced as a grand "pop" concert and will be given in the city's vast building on Saturday evening, March 1, Alfred Hertz directing. At the first event, given last March in the Auditorium, the capacity of the edifice, calculated at 10,000, was completely employed and thousands of disappointed Hertz enthusiasts were turned away. The concert was a tremendous success, viewed from every angle, and was commented upon by the press of the country. At the forthcoming event, the orchestra will be augmented and Conductor Hertz will offer a programme in keeping with the size of the building and the size of the throng that will unquestionably be in evidence. The enormous seating capacity of the Exposition Auditorium makes it possible to schedule 3000 seats at 25 cents and 3500 seats at 50 cents, the remainder being priced at 75 cents and \$1.00, permitting Hertz followers to listen to a monster programme of music that is "light but not trivial," rendered by one of the greatest orchestras in the country, at nominal prices. The demand of the public for good music of general appeal at inexpensive rates has been in excess of the orchestra's ability to supply reservations. This fact is conclusively demonstrated at the regular Sunday "pops," held in the Curran, where hundreds are unable to gain admission. The occasional use of the Auditorium is designed to ameliorate this condition, and its "missionary" value, in spreading the gospel of good music, is incalculable. In several of the numbers to be played at the coming concert, the Exposition organ will be heard in conjunction with the orchestra, Edwin H. Lemare appearing at the console of the city's instrument. In addition to Lemare, the following distinguished artists will assist: Louis Persinger, violinist and concert-master; Horace Britt, violoncellist; Emilio Puyans, flutist; Kac-tan Attl, harpist; Harold Randall, clarinetist; Louis Newbauer, flutist. Tickets for the tremendous event are now to be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. The complete programme follows: 1, The Star-Spangled Banner; 2, "Pomp and Circumstance" (march for orchestra and

organ," Elgar; 3, Suite No. 1, "Peer Gynt," Grieg; 4, (a) "Aubade," Hasselmanns, (b) "At the Fountain," Zazel (for Harp Solo, Mr. Attl); (c) Trio of the Young Ishmaelites, from "The Infancy of Christ," Berlioz (for 2 Flutes and Harp, Messrs. Puyans, Newbauer and Attl); 5, "The Preludes," Symphonic Poem No. 2, Liszt; intermission; 6, "Ave Maria," Bach-Gonnod (Violin Solo, Mr. Persinger; Harp Solo, Mr. Attl; Organ, Mr. Lemare); 7, Overture, "The Year 1812" (by request), Tchaikowsky (for Orchestra and Organ); 8, "Under the Linden Tree," Massenet (Violoncello Solo, Mr. Britt; Clarinet Solo, Mr. Randall); 9, (a) "Serenade," Moszkowski, (b) "Elegie," Massenet (Violoncello Solo, Mr. Britt), (c) "Loin du Bal" (by request), Gillet; 10, Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," Joh. Strauss.

William Faversham and Maxine Elliott

"Lord and Lady Algy" brings to the stage a notable co-star organization and a supporting company of more than ordinary brilliance. William Faversham and Maxine Elliott will be seen in this comedy by R. C. Carton at the Curran Theatre beginning Monday night, February 24, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

Faversham is one of the leading American actors and has been ever since his first appearances in the Frohman companies, about twenty years ago. He has all the gifts which contribute to distinction—appearance, art, magnetism and a brilliant career. Miss Elliott's return to the stage after a seven years' absence is an event in American stage history. There is much curiosity to see again her resplendent beauty. The story of "Lord and Lady Algy" is too well known to need repetition, but should be an excellent vehicle for both Mr. Faversham and Miss Elliott. The Curran will doubtless house society crowds during the engagement as both stars are social favorites in private life. Supporting Mr. Faversham and Miss Elliott is a

company of unusual interest including Mary Compton, Emily Fitzroy, Maud Hosford, Frederick Lloyd, Philip Leigh, Robert Ayrton, Harvey, Percy Waram, Franklyn Fox, Jess Smith, Frederick Raymond, Herbert Belmore, Eleanor Benedict and others.

Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will be almost entirely new, there being only two holdovers in it. "The Heart of Annie Wood," a melodramatic story by Frances Nordstrom, set to music by Jack Morris, will be the headline act. Hampton and Blake will be seen and heard in a surprise act entitled "Just a Little Different." Foster Ball and Ford West will present a character study entitled "Since the Days of '61." Ball's impersonation of the Civil War Veteran is just as fine a piece of character work as the stage has presented. Mabel Cameron and Alan Devitt and Company will appear in an unctuous farce entitled "The Groom Forgot," in which Miss Cameron impersonates a Broadway show girl and Mr. Devitt a millionaire's son on a spree. Dolores Vallecita sits unconcernedly at a piano in an iron cage surrounded by a group of Indian leopards who perform all sort of extraordinary feats at her command. The Ramsdells, Bessie and William, and Muriel Deyo will introduce an entirely original terpsichorean review, consisting of six dances. The latest series of the Hearst Weekly will be presented. The only holdovers will be Claudius and Scarlet in "Song Memories" and Joseph E. Howard's Song Bird Revue.

Alcazar

The revival of "The Rose of the Rancho" by the New Alcazar Company has proved so overwhelmingly successful that continuance for one more week, commencing with next Sunday's matinee, becomes imperative. The constant line of ticket buyers at the box office is a visible demonstration of its renewed triumph. To follow, commencing Sunday, March 2, there comes "Not With My Money," a comedy of financial adventure which moved New York to laughter last fall and is another of the up-to-date novelties which Alcazar enterprise gives San Francisco for the first time. It treats the get-rich-quick game from a new angle and is by Edward Clark, author of "De Luxe Annie."

The Story of Max Rosen, Violinist

The career of Max Rosen, the eighteen-year-old Jewish boy, who is already conceded to be one of the world's greatest violinists and who will be heard for the first time west of Chicago at the Columbia Theatre next Sunday, reads more like the pages from some fairy tale than a story from real life. Max Rosen was the son of a poor Jewish East Side barber in New York, and was first heard of in the little barber shop where his father was attending a chance customer, Solomon Diamond, journalist and music lover, who happened in one day. This gentleman heard some unusual violin playing in what appeared to be the back room of the shop. He was about to ask who the player was when the music suddenly ceased and a ragged little boy about ten years old ran into the room and said, "Father, I am going out to play marbles; I have done enough practicing." Before any remonstrance could be made he was out of the door, shouting to his playmates with all the lusty-lunged abandon of the East Side street urchin. Now at eighteen years of age this Jewish boy has successfully passed through a period of intensive instruction at the hands of Leopold Auer, the world-famous teach-

er, and by his wonderful playing is stirring up memories of the great violinists of the generation that has passed away. He was a favorite pupil of Auer, who has also taught Elman, Zimbalist, Parlow and Heifetz. A Dayton, Ohio, critic said of him last season: "His touch, temperament and technique were marvelously effective. Coming so late in the season as to be the last artist in the musical arrangement, Max Rosen found an audience still alive with keen appreciation and who responded quickly to his charm and individuality. Let us hope that our large colony of violinists will attend the first concert of this young genius and have the pleasure of showering him with the evidences of our recognition while his fame is embryonic and his enthusiasm more intense than it will be when a waiting world crowns him as another Kreisler."

MAX ROSEN

PHENOMENAL VIOLINIST

By the nobility, equipoise and beauty of his playing this youthful genius is stirring up memories of the masters of the violin of generations passed away.

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Programme:

Overture, "The Black Domino," Auber; Nocturne and Polonaise from "Chopiniana," Glazounow; Three Hungarian Dances, Brahms; "La Farandole" Suite, Dubois; Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 1, Liszt; Prelude, "The Deluge" (Violin Obligato, Louis Persinger), Saint-Saens; "España," Chabrier.

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CLUBS ARE TRUMPS

(Continued from Page 4)

He wins. King Albert loses and he and his kingdom are the stakes that the emperor gathers in. King George of England, with Lloyd George and President Poincaré enter. They put the richest part of the French front up as a stake. Emperor William puts up Alsace-Lorraine and Belgium. The two emperors now lead, one with clubs and the other with spades. The Czar of Russia comes to the rescue rather a little late. He, however, throws down a trump card—the king of diamonds. The emperor of Germany covers it and trumps it with the ace of diamonds. The two emperors pull in the huge French stakes—with their world of coal mines, iron mines, and eight thousand cities and towns. The Czar of Russia then pushes past the French and English players and calls for a fresh pack of cards, made in Russia—a pack that contains Russian clubs and Russian spades. These he could trust; deluded gambler! The Czar then pushes forward the biggest stake yet played in the game—one of the Russias. The two emperors size the pile with the Hapsburg empire and lead with a Russian club. The common people of Russia applaud the club throwing of the two emperors. The Czar becomes dismayed but throws down his biggest king of diamonds. Emperor William is greatly encouraged by the applause of the Russian proletariat, the advocates of spades and clubs. He increases the stakes to two empires against one czardom. Then, most unexpectedly to the assemblage, he throws down the ace of diamonds. Diamonds are trumps and he seizes upon all the clubs, spades and hearts and diamonds and all of the Russias are his.

Still the gamblers are far from the finish of the game.

England has a king, and he holds some diamond trumps. France has her skillful players, but she holds a great club hand. The players adjourn to Gallipoli and to Salonika and they all continue in the world's series of the game.

At Gallipoli the game opens. The stakes are the Dardanelles, the great Constantinople of the Sultan, with the road to Bagdad thrown in, and the English stakes are its army and Mediterranean navy with the Isthmus of Suez. King Peter puts up Serbia, Montenegro and Albania. King Ferdinand puts up Bulgaria. The English lead with the king of clubs. The Sultan follows with the ace of clubs. King Peter covers these with a king of hearts. King Ferdinand with the ace of spades. The Sultan with a roar shouts "Trumped!" and throws down the big diamond ace.

Poor little King Peter is out of the game for good. He is "broke."

The Dardanelles, Constantinople, the road to Bagdad and Bulgaria are saved and the English fleet and army are hors-de-combat, while Serbia, Montenegro and Albania are pushed over the green cloth to the winners. They won so much that the German Emperor didn't take time to go after the Suez Canal.

Just as the gamblers stop to light their cigars, in rushes little Rumania and calls for a fresh deck. The Emperor of Germany was standing up and about to depart, but now returns to the game.

The stakes are Roumania against the upper Danube. The royal hand of Bucharest throws down the king of clubs. The Emperor, with a smile of satisfaction, trumps it with a musty deuce of diamonds and gathers in Roumania with its vast wheat fields and oil and gas wells and gold and silver treasures.

And now every king, emperor, sultan, ruler

and potentate on earth hears the exultant shout of the Emperor William of Germany, the luckiest and the ablest gambler of them all.

There stands the emperor before the world with the ace of diamonds in his hands.

"Diamonds are trumps," he says, "and while diamonds are trumps I can not lose."

The few players who are left rush to the treasure boxes of the world—the earth is ransacked for more stakes and again, with billions of dollars, they all stagger unto the play.

This time the gambling is at the royal green tables of a palatial submarine sailing deep down into the waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

Only four big players are left who can afford to play in that big game.

They are the King of England, the President of France, and the Emperor of Germany and the Emperor of Austria.

The tonnage of the seven seas is the stake put up by the two former as against the freedom of the domains of the emperors and the captured territories held by both emperors—Emperor William deals the cards. The game is swift and terrible, tense and harrowing, more exciting than the sensation of riding in the emperor's own wonderfully devised submarine leviathan, the marvel of all times and of all seas. They all hold big hands. Each hand hold high diamonds. Clubs and spades and hearts are despised and forgotten. The English and the French hands are high enough to gamble the world's shipping on. They put it all up, and order new ships built for future wagers.

The French President, pale and determined, throws down his best card, the Emperor of Austria next with a higher card in the series, the English King throws the king of diamonds. The grim German Emperor with a smile throws the ace of diamonds and then bounds to his feet and shouts: "Mich unt Gott!"

He gets drunk on the beverages of Munich and then glides back to the Kiel canal and Vaterland.

But in the lust of power he failed to notice that one of the boats named "Lusitania" contained citizens who came from a country called America, where clubs are trumps, but also where kings and queens, jacks and knaves are much in the discard. He didn't know exactly where America was and he didn't know whether the Indians induced the Americans to take the country or had turned it over to his ambassador, the Count von Bernstorff. At any rate, no matter who inhabited that terra incognita, they still held clubs, and clubs against diamonds! "Gott unt Himmel!"

But strange enough the wireless drawing cries of these American citizens reached the antennae of the wireless stations in hearts of the "clubs" in America and aroused their spirit of revenge to the highest pitch. They would try and beat the Emperor at his own game. For, clubs or no clubs, all men are born gamblers.

The clubs wanted the Emperor to come and play a game in America. He coyly said: "No! I want to play on my own ground first." So Uncle Sam wired him to wait a minute as he was a little short of funds, but would borrow a few billions from his Indians and send it over with General Pershing and then he would come himself to take a hand in the international game.

It seems that the Emperor had his doubts. He lost interest in the matter and did not even reply to Uncle Sam. Either he did not believe that Uncle Sam meant business or else he thought that clubs would have no chance against the king of diamonds. So Uncle

Sam got a saucy boat that passed the submarines and sailed across the water and he met the Emperor at his own gambling table.

The first thing Uncle Sam did was to put down as his stake the first bag of billions he got from home, and on the Emperor's side, the captured French territory, and on France's side she staked the territory from Chauny to Mondidier. The Emperor was still confident, and after the other players, down from his great mailed first came the dread ace of diamonds; Uncle Sam and France both lost, and the Emperor's army was across the Oise, and bivouacking in Mondidier. So much for the first play.

The Emperor again rejoiced. Uncle Sam wired home and got his second sack of billions and put it up. France put up seven miles more of her territory between the River Oise and the Marne, and the Emperor staked all of the conquered territory he had obtained in the west.

The cards were dealt as before, played as before, and down again came that mailed fist with its dreaded ace of diamonds and again the Emperor William won. The Germans were at Chateau Thierry and within forty miles of Paris. Then for the third time Uncle Sam sent home and put down his third sack of billions, but this time sent his aviation ace of clubs over the German armies and dropped notes of warning that he would make clubs trumps. He warned them to put the king of diamonds into the discard. He told them to stop being spectators but as a club of the German people to become one of the big players. Thus he permeated the German population with the love of the club as their trump card and with a disgust for the king of diamonds. He forced the Emperor to allow the German people to enter as a player and then induced them to stake the entire captured territory from the Rhine to Chateau Thierry in France and to Ypres in Belgium, and also induced him to stake the crown of the King of Bulgaria and the sceptre of the Emperor of Austria, as well as his own German sceptre as against Paris, the French seaports and the Dover straits. The German people staked the suffrage of 60,000,000 people of the empire on the result.

Then Uncle Sam at Chateau Thierry matched the Emperor for the say on trumps.

Uncle Sam won the match and at once changed trumps from diamonds to clubs. The play then opened! Lloyd George dealt a small diamond, France the ten of clubs; then the Emperor for the first time in his life commenced to look troubled. With a somewhat nervous and he threw his first card—his highest—it was the knave of clubs. Uncle Sam threw down the king of clubs. When, horror upon horrors, the German people finished the game with the ace of clubs. The startled Emperor lost not only the greatest bunch of stakes of all the war, but lost diamonds as trumps; and was compelled to kiss the hand of the jack of clubs, and then what happened? Down came the crown of the king of Bulgaria—a republic was seen in the distance. Down fell the wonderful crown of the Czar Nicholas and he and the royal family disappeared from the face of the earth, while democracy's jack of clubs went into the ascendancy. Russia first and then into Bulgaria.

Off flew the sceptre of Charles I, the young Emperor of Austria-Hungary, under the blows of the people's jack of clubs and, more wonderful than all, into the dust of the streets of Berlin, fell the greatest of all those crowns, knocked by the jack of clubs into the hands of the German populace itself.

(Continued on Next Page, Column 2)

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Trading in stocks the past week furnished convincing corroboration of the underlying sentiment that bearish factors have been abundantly discounted at prevailing levels. This feeling was disclosed when after sagging off earlier in the week, values hardened towards the close, despite the generally bearish news that came on the market. At the close of the week opinion was rather favorable to a continuation of the advance, as it was felt that all the bear news had been thoroughly discounted, and there was a more hopeful feeling over the labor situation in this country as well as the prospects of a favorable peace plan, which at present looks to be working out favorable to all the Allied powers. There has never been a time in the history of the United States like the present, when striking labor organizations have had less of the public sympathy than today, and the public was never more ready to object to the demands of labor for higher wages. The reason is not hard to find, for with the high cost of living, which has been forced on the back of the consumer, the latter is in no mood to have that cost continued or made higher, because there are certain unions which feel they have the power to force their demands. Consequently, the general feeling seems to be that the labor situation will not be the fact that it was thought would be, and while we will always have some labor troubles, they will be more in the nature of a scare than a reality. There was a better demand for steel products the past week, and this was rather encouraging in view of the fact that all the news from this source has been discouraging. The copper metal situation has not improved any with the metal reported to be selling in small lots around 17½ cents. However, the decline in the copper shares has already anticipated a decline in the metal, and stocks are now selling at a level which discounts the cut in copper dividends that is expected to take place at the next dividend meetings. The automobile shares came to light under the leadership of General Motors, and the general feeling is that these issues are in for much higher prices. The outlook for the growing crops is such that, with the guaranteed price for wheat, it means abundant prosperity for the farmer, and the automobile companies are looking forward to a very prosperous year. Oil stocks are still the favorites amongst the speculators. The demand for oil shows no signs of a let-up, and while producers are doing all they can to increase production, the demand is so strong that higher prices for oil are expected to prevail. Earnings of all the oil companies are increasing, and some large dividend disbursements are expected just as soon as they can get a line on which their taxes will be. The Mexican Oil stocks, Mexican Petroleum and Pan American, are the leaders, with Royal Dutch a close sec-

ond. These issues have shown an advance the past week of more than \$10 per share, and this has caused a general buying wave in the minor oil shares. The general situation still continues mixed, but sentiment is changing to the constructive side of the market, and we believe stocks can be bought on all minor setbacks.

Cotton—Labor troubles in England that brought about lower prices from Liverpool, as well as labor troubles in our domestic mills in the New England States, brought about an unsettled market, with lower prices, early in the week. It was noticeable, however, that all the cotton that was for sale around the 20-cent level was well taken care of, and when the stock market showed signs of doing better, the shorts in cotton became alarmed, and ran to cover. This brought about a general advance in futures and a change in sentiment. The spot market, as usual, did not follow the decline in futures, as the present holders of spot cotton seem to be well entrenched and are not worrying about the future prices. Spot cotton can only be had by paying a big premium over the futures for it, and while the demand has not been urgent, the supply for sale has been limited. The decline in futures has made the cotton holder more determined than ever, not only to hold on to his cotton, but it has caused farmers to hold meetings advocating cutting down the acreage of the new crop to such an extent that even on favorable weather conditions only a normal crop would be raised. The market is not a broad one speculatively, and it easily becomes oversold. With any adjustment of labor troubles, and a quiet settlement in the peace programme, whereby the Central Powers would be allowed to again purchase cotton, the market could easily develop into a runaway affair, as stocks of finished goods are low all over Europe, and sooner or later this condition is bound to be adjusted, which means higher prices. Cotton is not selling too high, when everything else is taken into consideration, and is already off 15 cents per pound from the extreme high figures made last year. We feel friendly to cotton around present prices, and expect the next big move to be upwards.

CLUBS ARE TRUMPS

(Continued from Preceding Page, Column 3)

The crowns of the lesser kings and princes in the four kingdoms and the grand duchies of Germany were knocked into the dust by that same democratic jack.

The game of cards was now taken over by the peoples of all nations of the earth. Hearts, diamonds, spades, with their kings, queens, knaves and jacks, were put into the discard and clubs became trumps. Russia was ruled by the jack of clubs. Germany was ruled by the

king of clubs. Austria-Hungary was ruled by the queen of clubs, and under the general uprising of democracy the trumps of clubs broke into the Austrian Bastille, so that Czecho-Slovaks and Jugo-Slavs and Bohemians were released, with freedom to become against separate and independent nations. So it is now with the independent states released from the bondage of the House of Hohenzollern and so it is with Russia, with its Poland, its Ukraine, its Lithuania and so it will be with China and its provinces and so eventually with England and Ireland.

The little sparks in Russia, Germany, China and Austria have been recognized and fostered and have developed into clubs of republicanism and democracy. The supreme idea of a republic that put America in the van of nations has taken root in all the kingdoms and empires of Europe and Asia and these are fast being transformed into republics, where the trappings of royalty, the cruelties of tyrannical kings and the excesses of emperors will become the jokes of the century.

Now what we must look out for is the time when clubs may cease to be trumps and when spades will become trumps in the game of government.

That is the serious question! For when spades are trumps it will mean the rise of Bolshevism, socialism and anarchy, again to threaten the peace of the world.

But as to spades as trumps—hereafter!

A Suggestive Title

Editor—What book was Mr. Taft so wrapped up in when you called to interview him on the President's trip abroad?

Reporter—"Put Yourself in His Place,"—Judge.

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 93611. Dept. No. 10.

DAVID TRUGMAN, Plaintiff, vs. ELSIE TRUGMAN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greetings To: Elsie Trugman, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 20th day of November, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

MARCUS D. WOLFF, Attorney for Plaintiff, 625 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

12-21-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LENA L. REED, deceased.—No. 26028. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of LENA L. REED, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LENA L. REED, deceased.

W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of Lena L. Reed, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY, Attorneys for Administrator,

Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-1-5

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Estate of ADELAIDE F. MORRIS, deceased.—No. 26026, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ADELAIDE F. MORRIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ADELAIDE F. MORRIS, deceased.

W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of Adelaide F. Morris, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY, Attorneys for Administrator,

Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY YENIS, deceased.—No. 26025, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of MARY YENIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers without four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY YENIS, deceased.

W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of Mary Yenish, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY, Attorneys for Administrator,

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MICHAEL T. TRAVAS, also called M. T. TREVES, deceased.—No. 26029. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of MICHAEL T. TRAVAS, also called M. T. TREVES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MICHAEL T. TRAVAS, also called M. T. TREVES, deceased.

W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of Michael T. Travas, also called M. T. Treves, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY, Attorneys for Administrator,

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLOTTE MERRIWEATHER, deceased.—No. 26027. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of CHARLOTTE MERRIWEATHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLOTTE MERRIWEATHER, deceased.

W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of Charlotte Merriweather, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY, Attorneys for Administrator,

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ESTABLISHED 1878

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, MARCH 1, 1919

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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"Something Too Much of This"

Doubtless ere this President Wilson has heard enough by wireless to remind him once more that politics indeed makes strange bed-fellows. We have already been plenteously regaled with reports of splenetic, intemperate, and oftentimes blatant tirades against him and the League of Nations from republican senators. In view of the fact that a presidential election is only a year away, this was naturally to be expected. But now comes Senator Reed of Missouri, taking issue with his colleague, and declaring against the constitution of the league with more vehemence than the eloquent gentlemen from the other side. He assails the president for having promulgated a document that means nothing more nor less than "an absolute abdication of American sovereignty," a tampering with our independence and an abrogation of the Monroe Doctrine. This statement was received with much applause, mostly republican of course, but there were also some approving democrats who indulged in vociferous exploitation of lese majesté against their chosen leader. We learn that Senator Reed was warmly congratulated for his effort by Senator Borah of Idaho, who at the previous session had torn a wide strip from the same bolt of cloth. He had insisted that the United States should cling to the Americanism established by their fathers, and as recently defined so ably by the late Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Taft was also abused most impolitely, and actually accused of having made glaring misstatements in his tour of speeches in support of the presidential measure. The close of this speech was marked by an unusual demonstration of approval both from the galleries and the floor of the Senate. Senators surrounded the speaker to congratulate him, and among them were such notable democrats as Gore of Oklahoma, Thomas of Colorado, Smith of Georgia and Vardaman of Mississippi. Senator Sherman of Illinois followed with

an attempt to pass a resolution demanding that President Wilson be incontinently muzzled and that he be directed to preserve "an unbiased and impartial mind" until he has discussed the matter before the senate. All of this is "good medicine" from a purely patriotic point of view, but a newspaper which assumes to be politically independent, can not but decry such venomous attacks upon our chief magistrate at a time when he was far out at sea, and could not even be notified concerning them, except by picking them out of the skies through a radio instrument. There has been altogether too much of this vituperation, and it is to be lamented that it could not have been delayed, until, as suggested by Senator Sherman, the president "has discussed it before the senate." Taken by and large, there are grave doubts as to the acceptance of either the letter or the sense of the constitution of the league of nations by the American congress, which alone can definitely commit the nation to an acceptance of it. Such doubts have several times been expressed in these columns, but the president is fertile in ingenious expedient, and in one way or another may manage to "jam it through" in spite of congress, for he still has the power of veto, and there may not be the requisite two-thirds vote against him.

* * *

Not a Good Quitter

President Wilson may be said at least to have an abiding faith in his convictions and an indisposition to even argue them in the face of opposition. He has been called an autocrat, a man who considers as little short of criminal any opinion that differs from his own, and it has often been pointed out that expressions of such difference have resulted in either dismissal from office or damaging presidential displeasure. In support of this it must be remembered that immediately following our entry into the war, congress itself clothed the president with greater single power than the ruler of any nation except Germany or Russia, thereby creating the very autocracy which is now so bitterly resented. While this obstinate tenacity of purpose most men will admire, there are many who will call it by much less dignified names, among them pig-headedness. It will be remembered that after being elected to the presidency because "he kept us out of war," he demanded the resignation of secretary of war Garrison because they could not agree upon what should be done about pre-

paredness. During his second campaign he sent out his favorite among the younger orators, Dudley Field Malone, to California to commit the administration to a promise for national woman suffrage. After the election when Mr. Malone demanded fulfillment of that promise, Mr. Wilson declared that the country had more important matters to attend to, and his eloquent young favorite was forced out of office. There are hundreds who seem to believe that other causes than a desire to return to private life animated secretary McAdoo in offering his resignation at so vital a juncture in the country's history, and we are freshly familiar with the resignation of assistant secretary Roosevelt, accepted at sea after a reported stormy interview with his superior. While all of these incidents render the president liable to charges of autocracy in minds already prepared for such charges, the unbiased and independent ones can not but commend them. They establish an earnest conviction to carry out the policies he knows to be right beyond all other considerations, and as a good Christian believes himself to be strongly fortified by the scriptural injunction, "If thy right arm offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee." But such principles are not at all in harmony with the theories of democracy as most of us see it, and naturally enough, they have brought him enemies in great numbers, who will obstruct his purposes and thwart his ambitions to the utmost limit of whatever power they may possess. But his notorious self-centerment and tenacity of purpose, which have been in no sense vitiated by the respect and admiration he has won abroad, have given him courage most tenacious, and he will face the congress this week without fear, and with the same eloquent poise that gained for him the seat of honor at Versailles. The result of this will be watched with deep interest, and there are even many of his political opponents who, in their admiration for his amazing staying qualities, will find themselves hoping that the courageous, diplomatic figure he has created for himself, may not prove a Frankenstein that will turn upon him to destroy him.

* * *

Bella Horrida Bella!

War is horrible enough in all conscience, but some of the results of it—to judge by evidence adduced before a congressional committee—are not nearly so black as sentimental sightseers would make them. Governor Allen

of Kansas—that erudite home of all kinds of prohibitive “lids”—finding his official duties not sufficiently exciting—there is never anything exciting in Kansas—declared himself on furlough, procured the necessary passports and hurried to the busiest sector in the seat of war, the neighborhood of Argonne. That he saw something goes without saying, considering that he was really at the front, but there seems to exist much difference of opinion with reference to just what he did see. At all events he went before the congressional committee with soulfully indignant complaints regarding the inefficiency of commanding officers, the lack of proper equipment, and a heartless indifference as to the care of the wounded. He claimed that there were 700 Americans killed through the blind stupidity of their officers, and 7000 wounded left upon the field without attention because no provision had been made for it. He spoke of Brest, the point of embarkation for homecoming soldiers, as being a “horrible hole,” and in the name of humanity demanded congressional investigation which was accorded him. But the evidence of General Traub, the commanding officer at the Argonne, places an entirely different complexion on the matter. In the first place he excited the gubernatorial indignation of Mr. Allen by refusing to permit him to remain at the front, something which he had traveled all the way from Kansas for. But

it is not supposed to be good military tactics to permit the points of strategy to leak out through the inquisitiveness of civilians, and hence the order that made all the trouble. There were 700 unexpectedly killed, the wounded were attended to as soon as the galling fire of the enemy was interrupted by darkness, and the artillery horses were not fifty per cent inefficient. He accused Governor Allen of making absurdly false statements, based upon inaccurate information and not personal observation, since he was not an eye witness to what he made the grounds of his charges. With reference to Brest, the report of General Pershing eloquently contradicts Governor Allen as to conditions there, expresses surprise at his complaints, and declares that Brest is as sanitary and as comfortable as any city could be, with the continuous passing through it every day of many thousands of soldiers and their equipment. From an apparently equally unreliable source comes a complaint concerning the helpless condition of our troops in Siberia, which is answered most convincingly by Colonel G. F. Stewart, their commander: “The allied command is in prime condition and quite able to take care of itself against the entire Bolshevik army.” Failing in his apparent object to have General Traub courtmartialled and shot, no doubt Governor Allen will write a book to his truthful discredit but the everlasting

glory of Kansas. Other sentimentalists will write books based upon the information received from creatures of prejudice, and so, unhappily for our descendants, is something made which the gullible future will regard as history.

* * *

Ireland Must Be Reckoned With

The printed utterances of Cardinal Gibbons develop a keen sympathy with Ireland's demand, and set forth her rights in terms about which there can be no mistake, for he has mastered the subject in all its bearings and knows what he is talking about. Captain Stephen Gwynn and many of his brother Irish officers who fought under Haig in France, have demanded that Ireland's claims be discussed before the peace congress. Thousands of Irishmen have sacrificed their lives to establish a world's piece, and the body elected to arrange the terms for that peace has no right to refuse a hearing to them in their fight for independence. If Ireland be not represented at the new peace congress, then the Poles, the Czecho-Slovaks, the Jugoslavs, have no right to such representation. Ireland fought for England and now claims her reward. If she does not receive it she will surely take it, and ninety per cent of the world's freemen will sympathize with her. If she does not, then the old time phrase, “English fair play,” is a misnomer and was never justified.

Distichs

By John Hay

Wisely a woman prefers to a lover a man who neglects her.

This one may love her some day, some day the lover will not.

There are three species of creatures who when they seem coming are going,

When they seem going they come. Diplomates, women, and crabs.

Pleasures too hastily tasted grow sweeter in fond recollection.

As the pomegranate plucked green ripens far over the sea.

As the meek beasts in the garden came flocking for Adam to name them,

Men for a title today crawl to the feet of a king.

What is a first love worth, except to prepare for a second?

What does the second love bring? Only regret for the first.

Health was wooed by the Romans in groves of the laurel and myrtle.

Happy and long are the lives brightened by glory and love.

Wine is like rain: when it falls on the mire it but makes it the fouler,

But when it strikes the good soil wakes it to beauty and bloom.

Break not the rose; its fragrance and beauty are surely sufficient:

Resting contented with these, never a thorn shall you feel.

When you break up housekeeping, you learn the extent of your treasures;

Till he begins to reformat, no one can number his sins.

Maidens! why should you worry in choosing whom you shall marry?

Choose whom you may, you will find you have got somebody else.

Unto each man comes a day when his favorite sins all forsake him,

And he complacently thinks he has forsaken his sins.

Be not too anxious to gain your next door neighbor's approval:

Live your own life, and let him strive your approval to gain.

Who would succeed in the world should be wise in the use of his pronouns.

Utter the you twenty times, where you once utter the I.

The best loved man or maid in the town would perish with anguish

Could they hear all that their friends say in the course of a day.

True luck consists not in holding the best of the cards at the table:

Luckiest he who knows just when to rise and go home.

Pleasant enough it is to hear the world speak of your virtues;

But in your secret hear 'tis of your faults you are proud.

Try not to beat back the current, yet be not drowned in its waters;

Speak with the speech of the world, think with the thought of the few.

Make all good men your well-wishers, and then, in the years' steady sifting,

Some of them turn into friends. Friends are the sunshine of life.

The Third-Term Quandary

By Lionel Josaphare

We can not insinuate that George Washington had an idea of interfering with the election to take place in the year 1920. And yet, while statesmen are practising chest expansion and trying on slouch hats for the coming fray, one can not speak of the matter without mention of the first president.

The triumph of Washington's life is that his farewell address has never been forgotten. Friends and lovers and famous men are admired for their golden prime, and pitied for living past it. Their going is rarely remembered unless they stayed too childishly long and outprattled their former glory. Highly significant of his virtue and wisdom was Washington's renunciation of public life, so that he left us for all time kneeling to the brilliance of his adieu. The father of his country exercised much honor on infinite and infinitesimal things, and in some measure may have felt the responsibility of those presidents who were to succeed him. Emulation of his personal conduct is not so widespread as it might be; but we can match his unselfish refusal of a third term, or, what is officially the same thing, cause our supreme executive to do it for us. If such outgoing president evince a desire to accept what Washington relinquished, then we feel he must be vastly less for desiring more than Washington.

The practice has been, in prevention of any misunderstanding, not to offer the third term, thus in fact not giving the incumbent the opportunity for self-denial. So he can not equal the first president on that score after all, but must content himself and the public by refusing what has not been offered. This is an important point in electoral ethics. We have been accustomed to demand a surrender of the third term before an election to the first. When the president-elect declaims about the greatest honor within the gift of the American people, he palpitates with the secret hope that the populace will never become bored with him and that its most prized gift could possibly be in triplicate form. At the end of eight years in the White House he manifests less antipathy against the third-term idea; may be discerned actually leaning a little toward the boon of another four years, and, like the leaning tower of Pisa, presents a puzzle whether he began that way or sank in the course of time.

Has the objection to a third term ever been explained? Is it a national policy or a point of etiquette? Men who resolutely follow precedent imply that they do not think, since precedent is a substitute for thought. Instead of repeating endlessly the acts of great men, would it not be better to imitate their greatness of action and try to make ourselves one with their sources of power, the independence with which they strove against established rule, partaking of the very means by which they acquired distinction? Were we all George Washingtons, we should not have the slightest fear of anything new and un-Washingtonlike. In his day the United States of America was a political novelty, an experiment for the sake of which he abandoned his oath as a soldier in the British army and thereby braved the gallows. An outdoor man and a student, he went to nature for his ideas, and sometimes to Alexander Hamilton. In the main he was such a stalwart as Californians love to depict in the figures of their native sons. To show that he

was not a mere abstraction, a copy-book hero, a bundle of precedents, one may take the liberty of describing him in modern slang. He was "full of pep." And yet, when a humorist once remarked "George Washington is a steel engraving," the words proved adequate to those who were familiar with the man through the instrumentality of a postage stamp. As such he stood for a long time in the hearts of his countrymen—obviously first in peace, yet impossibly like one who could be first in war, because there was nothing in the portrait to indicate that he possessed the fibre to move or speak. There were the steel-engraved brow, the taciturn and tightened mouth, the steel-cold eyes and the white wig which portrait painters had gradually modeled into two sphinx-like appendages behind his ears. That is it: Washington was looked upon as something prehistorically vague in the midst of history—a sphinx, if not a mere pyramid, something that could not change, and rightly worshipped by unchangeableness only. Why, the old boy was a fighting chief, who could fold his arms and defy a king or kick a scoundrel downstairs with equal felicity. If his true life had been revealed to school boys, Nick Carter would not have been so popular with them; which is as much as to say that our vapid school historians can be thanked for the spread of the dime novel and the dime politician.

In his buckled slippers that seem to bear lightly on earth, in his lavender and lace, his silver-dusted wig, his mystic head partly turned askance and his eyes on us, Washington stands between us and that marvelous past when men prescribed their authority from the heavens and copied the heavenly hues in the splendor of their raiment. Had he worn a black frock coat and a smooth collar, we might not fear him to the same extent. Had the revolution come later, America would have had nothing more than a frock-coated history. Ignominious fancy! No setting for an historical novel or drama in blank verse. Please imagine a man in trousers—creased or not—vaunting his emotions in iambic pentameter, or riding in a coach and four beside a trembling heroine. (This is quite material to the issue of the next election.) We still have the heroine, but she is borne over the skyline by six gallons of gasoline. The point is that she does not tremble. There is all the "difference in the world. Cynical as we are, we must needs humble ourselves to the archaic age that had a throb in its heart and a quaver in its voice, when women blushed and fainted, and men swaggered to the tilt of their swords and plumed hats. Today the man of fashion is outclassed by ancient colors. With a slick and hot-pressed figure, he shudders at the thought that a congress of tailors may attempt to start a new wrinkle on him. He scorns his place in history, and humbly asks: "Who am I to let my president do what George Washington did not?" Washington is still president to this man.

Some day there will be a president worthy to serve for twelve years. Lincoln, according to his praises, may have been up to the mark. He is gone. His shadow also still stands and waits and so serves in dignifying the presidential chair. But what of our own times? Even supporters of the administration have been wary of shattering the third-term hallucination. They figure that a president belongs to his party dur-

ing the first term, to himself in the second, and might do something so fantastic in the third as to endanger the whole party structure. During the first four years, the unholy opposition have located the weak spots of the chief executive; at the end of eight, they are in a rampant mood, and the party in power is nervous lest its favorite child ask for a third piece of cake. Roosevelt himself was unable to convince the public with his argument for a third cup of coffee. Ribald ones bade him take a glass of buttermilk. What the Democrats had done with the butter, the Bull Moose said, was a shame. However, there was no acute reason for putting Roosevelt in the White House again, except that he was Roosevelt, and this fact did not appear sufficient. It was not until he returned from his South American discoveries that he found the River of Doubt flowed through the minds of his fellow citizens. The people concluded that it was not worth while for the colonel to cross. When Caesar crossed the Rubicon; or Washington the Delaware, something worth while lay beyond. And now it appears that there's one more river, and that's the river for Wilson to cross, if there is important work ahead. If there be no river, an ocean might answer the purpose. Wilson crossed it, and looks like a conqueror. There is a task for him. There is more work for a president now than in the days of Washington, and eight years does not give scope to the larger problems after the multitude of minor details.

The wheel of fortune did a pretty turn for Wilson, and he on his part gracefully bolted it to the car of progress. The ordinary politician fancies it an easy matter now to put his shoulder to the wheel and help the war chariot over a revenue debate or a national park squabble. The faster a wheel moves the less you can see of it. When the newly fashioned car of progress stops for an election banquet, it is probable that there will be more discoveries than a Roosevelt could have made in a lifetime. We may see, for one thing, the figure of Hiram Johnson tied to the spokes. We may discover that he was stealing a ride or that Senator Borah roped him there.

Neither of these two men is content with playing a life behind the big drum major. They are impetuous to make their own kind of noise by hurling stones at the big bass drum. Unfortunately for these gentlemen, there are two of them, to distract attention from each other. That was the trouble with the Bull Moose party. There were too many bulls to be crowded into one china closet. Popular movements oft gain through a leader's death. Roosevelt's apparently had the reverse effect, even though the suddenness of it seemed a kind of martyrdom. The tenets of his party do not reverberate so well without his gestures.

Meanwhile, the democratic rule, once rated as without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity, has the proud world showering it with roses, lilies and laurel. With an immortal bray it has answered Ingersoll's jibe as to past and future. It has made democracy eternal, and constitutes its own ancestors and posterity. If the democratic mule should bray for a third term, the noise will be loud enough to draw a crowd, peradventure draw upon the imagination of all the people, and be stilled only by the music of its own victorious followers.

Mudejar

By R. B. Cunningham Graham

Brown, severe, and wall-girt, the stubborn city still held out.

Its proud traditions made it impossible for Zaragoza to capitulate without a siege. As in the days of Soult, when the heroic maid, the artillera, as her countrymen call her with pride, when Pulafox held up the blood and orange banner in which float the lions and the castles of Castille, the city answered shot for shot.

Fire spurted from the Moorish walls, built by the Beni Hud, who reigned in Zaragoza, when still Sohail poured its protecting rays upon the land. The bluish wreaths of smoke curled on the Ebro, running along the water and enveloping the Coso as if in a mist.

A dropping rifle fire crackled out from the ramparts, and above the castle the red flag of the Intransigent-Republic shivered and fluttered in the breeze.

The Torre-Nueva sprang from the middle of the town, just as a palm tree rises from the desert sands. It was built at the time when Moorish artisans, infidel dogs who yet preserved the secrets of the East amongst the Christians (may dogs defile their graves), had spent their science and their love upon it.

Octagonal and looking as if blown into the air by the magician's art, it leaned a little to one side, and, as the admiring inhabitants averred, drawing their right hands open over their left arms, laughed at its rival of Bologna and at every other tower on earth.

No finer specimen of the art known at Mudejar existed in all Spain. Galleries cut it here and there; and ajimeces, the little horse-shoe windows divided by a marble pillar, loved of the Moors, which tradition says they took from the rude openings in their tents of camel's hair, gave light to the inside. Here were stages of inclined planes, so gradual in their ascent that once a Queen of Spain had ridden up them to admire the view over the Sierras upon her palfrey, or her donkey, for all is one when treating of a queen, who of a certainty ennobles the animal she deigns to ride upon. Deep of ajaracas, the patterns proper to the style of architecture, stood up in high relief upon its sides, and near the balustrade upon the top a band of bluish tiles relieved the brownness of the brickwork and sparkled in the sun. Sieges and time and storms, rain, wind, and snow, had spared it; even the neglect of centuries had left it unimpaired—erect and elegant as a young Arab maiden carrying water from the well. Architects said that it inclined a little more each year, and talked about subsidences; but they were foreigners, unused to the things of Spain, and no one marked them; and the tower continued to be loved and prized and to fall into disrepair. On this occasion riflemen

lined the galleries, pouring a hot fire upon the attacking forces of the Government.

Encamped upon the heights above Forero, the Governmental army held the banks of the canal that gives an air of Holland to that part of the adust and calcined landscape of Aragon.

The general's quarters overlooked the town, and from them he could see Santa Engracia, in whose crypt repose the bodies of the martyrs in an atmosphere of ice, standing alone upon its little plaza, fringed by a belt of stunted and ill-grown acacia trees. The great cathedral, with its domes, in which the shrine of the tutelary Virgin of the Pilar, the Pilarica of the country folk, glittering with jewels and with silver plate, is venerated as befits the abiding place on earth of the miraculous figure sent direct from heaven, towered into the sky.

Churches and towers and convents, old castellated houses with their overhanging eaves and coats of arms upon the doors, jewels of architecture, memorials of the past, formed as it were a jungle wrought in a warm brown stone. Beyond the city towered the mountains that hang over Huesca of the Bell. Through them the Aragon has cut its roaring passages towards Sobrarbe to the south. Northwards they circle Jaca, the virgin little city that beat off the Moors a thousand years ago, and still once every year commemorates her prowess outside the walls, where Moors and Christians fight again the unequal contest, into which St. James, mounted upon his milk-white charger, had plunged and thrown the weight of his right arm. The light was so intense and African that on the mountain sides each rock was visible, outlined as in a camera-lucida, and as the artillery played upon the tower the effects of every salvo showed up distinctly on the crumbling walls. All round the Government's encampment stood groups of peasantry who had been impressed together with their animals to bring provisions. Wrapped in their brown and white checked blankets, dressed in tight knee-breeches, short jackets, and gray stockings, and shod with alpargatas—the canvas, hempsoled sandals that are fastened round the ankles with blue cords, they stood and smoked, stolid as Moors, and as unfathomable as the deep mysterious corries of their hills.

When the artillery thundered and the breaches in the walls grew daily more apparent and more ominous, the country people merely smiled, for they were sure the Pilarica would preserve the city; and even if she did not, all governments, republican or clerical, were the same to them.

All their ambition was to live quietly, each in his village, which to him was the hub round which the world revolved.

So one would say, as they stood watching the progress of the siege: "Chiquio, the sciences advance a bestiality, the Government in the Madris can hear each cannon shot. The sound goes on those wires that stretch upon the posts we tie our donkeys to when we come into town. . . ."

Little by little the forces of the Government advanced, crossing the Ebro at the bridge which spans it in the middle of the great double promenade called the Coso, and by degrees drew near the walls.

The stubborn guerrilleros in the town con-

tested every point of vantage, fighting like wolves, throwing themselves with knives and scythes stuck upright on long poles upon the troops.

So fought their grandfathers against the French, and so Strabo describes their ancestors, adding, "the Spaniard is a taciturn, dark man, usually dressed in black; he fights with a short sword, and always tries to come to close grips with our legionaries."

As happens in all civil wars, when brother finds himself opposed to brother, the strife was mortal, and he who fell received no mercy from the conqueror.

The riflemen upon the Torre Nueva poured in their fire specially upon the Regiment of Pavia, whose colonel, Don Luis Montoro, on several occasions gave orders to the artillerymen at any cost to spare the tower.

Officer after officer fell by his side, and soldiers in the ranks cursed audibly, covering the saints with filth, as runs the phrase in Spanish, and wondering why their colonel did not dislodge the riflemen who made such havoc in their files. Discipline told at last, and all the Intransigents were forced inside the walls, leaving the moat with but a single plank to cross it by which to reach the town. Upon the plank the fire was concentrated from the walls, and the besiegers stood for a space appalled, sheltering themselves as best they could behind the trees and inequalities of the ground.

Montoro called for volunteers, and one by one three grizzled soldiers, who had grown gray in wars against the Moors, stepped forward and fell pierced by a dozen wounds.

After a pause there was a movement in the ranks, and with a sword in his right hand, and in his left the colors of Castille, his brown stuff gown tucked up showing his hairy knees knotted and muscular, out stepped a friar, and strode towards the plank. Taking the sword between his teeth he crossed himself, and beckoning on the men rushed forward in the thickest of the fire.

He crossed in safety, and then the regiment, with a hoarse shout of "Long Live God," dashed on behind him, some carrying planks and others crossing upon bales of straw, which they had thrown into the moat. Under the walls they formed and rushed into the town, only to find each house a fortress and each street blocked by a barricade. From every window dark faces peered, and a continual fusillade was poured upon them, whilst from the house-tops the women showered down tiles.

Smoke filled the narrow streets, and from dark archways groups of desperate men came rushing, armed with knives, only to fall in heaps before the troops who, with fixed bayonets, steadily pushed on.

A shift of wind cleared off the smoke and showed the crimson flag still floating upon the

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citadel, ragged and torn by shots. Beyond the town appeared the mountains peeping out shyly through the smoke, as if they looked down on the follies of mankind with a contemptuous air.

Dead bodies strewed the streets, in attitudes half-tragical, half-ludicrous; some looking like mere bundles of old clothes, and some distorted with a stiff arm still pointing to the sky.

Right in the middle of a little square the friar lay shot through the forehead, his sword beside him, and with the flag clasped tightly to his breast.

His great brown eyes stared upwards, and as the soldiers passed him some of them crossed themselves, and an old sergeant spoke his epitaph: "This friar," he said, "was not of

those fit only for the Lord, he would have made a soldier, and a good one; may God have pardoned him."

Driven into the middle plaza of the town, the Intransigents fought till the last, selling their lives for more than they were worth, and dying silently.

The citadel was taken with a rush, and the red flag hauled down.

Bugles rang out from the other angle of the plaza; the general and his staff rode slowly forward to meet the Regiment of Pavia as it debouched into the square.

Colonel Montoro halted, and then, saluting, advanced towards his chief. His general turning to him, angrily exclaimed: "Tell me, why

did you let those fellows in the tower do so much damage, when a few shots from the field guns would have soon finished them?"

Montoro hesitated, and recovering his sword once more saluted as his horse fretted on the curb, snorting and sidling from the dead bodies that stood upon the ground.

"My general," he said, "not for all Spain and half the Indies would I have trained the cannon on the tower; it is Mudejar of the purest architecture."

His general smiled at him a little grimly and saying, "Well, after all, this is no time to ask accounts from any man," touched his horse with the spur and, followed by his staff, he disappeared into the town.

The Fairies of France--A Fantastic Tale

By Alphonse Daudet

"The prisoner may rise," said the presiding judge.

There was a sudden stir upon that hideous bench, where were seated the women accused of trying to set fire to the city with petroleum. A misshapen, shivering creature rose and leaned against the bar. She was a bundle of rage and tatters, patches, strings, old flowers and feathers, and above them all a poor faded face, brown and shrivelled and wrinkled; two tiny black eyes peered out from the wrinkles, twisting round and round like some lizard in the crevice of an old wall.

"What is your name?" she was asked.

"Melusine—"

"What did you say?"

She repeated very gravely, "Melusine."

Under the heavy moustache of a colonel of dragoons quivered a smile which the president concealed, and he continued without moving a muscle:

"Your age?"

"I have forgotten."

"Your calling?"

"I am a fairy!"

For one sudden moment the court, the counsel, even the government commissary himself, all burst out laughing; but that did not disturb her, and her clear, shrill, tremulous voice rose through the hall, and lingered like a voice heard in a dream. She continued:

"Ah! the Fairies of France, where are they now? They are dead, all of them, my good sirs. I am the last. After me, none will remain. And in truth it was a great pity, for France was more beautiful when she had still her fairies. We were the poesy of the land, its faith, its candor, and its youth. All our favorite haunts, the hidden recesses of parks, overgrown with brambles, the stones about each fountain, the turrets of ancient castles, the mists shrouding each pool, and the great fens, all received from our presence a nameless magic gift which ennobled them. Through the luminous mist of legend and fantasy might be caught glimpses of us everywhere, trailing our skirts in a ray of the moon, flitting across the meadows, touching the tip of each grass blade. The country folk loved us, revered us. And fancy bred of innocence adored us, and even feared us a little, when she caught sight of our wands, our distaffs, our foreheads crowned with pearls. And so our springs remained unsullied. Even the plough would pause at the haunts we

guarded, and as we, the oldest people in the world, made all respect old age from one end of France to the other, lofty forests were allowed to flourish, and stones crumbled into dust undisturbed.

"But the age has progressed. The days of railroads have come. Men hollowed out tunnels, filled up our ponds, and hewed down so many trees that we no longer knew where we might rest. And by degrees the country folk themselves ceased to believe in us. One evening, when we knocked at his shutters, Robin said, 'It is only the wind,' and well asleep again. Women came to dabble their washing in our pools. From that day all was ended for us. As we lived only in the popular faith, losing that we lost all. The virtue of our wands has vanished. Puissant queens we once were; now we appear to be old, old women merely, wrinkled, malicious, as are all forgotten fairies. Moreover, we must win our bread, and with hands that never yet learned to do aught. For a time we were to be seen in the forests, dragging loads of dead wood, or bleaching by the roadside. But the foresters were hard with us, the country folk threw stones at us. Then, like the poor, when they can no longer earn their living in the country, we departed to seek work in the great cities.

"Some went into the mills, others sold apples at the bridges during the winter, stood at the church doors selling beads. We pushed carts of oranges along, we offered to passers-by at a sou apiece bouquets that nobody wanted. The children mocked at us because of our hanging chins, the police made us move on, and omnibuses knocked us down. Then came sickness, privations, the hospital sheet over us. That is how France has left her fairies to die. She has been punished for that.

"Yes, yes, smile, my good people. But, all the same, we have seen what a country without fairies may become. We have seen our well-fed, sneering peasants open their chests for the Prussians, and direct them along our roads. You see, Robin no longer believes in sorcery, but he has also lost his faith in his country. Ah! if we had been there, we fairies, of all those Germans who entered France, not one should have returned alive. Our draks, our will-o'-the-wisps would have led them into the quagmires. Into every pure spring named for us we would have poured an enchanted potion that would have made them go mad. And at our meetings by moonlight, with a single magic word we

would have confused the roads and rivers for them, entangled so thick with brambles and briars those hiding places in the woods where they were always squatting that even the little cat eyes of Monsieur de Moltke could not have told him where he was. Had we been there, the peasants too would have marched to fight. From the gorgeous flowers about our pools, we would have extracted balms to heal many a wound; gossamer threads we have used for lint, and on the battlefield the soldiers would have beheld the fairy of his own canton hovering above his half-closed eyelids, to show him some glade, some hidden byway that might remind him of his native land. So we should have waged a national war, a holy war. But alas! in a country whose faith is dead, a land that no longer believes in fairies, such a war is impossible."

Here the thin, shrill voice paused for a moment and the judge interposed a word:

"All this does not tell us what you were doing with the petroleum that was found upon you when the soldiers arrested you."

"I was setting fire to Paris, my good sir," answered the old 'fairy,' calmly enough. "I was setting fire to Paris—because I hate it, because its laugh spares nothing, because it is Paris that slew us, Paris that has sent its savants to analyze our beautiful, miraculous springs, and to say exactly how much iron and sulphur they contain. Paris that has mocked at us from its theatres. Of our enchantments it has made mere stage tricks, our miracles it has perverted into vulgar jests. So many vile beings have masqueraded in our rose-tinted robes, sat in our winged chariots, with Bengal fires for moonlight, that no one can think of us now without a smile. Once little children knew us by name, loved us, feared us a little, but instead of the beautiful gilded books full of pictures, wherein they learned to know our history, Paris today places in their hands 'Science Adapted to Children,' big, misty volumes which make their heads tired and fill their baby eyes with a dull dust that effaces every image of our enchanted palaces and magic mirrors. Oh, yes! I should have been overjoyed to see it in flames—your Paris. It was I that filled the cans of the petroleum women, I myself that led them to the best places, saying, 'Come, my children, burn everything—burn! burn!'"

"Decidedly this old woman is mad," said the judge. "Lead her away."

Perspective Impressions

Rebellion in Poland already! Maybe Premier Paderewski hasn't stuck a harmonious chord yet.

Really begins to look as though Ignace had better set those \$50,000 fingers to work again.

Headline: "Wilson to see congress over and sail away." Over what? The barrier between him and that league of his?

Peace delegates fired in Poland. Truly, republics are ungrateful.

Here's bait for the incorrigible "wets." England released extra fifty per cent of spirits for public consumption.

Cottin, Clemenceau's assailant, will be tried by a military court. No flowers, please. Funeral and interment private.

Announced that income taxpayers will be given aid. Thanks!

Commission of doctors organized to find where the "flu" has gone.

Mirabile dictu! Examiner actually mentions the name of M. H. de Young as public benefactor in commenting on opening of new art museum.

Wonder if Japanese ministers will get that rice worm of theirs before the peace congress as another instance of class distinction?

Somebody punches a new hole in Mr. W.'s constitution every day and it started in with a few of them.

Still President Ebert declares that he is preparing for disarmament.

Inventor of the Browning machine gun pays \$700,000 income tax! General impression is that inventors are never good business men.

Too bad that England included Dr. Gandier in her embargo. Here's where the worm ought to turn.

Reichstag says that "frivolous and profligate life in Berlin must be stopped." Thought Berlin was starving.

Tex Rickard to ensure fighters against accident. Considering that few of them ever fight it ought to be a safe risk for the companies.

Distillers Securities Corporation changes name to U. S. Food Products Company. A step in the right or wrong direction according to point of view.

The Spectator

The League Is in Danger

The American people would like to know just what thought entered the mind of President Wilson, as he stepped from the steamer in Boston and read of the disquieting facts and rumors from over the water. The pride he must have felt after leaving Paris in the full consciousness that he was the dominant figure there, must have had a serious setback, for his abiding confidence in his pet project; the knowledge that he had started something which was going to get through with flying colors had in vulgar parlance struck a snag. Opposition to his League of Nations among his political opponents here was naturally to have been expected. He also has been long aware that several of the league's most venomous detractors had arisen from the ranks of his own party. But now he hears that England alone is in full accord with his ideal and apparently stands alone in her determination to jam it through the conference. France is now his feeblest ally, if indeed she can be called one at all as far as this particular measure is concerned. She insists that the military boundary between France and Germany must be established at the Rhine; she backs Italy in her insistence upon being permitted to hold the Dalmatian coast, in spite of what Mr. Wilson has called the just claims of the new Balkan republic to adequate seaports; she exacts return of the monster indemnity exacted from her by Germany in 1870, and in addition to that, full indemnity for her expenses in the war and the damage suffered by her provinces from the Hun invasion. Germany's ability to pay this vast sum in addition to other indemnities which will be exacted of her, seems to have nothing to do with the case and she must have what she wants when she wants it. Moreover, there is a rapidly growing sentiment against some of the military provisions of the president's constitution, and these provisions will have to be changed before France can find herself justified in signing it. While Lloyd George, who seems to be the present voice of England, has expressed himself as being in complete accord

with President Wilson, it can not be forgotten that England is conjointly compromised with France by treaty with Italy and can not withdraw from a treaty so lately signed, and which ensured Italy's entry into the war. The sympathy of other nations with the league are merely tentative, for they are conditional upon the decisions of a preponderance of the opinions of the conference. There is too, a growing dissatisfaction that the president succeeded in having his league put first in the order of business, pushing the peace questions of the congress far in the background. Germany, too, is having her say. She and her people are impatiently weary of the war, which after all is not yet over, but merely an armed truce, and they ask why there must be postponement after postponement of the armistice, while Versailles is discussing a grand project which can never succeed. Here objections to the league are even stronger. The press is singularly divided and some of them have gone so far as to object to the constitution of the league, because many of its provisions establish it as being in direct violation of the constitution of the United States and Mr. Wilson will have to make a choice between the two. So, after all, the grandest altruistic measure of all times seems to be in a good deal of a mess. Mr. Wilson's great resourcefulness, courage and determination may result in its final passage as far as Versailles is concerned, but when Washington comes to be considered, it is much to be feared that "congress won't let him," unless he is strong enough to force his measure through in spite of congress. The coming week's battle will be watched with keen interest with the result much in doubt.

The New Art Museum

The splendor of Mr. de Young's gift to San Francisco is attested by the fact that all the other papers gave space to the Chronicle's publisher when he opened his galleries of art to the people last Saturday. It was something exceptional in public spirit for a man to build an art palace, fill it with paintings, statues and porce-

lains, and then donate the whole to a city. What de Young's editors thought of the enterprise may be deduced from the Sunday Chronicle devotion of about four pages to the attending ceremonies. While it is more than a quarter century since the Midwinter Fair, de Young still retains some of the fervor which he displayed in his speeches at that time. Twenty-five years is such a long look back that there may be San Franciscans who do not remember that de Young acquired his title of general from that occasion. As director general of the fair,

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Mayerle's Eyewater, a Marvelous Eye
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he gave special attention to the fine art section of it, and general he still is to Sam Shortridge and therefore to all the auditors of good local oratory. At any rate, the general is never more delightful nor delighted than in telling the story of his quest from official to official until he secured permission to make the art museum of the fair permanent in the park. It surely is worth a paragraph in the annals of San Francisco that park commissioner Stow yielded only at the last moment, when de Young assured him on his word of honor as an editor and globe-trotter that the parks of the world's largest cities permitted masterpieces in oil to share the interest with flowers and merry-go-rounds. Thus the general has been an art purchaser for us all these years, paying his own expenses and paying for the pictures, and we all are familiar with the tale of how he had his art beginning from a collection of stuffed birds. We have now two art palace in San Francisco. On the P. P. I. E. grounds is one that stands for the non-conformist painter, the futurist, the cubist, post impressionist and modernist of all kinds, although some examples of the older schools are given place on its walls. The new park museum, like the midwinter fair structure which adjoins it, stands more for the conservative and dignified character, which people will always honor with the name of art. So there will be rivalry, good natured and of advantage to both, we trust. In fact, the rivalry has existed for some time, even to the segregation of artists who exhibit at one or the other place. Mr. de Young was not in favor of retaining the palace of fine arts at its P. P. I. E. site, and, judging from the pictures he has bought from time to time, was never in favor of the modernist school. He gathered about him a group of exhibitors who, for the most part, had totally different ideals. No doubt, the general has learned much in twenty-five years of art collecting. From the day that he hung in the first park museum his almost life-size photograph by Marceau to the hour when he saw

himself in bronze by Troubetskoi adorning the main hall, he has been a student. All in all, the park museum is a credit to donor and donee, and, as far as the transient visitor is concerned, has much the advantage over the remote palace of fine arts, which relies more on special exhibits than general attendance. With the two, however, San Francisco may well boast of a good beginning in the right direction.

O You Great Big Beautiful Words

Listen! A local managing editor would like to know, as follows, to wit: "Are we drifting helplessly and hopelessly through some bedeviled section of sidereal space? Have the centripetal and centrifugal forces of the universe let go of us altogether? Has our old earth slid recklessly off its comfortable orbit and gone bounding down the ethereal slopes? . . . And is it about to take a spasmodic leap into some cosmic hell-hole and launch itself forever into the cold penumbra of eclipse? . . . Have the gods renounced us? Is this all or part of some punitive plan which the angry gnorns have been cooking up for us—some satanic hell-broth brewed in the nethermost abysses of a sub-stellar void?" Nobody in the office of Town Talk or on the street could answer the question offhand; but all were eager to know at once what unpleasant thought had caused the mind of the querist to "launch itself forever" into such an anxiety. Why such a querimoniousness? It is merely this: Bailey Millard of the Bulletin is trying to stir up a debate on the causes that have led to fifteen and sometimes twenty divorces a day in San Francisco. After due deliberation comes the only possible answer that the cause of divorce is marriage. What causes marriages? Why, to be sure, the above mentioned sidereal space, the centripetal and centrifugal forces, ethereal slopes, the sub-stellar void, together with a few other well known details of the cosmos.

The Bank of Service

An illuminative measure of the quality of Anglo service, its appreciation by bankers and commercial public is to be found in the record of our growth:

DEPOSITS

April 28, 1909.....	\$18,686,555.53
December 31, 1918.....	72,334,406.22

RESOURCES

April 28, 1909.....	\$ 26,156,224.32
December 31, 1918.....	115,134,798.17

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The Anglo & London Paris National Bank OF SAN FRANCISCO

I am astonished at the editor's attempt to make inscrutable so simple a question.

The Nude in Oakland

In the name of the prophet, a fig-leaf! The metropolis of Alameda county promises to have a nude figure (alive, breathing, pulsating and female) at the Mardi Gras ball in the Hotel Oakland. Nude is the word, if a coat of bronze powder can be set down as not constituting any attire at all. And, what is the worst part of the undertaking, a San Franciscan heads the conspiracy to give Oakland the lead over San Francisco in a matter of art; for the Mardi Gras ball is to be an artists' dream, and all sorts of artistic things are to be on show. Ralph Stackpole, sculptor, is responsible for the idea. The bronze statue is to be transacted by Miss Thora Rosenquist, artists' model, from whose figure hundreds of local art students have learned anatomy and grace of line. Her beauty is of the oriental type, the movement of it is slow and languorous, and she has the reputation of never offering an ungraceful pose. The committee in charge could do no better than strike a keynote from her inspiring charm. I can vouch for it that with this beauty as a chief exhibit the Mardi Gras ball will be one to make the lenten period all that is necessary in pious observance, or as far as Mi-Careme anyway. The situation is so delectable that I hardly feel sorry for San Francisco, nor do I consider the Oakland police chief's threatened investigation other than impertinence. What a chief of police knows about art has been questioned more than once. We trust more to Porter Garnett, who is staging the affair. Garnett is a connoisseur of both bronze and marble, and would never stand for anything unworthy of home life and a beautiful residence district. At the same time, one can not evade the fear that something will be misunderstood—by the police and a few nervous women. I sincerely hope that nobody will be arrested.

Guns and Small Boys

A small boy with a gun is a danger signal that bodes ill for something or somebody. Indeed, it is a combination that as often as not results in grave tragedy. A few days ago a ten-year-old San Francisco boy, playing war with a supposedly undoesed .22 calibre rifle, shot and killed his six-year-old brother. The tragedy was but one of many that are constantly occurring wherever children are allowed to have firearms. Officers of the San Francisco Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals devote a portion of their time to rounding up the

small boys who hunt birds in the outskirts of the city with air guns and small rifles. A large number of guns have been confiscated and on the same day the boy mentioned was killed the society officers brought to headquarters two boys of 14 and 16, respectively, who were hunting birds with rifles. The San Francisco ordinances are particularly strict in prohibiting the sale of air guns or fire arms of any kind to minors and in forbidding children to have them in their possession. The police department has been requested to cooperate in a more efficient enforcement of the ordinances, and Chief of Police D. A. White has issued instructions to all police officers to visit hardware stores on their beats, notifying proprietors that they will be arrested if they are found selling firearms to children. The fire commissioners having found it necessary to terminate the arrangement by which their aged horses were maintained in the country, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has accepted the responsibility of caring for them.

Returned soldiers are complaining that in many instances where they have been taken back in their former clerical positions in large corporations, their salaries have been reduced. Is it possible the clerks have neglected to form a union? Almost as careless as the employers.

IN THE NIGHT

By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer

Nineteen, no more—and sleeping by his gun,
Perhaps, on the wet deck
These stormy night. . . .
Oh, wailing wind, have done, have done!
For I can bear all else: stories of wreck,
Of rocks and fogs and freezing spray,
Threats of sea-fights
And pitiless hidden beasts of prey—
All else except
The wailing wind that makes all else seem true,
Last night it blew
Straight from the east. Who could have slept?
Yet do not think I grudge the giving of the lad:
The wind, not I, was wailing, "He is all she had."

"Last night a girl called me an 'impecunious barracuda.'"

"Didn't you resent it?"

"No; it wasn't until I got home that I realized that the name was highbrow for 'a poor fish.'"—Boston Transcript.

Willie's Mamma—Come now, Willie, I am ready to hear you repeat your history lesson.

Willie—Aw, let history repeat itself.—Life.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Grace Giselman Lange, who has been critically ill at the St. Francis Hospital, left recently for southern California, where she will recuperate, and then leave for the New England states to visit the relatives of her fiancé, Walter Buckingham Swan, among whom are ex-governor Simeon E. Baldwin and Mrs. J. B. Sargent of New Haven, Connecticut.

Social Notes

After an absence of many years, Mrs. Ray Sherman and children have returned from abroad. Mrs. Sherman was formerly Miss Ida Moody, daughter of the late J. L. Moody, and sister of Frederick L. Moody and Mrs. Douglas Watson of this city. * * Mrs. George J. Bucknall was hostess at a tea this week at her home in Green street when Casalo, the renowned cellist, was the guest of honor. * * One of the interesting functions of the week was the concert given by the Pacific Musical Society at the St. Francis Hotel on February 27, when William Keith, the well known baritone, was the soloist. Many parties consisting of old friends of Mr. Keith's were present. Credit for the enjoyable entertainment must be accorded the president, Mrs. John McGaw. * * Mrs. George Perry of Palo Alto is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. August W. Bryant, at her home on Broderick Street. * * Malvern Dargie, son of Mrs. Bessie Dargie of this city, has been enjoying a furlough in Paris. Young Dargie is with the 363rd Infantry, 91st Division. * * Mrs. Albert W. Gillis has arrived from her home in the east and is at present the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Selden S. Wright, at their home in Stockton. Later Mrs. Gillis will visit her grandmother, Mrs. Selden S. Wright, at her home on Lombard Street. Mrs. Hugh Jones has gone to Coronado, where she was called owing to the serious illness of her daughter, Mrs. George Pardy (Rhoda Jones), who is now rapidly convalescing. Mrs. Jones will visit in the south several months. George Pardy is with the Aviation Corps. * * Lieutenant George H. Dunlap, U. S. N., and Mrs. Dunlap, who have been residing in the east since their marriage, have recently returned to this city, where Lieutenant Dunlap has been ordered to the Union Iron Works. Mrs. Dunlap will be remembered as Miss Madie Merritt, granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Sedgwick. Lieutenant Dunlap is the son of Dr. and Mrs. G. Dunlap of Hancock, Siam. Lieutenant Dunlap was on board the "Scharz" when the boat was sunk by an oil tanker in eastern waters. * * Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Hutchinson (Katherine Hooper) left for the east a few days ago, expecting to be away several months. * * Miss Margie Merritt, daughter of Mrs. Brownie Merritt of Oakland, is in New York, where she has been connected with Base Hospital No. 3. She is now taking a final course in bacteriology at Columbia College. Previous to leaving San Francisco, after graduating at the U. C., Miss Merritt was at the Presidio. She subsequently entered St. Francis Hospital and upon advice of prominent physicians there left for the east, where she has risen to prominence in bacteriological work. She is associated with Dr. A. H. Brown, the noted eye, ear and throat specialist, in New York. * * Mrs. Randolph V. Whiting, who is giving a series of informal dinners at her home on Hyde Street, was hostess on Monday evening. Among those

present were Mr. and Mrs. John MacKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moore, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Green, and Mr. and Mrs. George Jackson. * * Miss Ethel Shorb arrived home last Friday from a year's visit in the east. She is the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. J. Campbell Shorb, on Sacramento Street. * * Mrs. Merritt Hodson (née Edith Jones) and young son have gone to Coronado, where she will pass the summer with her family. * * Mrs. Harvey Kendt was hostess on Tuesday afternoon (February 25) at a bridge party at her home on First Avenue. * * Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Gunnison and son, prominent New Yorkers, are visiting California for a few weeks. In company with William H. Keith, they spent the holiday motoring through Santa Clara Valley, returning to the Fairmont Hotel on Monday. * * Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Weaver have sailed for a visit to Honolulu. * * Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, who has been ill at Lane Hospital, will soon return to Menlo. * * Mrs. Walter B. Coffey recently entertained at a bridge afternoon in honor of Mrs. Liggett.

Mardi Gras

The crowning social event of the year will be the annual Mardi Gras, in aid of the Children's Hospital, to take place at the Exposition Auditorium on the evening of March 4. For many months society bells and matrons have been planning their costumes, all of which will pertain to the circus, and the pageant, which will take the form of a circus parade, promises to unfold more surprises in the way of gorgeous, beautiful and unique costume creations than ever before. Half a dozen beautiful prizes have been donated by charitably inclined San Francisco merchants for the most beautiful, original and humorous costumes, three for the fair sex and the rest for men, and competition will undoubtedly be keen. The interior of the Auditorium will be fitted up like a huge circus tent, with the sides coming down behind the first five rows of the balcony, where spectators may find seats for \$2.50. Admission to the floor, where none but maskers will be allowed before midnight, will be \$5, and tickets may be procured at the Palace, Fairmont, St. Francis, Clift and Whitecomb Hotels, the various cafes and at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. There will be two orchestras of forty musicians each and the music will be continuous. Supper will be served in Larkin Hall at seven o'clock, the pageant will start at half past nine, and after four o'clock in the morning it will be possible to secure a "ham and egg" breakfast.

Fairmont Follies

The usual gayeties have prevailed at the Fairmont Hotel during the week and the afternoon teas, which are one of the many features of the hostelry at the top of the town, serve to crowd the cozy Laurel Court every afternoon between half past four and six o'clock. The delightful music of Rudy Seiger and his orchestra of soloists serves to make the tea hour additionally pleasant and the Fairmont Lobby Concerts, with the augmented orchestra, held every Sunday night, always attract large throngs of music lovers. The Lyra Ladies Quartette will furnish the vocal part of the programme this Sunday evening.

Rainbow Lane is continually increasing in popularity and the entrancing Follies, produced by Winfield Blake, are one of the show features of the city. Vanda Hloff, the inspirational dancer, has something new and beautiful to offer every week and the dozen other pretty girls of the Follies are all clever singers and dancers. Many dinner parties, to take place in Rainbow Lane and the other dining rooms of the Fairmont, are being planned for Tuesday evening, before the Mardi Gras at the Exposition Auditorium.

At the Cecil

A group of friends were entertained by Mrs. Lynde Harrison at luncheon Wednesday. Among the Navy matrons who are sojourning at the Cecil is Mrs. J. Sheldon McCarthy. Commander McCarthy is in Panama but will probably join his wife at the hotel during the summer. Flowers in pastel shades adorned the dinner table at which Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Graham Crothers presided Sunday. Lieutenant A. C. Gordon is among the recent guests. Mrs. Frank Hutchins of Indiana, and Mrs. L. Minchen are enjoying their visit at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Peter Weeks are residing at the Cecil; they closed their home in town. Mrs. F. O. Hihn of Santa Cruz was hostess at an informal dinner Monday. Mr. A. W. Evans of New York is registered. Lieutenant Bruning and his mother gave an impromptu luncheon Monday. Mrs. N. J. Frink and Mrs. L. B. Suyler of Marshall, Mich., are enjoying their first visit to San Francisco. They will make an indefinite stay at the Cecil.

Statistics of Value

Of the 1094 women who fainted last year, 1091 fell into the arms of men; two fell on the floor and the other into a kitchen sink.

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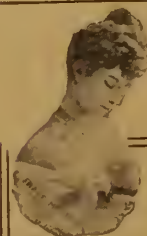
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A Naval Hospital Vaudeville

By George Boosinger Edwards

"Helloo-oo-oo!" There is only one person I know who can give that particular quality to a greeting over the telephone, and that is Carl E. Anderson, who is at the head of the Music Division of the War Camp Community Service. "I want you to be the orchestra for a vaudeville we are going to give the Naval Hospital people at Mare Island Wednesday. Can you come?"

"Well," I replied, "if I won't have to miss any meals. I like to help out when it comes to doing anything for the soldiers, but I missed my dinner entirely last time and I am afraid I don't love them that much!"

"Oh, you'll get your dinner at Mare Island all right," Anderson reassured me, "because Pharmacist W. S. Burr is going to take care of us. We are to eat in the officers' mess, and you'll say when you have finished that (even if you were not doing a fine thing for the boys) you'd think it worth the trip and the labor just to be a guest at such a feast."

"All right," said I, for the food argument is final with me. "What boat?"

"The Montecello, north end of the Ferry Building, 12:30 Wednesday."

"I'll be there," I said, and rang off.

The first person I saw when I arrived at the dock was W. H. Cocks, who is playing an engagement under Mr. Lask in one of the Oakland Theatres. He had his hands full—of suitcase, overcoat and a bird cage done up in paper. When I was introduced to him he explained that the bird cage was required in "The Sunbeam," which he and Miss Marion Allen were to play.

When we got on board Mr. Anderson introduced me to Miss Allen and Mr. Lask, and left me while he went (rashly enough, I thought, when he can spare so little) to have a haircut!

But the haircut served my purpose, for I had been anticipating a talk with Mr. George Lask, whom I had heard of (as every one else who is interested in music and drama has done) from many sources. At once he offered me a tremendous cigar, which I smoked (in spite of the fact that I have promised some one to swear off), for it was the sign of a generously hospitable soul, and I would not be so ungenerous as not to appreciate it.

He asked me where I had lived before coming here. I said, "San Diego, immediately. Before that, Chicago; and before that I studied in Paris."

"We'll begin with San Diego," he said. "Do you know Jack Dodge?"

"Yes," I replied, "you can't live in San Diego long without knowing Mr. Dodge."

"And Harry Haywood?"

"Of course. The names go together; and so do the men. Whom do you know in Chicago?"

"I helped Hart Conway put on plays back there."

"I remember him," I replied, "when I studied at the Chicago Musical College."

"Did you say you studied also in Paris? How would you like to be sitting now in front of the Cafe de la Paix?"

"Oh, I'd like it!" I said. "But all during the war I felt as if I should not care to see Paris. It would be too sad. Did you put on plays there?"

"Oh, yes. At the Moulin Rouge I put on 'The

Belle of New York' when it ran six months. At the same time I had 'Peter Pan' going at another theatre. Those were great days. 'Peter Pan' was all in English, but 'The Belle of New York' was partly in English and partly in French. When they asked me to do 'The Belle' I thought: 'Will I have enough French to get by?' But I got a pony ballet I knew in London; and the girls, being old students of mine, were glad enough to help me out when my French went lame."

Miss Allen came back at this point, after getting a cup of coffee. She was carrying Mrs. Fiske's book on actors and acting in her hand. So immediately I took to her. It was a sign she was one of the elect—to get her stage inspiration from Mrs. Fiske.

She talked about Mrs. Fiske for a few moments and then turned to Shaw. "Do you read his articles now being published?"

"Oh, yes," I answered. "They are the only political writings I do read—except Wilson's speeches."

"All bosh!" said Mr. Lask. "Shaw is a fakir."

At this Miss Allen flamed up. "Do you think he is a fakir in 'Getting Married' or 'The Doctor's Dilemma'?"

"He's always a fakir," said Mr. Lask, giving me a wink.

"But such a delicious fakir!" I threw in.

"He is never a fakir," insisted Miss Allen. "He tries to make people think. He tries to reveal the truth!"

"What is the truth?" laughed Mr. Lask in imitation of Pilate. And Miss Allen subsided.

Here was my chance to propagandize for the Religion of Beauty, so I said: "It's irrelevant to be hunting for truth all the time. The only way to get it (if that's what you want) is to abandon it and search for beauty. Beauty is a definite thing. Experts tell us infallibly which things are beautiful, which ugly. The standards of truth vary with every generation; the beauty of Greece and of the Bible are pre-eminent today. If we get beauty we necessarily possess truth. But if we get truth we do not necessarily find beauty."

At this Anderson pricked up his ears (he had returned from the barber by this time): "Oh, I don't agree with you, at all. Beauty and truth are synonymous! 'Truth is beauty; beauty, truth,' you know."

But here we had to change to a bus, and during the ride some one read aloud one of Miss Allen's skits which she used to run in the Bulletin—one of those breathless things that run on without any punctuation—all about a girl that was approached by a man who searched "among her feet" for some roses he insisted were there but found they were a red bandana handkerchief instead and insisted the handkerchief belonged to Miss Allen because she had a red hat but he was only drunk. I am out of breath at this quick point. How could she run on five times as long? Well, you'll have to get acquainted with her; then you'll understand!

Mr. Anderson was right about the wonderful dinner, asparagus tips for salad; wonderful T-bone steak, beautifully cooked by the cleanly Chinese boys in charge; golden French fried potatoes; rich milk (apropos of which there were many flings at certain San Francisco milk) and mince pie "like mother used," etc. I ate too

much (which is the only way I ever know I have enough), and we repaired to the theatre, where the show was to begin at six.

The convalescents began to come in; first those who had to be wheeled in. One young man who was recovering from a broken thumb explained to me each one's particular ailment. "This one's hip was broken; that one's arm shot through—in France," etc. "Most of them were injured in France." But they were all home again, and alive; to represent to the coming generation the greatest conflict ever in the world.

Gradually the seats filled up with high spirited boys. But they were orderly and attentive to the performance, and they like the actors and the actors loved them.

The Misses Ruth Tausig and Henrietta Brill led off with a playlet, "Fast Friends," which tickled the boys, because the absent heroes of the play were sailors from Mare Island! But that wasn't all the reason; the girls looked so pretty and played so well no one could have helped liking it.

Lillian Ewing gave some songs and stories which brought down the house.

"The Sunbeam," in which Miss Allen and Mr. Cocks told the story of a girl in a garret, whose only friends were a fickle sunbeam which played on her wall and floor for a few moments daily, and a canary which she had "stolen." (The boys generously lent their mascot canary, in a fine wooden cage; so the bird cage we brought was after all an unnecessary burden). But the "stolen" bird was justified by the fact that the young student of sociology was of the family from which she had (innocently enough) found herself in possession of the bird. And so, after she had told him some of the phantasies by means of which she kept her sanity (in the midst of her sordid life), he presented her with the cage, and didn't say he wouldn't some time be the prince she had dreamed the canary would turn into! It was a fine bit of sentiment and splendidly played. And the audience loved it.

Stella Hymson followed, with a fine voice and winning movements, in operatic and popular melodies. And little Mildred Horn did some characteristic dances which made every one fall in love with her.

A playlet called "The Burglar" was an orgy of fear, in which Ruth Coyne, Henrietta Brill, Lavrene Wheeler, Lillian Ewing and Evelyn Bon spent the night in a country house convinced that a burglar had entered. The discovery of a cat, whose movements had been taken for the burglar, was the denouement which proved the climax of the sailors' delight in the play.

A three-round boxing exhibition by "Sailor" Harvey Wilson ended the programme. But we had to hurry to catch the 8:30 boat, so we missed the third round. But it was a good match—as much as we saw of it.

I took a nap on the way home, as did some of the others, soothed by the gentle movement of the boat, and tired by a day crammed with interest and pleasure. I am hoping to see all those people again from time to time, and renew the familiar feeling which was firmly established during the day among "all us kids" and "Dad" Lask.

The Stage

Matinée Idol vs. Professional Beauty

Once more have we ocular proof of woman's supremacy over man. It is at the Curran Theatre this week and the triumph is purely physical. I do not know the respective ages of Miss Elliott and Mr. Faversham, but not having seen either for several years and cherishing recollections of the pulehritude of both, I had a distinct shock when I saw the two stars side by side in the living flesh. Maxine who originally won her fame as a beauty is still a being of rare loveliness while Mr. Faversham is not so handsome to behold as one would expect him to be after so many years of idolship. Miss Elliott's hair remains black and shining as the raven's wing. To be sure, I never saw a raven's wing, but if it is as black and shining as Miss Elliott's hair it lives up to its reputation. Her lovely brown eyes which have been so often likened to a fawn's eyes are as brown and lovely as ever, but beam with human intelligence. What is it that makes Maxine so beautiful—her coloring or classic outline? Neither! It is her lovely expression which mirrors the radiance of her soul. Nothing except accident could change the shape of her noble head, and nothing but catastrophe could rob the brain it envelopes of its winsome imaginativeness, which has won her a place upon the stage as an actress of distinction. Mr. Faversham is an actor of brilliant achievement and the role of Lord Algy though making feeble demands upon his histrionic powers reveals the polish of his fundamental technique.

—H. M. B.

Max Rosen

Max Rosen—a name to conjure with. He has youth of body and youth of soul. Listen to him playing, and you hear the song of the lark, the cry of the man-child to the world of experience. It is not necessary to speak of his impeccable technique, which all pupils of Auer have, but it is a marvel how that past master beckons to his shrine such gifted souls as Rosen, Elman and Zimbalist. "The Elman tone" is a watch word in the music world but the "Rosen song" will from now on sing to the souls of the lovers of the purest of instruments. Rosen's programme for next Sunday at the Columbia should attract our elite of the music world.

—H. M. B.

Orpheum

Every act in the Orpheum bill next week will be entirely new. John B. Hymer, who is a superlative delineator of negro character and one of vaudeville's most prominent authors, will present his latest sketch, "Tom Walker in Dixie," which is said to be the most amusing of his many efforts. The press and public have been unanimous in its praise and of Mr. Hymer's acting of the ancient darkey, Tom Walker. George McKay and Ottie Ardine, who rank among the most popular artists on the vaudeville stage, will appear in a new skit entitled "All in Fun," which enables them to display their great versatility and ability as comedians, singers and dancers. Mlle. Diane, the famous chanteuse, and Jan Rubini, Swedish violin virtuoso, offer vaudeville a rare combination. The Shrapnel Dodgers, in a trench entertainment entitled "A Night in Billet," is the title given by the four Canadian heroes to their act. The men are Sergeant Albert Edward

Blake, Sergeant Major John Parker, Sergeant John Cook and Corporal Healy, all of whom were wounded when the Canadian forces stood like a wall and stopped the German onrush to Calais. Blake, who was a 'cellist before the war, amused his comrades by playing on a violin which he fashioned out of a tin biscuit box, the panel of a Belgian door, a piece of wood from an old packing case, and a string out of a shell wrecked piano. The other men, who have very good voices, aided him to help beguile many a weary hour. When the four were discharged from the Toronto Hospital they went into vaudeville, where they are telling their experiences, playing the makeshift violin and singing. Brenck's Bronze Statue Horse is indeed a novelty. The horse is a splendid animal, who, coated with bronze, appears on a pedestal in a series of artistic poses. Scot Gibson is a Scotch comedian who introduces a very clever and humorous monologue. Charles and Madeline Dunbar assume that each animal has a language of his own and carry on supposed conversations between cats, dogs, horses, chickens, etc. The joint appearance of Senor Westony, the famous pianist, and Harriet Lorraine, the beautiful and talented musical comedy star, is a decided musical novelty which is sure of popular approval. The Hearst Weekly Motion Pictures will be an interesting incident of a remarkable bill.

Alcazar

The splendid revival of "The Rose of the Rancho"—drawing crowds this well, as it did last—will be followed at next Sunday's matinee by the first San Francisco production of a recent New York comedy success, "Not With My Money," by Edward Clark, whose knowledge of the crook-world was provocative of much amusement in "De Luxe Annie." It is the overcrowded field of crooked finance that is depicted in "Not With My Money," satirizing laughable and romantic angles of the "get-rich-quick game" that are timely and up-to-the-minute. Belle Bennett as the heiress, Walter P. Richardson as the smooth financier, Henry Shumer as "Penknife Clay, alias the Rev. Dr. Crane, and other members of the new Alcazar company have droll characterizations to show anew their versatile artistry. "A Stitch in Time," with its comedy romance, and "The Thirteenth Chair," with its ingenious and suspenseful thrills, are among early offerings that will add to the Alcazar's booming popularity.

Sunday Symphony and Seventh "Pop" Concerts

The unusually attractive programme rendered last Friday will be repeated Sunday afternoon, March 2, in the Curran Theatre, by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Hertz, as the regular Sunday concert of the seventh pair of symphonies. Prices will be popular. The important number will be Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, containing the popular Allegretto movement. Next to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the Seventh is perhaps the best-liked generally of the composer's works in this form. Richard Wagner termed it "the apotheosis of the dance." A most interesting number is Maurice Ravel's "Mother Goose," comprising five children's pieces, originally written for piano, afterwards reconstructed as a ballet, and finally put into orchestral form, the first American presentation of the work being given by the New York

Symphony Orchestra in 1912. "Mother Goose" might be termed a group of exquisite childhood "thumb sketches." The orchestration is hyper-modern in character and exceedingly difficult of performance. The five parts are: "Pavane of the Sleeping Beauty," "Hop o' My Thumb," "Laidronnette, Empress of the Pagodes," "Beauty and the Beast" and "The Fairy Garden." The programme will be concluded by Henry Hadley's Symphonic Fantasia, played for the first times in San Francisco at the seventh pair of concerts. It is a recent composition and one of Hadley's most brilliant accomplishments. For the seventh "pop" concert of the regular series, scheduled for Sunday afternoon, March 9, in the Curran, Conductor Hertz has provided another feast of melody such as Hertz followers love. San Francisco will be represented on the programme by a "Horn Pipe," written by Wallace Sabin, composer and organist. Following is the complete programme: Overture, "Don Juan," Mozart; Symphony No. 8 (Unfinished) (Allegro Moderato, Andante con moto), Schubert; "Invitation to the Dance," Weber; Overture, "Sakuntala," Goldmark; "L'Arlesienne Suite" (Prelude, Minuette, Adagietto, Carillon), Bizet; "Horn Pipe," Wallace Sabin; (a) Berceuse, (b) Romance, Faure (Violoncello Soli, Horace Britt); Overture, "Orpheus," Offenbach. Tickets should be secured in advance in order to avoid possible disappointment on the day of the concert. They may be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.

Mammoth Hertz "Pop" Saturday Night

The enormous advance sales, coupled with the tremendous demand assured at the box offices on the evening of the event, indicate a capacity audience on Saturday evening, March 1, at the Exposition Auditorium, when the augmented San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the peerless conductorship of Alfred Hertz, will give its much-discussed mammoth "pop" concert. The aim has been to make the tickets as popular in price as the programme will be in character, with the result that 3000 seats have been priced at 25 cents and 3500 seats at 50 cents. The remainder are scheduled at 75 cents and \$1.00. For over a week a steady line of eager ticket purchasers has been in evidence at the symphony box office at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale will be maintained until 6:00 o'clock Saturday, the evening of the event. Simultaneously with the closing of the sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, the many box offices at the Exposition Auditorium will be opened. The doors will be opened at 7:15, in order to take care properly of the vast throng. At precisely 8:15 Conductor Hertz will raise his baton to signal the beginning of the wonderful feast of light masterpieces which he has arranged for the affair. Such numbers as Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" March, the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria" and Tchaikowsky's "The Year 1812" Overture will be performed in conjunction with the Exposition organ, over which Edwin H. Lemare will preside. Louis Persinger, violinist and concert master of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, will play the solo part for violin in the "Ave Maria" number, the melody being taken up afterwards by thirty violins. In addition to Lemare and Persinger, solos will be contributed to the programme by such artists as Horace Britt, Emilio Puyans, Kajetan Attl, Harold Randall and Louis Newbauer. The magnificent programme

in its entirety follows: 1, "The Star-Spangled Banner"; 2, March, "Pomp and Circumstance" (for orchestra and organ), Elgar; 3, Suite No. 1, "Peer Gynt" (Morning, Aase's Death, Anitra's Dance, In the Hall of the Mountain King), Grieg; 4, (a) Air for G String (Violin Solo, Mr. Persinger), Bach-Wilhelmj, (b) "Aubade," Hasse, (c) "At the Fountain," Zabel (Harp Solo, Mr. Attl), (d) Trio of the Young Ishmaelites from "The Infancy of Christ," Berlioz, (for two flutes and harp; Messrs. Puyans, Newbauer and Attl); 5, "The Preludes," Symphonic Poem No. 3, Liszt; 6, "Ave Maria," Bach-Gounod (Violin Solo, Mr. Persinger; Harp Solo, Mr. Attl; Organ, Mr. Lemaire); 7, Overture, "The Year 1812" (by request), Tchaikowsky (for orchestra and organ); 8 "Under the Linden Tree," from "Alsacien Scenes," Massenet (Violoncello Solo, Mr. Britt; Clarinet Solo, Mr. Randall); 9, (a) "Serenade," Moszkowski, (b) "Elegie," Massenet (Violoncello Solo, Mr. Britt), (c) "Loin du Bal" (by request), Gillet; 10, Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," Joh. Strauss.

William Faversham and Maxine Elliott

The co-star production of "Lord and Lady Algy," R. C. Carton's delightful comedy of London society, which William Faversham and Maxine Elliott are presenting at the Curran Theatre, begins its second and positively last week on Monday night, March 3. "Lord and Lady Algy" tells of the marital differences between Lord Algeron Chetland and his wife. They have agreed to separate because of lack of funds and opposite opinions as to the value of race horses and cigarettes. Algy's brother, Quarby, is infatuated with Mrs. Tudway, the wife of an old friend of Algy's. Taking advantage of Algy's "bachelor" position, Quarby, without revealing the identity of the woman, arranges to meet Mrs. Tudway at Algy's flat. Quarby poses as a lamb and when the flirtation is discovered, Algy gets all the blame. This nearly results in serious consequences to the reconciliation between Algy and his wife. Lady Algy, however, grasps the situation and not only saves Algy, but rescues Mrs. Tudway. The second act of the comedy takes place at a fancy dress ball at Mrs. Tudway's, where Algy appears, slightly the worse for having dined too well. Faversham's playing of this scene is one of the finest pieces of delicate light comedy acting to be seen on the stage today. Maxine Elliott, radiantly beautiful, has never appeared to greater advantage than she does in the role of Lady Algy. William Faversham is again seen in Lord Algy, in which he has scored one of his greatest successes. The supporting company includes Frederick Lloyd, Maud Hosford, Mary Compton, Harvey Hays, Robert Ayrton, Philip Leigh, Percy Waram, Erville Alderson, Emily Fitzroy, Herbert Belmore and others.

Max Rosen Recital

Those music lovers who were in attendance at the violin recital of Max Rosen at the Columbia last Sunday afternoon had the surprise of their lives for they found in the totally unknown Max Rosen a violinist of the very first rank. No other violinist who has ever appeared in San Francisco, with the possible exception of Fritz Kreisler, has such a caressing charm and poetic quality. The critics of the press, to their credit, were a unit in praising this most interesting of violinists and the audience by word of mouth passed the verdict along and as a consequence the Columbia will be filled for his concert this Sunday, March 2.

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Beethoven.....Symphony No. 7
Ravel....."Mother Goose"
Hadley.....Symphonic Fantasia
(First Time in San Francisco)

PRICES—Sunday, 50c, 75c, \$1.00; box and lodge seats, \$1.50.

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s daily; at theatre from 10 A. M. on concert days only.

SAT. EVE., MAR. 1, at 8:15—MAMMOTH "POP" at Auditorium.

SUNDAY AFT., MAR. 9—Seventh Regular "Pop" at Curran.

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Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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COLUMBIA THEATRE

SUNDAY, MARCH 2

(OAKLAND, MARCH 11)

Tickets at usual places

Highlights About Healy's Artists

Madame Frances Alda, with her winsome personality and gorgeous voice, is having this season her very greatest successes with the Metropolitan Opera and in recital. She will be heard at the Columbia Theatre, Sunday afternoons, March 23 and 30, at the Oakland Auditorium Theatre, March 25, and at Assembly Hall, Stanford, March 27. Miss Erin Ballard, that "exquisite bit of human camco," will be with her in the capacity of soloist and accompanist.

Ethel Leginska, the pianistic marvel, who will be heard in recital at the Columbia Theatre, Sunday afternoons, April 20 and 27, at the Oakland Auditorium Theatre, April 24, and at Assembly Hall, Stanford, April 17, is now on her fifth American concert tour. She decided to become a pianist after hearing Paderewski, almost when she was a baby. She was a favorite pupil of the famous old pedagogue Leschetizky.

Riccardo Stracciari, the great Italian baritone, who by many thoroughly competent to judge is declared to be the greatest baritone at present before the public, is having triumph after triumph with the Chicago Opera Company. If all goes well Stracciari will be heard in San Francisco at the Columbia Theatre in May.

When John McCormack, without a question the most popular concert singer of the entire world and who is known wherever the English language is spoken, gives his concerts at the Exposition Auditorium on Sunday afternoons, May 11 and 18, he will have as his assisting artist the young Scotch violinist, Donald McBeath, who is at once an excellent violinist and an aviator who did great service in the war. The very popular Edwin Schneider, the world's greatest accompanist, will be at the piano for McCormack.

Amelita Galli-Curci, whose exact dates in San Francisco have not yet been definitely fixed, but who promises to favor us with her gracious presence at some not-far-distant date, recently gave her services to make a fund for Stony Wold, which was the gainer by nearly \$15,000.

Edward Lemaire's programme at the Civic Auditorium invariably announces an improvisation. A few days ago, however, he received a communication from the musical committee of the board of supervisors to the effect that the frequent repetition of a selection called "Improvisation" might become monotonous and requesting him to discontinue it. It calls to mind the old story of the New York park commissioner who objected to purchasing several gondolas for the lake, suggesting merely a male and a female gondola, leaving nature to take its course.

A New Act at Techau Tavern

The song girl-revue corps has added a popular novelty to their programme. Swinging together, side by side, three of these delightful singers swing back and forth over the heads of the diners and lift the most engaging songs and ballads. It is a pretty sight, the swish of silken skirts, the glimpses of trim ankles, the alternate swoop and the soaring rise. The act is distinctly a hit.

Looking for Money

Little Willie was discovered by his mother industriously smashing all the eggs in the house.

"Why, Willie," she cried, aghast, "what do you mean by breaking all those eggs?"

Willie answered:

"I heard papa say there was money in eggs, and I'm tryin' to find it."

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There was no mistaking the trend of the stock market the past week. Sentiment that has been so pessimistic of late changed quickly to the constructive side of the market and shorts at the end of the week were trying to cover their trades. This, with the buying by the bull element, made a big broad bull market, with scarcely any reaction from the top prices. Sentiment at the close of the week was more confidently bullish than it has been at any time since the period immediately after the cessation of hostilities last November. The oil stocks again led the advance, but later in the week a buying movement set in, in the steels and copper shares, and they responded quickly. The strength in oils was due to the belief that European holders of Royal Dutch have joined in an immense consolidation, while others insisted that the strength in Pan American Petroleum and Mexican Petroleum was due to the expected good results from the visit of Mexican oil representatives to the Paris conference. Pan American seemed to be favored mostly by those devoting attention to the oil stocks, and it was insisted that this stock has a long way to go before the appreciation in the value of its holdings in Mexican Petroleum is reflected in the market price of Pan American stock. Many important interests are also extremely bullish on the low priced oil stocks, such as Sinclair Oil, and higher prices are talked for this issue. The Sinclair Oil Company's business is said to have increased in volume, with larger profits in the past few months than have been obtained in a similar period for a long time past. The steel stocks, however, retain many friends, although speculative interests in these stocks are now concentrated to a greater extent in issues like Baldwin Locomotive and Crucible Steel. Both these stocks are said to have been bought by important interests for some days past, and the belief prevails that they will come in for a good advance. It has been known for some time by those concerned that their financial condition is extremely strong, and the point was made that although Baldwin Locomotive's business on hand is small, that there is in prospect a pronounced change for the better, and that a distribution of earnings already accumulated may be made within a short time. The copper situation seems to be the drag on the market. Copper metal prices were further reduced to 15½ cents per pound. At this level it was said there was very little being done in the metal. The tobacco stocks were strong and active, led by the United Cigar Stores stock. In quarters well informed it was learned that the recent advance in this stock is attributable to buying based upon arrangements which are being made for the purchase of a long chain of candy stores. It is said that the transaction will be closed in a few days, and there are well defined rumors that in the

reorganization which will be effected, there will be valuable rights accruing to the holders of United Cigar Stores. The market has now had a good upturn, and the short interest is pretty well eliminated, and while we look for higher prices ultimately, a fair reaction is due.

Cotton—The cotton market seems to be backing and filling within a range of about two hundred points, with speculation mostly confined to the professional element. The market was stronger and higher early in the week, but the advance was lost and prices declined again to around former low levels. The general trade situation is held responsible for the weakness in the market, and this factor has offset the evident determination of the growers not to release their cotton until they get what they consider a fair price. The labor situation continues far from being satisfactory, despite adjustments reported from the domestic mills and from England. The generally disturbed condition is regarded as the cause of possible dislocations that will hurt business no matter what the demand amounts to. Bulls are still confident that ultimately cotton prices will advance. The world must wear clothes, and if it does, the bulls say it will have to wear a lot of cotton, more than the stock on hand can supply. They also contend that cotton at 30 cents per pound is economically justified, even on a deflated basis, and that that is the level at which it will sell in the future. England has accumulated a lot of cotton in the New York market, and is holding it for shipment as needed. How much of the total production the British buying control has not been ascertained, but it is the general impression that the contracts outstanding will prove uncomfortable for American speculative shorts. It is also believed that if a world shortage develops, the English mills will not be the sufferers. The general week-end news was construed as bearish. Exports were considerably below last year, and the visible supply showed a small increase. We believe the distant futures of cotton should be bought around the 20-cent level.

Not at Liberty

A group of aliens desirous of taking out their first naturalization papers appeared not long ago before the court at White Plains, New York.

One of the applicants was a bright-looking young Italian. The justice, questioning him, found that the little fellow had a fairly clear knowledge of what his duties as a citizen would be, and of the general plan of the government of the United States.

"Who's the President?" inquired His Honor.

"Mista Willse."

"Who's the Vice-President?"

"Mista Marsh."

"Well, now, Tony, could you, as a foreign-

born person, become President of the United States?"

"Judga," said Tony with a regretful smile, "you haf excoosa me, please—I gotta good job already at a sawmill!"—Sat. Eve. Post.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MICHAEL T. TRAVAS, also called M. T. TREVES, deceased.—No. 26029. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of MICHAEL T. TRAVAS, also called M. T. TREVES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, to to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MICHAEL T. TRAVAS, also called M. T. TREVES, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
 Administrator of the estate of Michael T. Travas,
 also called M. T. Treves, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
 Attorneys for Administrator,
 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LENA L. REED, deceased.—No. 26028. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of LENA L. REED, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LENA L. REED, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
 Administrator of the estate of Lena L. Reed,
 deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
 Attorneys for Administrator,
 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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Estate of ADELAIDE F. MORRIS, deceased.—No. 26026. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ADELAIDE F. MORRIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ADELAIDE F. MORRIS, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
 Administrator of the estate of Adelaide F. Morris,
 deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
 Attorneys for Administrator,
 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY YENIS, deceased.—No. 26025, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of MARY YENIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers without four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY YENIS, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
 Administrator of the estate of Mary Yeniss, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
 Attorneys for Administrator,
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2-1-5

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Estate of CHARLOTTE MERRIWEATHER, deceased.—No. 26027. Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of CHARLOTTE MERRIWEATHER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLOTTE MERRIWEATHER, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
 Administrator of the estate of Charlotte Merriweather,
 deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, February 1, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
 Attorneys for Administrator,
 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

2-1-5

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we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
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as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, MARCH 8, 1919

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The Kaiser at the Peace Table

Whence came the suggestion that the peace congress, now solemnly adjudicating the world's future, should offer a chair to Germany? Now and then we hear a serpentine hint that the perpetrators of the war be permitted to speak on the terms by which their next attempt is to be made impossible. Surely the recommendation issued from Berlin, and the first part of its journey was paid for in marks. Is it desired that the Huns have a vote at the peace table, on the theory that the Allies at all events could outvote them? Or is the plan merely to let them tell what a well meaning and industrious race they are? There appears to be no reason (restraining ourselves to unemotional words) why these beaten invaders should have a vote or be allowed to persuade the votes of other nations in the final settlement. We know just what they would say. They would begin with a bluster about republics, wind through a course of chicanery about the war, and end in a plea for condensed milk. All in all, they would be repeating phrases learned from the kaiser, and the kaiser would be virtually chattering at the peace delegates. The superfluity of the suggestion is what most impresses one. The Germans have already spoken; have testified their character and their aims through the medium of bombs, submarines and gases. They have testified in England, in France, in Belgium, and wherever they could ambush themselves on land or sea. The question is not so much what they want as what they deserve. The peace congress is well equipped with evidence as to that. More important is what the Allies want and deserve. Upon this subject Germany could offer no information that would be of

service to any one. When these war hounds had their conferences at Potsdam (we like the word better than Berlin) was there one humane suggestion that they permitted to enter—one conscientious objection to the limit of damage they could work?

* * *

Germany and Food

There is a suspicion with us that the Germans have lost interest in the war, and may be desirous of extending themselves on the subject of food; to tell the world they are starving; that they are weary of substitutes, and that sawdust does not make good pancakes. One must be cautious, though, of what a German means when he says he is not getting enough to eat. We read that they were once accustomed to five meals a day, with large amounts of fatty stuffs, which they are not getting now. In the matter of food, the German is well able to take care of himself. Perhaps he will at the same time care for his wife and children. Surely no one would delight in seeing any living creature suffer the pains of hunger. It is not within the scope of the British, French or American mind to gloat over such or any misfortune. At the same time, the business of the world today consists of nursing its own wounds and giving nourishment to the victims of German atrocity. Unto women and children first. And who can say that this would be the destiny of food that we may ultimately sell to the German? The Teutonic tongue would not be pleasant hearing at the peace table. The German, of course, loves a chance to talk on any occasion. He can not enjoy himself without the opportunity of giving advice, and he parades himself on an ability to talk anybody out of anything. If it were merely a case of having something on his conscience—the attitude of a remorseful culprit before receiving the sentence of court—he would be silent and stolid as a sausage. His conscience does not trouble him. He is not remorseful. What he longs for is the opportunity of working his guttural in the hope of making himself something of a hero to the peace delegates of the nations at large or the other side of the Rhine, not forgetting the food importers. Let the Hun do all this talking to himself. He has a government now that consists of little else than strutting, rioting and a scrap of newspapers.

The newspaper offices were the first objective of German revolution. Without them he seems unable to exercise legislative function. We can fancy the German orator beginning a speech with "Friends, countrymen and fellow-murderers." and sending out a detachment of soldiers with press copies. No; if we have any humane thought for the Hun, we should on that account urge him not to speak for a while, for the moment he tries to explain, he makes matters worse for himself. The sinking of the "Lusitania" did not attain its full horror until we learned that in Berlin it was considered a brilliant deed, proving the supremacy of the Teuton mind. If the Berlin crowd should be given a hearing at the peace congress, no doubt the Allies would feel impelled to add another billion to the indemnity and subtract another slice of the sauerkraut district. There let the matter rest until our delegates have published the terms untortured by a session of German harangue.

* * *

Who Is Fibbing?

The once noted Ananias Club, created by correspondents in the national capital and accredited to President Roosevelt because he had presumed to question the accuracy of some of their reports of his utterances, threatens to become reorganized. During his recent visit to this city Mr. William H. Taft was said to have declared in his speech that he "would not trust the senators who opposed the League of Nations over night," and it was so reported in the newspapers, based upon the notes of presumably expert stenographers. But in a speech in another city, Mr. Taft denied having made just the utterance attributed to him and edited it considerably, adding words which the stenographers apparently did not hear, and which deftly extracted the sting from it. Defenders of Mr. Taft have declared that after the words "trust them over night" there was much applause which drowned the qualifying words of the sentence. But the newspapers reprinted verified reports of the speech and insisted that the first transcription of it as published was accurate and undeniable. Senator Phelan and other notables who were present declared that the stenographers were correct, and yet Mr. Taft and his supporters just as emphatically insist that they were not. President Wilson has almost given the lie direct to Senator Cham-

berlain, which no doubt was the reason why, on the night of the League of Nations dinner, "the presidential smile faded away" as the newspaper headlines had it, and he released the senator's hand without pressing it. It has also been published that, when urged to press the Irish question before the peace congress, Mr. Wilson replied in effect that this was a matter between England and Ireland, and a subject not worthy of discussion at Versailles. Naturally enough, this created much adverse comment—which is the polite way of putting it—on the part of sympathizers with Ireland, whereupon Mr. Joseph Tumulty, the presidential secretary and occasional mouthpiece, denied that his superior ever made such an assertion and further declared that Mr. Wilson had characterized the story as being "an intentional falsehood." In justice to the disseminators of public utterances, it is only fair to say that it is always difficult to accurately report them from memory. But in each of the cases mentioned, both sides are equally tenacious as to what the facts were, and accuse all other sides of wilful fiction. We have been taught that the truth is mighty and will prevail, so let us await its arising with becoming patience and fortitude.

* * *

A Glance at Russia

Just at the time when Czar Nicholas had been dethroned and the Kerensky government had, through some unaccountable freak of destiny, been more or less recognized, there was a banquet given at a prominent New York club to a British ambassador. The chairman arose and toasted the allies, naming England, the United States, France, Italy, and, of course, Belgium. Instantly there were corrective cries about the room: "Russia! Russia!" But the chairman evaded the correction, elevated his glass and the toast was drunk. When he sat down, the ambassador on his right reminded him that he had forgotten Russia, whereupon he replied: "No sir, I did not forget Russia. I purposely omitted her because she will never be our ally." The ambassador looked puzzled. "I wonder!" he said, and the banquet went on to its end without further reference to Russia. The prophetic utterance of that chairman has been fulfilled by every action of the world's vastest nation since that night. Chaos, disorder, revolutionary power supplanting revolutionary power; murder, rapine, pillage, with no cohesion of patriotic interests and no end in sight. This once magnificent empire has furnished inspiration for many of the world's greatest writers, and many of these are still clinging, with true idealistic fervor, to their fruitful source of copy supply for maga-

zines, books and newspapers. Some of them are most optimistic in their exploiting of Russia's "interrupted glory" which is soon to be revived with renewed splendors. But the facts have not supported any of these visionary platitudes during the past few years, and the promise of at least any future within our vision is dark indeed. For some reason or other, which so far no one has been able to assign to any good diplomatic or military expedient, the allies have sent some troops into the most unimportant part of Russia's vast domain, namely, the wilds of Siberia. We have been led to believe that a vast quantity of stores in Vladivostock and Archangel had to be guarded from the Bolsheviks. If this policy was a sound one, why not send armies to guard the stores and gold, the manufactories and emporiums of Russia proper? What were these billions of value in comparison with the few millions of produce and munitions in Siberia? The question has never been satisfactorily answered as far as the world at large is concerned, and it never will be. Come to think of it, there is no "Russia proper" as we have been accustomed to regard this once united and prosperous but now dismembered land. Part of it is now Poland, which will be a nation when the several dissenting bands of revolutionaries shall have come to some definite understanding. The Czecho-Slovaks now have established what seems to be a stable government of their own in the most fertile part of it, and the balance of territory is in the throes of Bolshevik terrorism, for which even the aggregate wisdom of the congress at Versailles has as yet even suggested no means of abatement. Trotsky, and Lenin too, who now and then seem to contradict reports of their death or elimination, predict a splendid future for Russia. Let them secure that fair millennium in their own way, or let it be done by the reported vast majority that is against them. At all events there has been no good reason assigned for intervention in Russia, except protection for the foreign investor, which is no good reason. Again, let all true Americans insist upon the withdrawal of our troops from the snows of Siberia, lest, as voiced by a recent writer, "the people arise en masse and shove them off the Archangel dock."

* * *

What Shall It Profit?

The president has come and gone and the obvious conclusion of the commentator must be that he has effected but little aside from the signing of a number of bills, and some of the bills he had expected to sign he was not able even to force to a vote. The dinner at which he was to open for friendly discussion and

explanation his constitution for a League of Nations may as well be set down as having been a failure. Nothing came of it other than that it was a recurrence of the acrimonious criticism that has characterized the senatorial discussions on the same subject, except perhaps that this was more gently expressed, the sage wearers of the toga being at the time the personal guests of the president of the United States. And it must be confessed that the august host said nothing that could alter the opinions of the members of the several senatorial committees present, nor did he venture any information that they had not already received. Being asked by one of the senators if he thought that the proposed League of Nations would prevent war, his reply was that "nothing could prevent war, but the League of Nations would make mandatory such discussions and decisions as would render war impossible." There was just enough of the ambiguous in this reply to create in the minds of his supporters a regret that he had made it, for the world has hitherto presumed that the absolute prevention of future wars was the main purpose of the league. So the dinner ended without having achieved any definite result other than that it was just a dinner, during the course of which a considerable number of politicians talked politics, something which is of course inseparable from all functions of the same stripe. Then too, the president's direct snub of Senator Chamberlain which occurred just before the feast of senatorial sapience, must have had its effect upon the tempers of the guests, and intensified the rancor in the souls of many of them, who were not there to be convinced beyond their own convictions anyway. Since then there has come news that must have further disturbed the presidential mind with reference to what the League of Nations is expected to do and what it can do. It is learned that Japan has been purchasing large numbers of tanks and thousands of tons of ammunition for some purpose which at present may be said to be only a subject for conjecture. Italy too is tired of waiting, and is said to be on the point of war against Jugoslavia to determine which of them shall hold the Dalmatian coast. Here the world is faced by a curious anomaly, in which two of the five nations presumed to be the dominating powers of the league, are the first to inaugurate direct violations of what its main purpose is supposed to be. Truly enough the pupils are cutting up strange didoes while the schoolmaster is away, and it is well that he hastens back to his lecture room, for his brief vacation to the home people has profited him nothing at all.

Rumblings of Discontent

By Lionel Josaphare

The world has never recovered from astonishment over its own growth. Or, better to say we have not recognized all the effects of becoming a big round world instead of a little flat one. The war caused us to speak but not think in billions of dollars. Likewise we have the statistics but not the mental grasp of millions in population. Taught as we are that the greatest good is that which is a benefit for the greatest number, we turn about and imagine that the greatest number is productive of the most good, whereas the truth is that the more people we have the more of everything will come with them. It is merely a case of multiplication. The bad is multiplied with the good. In three or four centuries we have hardly learned the difference between a village and a metropolis. The same rules and regulations will not apply to both. The constable who nabs the town thief is no match for a pirate of the Spanish Main, which, by the way, is no longer Spanish another example of how fact outgrows our term for it. The old-time socialist orator with his collar in his hand supplied us with no experience to meet the Bolshevik with his hair in the air.

Now, the Bolshevik may have begun his public career, as we all did, by a raid on the pantry for a glass of jam, prepared with nothing more than two or three good excuses, if caught. Our excuses availing us naught, we reformed. The Bolshevik was too headstrong, and constantly worked over the principle that there is no such thing as private property. He looked upon life as the test for an aerobatic soul; jumped over authority; leapt from the springboard of conceit, and climbed a rope to the top of his own little circus tent of ideals. For a long time his wild theories were a sort of trapeze act over the heads of the multitude. He threw kisses and made faces at the half-applauding, half-shocked spectators. Hanging by his toes to a philosophic trapeze, let him remain a while, in order that we may attend another ring of the circus.

Do you recall the saying that poetry is dead? You do. It was quite a satisfaction to feel that we would no longer be annoyed by great poetry. Poetry was dead. Shortly thereafter the art of painting evinced signs of decrepitude. Portraiture, landscapes, chromos, colored prints of all sorts, were undertaken by photography. Painting was dead, as it were. Then came the phonograph. One could have good music by pumping with his feet or dropping a nickel into a slot. Music was nigh unto death. Came soon the moving picture with unspeakable shadows on a screen. The stage play was dead, so to speak. One by one they had followed poetry and given place to something mechanical. But these arts were not dead at all. They were very much alive to a few unimportant persons, who could not plow or lay bricks or do anything worth while.

In the gilded frame of yellow journalism, the greatest good was that which appealed, or should have appealed, to the greatest number. The logic was not bad. The fault lay in assuming that a thing had to be approved by many millions of people before becoming a national ideal. The newspaper craved hundreds of thousands of readers; the politician, voters to the same score. With both, quantity was everything. Their existence depended on ideas that would work with hundred-thousand effect and

had something to do with the necessities of life, which were discovered to be an important item in human welfare—so important that a good man supposedly gave heed to little else.

The process began innocently enough with the declaration that all men were created equal. This means, in all probability, that a thousand citizens might honestly claim a thousand times the vote of one man, together with a thousand times his influence, and a thousandfold intelligence of what they were voting about. It meant, moreover, that they deserved a thousand times the loaf of one man's bread, together with a thousandfold honor in eating it. This gave rise to the insinuation that one man working alone should never do anything against the desires or beyond the mentality of the masses. If a poet, he should sing of the people and their bread or lack of it. If a painter, he was to portray those who were not wealthy enough to buy his pictures nor intellectual enough to appreciate them. Otherwise he was a coxcomb and a relic of monarchy, and Arthur Brisbane would make a lesson of him on a Sunday page.

In further effort to make all men equal, prisons were entered, prisoners were entertained and reclaimed, but not reduced. As before, the county of largest population had the largest proportion behind the bars. The national ideal essayed with other forms of life, the whole scheme being to uplift those that were amenable to equality and pull down those who were attempting to rise above it. Instead of bringing about equilibrium, flatterers of the workingman accomplished his unrest. Labor desired to be capital; the many were eager in their entirety to be the few. And that is why all these strikes, rebellions and subrebellions will have to stop of their own volition sometime, when there shall be nothing to gain, nobody to give anything, and east and west be found to meet at the same old place.

The ideals of a nation might well consist of something more than business and the necessities of life and self-protection. The statement may seem very small at this time; yet no people can attain greatness without due admiration for the fine arts. As a nation we have been more interested in bushels of wheat than bushels of masterpieces. The wheat is more serviceable to mankind, and we hailed it as king. Eventually comes King Cotton, Prince Corn, Duke Potato, Marquis Cauliflower, Earl Cabbage, Count Onion, Baron Spinach and Sir Garlic. Terms of royalty can not be evaded when exalting the most democratic institution. This is no attempt to ridicule common people or common things, nor to deride the vegetables or those who eat them. The potatoes and carrots of life are life itself. And there must be opportunity even for the mushroom—queerest of blossoms. But never should we fail to take precaution against the poisonous toadstool. A remarkable fact about the toadstool is that the toad does not use it. The toad sits on a high plane of bombast. Emil Cottin, after the struggle to slay the French premier, announced himself as the friend of man, humanity and fraternity, "not excepting the Germans." His only exception was the good and great Clemenceau. That sort of pretence is familiar. Those philosophers who make the plea of naturalism are not in accord with modern life. They are at outs with the world, and would prove the survival of the fittest by destroying all that

does not fit them. We can not, of course, be too severe with a fanatic or dreamer. There are men whose intellects are still drinking from the old oaken bucket. If they are evolutionary, they read us the poem; if revolutionary, they put forth an old oaken candidate for office; but if they are direct actionists, they blow up the civic water mains. All this is at least comprehensible. We can follow the mental operations of an insane prohibitionist who seeks to commit violence upon a liquor manufacturer; but when he tries to assassinate the vice president of a soda cracker trust, we miss the point of his argument.

The Bolsheviks can boast of being misunderstood. Our only message for them is, "Calm yourselves." If they concede, we may be able to deal with them. The speeches of these men once read like the language of flowers, and their later deeds were as of ghouls who could subsist on poisons without internal discomfort. The Russian empire was their day without bread; the revolution their pie for breakfast. They swallowed pie and propaganda by leaps and bounds. They flattered themselves into a fury and an irresponsible government. They made a jargon of politics and a quibble of liberty; of murder, a platitude. War, national honor, nation, law, life and death became a huge pile of nonsense.

In this country we have been scanning the invisible breezes for the ghastly fantastic flying-ship of Bolshevism. It is supposed that the Industrial Workers of the World would gladly act as a committee of welcome. The preamble of the I. W. W. constitution is: "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common." The I. W. W. has as much contempt for the honest trade union as the latter has for an oppressor of the poor. The I. W. W. constitution rejects the slogan of "a fair day's pay for a fair day's work," but aims at "the possession of the earth and the machinery of production and abolition of the wage system." The industrial worker does not believe in wages.

The Declaration of Independence can not be amended. Whoever believes that all men are created equal must include the Bolsheviks and the I. W. W. or cast them out of reckoning. To do either would be illogical as well as impossible. The logical and possible thing would be to declare something new; give the world a new ideal—an ideal big enough to deal with a rebellion or a portrait painter without making the workingman peevish. Even those brilliant law makers of 1776, who created all men equal, forgot about women. As a blow to royal colonization in America, the framers of the constitution knew that their document would be scouted from above; they did not dream it would ever be flouted from below. They could not foresee that their basis of liberty would ever seem tyrannical to any organization of men. To admit that would be to put George Washington and George III in the same class. Howbeit, the country has grown, and Bolshevism is growing. Who is responsible: the former Czar of Russia for having ignored popular ideals, or we for having flattered them beyond measure?

Our design may have been noble. Still, having hitched one's wagon to a star, one should not neglect to look out for the mud puddles.

(Continued on Page 14)

Perspective Impressions

Federal authorities reviving Flannery's case because he's in the hospital instead of the County Jail? One's just as good as the other for detention purposes, isn't it?

Rapidly is woman usurping the functions of the sterner sex! Now the naval authorities are hunting a yeomanette deserter from Mare Island.

D'Annunzio pleads with Italy to hold Dalmatian coast. But then idealism is what makes poets.

Stockton wants ship canal to deep water, and is willing to pay half the cost. Second the motion.

Peace conference fines Germany \$120,000,000,000, but nothing was said about—"or so many days in jail."

Jewelry store on Post Street full of fire fighters and not a spoon missed. Brave, noble, unselfish boys!

German officers seeking commissions in U. S. army, and not a single "comic" has been made out of it.

Max Sennett says the kaiser was a serious matter during the war and is a huge joke now. Where does the laugh come in? Movie slapstick stuff.

Mr. Hoover has been made director general of the \$100,000,000 European famine relief fund. Still coming pretty soft for Herbert.

"Arm yourselves!" say Bolshevik handbills posted in Sacramento. Then what? Stand up and get shot? Nothing doing.

Ten thousand natives die on Island of Upilo, Samoa, none on Tutuila. Upilo is German; Tutuila, American.

Salvation Army pledged to provide homeless barkeepers with positions. Some job! Every Salvationist will have to come through with a position.

Going Back to School

By Max Beerbohm

The other evening, at about seven o'clock, I was in a swift hansom. My hat was tilted at a gay angle, and, for all I was muffled closely, my gloves betokened a ceremonious attire. I was smoking la cigarette d'appetit, and was quite happy. Outside Victoria my cab was stopped by a file of other cabs, that were following one another in at the main entrance of the station. I noticed, on one of them, a small hat-box, a newish trunk and a corded play-box, and I caught one glimpse of a very small, pale boy in a billicock-hat. He was looking at me through the side window. If envy was ever inscribed on any face, it was inscribed on the face of that very small, pale boy. "There," I murmured, "but for the grace of God, goes Max Beerbohm!"

My first thought, then, was for myself. I could not but plume me on the contrast of my own state with his. But, gradually, I became fulfilled with a very great compassion for him. I understood the boy's envy so well. It was always the most bitter thing, in my own drive to the station, to see other people, quite happy, as it seemed, with no upheaval of their lives; people in cabs, who were going out to dinner and would sleep in London; grown-up people! Than the impotent despair of those drives—I had exactly fifteen of them—I hope that I shall never experience a more awful emotion. Those drives have something, surely, akin with drowning. In their course the whole of a boy's home life passes before his eyes, every phase of it standing out against the black curtain of his future. The author of *Vice-Versa* has well analyzed the feeling, and he is right, I think, in saying that all boys, of whatsoever temperament, are preys to it. Well do I remember how, on the last day of the holidays, I used always to rise early, and think that I had got twelve more whole hours of happiness, and now those hours used to pass me with mercifully slow feet. . . . Three more hours! . . . Sixty more minutes! . . . Five! . . . I used to draw upon my tips for a first-class ticket, that I might not be plunged suddenly among my companions, with their hectic and hollow mirth, their dreary disinterment of last term's jokes. I used to revel in the thought that there were many stations before G—. . .

The dreary walk, with my small bag, up the hill! I was not one of those who made a rush for the few cabs. . . . The awful geniality of the House Master! The jugs in the dormitory! . . . Next morning, the bell that woke me! The awakening!

Not that I had any special reason for hating school! Strange as it may seem to my readers, I was not unpopular there. I was a modest, good-humored boy. It is Oxford that has made me insufferable. At school, my character remained in a state of undevelopment. I had a few misgivings, perhaps. In some respects, I was always too young, in others, too old, for a perfect relish of the convention. As I hovered, in gray knickerbockers, on a cold and muddy field, round the outskirts of a crowd that was tearing itself limb from limb for the sake of a leathern bladder, I would often wish for a nice, warm room and a good game of hunt-the-slipper. And, when we sallied forth, after dark, in the frost, to the swimming bath, my heart would steal back to the fireside in Writing School and the plot of Miss Braddon's latest novel. Often, since, have I wondered whether a Spartan system be really well for youths who are bound mostly for Capuan Universities. It is true, certainly, that this system makes Oxford or Cambridge doubly delectable. Undergraduates owe their happiness chiefly to the consciousness that they are no longer at school. The nonsense which was knocked out of them at school is all put gently back at Oxford or Cambridge. And the discipline to which they are subject is so slight that it does but serve to accentuate their real freedom. The sudden reaction is rather dangerous, I think, to many of them.

Even now, much of my own complacency comes of having left school. Such an apparition as that boy in the hansom makes me realize my state more absolutely. Why, after all, should I lavish my pity on him and his sorrows? Dabit deus his quoque finem. I am at a happier point in Nature's cycle. That is all. I have suffered every one of his ordeals, and I do not hesitate to assure him, if he chance to see this essay of mine, how glad I am that I do not happen to be his contemporary. I have no construe of Xenophon to prepare

for tomorrow morning, nor any ode of Horace to learn, painfully, by heart. I assure him that I have no wish nor any need to master, as he has, at this moment, the intricate absurdities of that proposition in the second book of Euclid. I have no locker, with my surname printed on it and a complement of tattered school books. I burnt all my school books, when I went up to Oxford. Were I to meet, now, any one of those masters who are monsters to you, my boy, he would treat me even more urbanely, it may be, than I should treat him. When he sets you a hundred lines, you write them without pleasure, and he tears them up. When I, with considerable enjoyment and at my own leisure, write a hundred lines or so, they are printed for all the world to admire, and I am paid for them enough to keep you in pocket money for many terms. I write at a comfortable table, by a warm fire, and occupy an arm chair, whilst you are sitting on a narrow form. My boots are not made "for school wear," nor do they ever, like yours, get lost in a litter of other boots in a cold boot room. In a word, I enjoy myself immensely. Tonight, I am going to a theatre. Afterwards, I shall sup somewhere and drink wine. When I come home and go to bed, I shall read myself to sleep with some amusing book. . . . You will have torn yourself from your bed, at the sound of a harsh bell, have washed, quickly, in very cold water, have scurried off to Chapel, gone to first school and been sent down several places in your form, tried to master your next construe, in the interval of snatching a tepid breakfast, been kicked by a bigger boy, and had a mint of horrible experiences, long before I, your elder by a few years, have awakened, very gradually, to the tap of knuckles on the panel of my bedroom door. I shall make a leisurely toilet. I shall descend to a warm breakfast, open one of the little budgets which my "damned good-natured friend," Romeike, is always sending me, and glance at that morning paper which appeals most surely to my sense of humor. And when I have eaten well of all the dishes on the table, I shall light a cigarette. Through the haze of its fragrant smoke, I shall think of the happy day that is before me.

Country Folk in Paris

By Alphonse Daudet

At Champrosay, these people were happy indeed. Their farm yard was just under my windows, and for six months of the year my life brought me somewhat in contact with theirs. Before daybreak, the good man of the house would proceed to the stable, harness his wagon, and set out for Corbeil, where he sold his vegetables; a little later the wife rose, dressed the children, fed the poultry, and milked the cow; all morning long there was such a clatter of sabots over the wooden staircase! In the afternoon all was silent. The father was in the fields, the children were at school, and the mother busied herself silently, spreading out linen in the yard, or sat and sewed before her door, watching her youngest. From time to time some passer-by would stop on the road, and then she would have a chat, plying her needle all the while. But one day—it was toward the end of the month of August, ever that memorable month!—I heard the good wife saying to one of her neighbors:

"What! you don't mean it? The Prussians? But they've merely reached France!—nothing more!"

"They are at Chalons, Mother Jean!" I exclaimed from my window. And that made her smile not a little. In that small, out-of-the-way corner of Seine-et-Oise the country people could not believe in an invasion at all.

And yet every day wagons were seen passing, loaded with luggage. People had closed their houses, and through that beautiful month, when the days are so long, gardens blossomed in dreary solitude, and no one so much as opened a gate to look at them. By degrees my neighbors themselves grew alarmed. Each fresh departure from the neighborhood made them sad. They felt they were forsaken.

One morning a flourish of drums was heard through the village. An order had come from the mairie. They must go to Paris, sell their cow, their fodder, leave nothing behind for the Prussians. And so the good man set out for Paris, and it was a mournful journey indeed. Along the paved highway, one heavy van of furniture followed another, a long procession, and helter-skelter ran troops of swine and sheep, dazed and confused, getting between the wheels, while oxen, tied together, bellowed after the wagons. On the side of the road, along the ditch, poor wretches were hurrying on foot, behind handcarts full of antiquated furniture, faded easy chairs, Empire tables, and mirrors draped in chintz; it was impossible not to feel what distress had entered these homes, at having to remove all these dusty things, all these relics, and to drag load upon load of them along the highways.

At the gates of Paris it was suffocating. There was a wait of two hours. All this time the poor farmer, pushed against his cow, gazed in terror at the embrasures, where cannon were mounted, at ditches filled with water, the fortifications which rose before him, and tall Italian poplars, cut down and withering along the roadside. That evening he returned, utterly dismayed, and told his wife all he had seen. The wife was terrified, and wanted to leave the very next day. But something always occurred to delay their departure from one day to another. There was a new harvesting, or a piece of land that must be ploughed—and would they not have time to gather the vintage? And deep down in their hearts was a vague hope that perhaps the Prussians would not visit their part of the world.

One night they were awakened by an awful report! The Corbeil bridge had been blow up. Men were running about the country, knocking from door to door, with the cry:

"The Uhlans! the Uhlans! Flee for your lives!"

They rose as quickly as they could, harnessed the wagon, dressed the children, still half-asleep, and fled along the crossroads with some of their neighbors. Just as they climbed the hill, the clock rang three. They looked back one last time. There was the watering place, the church square, there were the roads they knew so well, one descending towards the Seine, the other winding among the vineyards. Already everything began to look strange to them, and in the gray mist of the early morning the little deserted village itself, each house closed against its neighbor, seemed to shiver as if it too were filled with some terrible foreboding.

And now they are in Paris. Two rooms in the fourth story, in a dismal street. The man himself might be worse off; work has been found for him, and besides, he is in the national guard. He has the life on the ramparts, the daily drill, and diverts himself as best he can, that he may forget his empty granary, and his unsown fields. But the woman, less amenable to the influences of civilization, is wretched, weary of it all, does not know what to do with herself. She has sent the two oldest children to school; but in that dreary day-school, not brightened by a single flower plot, the little girls can not breathe freely, and they remember their own pretty convent school in the country, as busy and full of life and

happiness as a beehive. They remember the half-mile walk they took through the woods every morning to reach that school. It pains the mother to see them so unhappy, but she worries most of all about the youngest child.

At home, he went back and forth, following her everywhere, through the yard, through the house, passing across the threshold as many times as herself, dabbling his tiny, reddened hands in the wash tub, seating himself at the door when she would rest herself for a little while with her knitting. But here, they must climb four stories, over a dark stairway where the feet slip; there is only a miserable fire in the narrow chimney place, and through the high windows is seen only a gray, smoky horizon, and roof tops of wet slate.

There is, however, a yard where he might play, but this the concierge will not permit. These concierges are another invention of city life. At home, in the village, every man is his own master, and every one has at least a little corner he may call his own. And all day long the door is ajar; at night fall a big wooden latch is enough for safety, and soon the entire household is wrapped in the darkness of night in the country, a night which knows no fear, and is filled with refreshing slumber. Now and then a dog may bark at the moon, but no one loses his rest on that account. Here in Paris, in these houses of the poor, the concierge is the real proprietor. Her boy dares not go downstairs alone, he is so afraid of this ill-natured woman, who has even compelled them to sell their goat, pretending that it dragged straw and peelings over the stones of the yard.

The poor mother has no stories left with which to divert the child when he is tired. After their meal is over, she wraps him as if they were going for a walk in the fields. Together, hand in hand, they pass through the streets, along the boulevards. Startled, jostled against, bewildered, the child scarcely cast a glance around him. He sees nothing that interests him except horses. They are the only objects that look familiar to him, and he smiles when he sees one. Neither does the mother take the least pleasure now in anything she sees. She walks on with slow steps, dreaming of her house, her little homestead. And as they pass by—the mother with her open, honest expression, her neat attire, her smooth and shining hair, the child with his chubby figure, his big galoshes—one who looks at them closely must feel that they are two aliens, exiles, who long, with all their hearts, for the fresh air and the solitude of their country lanes.

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The Spectator

A Daughter of the Heights

It is not difficult to write about marriage nor, for that matter, divorce. The problem is to say something new. To do that one must have a new marriage ready to hand for inspiration, and be able to feel while not expressing the novelty of it. But whenever one hears something about the wonderful Juanita Miller, daughter of the just as wonderful Joaquin, there is no excuse for looking away. One must add his bit of applause. I know that whatever Juanita does is a move toward happiness; and therefore her probable divorce should be chronicled in as highly enthusiastic a strain as her marriage. The lady of Oakland Heights made a heroic effort to inject new interest into the bonds of matrimony with a certain John Reavis, of the Philippine Islands. I can not understand all of her thought waves and soul adventures in that connection; so I take it that the trial marriage, as she describes it, was at once like and unlike other marriages. In the terms of a wedding gown, it consisted of something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue. The blueness of it is hardly material now, and Juanita is happy again. As for the trial part of it, which is something new in the order of things, we have the lady's words: "Ethically speaking, we were merely engaged. If the experiment had proved successful, there would have been a more glorious ceremony at the full of the moon. Mother said we ought to be conventional, and so we had a preacher mumble some words." That is delicious, wicked though it may be in the estimation of the pious. But Juanita Miller is a poet, and a most original one. She despises anything in the nature of a platitude; so we can forgive her derision of the grand old words that usually go with the heaven-made institution. She had prepared a heavenly scheme of her own, to which the hero from the Philippines did not altogether respond. There was moon in it, and soul transference and starry exaltation, theories and specifications astronomical and geometrical. It appears that Reavis was not at fault throughout the experiment. He did his best; declared himself many times in sympathy with the moon theory, and went so far as to pay \$40 a month for his board at the Heights. But he did not contribute, she alleges, to her support. That is where he made a mistake, for which he may be judged among the stars. I trust that the angels who guard the Heights of Oakland, and the gossips who guard the etiquette of its slopes, will treat the marrying visitor with forbearance. The neglect could not have been intentional. It was a mere complication of an astral plane with a necessary foothold on the earth earthy. In the excitement of adjusting himself to the kind of wedlock he had never beheld in the Philippines, Reavis just naturally forgot; and for this forgetting there was no censure from his trial wife, because, avers the poetess, marriage is a case of fifty-fifty. Besides, Reavis may return, and the ceremony completing the marriage at the full of the moon is still a probability, though Juanita doubts it. She will not deign to send a thought wave after the wandering knight, nor will she soul-signal him to stay away. The stars are still in their course. Juanita Miller has resumed her maiden name.

What Happened in Palo Alto?

Of course, we will never know the exact

truth of what startled the college town in connection with the scandalous parade there on Washington's Birthday. None of the student groups assume responsibility for the affair, and none will thrust it on others. That looks bad, or important, as you take it. The worst part of the affair is that those who witnessed it are least able to describe it. Those who heard about it tell the most. Whether the witnesses were too shocked or too full of sacred admiration to relate the truth to an unworthy world, Palo Alto is determined to find out, and the result will be one of those mysteries without which no Bachelor of Arts town could long exist. It is said that the Washington Birthday celebration, as performed by the students, has been growing worse from year to year. Imagine a college town where any celebrations annually improve. In a few years the registrar's office would have little to do. The particular fault this year lay in a scantiness of attire on the part of the celebrants. This might have been pardonable, had the attire been beautiful from any point of view, to atone for its scantiness. Instead, it has been growing not only scantier but uglier year after year; shorter and uglier, one might say. There is agreement on that much. Where the evidence fails is in an accurate description that might form the basis of complaint. We have learned to look upon undergraduate pranks as a necessary part of our body politic. Yet how far these pagan routs should be allowed to go is a matter of solicitude, especially when the motive of the exhibition is the natal day of Washington. One can not help seeing a sinister mood in the jollification that will choose a solemn subject for the display of indecent ideas. There is something decadent in the prospect. Insinua-

tion of that much can be read from the various accounts that drift this way. Something more than ordinarily improper, even for collegians, has caused the outburst of criticism. To say that boys will be boys is no more logical or definite than saying "pigs is pigs." If the perpetrators had been bent on merely a loose entertainment, they might have selected Valentine Day, the week before. When they decorated the head of Washington with ribald themes, they committed an act which, I think, more than scantiness of attire, demands investigation. One of the symptoms of decadence is manifest. I have scant sympathy for the "outraged campus" or the citizens of Palo Alto who watched the orgy grow worse year after year, without halting the procession or at least turning away in disgust. Year after year their curiosity evidently increased, there being a simple case of supply and demand. A parade is for the benefit of spectators, the morals of whom in Palo Alto are said to show an annual mark of betterment. If this be true, the parade must have been something in the nature of a satire on the townspeople's virtue or pretence of it. If the latter, the event was a success, and Palo Alto was not so much shocked at what it saw as eager for an investigation, to hear all about what it did not have the opportunity of seeing.

Pretty Nearly Time

After many indignant protests from relatives, assisted by judicial opinions with reference to the absurdly severe provisions of military law in the time of war, General Crowder announces that 5000 cases of sentenced soldiers will be reviewed. It has been shown that some of these sentences have been so inordinately un-

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justified in comparison with the offences committed as to be almost unbelievable. One soldier was sentenced to forty years imprisonment because he was smoking on post, and when a mere second lieutenant demanded his box of cigarettes, he refused to surrender them without a struggle. There are two or three sentences of death for "mild cases" of sleeping on post; two for threatening to strike an officer, and dozens of sentences of from ten to twenty-five years for purely minor offenses, such as being absent without leave, or disobeying orders. The length of sentence seems to have no bearing whatever on the gravity of the charges, but is dependent altogether upon the variant tempers or opinions of the officers composing the courts martial. It is greatly to the discredit of secretary Baker that he has approved most of these sentences, albeit through subordinates, who are busy with what they consider more important matters and sign anything that it set before them to save time. Discipline is a necessity in war as well as peace times, but punishment for refractoriness of it should be specifically set down so that the trial officers may be arbitrarily governed by them instead of their own prejudices or whims. These 5000 cases should be reviewed at once, and the truly guilty punished according to the nature of their offenses. General Crowder is to be congratulated upon having concluded that military law is inhuman for the present day, and that there should be no difference in the punishments between that and the civil codes.

"Circumstances Alter Cases"

While it is difficult for any one not personally or sentimentally interested to hope for the interference of the United States in Russia, every now and then some enormity or other on the part of the so-called soviet government is reported which puts an entirely different complexion on the subject. An American citizen named Kolomatiani—strangely "undesirable" name, that—is in prison at Moscow under sentence of death. For attempting to secure his release, or at least mitigation of his sentence, Mr. Townsend, the American consul, was arrested and thrown into jail. The government of the United States made such efforts as polite diplomacy seems to demand, for their release. The reply was to the effect that if the United States would release Thomas Mooney and Eugene V. Debs from their imprisonment here, they would free Kolomatiani and throw in Consul Townsend for good measure. There the matter stood at the latest advices. In such cases as these, there would seem to be just cause for some kind of interference aside from the utterly useless plan of writing diplomatic letters. It probably would not be in strict accord with the provisions of Mr. Wilson's constitution for a League of Nations, but since that has not yet passed further than the inquisitorial stage, why not send a force of jackies and marines to get the imprisoned Americans, or inform the soviet government that the death of Kolomatiani would be met by reprisal in the shape of the death of Debs and Mooney? Of course this would be bluffing, but it is not likely that the soviet government would call us.

Paderewski's Loud Note

To employ the vernacular of the pave, Paderewski has said something. Coming to the ears of the peace conference that Poland was employed in the raising of a vast army to oppose the invading Huns, who still know that the war is on, it appointed an inter-allied com-

mission to consult with the heads of the new government. The representative of the United States, loyal to the president who appointed him, protested against such an army, to Premier Paderewski, and his view was not contested by the representatives of the other allies. Then it was that the new premier proved himself quite as capable in diplomacy as at the piano, for he replied to the effect that Poland was now a nation and had the same right to protect her border, as had the United States at the time of her last dispute with Mexico. He believed that the Germans still had an idea that they were not beaten on the eastern front, and were now coming west to dominate Russia by furnishing arms and ammunition to such Bolsheviks as need them. "And gentlemen," he concluded, "do you think that we can fight Bolsheviks with Bibles?" Good for Paderewski!

An Ominous Warning

Frank H. Simonds, who may be trusted as being one of the wisest commentators on war matters, is out with a headline which should cause everyone in authority to sit up and take notice: "Germany will win the war unless the peace congress is alert!" An ominous warning, indeed, but it is not a new one, for other writers have made similar statements, and twice these columns have called attention to the fact that the war can not be said to be won, since it is not ended at all, but merely an armed truce, and the peace conference at Paris has been all this time discussing matters of which peace would be the forerunner, instead of first settling peace itself. It is a notable concession to the wisdom of Mr. Wilson, but that of General Foch should have been first considered and brought to the conclusion for which the world is anxiously waiting. We are seriously informed of an irritant atmosphere in Paris which is full of complaints to the effect that if the Versailles conference is not careful, Germany may win the war after all. This may be the effect of long and irritating waiting which has encouraged uncalculated pessimism, but, all the same, the impression seems to prevail in the minds of expert thinkers that there are good grounds for it. Germany seems to be lying low, like Brer Rabbit, and playing with republican government while waiting for something definite to be sent to them from Paris. We shall all know very soon what her answer will be to the proposed demand of \$170,000,000,000 in indemnities, and there is one writer who is willing to wager that it will not be swallowed peacefully as have the other demands from the allies. The world has been given to understand that Germany's army has been reduced to less than 750,000 and is to be further reduced. How does the world know that this information is correct? How does it know that it is not another example of Hun cunning, and that two or three times that number are waiting for the call to re-arm for a mightier struggle? How do we know that there is not an understanding, definite and complete between the soviet in Russia and the rampant bolsheviks in Germany? If Germany has not arms and munitions enough, Russia has them. If she has not treasure enough, Russia has that, and has only to blow open the bank vaults and take it. Has it been considered what a great and powerful nation might grow out of a union between Germany and Russia—which is by no means unlikely—and what the two armies combined could do against the almost demobilized armies of the allies? All of this is the call of a very small voice against many great ones, but there may

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be something, after all, in the fable of the mouse who captured the lion.

Misuse of Uniforms

Discharged officers and soldiers who have been wearing their uniforms after discharge are to be brought up with a round turn, and can no longer seem to be in the service pending the securing of other employment. Orders have just been issued to the effect that an officer or private of either branch of the service, who wears the uniform of any distinctive branch of the army, navy or marines, may be fined \$300, or six months in jail, or both. This stringent order was made necessary, owing to the fact that service tailors were actually selling uniforms to men who had never been entitled to wear them, and at a price far below even their wholesale value. A young officer in uniform being asked if he was not yet demobilized, replied: "Yes, but when I went into the army, I supposed that the war was to last two or three years, gave away my citizen wardrobe, and spent \$350 for uniforms. Now I am broke, and until I can get into business again, I consider it only just that I should get some wear out of the only clothes I have." The recent order is ample proof that the government does not at all take this view of the officer's sense of adjustment.

Adah Isaacs Menken

There are not so very many of us left, in these days, when the "female form divine" as displayed in the theatre, creates no thrill, either of admiration or curiosity. We have grown used to it from too constant repetition and are bored rather than interested. But there was a time in San Francisco when it was unknown save in places where the reputable citizen dared not venture, until there arose a new star in the then small theatrical firmament in the person of Adah Isaacs Menken in "Mazeppa." The play was not a good one. Turgidly melodramatic, loosely constructed out of incidents from Byron's poem, but in those days the actor instead of the play was the thing, and San Francisco fairly fawned at the feet of the beautiful Jewess who for the first time exposed in a first class theatre a star in full tights. Menken was not a great actress, in fact not even a good one, but she was singularly beautiful, had a perfect figure, and when, as the Tartar Prince she was denuded of her attire, lashed to the "fiery untamed steed" and set

loose upon the plains of Tartary, her audience gasped with surprise and admiration. Night after night Maguire's Opera House was packed to the doors; she was a poetess of no mean ability, and editors vied with each other in the struggle first to be the publishers of her verses. She had admirers by the hundreds, many of them accompanied by serious offers, and finally decided to cast her lot with a prize fighter, John C. Heenan, "The Benecia Boy," when she might have had Charles Warren Stoddard, the California poet. Long runs were unknown here in those days, so her stay was limited, and as she was anxious to be seen in other roles, such as Dick Turpin, Jack Sheppard, William in "Black Eyed Susan," and other male roles, "Mazeppa" was withdrawn, her engagement was soon terminated, and she responded to a call from expectant New York. San Francisco had not had enough of Menken and grieved when she departed. It had not had enough of the leading woman in full tights, and Manager Maguire wisely decided to respond to the popular demand and given them more "Mazeppa." Accordingly the play was revived with Agnes Perry (afterwards Agnes Booth) in the Menken role. The success was instantaneous, and there were many who declared that "Aggie" Perry was quite the equal, if indeed not the superior of the original. Other leading women became ambitious to show what they could do strapped to "the wild horse of Tartary," and then occurred what was perhaps the solitary instance in theatrical history, where every theatre in a city produced the same play at the same time, each one with its separate admirers of the different Mazeppas. We had, as has been said, Agnes Perry at Maguire's Opera House; Emily Jordan, sister of Charles R. Thorne, at the Metropolitan Theatre; Fanny Morgan Phelps at the Eureka Theatre, and a circus, then playing at the old Mechanic's Pavilion on Union Square, produced Mazeppa in the arena with Jennie Lamont in the title role. A burlesque of the play was produced at the old Bella Union, while at the Olympic, facing Portsmouth Square, "The Wild Horse of Tartary" was given with no fewer than six Mazeppas in the cast. Menken's career was not long, and indeed it was what might be called a skyrocket one. She was even more successful in New York than she had been in San Francisco; her great popularity and numerous offers inspired her to change husbands many times; she made a failure in London, and then finally paid oblivion's penalty for those who persist in living "the pace that kills."

Martin Joyce, Artist, Waxes Wroth
Editor,

THE TOWN TALK,
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sir: The public should know the truth in regard to the management of the palace of fine arts in San Francisco. The public of San Francisco decided by vote to take over the palace of fine arts and carried the election by a big majority and the people of this city expected to have an art palace of their own, and I am sorry to say the Palace of Fine Arts is in control of a little known art association, conducting the California school of arts.

Their work that they call art and exhibit in their exhibitions in the palace of fine arts will make a crocodile smile and shed tears. As I have not the slightest hesitation in stating that the attitude of the incapable, self-conceited dictators of art, in the selections of the exhibits is to reject the best work done by us outsiders, and will not let the public see it; but

they will exhibit their own work, and try to pass it on the public as art, and the excellent paintings done by some of the best intelligent California artists, endowed with the faculty of understanding justice, and special favors to none, but goodwill to all, will not be allowed to exhibit their work in the palace of fine arts, unless they stand in favor with their incompetent clique.

Now I must say in justice to good art, don't let real American artists, connoisseurs of art, and art critics, see that work that the narrow-minded jury of the palace of fine arts exhibits. If they get one good look at their work, I believe they will be sure to see little white dogs with pink tails, and snakes with the head of HOHENZOLLERN on them. Their non-descript freak art, imitating cubist, impressionate, futurist, confusionist, and funny twilight at the last exhibition in 1918 was awful.

The judge of the jury of selection of the exhibits is one of the teachers in the California school of fine arts. This learned teacher of art said in one of the evening papers recently that the Art Association can and will absorb their enemies. Well, that is too bad for the learned gentleman of art to have hard feelings against us outsiders, as he has been so courteous to our work that I do regret to lose his elaborated knowledge of art. However, be it as it may, nevertheless, I have noticed that the learned gentleman of art has absorbed the best prize of three hundred dollars for himself, and I presume that if the dominated jury objected to his way of thinking and did not award the learned gentleman of art the best prize at exhibition he would absorb them too, and I think the time has come to warn the art-loving people of this great city of San Francisco to be cautious and be on their guard, or they will awake some fine day to discover that the learned gentleman of art has absorbed that beautiful lagoon too; and there is the Golden Gate a short distance from the lagoon where the ships come sailing through to San Francisco. The federal government ought to have warning to be on their guard or the learned gentleman of art will absorb that too. However, the art-loving people of America ought to congratulate each other as the life giving sun which gives us those beautiful sunsets and rainbow colors is out of the reach of that learned gentleman of art or he certainly would absorb that too. Now as the American people believe in the freedom of art, justice and liberty and sent our boys over to Europe to fight for democracy, why is it that the Huns' paintings which are frightful to see are exhibited on the walls of the palace of fine arts for years, and the good American artist's paintings that are superior to the Huns' work in every way will be excluded and will not be allowed to be exhibited in the art palace of San Francisco? Only when the art association feels disposed to give jury free exhibition and will allow only two paintings of each artist to be exhibited for two or three months and then remove them and let the Huns' paintings hang on the walls in the best part of the art building for years.

As I will not praise my own work myself, all artists, connoisseurs of art and art critics and the public in general are welcome to come to my residence and see this work for themselves and judge of its merit and they will learn the truth in regard to the way the palace of fine arts is managed to keep the public from seeing some of the best paintings in America.

Sincerely yours,

Martin T. Joyce.

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Father Joe to Stay Home

Major Joseph P. McQuaide, U. S. A., is "Father Joe" again since Monday. Some weeks ago he returned from France with fifty other American officers, only he and a captain from an eastern state being retained in the service until now, the others receiving their final discharges upon arrival in New York. Major McQuaide's uniform became him astonishingly well, as did his deeds as chaplain of the 62nd artillery, so the soldiers who love and admire him fondly tell. During the late war he was as young in appearance and spirit, as faithful in helping the boys to reach the top and go over it as when twenty years ago he served as chaplain of the California regiment in the Philippines. In civil as in military life, he is a valiant soldier, patriot of his country and unswerving adherent to life's highest ideals. His personality radiates sunshine; and because upon life's journey he never misses an opportunity to point the way upward, onward, to extend a helpful hand, to smile cheerily, to speak the word of discriminating encouragement, because of these and numberless other attributes we are glad to have him home again. Many, not his parishioners, even not of his faith, will now and then make a pilgrimage to Sacred Heart Church to hear his polished and forceful sermons. Some not given to prayer will involuntarily say, "Thank God for Father Joe." The French government sent him the distinguished service medal for heroic conduct in caring for French villagers during an influenza epidemic. A United States supreme justice told me that during President Taft's term he had been waiting in the White House with a number of other officials of high rank for an audience with the president when a genial looking Catholic priest with wide blue eyes entered and sent in his card to the president. In a few minutes, an usher escorted the clergyman into the executive presence where he remained for a quarter of an hour, leaving the distinguished jurist to meditate on his important mission. The justice, when he was admitted, inquired the identity of the favored prelate. President Taft beamed as he said: "Father Joe McQuaide. When I was governor in the Philippines he was chaplain of a California regiment, and a finer man never lived. I was glad to see him and talk about those great days." As long as we have shepherds like Father McQuaide to guide the lambs of his flock and to send stray old sheep back to green pastures, the world will be safe for democracy.

Mrs. Fred Sharon Sails for Europe

Mrs. Fred Sharon only stayed a few days in New York in spite of the prophecies of her friends who, knowing her fondness for the

eastern metropolis, thought she would never set sail for France. But sail she did and on the "Espagne" in a sumptuous cabine de luxe with enough flowers and boxes of candy to have made a Galli Cerei jealous. Now that she has really departed the same amateur soothsayers declare that it will be many moons before California will see her. The ostensible reason for the flitting of the social leader is to dismantle her Champs Elysée apartment, but Mrs. Sharon has so many friends in La Ville Lumiere that the real reason may be that she is longing to see them. Although she has never been admitted to the sacred precincts of the Faubourg St. Germain set, she is well known and exceedingly popular in the American colony. It is many years since she has been on the other side and since that time she has acquired four grandchildren, Mrs. Tommy Hesketh having presented her with three and Addie Murphy Breckenridge with one. The Fermor-Hesketh ménage is a very happy one, I am told. Florence has made friends with the county families of Lancashire and, most important of all according to English standards, has presented her husband with a son and heir.

Pitts Duffield

I hear that Broadway may see one of Pitts Duffield's plays next season. Pitts, it will be remembered, married Isabel McKenna, Chief Justice McKenna's daughter. There is a daughter old enough to make her debut, and a successful one, too, it will surely be, as the young lady is most divinely fair, and as divinely tall, don't forget, as she measures over six feet. The family makes a handsome trio, as Duffield is still good looking and Isabel most distinguée. Since his severance with the firm of Duffield & Co., publishers, Pitts has been busily writing plays. I am told that it was Elinor Glyn who persuaded him he could write. It will be remembered that the Duffields were her publishers. Isabel gave a large reception for her during the "Three Weeks" period, which caused quite a social flutter. This novel was a long time in finding an American publisher, but Duffield was broad-minded enough to sponsor it finally, which earned for him the unwelcome sobriquet of "Three Weeks Duffield."

Gertrude Boyle to Wed Her Second Jap

Does the average American man lack the artistic soul? Miss Gertrude Boyle, talented sculptress, who may have made busts of more famous men than any other living woman, believes that the Americans lack the artistic poise. She believes that American men can not appreciate in full value art as it should be recognized. Eight years ago she married a Japanese named Kanno, in California. He was a poet. They were happy for a few years. Miss Boyle admits now that she didn't love him, but believes her marriage was the result of sympathy. Kanno was a lone individual. He loved to roam in the forest, away from civilization, away from the din of commercialism. His wife soon realized that they could never be happy. After eight years she released him from the marital bonds. He was then able to indulge his Japanese temperament. Recently the wife, who reverted to her maiden name, came to New York. She is now living in a cozy studio at No. 264 West Fourteenth Street.

Surrounded with her busts of Edwin Markham, the poet; John Muir, who successfully explained to the world the formation of the Yosemite Valley; William Keith, the landscape painter; Christy Mathewson, the idol of New York baseball fans; Alexander Berkman, the anarchist, now in prison at Atlanta, Ga.; Bolton Hall, the single taxer; Susan Mills, who founded the first woman's college in the west; Luther Burbank, who can make prunes grow on cherry trees, and many others, this lady of tragedy is cheerful and contented. Not only is Gertrude Boyle contented, but she contemplates another marriage—with a Japanese named Eitero Ishigaki, a New York journalist. Miss Boyle would not admit she loved him; that is, last night she would not admit before Ishigaki as he sat in her studio drinking in her every word. But the journalist openly avowed he loved the lady of his dreams. Ishigaki came into her life soon after she married Kanno. Whether his presence had any bearing on the subsequent separation of Miss Boyle and Kanno neither would admit. At any rate, Ishigaki is here in New York, near his beloved, after trailing her across the continent. Miss Boyle inherits her art from her parents. While still a small girl in school in California she was shown one day some beautiful Japanese prints. So beautiful were the textures that she immediately became enamored of them. Straightway she convinced herself that Japanese things were beautiful. She has never changed. Her studio is filled with unfinished statues, busts, hastily scrawled prints, incomplete portraits. She admits her commercial viewpoint is overshadowed by her artistic sense. Her artistic soul suddenly is awakened. She finds expression in a crude bit of putty. There it stands today, unfinished because her task is complete after the first expression has found outlet. No fine touches characterize her work. At this writing Edwin Markham, good man and true, is sheltered from the wintry elements of the West Fourteenth Street section by being given a place of prominence on the outside of the window of her studio. John Muir, the famous geologist, is resting comfortably by the fireside, where he has glowing embers and dreams of the natural wonders of California. Miniature Adam and Eve, in modern as well as old world conception, stand near by. Miss Boyle doesn't care what the world thinks of her. She is living for herself. She is not

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radical, nor does she side with the conservatives. She finds in the Japanese the necessary artistic soul and poise. Her marriage will be announced soon.

—N. Y. Evening World, Feb. 26.

The Rivals

The new Japanese mentioned is the one who caused the domestic troubles of the Kannos in this city in 1915. When Kanno protested against the presence of the rival in the same home he was defied, whereupon he took off one of his Japanese clogs, hit the rival on the head with it and laid his scalp open. While Kanno was on his way to the Japanese village at the exposition for a Buddhist bonze Gertrude and the affinity grabbed a couple of suitcases and fled to the mountains, where they discovered that they had forgotten to put anything in the grips. In the flight, as Gertrude told the story to friends at the time, her companion looked anything but heroic, as to revive him after his encounter with Kanno's clog, he wore upon his wounded head cobwebs and honey which she had applied to stop the flow of blood. Kanno appealed to Gertrude's sisters and one of them had her arrested on a charge of insanity. After Gertrude had had a conference with Kanno and cut his hair to make him presentable he went into court and testified in her behalf. Afterwards there was a divorce and she went to New York.

The George De Longs

Society is on the qui vive for the coming of Mr. and Mrs. George de Long who will remain in San Francisco a few days before their departure for the orient. The Haggin estate is entirely settled now and Edith Haggin Lounsberry-de Long has plenty to splurge on and can afford to travel en princesse for the rest of her life. It is said that she and her young husband are very happy together. George is well liked in certain New York circles and he has done a great deal for his wife in a social way. As Mrs. Lounsberry she was not known to the Four Hundred in spite of the prominence of her stepmother, Mrs. Pearl Haggin. Although George did marry money he has not show any disposition to idle. He has composed a comic opera or two which appear ere long on Broadway.

Hattie Crocker and Tessie Fair

Mrs. Charlie Alexander, born Crocker, has been very gay since the armistice was declared. During the period of the war she did very little entertaining but when military operations ceased, she blossomed forth in her pearls and lapt into the giddy whirl. Only recently she has been in Palm Beach where she was the center of all sorts of festivities rivalling in popularity Tessie Oelrichs, who has also been warming herself on the white sands of Florida. Both of these ladies were present at the now famous party which included as its most distinguished guest, Mayor Hylan of Manhattan. Mrs. Oelrichs has sold her mansion on Fifth Avenue and has taken an apartment in one of the palatial beehives on Park Avenue. Her rooms are said to be most artistically furnished and I hear that in decorat-

ing them she had the expert advice of that social favorite Robert Tittle McKee, who hails from Stockton. McKee is no longer in the decorating business, but he can be persuaded now and then, I am told, to give ideas, if one goes about it in a tactful way. Mrs. Alexander was one of his first patrons in New York and he owes a good deal of his success to her. This lady has been most loyal to California and Californians and there are very few San Franciscans who have had letters to her that have not received benefits from her hands. Although some of them have indeed been ingrates it does not seem to have lessened her enthusiasm for native sons.

Social Notes

A wedding of interest to California friends took place at Toul, France, on February 1, when Miss Fredrika Mason Kellogg became the bride of Major John Hamilton Jouett, Air Service, U. S. A. The bride is a daughter of Judge and Mrs. John Prescott Kellogg of Waterbury, Conn., where Judge Kellogg is supreme judge. Mrs. Jouett has been doing Red Cross work abroad for the past year and intended to sail for home when Major Jouett, not being able to obtain leave, persuaded her to hasten their wedding. He graduated from West Point with highest honors in 1913. He is the youngest major in the army, is the second son of Mrs. Frederick L. Perry, grandson of the late Major William B. Hooper, and great-grandson of the late Judge Selden S. Wright. Rosa Hooper Lyon, miniature artist, is an aunt of the groom, and George Kent Hooper is an uncle, and there are other family connections here. * * Mr. and Mrs. William C. Lyon have taken an apartment on Union Street. Mrs. Lyon entertained at an informal tea recently. Among those present was Gordon Davis, the young playwright, one of whose plays is soon to be produced by the Maitland Players. * * Miss Elsie Tallant, the attractive daughter of Mrs. John D. Tallant, writes enthusiastically of her visit in Honolulu. Later she will sail for the orient, remaining several months. * * Miss Mary Miller has left Kent, England, to do canteen work near Paris. * * Mrs. Marjorie Fitch has returned to town from a sojourn at Mt. Diablo. * * Mr. and Mrs. Randolph V. Whiting will leave here on March 20 for a leisurely motor trip south. They will be away one month. * * One of the largest teams of the week took place on Saturday when Miss Elizabeth Bates entertained at her home on Clay Street in honor of Miss Elsie Booth, whose engagement was recently announced to Dudley Bates, son of the F. D. Bates and brother of the hostess. * * Mrs. William Matson and Mrs. Eduard A. Van Bergen will sail for the orient on March 18. Mrs. Anna L. Bauer, mother of Mrs. Van Bergen, will close her home on Pacific Avenue the middle of March and in company with her daughter, Mrs. Charles J. Foster will pass the summer with the latter at "Hacienda," the Foster home in Ross Valley. * * Mrs. Kent Weaver will leave the middle of the month for Coronado, where she will spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. George Pardy. * * Mrs. C. G. Cambron was a recent hostess at a tea in honor of Mrs. George Beveridge of Los Angeles, who is the guest of her sister, Mrs. James W. Edwards, in Belvedere. Mrs. Robert Collier gave a tea at her Vallejo Street home on Thursday at a tea in honor of Miss Lucy Perry, daughter of Professor and Mrs. J. Perry, who recently sailed for an oriental tour. Pro-

fessor Perry, formerly of Colombuia College, is now professor of psychology at the University of California. * * Mrs. J. J. Brice and Miss Elizabeth Brice are enjoying a visit in New York at the Great North Western Hotel. They will return home in the summer. * * From Paris comes the sad news of the death of the eldest son of Countess Damphiers, née Marie Christine De Guigne, which occurred a couple of months ago. Four other children survive to comfort their mother. * * Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Fenster and family have moved to an attractive home on Lake Street. * * Henry Wilson Bragg, who was with the 1st Gas Regiment abroad, is now at Camp Lewis, and soon will be mustered out of the service, when he will return to this city to resume his profession of electrical engineer. His marriage to Miss Violet Fenster will be an event of the near future. * * The engagement is announced of Miss Louise Cameron and Lajos Fenster, son of the Theodore Fenstons. Miss Cameron is the daughter of Walter Cameron of Napa. She is extremely attractive, a petite blonde yet in her teens, an accomplished musician and a member of one of the oldest and most prominent families of Napa. Mrs. Spencer Cooley is a sister of the prospective bride. * * One of the week's surprises was the marriage of J. A. Dowling, well-known San Francisco bachelor, to Mrs. Edith Brooks. They are settled in an attractive home in Ingleside Terrace. * * Miss Kathleen Farrell, who left here a few weeks ago, is visiting relatives in Boston. She will soon leave for this city, making short stops at various places en route.

Marion Ramon Wilson in Song

Marion Ramon Wilson, gifted contralto, daughter of Mrs. Ramon Wilson the brilliant president of the Century Club will appear in concert on the evening of March 11th at 8:30 at Century Hall. This will be her fifth concert since her return from Europe to San Francisco in 1915 when war conditions compelled her to abandon her stage career. Among the prominent society matrons on the list as patronesses are: Mmes. William B. Bourn, Edward J. McCutcheon, Charles E. Green, Louis Findley Montague, E. F. Preston, G. P. McNear, Garrett McEnerney, Homer S. King, Robert J. Davis, Clara L. Darling, Charles W. Slack, Joseph Marks, J. Stewart Fairweather, Edward Erle Bronell, Gaillard Stoney, William Sesnon, James Stewart, Thomas B. Dozier, Arthur Whitney, Frederick King, John Dennis Arnold, Marriner Campbell, Henry La Fevre, Marion, Ernest Cowell, John Harold Philip, L. Eugene Lee, B. S. Revett, Watson Dana Fennimore.

(Continued on Page 15)

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The Stage

Capacity Houses at Orpheum

The spirit of "home again" is in the air at the Orpheum. Capacity houses are the rule there now. Returned soldiers back in their "regular" clothes stand in line waiting to buy tickets for every performance. In consequence, the cordial response of the audiences makes for "ginger" on the stage. Lucky the performers to have the opportunity to get their acts over to audiences in such receptive mood! The bill this week is a capital one with variety of appeal to vaudeville taste. Scot Gibson has a Scotch act which is incessantly punctuated with laughs. Jan Rubin, an excellent violinist, and Mlle. Diane have an unusual skit of good music, unusual costume and French music hall suggestion. The Dunbars present a novelty called "Animalfunology." The strongest number on the bill is Hymer & Co., giving the star an excellent opportunity in a darkey role. Westony at the piano and Harriet Lorraine score with melody lovers while dance fans enjoy McKay and Ardine. The Bronze Statue Horse is an unusual living picture. Did I say the darkey act is the strongest on the bill? It may be for comedy, but the heart appeal is made by "The Schrapnel Dodgers," a trench entertainment of ingenuity, by four wounded Canadians.

—H. M. B.

The Great San Francisco Symphony "Pop"

What is a "pop" of a symphony orchestra? A lucid answer was given at the Auditorium Saturday night when the huge hall was packed by music lovers of all ages and degrees of musical culture. Hertz and his splendid orchestra covered themselves with glory in a superb programme. If such events were more frequent, a true "community spirit" would grow and the standard of musical culture would be raised immeasurably.

—H. M. B.

Dorothy Bernard at the Curran

The attraction at the Curran Theatre starting Sunday night, March 9, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday, will be the gripping, red-blooded melodramatic success, "The Man Who Came Back," an episodic story of a young man's checkered life and a woman's love, by Jules Eckert Goodman, based on the popular story by John Fleming Wilson. This is the original William A. Brady production. The leading male role, that of Henry Potter, will be enacted by Frank Morgan. Dorothy Bernard will be seen as Marcelle, the girl who proves how far a woman will go to save the man she loves. "The Man Who Came Back" enjoyed a run of 57 weeks in New York, 23 weeks in Chicago, 19 weeks in Boston and 14 weeks in Philadelphia. This stamps it as the biggest dramatic success of many seasons. It is presented in five elaborate scenes and unfolds a romantic story, full of heart throbs. Prominent in the cast are Clifford Dempsey, Margaret Linden, Paul V. Atherton, Maud Campbell, Harry Slight, J. Irving Southard, Allen Atwell and Harry Davies. From the moment the curtain discloses the New York home of Thomas Potter, millionaire ship owner, and the audience meets the son and learns of his many misdeeds, the interest becomes tense. Turned out by his father, young Potter decides to make the family name known all over the world, but hardly in the way his father desires. He goes to San

Francisco, where in a cabaret he meets Marcelle, the first girl who has ever meant anything to him. But, true to type, and not realizing that Marcelle is different from other girls he has known, he endeavors to make a compact with her, which she, hurt beyond expression, rejects and leaves him. He is then shanghaied and is next found in an opium den in China. There he comes face to face with Marcelle, now a drug addict, who tells him that at last she has met him on common ground. Young Potter then realizes his responsibility for her condition and he determines to save her and himself. They have a long way to go and in Hawaii they meet another crisis but they finally come into their own.

Alcazar

Three of New York's recent successes, all in a row, for the first time here, with others to follow in rapid succession, afford illuminating evidence of Alcazar enterprise. The capacity business of "Not With My Money" this week proves how eager San Franciscans are to have their plays served fresh and not warmed over. "A Stitch in Time," which ran for eighteen



JOHN McCORMACK,
Exposition Auditorium, Sunday Afternoons,
May 11 and May 18, 1919.

weeks at the Fulton Theatre, New York, this season, will be given by the New Alcazar Company for the week commencing next Sunday matinee. It is a romantic comedy of the same quality that made "Peg o' My Heart" and "The Prince Chap" so widely appealing. It is the story of Phoebe Ann Hubbard, a little scrub maid, slaving in a studio of the Parisian Latin Quarter, who snuggles herself into the hearts of all who listen to her crude but entertaining philosophy. She has a big soul and a great ambition. Like Cinderella, she emerges from her rags and tatters into the daintiest of shimmering gowns, and just as honestly. Belle Bennett personates tender Phoebe Ann and Walter P. Richardson the temperamental artist. To follow will come the newest thing in hurricane farce, "The Unkissed Bride," and the sensational novelty drama, "Yes or No," given for twenty weeks in New York and now entering its third month at the Morosco Theatre, Los Angeles.

Seventh "Pop" and Eighth Symphony Pair

Mozart, Schubert, Weber, Goldmark, Bizet, Faure, Moszkowski, Berlioz and San Francisco's Wallace Sabin will be the composers represented

in their lighter moods on the charming programme evolved by the resourceful Alfred Hertz for the seventh "pop" concert of the complete San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, to be played Sunday afternoon, March 9, in the Curran Theatre. The programme will be opened by the buoyant overture to Mozart's "Don Juan." Schubert's Eighth, generally known as the "Unfinished" symphony, is certain of enthusiastic reception. The brilliant violoncellist, Horace Britt, will play the obligato parts of two charming pieces by Faure—"Berceuse" and "Romance Without Words." The always popular "Sakuntala" overture, by Goldmark, Weber's graceful "Invitation to the Dance" and the four colorful parts of Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" suite are other happy selections. Wallace Sabin, Pacific coast composer and organist, will contribute a "Horn Pipe" to the programme. This composition is one of the numbers from the incidental music to last year's Bohemian Club Forest Play, "The Twilight of the Kings." Sabin also won distinction for the music of "St. Patrick at Tara," another Bohemian Club play. The programme for the seventh "pop" will be terminated by that perennial favorite, the "Rakoczy" march, from Berlioz' "The Damnation of Faust." Conductor Hertz has arranged a most melodious group of offerings for the eighth pair of symphonies, to be played Friday and Sunday afternoons, March 14 and 16, in the Curran. Louis Persinger, concert-master and violinist, will play Mozart's Sixth Concerto, in E Flat Major, with the orchestra. Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" symphony will be rendered in its entirety for the first time in many years. Weber's fascinating overture to "Der Freischutz" will be the remaining offering. Tickets for both events are now to be had at the symphony box office at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Special Members' Concert of Symphony

Conductor Alfred Hertz has announced the programme of light music which will be played in the Palm Court of the Palace Hotel, Monday evening, March 10, by the complete San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, in compliment to the members of the Musical Association of San Francisco, the sustaining body of the orchestra. The concert promises to be even more delightful than the occasional events in this series already given. The programme: Overture, "Oberon," Weber; Rondino for Wind Instruments, Beethoven; Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," Debussy; Concerto in A Minor, for 'cello and orchestra (soloist, Horace Britt), Saint-Saens; "Carneval Venician," Burgmuen; Suite, "La Farandole," Dubois.

Rosen, the Morning Star Violinist

San Francisco's music lovers, who are in evidence whenever a star of the first magnitude appears in San Francisco, have been slow to awaken to the fact that in young Max Rosen, who will be heard in recital at the Oakland Auditorium Theatre next Tuesday night and for his third and final recital in San Francisco at the Scottish Rite Auditorium next Wednesday night, they have one of the greatest, if the youngest, violinists that has ever put foot on our shores. Young Rosen's art is so well appreciated in the eastern cities that nothing but capacity houses greet his every appearance. He triumphs alike in recital and as soloist with the symphony orchestras. Nothing can be added

here to the columns of praise that Rosen has received from the critics of the San Francisco press. Walter Bodin of the Bulletin declared him to be "The poet of the violin." Ray Brown in the Examiner wrote: "He plays as one under the spell of beauty, rapt in visions of supernal loveliness seen with the inner eye." Walter Anthony in the Chronicle said: "The youth, the vitality, the exquisite purity and the sensuous beauty of his playing make him distinct even in the front ranks of the world's greatest violinists." Here are a few lines from the St. Louis Republic of recent date, where Rosen appeared as soloist with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra: "Rosen's interpretation of the D Major concerto was of tremendous power and beauty, and the ease with which he threw it off surprised even those used to hearing the performance of the recent young prodigies. The task set by Tschaikowsky is a difficult one, but it was dispatched by this youthful violinist with as little effort apparently as he would run over a simple exercise." Tickets are on sale at the usual places and here is the programme for Wednesday night's recital: 1. Concerto in D Major (Allegro moderato, Andante Canzonetto, Finale: Allegro vivacissimo), Tschaikowsky. 2. Nocturne, Chopin-Auer; Chorus of Dervishes, Beethoven-Auer; Turkish March, Beethoven-Auer. 3. Old Melodie, Sinding; Hebrew Melodie, Jos. Achron (by request); La Capricieuse, Elgar (by request); Caprice Basque, Sarasate.

Orpheum Next Week

The Orpheum announces for next week another great new show and one of the best in its history. Valeska Suratt, the extreme modiste, dancer, singer, motion picture vampire, will be the headline attraction and will be seen in one of the most dramatic as well as tragic playlets ever presented to vaudeville audiences. It is a Russian tragedy begun abroad but ended here with the scene laid in a private dining room atop "Little Italy," a characteristic Bohemian restaurant of the Greenwich Village in New York. The role of "The Poppy" gives opportunity to Miss Suratt to display her dramatic ability and she thoroughly avails herself of it. The costumes she wears are typically Suratt and as such decidedly original and daring. With William H. Turner, Joseph Granby, Joseph Green, Ralph Delmore and Thomas Hardy supporting her, she has one of the best companies of any actress in vaudeville. The Original Primrose Four—Van, Cantwell, Murphy and Gibner—bring new songs full of the melody and charm that swing them into popular favor. They are also clever comedians. Walter and Emily Walters are exceptionally gifted ventriloquists who have a method of their own exceedingly effective and entertaining. In Everest's Novelty Circus the manager and all the performers are monkeys, whose eccentricities, aerial features are bewildering but interesting. No director with whiphand stands by to threaten during their versatile routine which is accomplished solely by the intelligence of the animals, who have been trained to rely entirely on themselves. Arthur Wenzler and Maybelle Palmer, clever comedians, will appear in a very funny skit entitled "She's Hard to Get Along With." "Major Rhoads" styles himself "The Street Urchin" of vaudeville, for it is in this characterization that he succeeds independently of his wonderful playing in giving a characterization of the boy who fights his way up to the top. He plays the violin like a master and the critics predict for him a brilliant musical future. The latest series of the Hearst Weekly Motion Pictures, in which the Orpheum patrons take keen interest, will be exhibited. The only holdovers

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PROGRAMME—Overture, "Don Juan," Mozart; "Unfinished" Symphony, Schubert; "Invitation to the Dance," Weber; Overture, "Sakuntala," Goldmark; "L'Arlesienne" Suite, Bizet; "Horn Pipe," Wallace Sabin; "Berceuse" and "Romance" (Cello Obligato, Horace Britt), Faure; "Serenade," Moszkowski; "Rakoczy" March, Berlioz.

PRICES—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.
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A Screaming Farce Packing Eastern Theatres

Every Night Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00
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in this extraordinary and novel bill will be McKay and Ardine in "All in Fun" and John B. Hymer and company in "Tom Walker in Dixie."

Fairmont Entertainment

There is no diminution in the social activities at the Fairmont Hotel and the varied entertainment offered at the hostelry at the top of the town meets with a hearty response on the part of patrons. The afternoon teas, in the beautiful Laurel Court, are charming functions and the special features offered every Thursday make the time between half past four and six o'clock additionally enjoyable. An item of interest next Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock will be the lecture by Mrs. George R. Childs, the well-known landscape gardener, on the history of landscape gardening and how time and the world have developed this fine art. The talk, which will take place in the Red Room, will be illustrated by lantern slides. Rainbow Lane continues to be one of the most popular places in town and the nightly dances from seven o'clock until one, interspersed with the delightful Fairmont Follies, produced by Winfield Blake, attract residents of the bay cities who are seeking enjoyment. The special features of this Sunday night's lobby concert will be the contralto solos of Stella Thomas de Shon and several selections by Margaret McKee, the world-famed whistler. Rudy Seiger's augmented orchestra will offer an interesting programme.

Pacific Service Employees Association

The Pacific Service Employees Association, an organization composed exclusively of employees of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, both men and women, held its first meeting of the season on Tuesday evening, February 11, at Elks Hall, San Francisco, nearly six hundred members and their friends being present. For this meeting a programme of unusual merit was given. The Bohemian Jazz Quartet sang several selections and Mr. Bayard Robley of the University of California Extension Division delighted the audience with some well rendered recitations and impersonations. The newly formed dramatic section of the association then presented "The Ninety Thousand Girl," the first of an announced series of five plays to be produced during the present season. The cast of characters included the Misses Estella Braesch, Zita O'Connor, Effie Brandt, and Messrs. F. S. Myrtle, Philip Carson, R. E. Fisher, all members of the association. Mr. Frank Mathieu has been retained to stage the various plays scheduled, and the success of this initial performance is an indication of the talent within the association membership. Mr. F. R. George, the newly elected chairman of the association, and his sub-committees have planned a great many things for the present year. The committee on women's affairs has just completed arrangements whereby a class membership is given to the women of the association in the Y. W. C. A., which entitles them to the use of the gymnasium and swimming pool one night a week under the direction of an instructor. Lunch and rest rooms for the women employed in the Alameda County District were recently completed at the company's Oakland headquarters, equipped and furnished entirely out of the funds of the association, which, likewise, some time ago furnished a rest room for the women employees at San Francisco headquarters. Each meeting terminates with a dance, the music being furnished by the "Pacific Service" orchestra, and besides the monthly meetings, the association holds an annual dinner, picnic, and dance, and several out of town meetings in the different interior districts.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Pool operations continued in first one class of securities and then another, until finally the whole market took on the appearance of a genuine bull market, with prices advancing throughout the list. Profit taking was in evidence in spots, but the undertone was remarkably strong. However, bullish factors will soon be interjected into the situation, and furnish incentives for further vigorous advances. One statement is that an advance of freight rates is close at hand, and that prior to its announcement there will be a steady accumulation of all the dividend paying railroad stocks, and of the non-dividend payers which are selling at lower levels. There has been good buying of Southern Pacific and Union Pacific for a long time, and it looks as if Southern Pacific will be the leader of the railroad list in any upward movement which may occur in the near future. The steel stocks were strong, with United States Steel the leader. Important interests in the steel industry insisted that the indications are more favorable, and that various departments are increasing their output while orders are coming in on an unexpectedly large scale, indicating a disposition in this country to expend liberally for improvements and new construction, the cost of which can be met without applying to any bank or other financial accommodations. The cash resources of many corporations that are noted as adjusting their business affairs to comply with new conditions, are known to be so large that material and labor cost can easily be met without going outside the employment of their own idle funds. The one bad factor in the market is the copper metal situation. It seems as though there is practically no demand for copper metal, even with prices declining to 14½ cents per pound, which is the lowest price yet reached since the war. Small copper producers have been cutting the price, but sales are practically nothing. The holders of copper shares do not seem to be alarmed, as prices of the metal shares have actually advanced in the face of declining prices for the metal. The argument is that stocks have already discounted the decline in the price of metal, and that copper metal prices are down to a point where there is bound to be an improvement. However, the porphyry coppers all meet for dividend declaration, and it is expected there will be a general reduction in dividends. Motor stocks continue to absorb the speculators' interest, and this class of stocks seems to be in favor. Advances of from 3 to 10 points a day in some of the issues do not cause any alarm, and give the speculator quick action, which is what most speculators are looking for. On the whole the market has given a good account of itself, and trading has been on a large scale. With the market showing such big advances throughout the list, it's only natural

to expect some recessions at times, but the undertone seems to be so sound that we do not hesitate to advise purchases on all recessions, brought about by technical market conditions.

Cotton—The cotton market was again strong early in the week, but reacted and lost all of its gain. The principal factor was the announcement made by the president that the cotton embargo would not be taken off until final peace was declared. The bulls became discouraged and sold their cotton. This, with some hedge selling by the South, was too much for the market, and prices yielded throughout the list. There was very little change in the general run of news. More strikes in the southern mills were reported, and also in the New England mills, but as this news seems to be of daily occurrence, it had little effect marketwise. The break was due to the disappearance of the support which has helped the market up during the past few days, and not to any development in the trade. The shorts, who have been the chief supporters of prices, seemed to have covered fully. There was no trade buying to amount to anything, and the deliveries on March contracts, while only in the neighborhood of 10,000 notices, were not well taken, and this brought about a decline in March, which narrowed the spread. About the only real bullish argument which came out and will ultimately bring about higher prices, was the attitude shown by the farmers in most of the southern states, in promising to curtail the acreage ten per cent. If this curtailment goes into effect, it will mean an acreage of around 25,000,000 acres, which, with the best of climatic conditions, and the free use of fertilizer, will only yield around 10,000,000 bales. What would be the result if growing conditions were unfavorable? We believe cotton around the 20-cent level warrants a purchase, and, taking everything into consideration, the price is not high. However, we do not look for more than a scalping market for the time being, and would accept fair profits on all upturns, with the idea in mind of taking cotton back on the breaks.

own bad boy hanging upside down on the trapeze and making faces at the crowd. What shall we do with him as a last resort? Teach him our ideal and ask him to live up to it? No; because our ideal is not the best to be had. It is more for the stomach than for the soul. Imprison and deport the undesirables, but let us not forget to amend ourselves. Let us not be forever walking backwards in order to keep our eyes on the starting point of history, where hang those words, "all men are created equal." When the pedestrian with his back to the future falls into a puddle, and his attention is called to it, he may prove to be an optimist who denies the fall, and most of all denies the puddle. These words are not pessimism. They are merely facts that appear in the news every day. The dawn of all these strikes and disturbances may not be one of roseate hue. But the rose-filled morn must come some day or some year. What we need is that other ideal, one that will raise humankind to the highest possible glory, and therewith lift along, at no great distance, the lower voices from the shadows to which we have led them

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RUMBLINGS OF DISCONTENT

(Continued from Page 4)

We observed that some of the men so star-hitched were standing on soap boxes. They did not appear to have used the contents of their platforms. An age that transacts its fine arts by machinery may find itself with an output of criminals at the same rapid rate. All the other ideals were shattered. Why should the demagogue's be left immune? We created the Bolshevik by giving him an ideal, unaware as we were. We may jail him, deport him; we must blame ourselves. The Bolshevik is our

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Social Prattle

(Continued from Page 11)

Lea Febiger, William E. Buttler, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin and Miss Marie Withrow.

Comtesse de Buyer Expected

Comtesse de Buyer is contemplating a visit to San Francisco next winter when she will bring with her the doughty general, who it is said is very anxious to see his wife's native state. The comtesse, as every one knows, was Daisy Polk, sister of Willis. She was prominent in the artistic set, for she played the violin and had literary tastes. It is probable, however, that when she returns she will be identified more with the Burlingame clique, as Mrs. Will Crocker has taken a great fancy to her and will probably make her the motif of many large entertainments. The comtesse has changed very little in the years she has spent away from California, except for added weight, which is said to be becoming.

The Mardi Gras

As successful an affair as the Mardi Gras has ever been in San Francisco, is the verdict of the attendants at the previous San Francisco affairs for some years back. To the new generation of maskers, it was "the greatest ever" from a spectacular point of view as all pageant balls are. There is little doubt that the hearts of the ladies who managed the affair will have cause to rejoice at the size of the receipts, for William F. Humphrey, the director in chief, left nothing undone that could have legitimately brought in money to fill the coffers of the Children's Hospital and at the same time give the merry-makers the worth of their money. Lionel Josaphare, the brilliant essayist, will write a special *loin du bal* article for next week's Town Talk.

Hertz Deceived

During the last visit of Leopold Godowsky to San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hertz spent a week end at the country home of the Wm. T. Sesnons. As the guests were lingering over coffee and cigarettes a rollicking rag-time number struck up in the music-room. "Who is playing?" asked Mr. Hertz, ever alert to tune-fulness. "My young son, who evidently tires of our staid society," answered the host. But when in a few minutes a master hand touched the keyboard, our great conductor exclaimed, "Ah! you have a surprise here for me. It is Godowsky—I know that touch, and he is in California now." The Sesnon boy camouflage could not restrain him from making his own personal investigation when he discovered a Duo-Art piano with a Godowsky record manipulated by young Sesnon.

At the Cecil

Colonel and Mrs. F. A. Besley, U. S. A., have returned from the orient and will be domiciled indefinitely at the Cecil. After a two weeks' sojourn at the hotel. Mrs. William Staats returned Tuesday to Pasadena. Mrs. Lynd Harrison entertained with ten covers at dinner Thursday. Most of the guests were old friends, who had the opportunity of greeting the hostess' son-in-law, Captain Donaldson Clark, who has just returned from France. His wife and little daughter have been at the Cecil for the past six months. Mrs. G. E. Goodman has returned after a visit in Los Angeles. Misses Maud and Cecilia O'Connor are entertaining Mrs. Woodhead of Sheryood, Cal. Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Scott were dinner guests Thursday. Mrs. F. O. Hihn will spend several months at the hotel. Mrs. Wright, wife of Colonel Wright, dispensed her hospitality at dinner Thursday. Covers were arranged for ten. Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Ireton are wintering. After a pleasant

trip to Coronado, Miss O. Chamute returned Monday.

Enjoyable Evenings at Techau Tavern

Techau Tavern evenings offer the most delightful means of enjoyment after a strenuous day and a most acceptable way of entertaining friends. What with the excellent menu, dancing to the music of a perfect jazz orchestra and listening to the songs of the Show Girl Revue Corps, there is a sufficient variety to suit all tastes. A pleasing feature is the swinging singers, a trio of pretty girls who swing high above the heads of the diners while they sing the latest song hits. Kewpie dolls of unusual beauty are presented as dance favors to the ladies and large packages of Melarchino cigarettes to the gentlemen.

Hard on John

This is the contents of the telegram he received:

"Dear John. Come as soon as you can. Am dying.—Kate."

After a long journey he arrived to be met by Kate herself.

"Why—what did you mean by wiring you were dying?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, "I wanted to say that I was dying to see you, but my ten words ran out and I had to stop."



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as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXIV. No. 1386

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, MARCH 15, 1919

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What Some San Francisco Men Think About It

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Vol. XXXIV.

San Francisco-Oakland, March 15, 1919

No. 1386

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John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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"Confusion Worse Confounded"

Under the caption, "Some good out of Nebraska," a recent editorial commented at length upon a speech made by Senator Norris of Nebraska, which is the latest pin to be stuck into the vitals of the compact for a league of nations. "The thing is to be nothing but a mere treaty," the senator said, and added the suggestion that congress has the power to ignore or abrogate treaties whenever it may desire so to do. If this be true—and the gentleman from Nebraska has his supporters—then all of the oratorical and diplomatic efforts of President Wilson have been of no avail and his pet project is full of holes. There appears to be but little doubt now that congress has definitely committed itself as being opposed to the measure in its present form, and will refuse to accept it in spite of whatever decision the conference at Versailles may make. In such an event, the compact is surely doomed as far as the United States is concerned. But, on the other hand, the New York Times, writing from a point of view which it is difficult to chart, takes an entirely different view of the matter, assuming the position that the senate must either accept or reject the measure in toto, for it has no power to alter or amend it. "In other words," says The Times, "the senate would in that case be sitting as a court of appeals over the nations of the world, and ordering them to either abandon the measure or reconstitute it as ordered. Will the senate take that responsibility?" In view of the recent attitude of that august and—according to Mr. Wilson—"revolutionary body," it would appear to be quite evident that it will do just that? Then, too, every day there is made some fresh criticism of, or opposition to, the constitution for the League of Nations as submitted to the Versailles conference by its author. Ably tutored opinion

is accusing him of having "left undone the things he ought to have done, and there is no health in it." From a purely pacific standpoint it is not to be denied that the document is indeed tainted with errors of omission. It presumes to be, according to Mr. Wilson's own words, "a permanent guarantee of peace," and yet provides for certain enforcements of its provisions that mean war if they mean anything at all. It contemplates the possible occurrence of war between nations in certain contingencies, but, as tersely expressed by Mr. George Harvey, "it does not so much as essay to discourage intestine wars between nations," such as are raging with rampant ferocity in Germany, Russia, and are threatened even here in the United States. To go further, growing out of the errors of omission that have been complained of, the following questions have been asked editorially and otherwise: Are we to have no control over immigration, and may a League of Nations demand that we admit any or all peoples whether they be desirable or not? Are we to have no voice in the fixing of the tariff so that foreign interests may not be endangered? Shall we not make our own laws with reference to the rights of aliens? Truly enough, the American people will not meekly submit to such exactions, and are very likely indeed to reiterate the statement of a noted editor that, "in its present form the constitution for the League of Nations would be a universal meddler and a universal menace."

* * *

If It Had Been Left to Foch!

A short time ago a correspondent wrote a sentence which, in view of the present dilatory methods of a peace congress which has brought no peace, should set the whole world thinking: "If the peace congress gets tired of its job, and wants to abdicate in favor of Marshal Foch, who would object?" "No one!" is the obvious answer. The world is tired of war and more and more every day is piteously crying out for peace which the oratorical bickerings of the world's greatest diplomats, and two presidents, have been delaying for more than four months and a half. In the meantime, Marshal Foch, a man-behind-the-gun diplomat, has been marking time or extending the armistice. While they have been sagely discussing plans for the future, he has been handling the busy present almost single handed, with each effort establishing the notable fact that the polite diplo-

macy of the council hall is a poor weapon in comparison with the only ideal he knows anything about, that of military acumen and intrepid, even reckless, patriotism. From the first the Germans have shown a disposition to evade the terms of the armistice, but he has met their studied delays with other terms even more exacting, and fuller of the severity that indicates how forcefully and executively the French mean business. It is now no longer disputed—except by the "conscientious objector"—that the whole matter of the armistice was a military mistake, albeit a sage and merciful expedient of cabinet strategy. Bulgaria had thrown down her arms; Austria had decided that she could fight no longer; Turkey had been whipped out of existence, and Marshal Foch would have completed the task of the allies by whipping Germany too, instead of leaving her in the position of—say whatever you like—an overpowered but unconquered foe. It was well known that he had arranged a mighty drive that would have captured 750,000 Huns, and opened a free passage for the allies to the shades of Unter den Linden. But the armistice was decided upon and only the terms of it left for him to exact and carry out. Had this been the decision of the allied governments, Germany would not have been plunged into the throes of revolution, and the peace conference would not now be hampered by any considerations except those of the future.

* * *

How About Our Illiterates?

With a singular avidity for the consideration of billion dollar measures for the benefit of constituents and business in general, congress has adjourned without making the most important appropriation for which the secretary of the interior has yet asked. He had set forth with more than his usual earnestness—which, as a rule, is not so very earnest—the rapidly growing necessity for eliminating an alarming illiteracy within our own body politic, as well as for the Americanization of the alien immigrant and his children, supposedly here "to grow up with the country. But there was no time for the consideration of such merely human matters as social hygiene and the dissemination of the fundamental principles of a little knowledge, so the appropriation was not allowed. This in the face of the showing that there were 5,000,000 illiterates in the United States, and that the experience of the army camps showed an amazing percentage of otherwise capa-

ble men who were almost entirely without education. Who would have believed that in this country, where many millions are expended each year so that such education may be secured free of any cost, that in six or seven states illiteracy ranges from twenty to thirty per cent? And it is no credit to the race prejudices of the southern states that this alarming percentage exists in their well known and often criticized "Black Belt." But even in Illinois nearly ten per cent of the adults can not read or write the English language and Ohio and Wisconsin are but little better. Under the somewhat equivocal humanitarian principle expressed in the constitution of the United States, to the effect that "all men are born free and equal," we are supposed to open our gates to the poor and oppressed of every land, and we impose upon them restrictions so liberal as to be within reach of all but the mendicant and criminal classes. But we should go further toward securing an equality which the people at large can accept, by compulsory education, an important measure

which the congress just adjourned refused to make national law.

★ ★ ★

The Victory Loan

It is not safely to be denied that the forthcoming loan is not popular in any sense. Not only the frequency of the four other national loans, but the threatening behavior of many of the over-earnest patriots who collected them, have caused the people to regard an extra one not only with indifference but some alarm. Aside from this phase of loan collections there are few people who can concede the necessity for an additional one, on the ground that the war is over, and, at least in their knowledge, there is no need for so much money as seven billions of dollars in times of peace. But it should be remembered that the obligations of the country are vast indeed; that the wherewithal to meet those obligations must be secured from those who have money to give, and it should be given without complaint. But every effort on the part of the government has been exerted to make the Victory

loan attractive to investors. The interest to be paid is attractive in itself, to say nothing of the varying tax exemptions, elimination of which from the calculation of the income to be derived will considerably increase the rate. It is generally conceded that this loan will not be as willingly subscribed as have the ones preceding it, but that it will be eventually all taken there is very little doubt. As a final resort, it is of course possible for the government to practically compel the federal banks to subscribe to it, but for the sake of the world-wide vaunting of our patriotism and liberality, it is earnestly to be hoped that those who have will respond to the utmost limit of their ability. More fervently is it to be hoped that those who have nothing will not be abused by collectors, because they hesitate to take what they can not afford to buy, or refuse to borrow what they can not repay, in order to escape the opprobrium of being called "slackers," "traitors" and "German sympathizers." The loan will be subscribed, but let this not be effected by the holding of a pistol at the nose of the poor.

A Triumph of Order

By John Hay

A squad of regular infantry
In the Commune's closing days,
Had captured a crowd of rebels
By the wall of Père-la-Chaise.

There were desperate men, wild women,
And dark-eyed Amazon girls,
And one little boy, with a peach-down cheek
And yellow clustering curls.

The captain seized the little waif,
And said, "What dost thou here?"
"Sapristi, Citizen captain!
I'm a Communist, my dear!"

"Very well! Then you die with the others!"
—"Very well! That's my affair;
But first let me take to my mother,
Who lives by the wine shop there,

"My father's watch. You see it;
A gay old thing, is it not?
It would please the old lady to have it,
Then I'll come back here, and be shot."

"That is the last we shall see of him,"
The grizzled captain grinned,
As the little man skimmed down the hill,
Like a swallow down the wind.

For the joy of killing had lost its zest
In the glut of those awful days,
And Death writhed, gorged like a greedy snake,
From the Arch to Père-la-Chaise.

But before the last platoon had fired,
The child's shrill voice was heard;
"Houp-là! the old girl made such a row
I feared I should break my word."

Against the bullet-pitted wall
He took his place with the rest,
A button was lost from his ragged blouse,
Which showed his soft white breast.

"Now blaze away, my children!
With your little one-two-three!"
The Chasscots tore the stout young heart,
And saved Society.

Perspective Impressions

Complaint is made that allied troops in Russia anger the Bolsheviks. Well, nobody supposed they were going to kiss them.

It is suggested that business men and not prize fighters be selected to solicit for the Victory loan.

Writer complains that higher street car fares make slums and disease. Doesn't it also make profits for the stockholders? Most people are so inconsiderate.

The author of the proverb about making a horse drink, must have seen some of our drinking fountains.

And still Mr. Tumulty persists in denying that Mr. Wilson ever said he would not accept a third term.

Paris conference fretting because there is no court to try the kaiser. There was no court to try Napoleon but the British landed him just the same.

Churches now want a religious league of nations. Aren't there denominational bickerings enough already?

General Wood expresses willingness to go on a national boxing commission. No use. You can't suppress the warlike spirit.

They're off! United States Navy asks appropriation of \$745,000,000. England sees us and goes us one better with raise of \$1,000,000. We call.

Shall Women Labor in the Heavy Industries?

By Helen M. Bonnet

Recently I read an article in Scribner's entitled "Women and Heavy War Work," written by W. Gilman Thompson, M. D., consultant in Industrial Hygiene, United States Public Health Service. I read it once, I read it twice, I read it three times—I thought I must have become very dull because I could not perceive that a man in the employ of the United States, writing upon such a subject, did not come out with a sledge hammer and smash to pieces the proposition of encouraging women in America to continue in such work. What work the women in the world over did during the war, they will ever be honored for; but the patriotic necessity for their continuance in tasks never intended for them by nature or civilization is over and nothing but catastrophe to the race would ensue were they to toil along such an arduous road. If some of the women who worked in manufacturing plants found heavy work so agreeable that they think they would like to take it up as a permanent career, I believe they should be restrained by the government in order to safeguard the institutions of our country. Dr. Thompson in his article points out that most of the women so engaged are foreigners—that is just the point. We do not want in America, the degrading aspect of woman descending to such stupednous labor: for there is always danger that we might "endure, then pity, then embrace." I do not think that American born women would deliberately choose such work, and if foreign born peasants enjoy doing it, by all means let them—but not in America. To elucidate the subject, I quote some of Dr. Thompson's essay:

"In making industrial hygiene inspections for the United States Public Health Service during the past summer, I have had opportunity to observe the women laborers in a number of large manufacturing plants concerned with the output of munitions, chemicals, and other war materials upon a very great scale. I have watched women at work shovelling ore, wheeling heavily laden barrows, shoveling sand and earth into carts, unloading heavy acid carboys from freight cars, standing upon ladders and painting the outside of big iron tanks, running ore crushers, lifting heavy steel shells, sorting very large pieces of scrap iron (boiler fragments, old iron piping, broken machinery, etc.), lifting the cumbersome heavy plates for electric furnaces, etc.

"Women are astonishingly adept in wielding the pickax. One whom I watched for some time unobserved, was plying fifty-six strokes to the minute in picking off congealed tar from a flooring, which was nearly double the rate at which a stalwart man near by was working. This job is both extremely dirty and monotonous, and I was told that it is much easier to get women to undertake it than men. In an oil refinery it became necessary to clear out the oily muck in swampy ground around some driven piles, and here women were seen working vigorously with shovels and picks. It is a novel sight, indeed, to find a woman managing a large ore crusher while enveloped in clouds of dust which make her almost unrecognizable.

"Such are some of the many tasks of heavy labor upon which women are being employed today. Speaking with many of them, I found them uniformly cheerful and interested in their work, and I have yet to meet a manager or foreman who, after experience with women in these employments, did not testify to the suc-

cess of their work and express the desire to secure more of them. One large oil refinery in Pennsylvania began about six months ago by employing a few women in heavy yard work, such as sorting great piles of scrap iron, shovelling waste material into carts, and wheeling barrows of refuse. Today it employs over three hundred and forty women and is looking for more, and so satisfactory has the experiment proved that the women who were at first taken on for short shifts of four hours are now employed steadily for eight hours, and given equal pay with men for equal work.

"The output by women workers compares very favorably with that of men. There are, of course, certain variations. For example, it requires two women to carry a heavy sack of cement which one man would take over his shoulder; but, on the other hand, some tasks are performed better by women, as the tarpicking above mentioned. On the whole, also, the women are steadier workers. It is true they are new at the work and eager to earn high wages and make good, but they do not get drunk over Sundays or "lay off" for trivial causes, and the labor "turnover," that is, a constant tendency to shift to new employments (which is one of the greatest difficulties in the present labor situation), is far lower among women. Moreover, they do not often belong to labor unions or go on strikes.

"It should be remembered, however, that most if not all of the women so far employed belong to a class inured to hard work at home, such as carrying scuttles of coal, washing, and scrubbing. They are, many of them, of the peasant class, chiefly Poles, Russians, Italians, and Slavs, although a few are Americans, both white and negro, and they are usually the wives or relatives of men already employed in the same industry. In the great chemical industries in Niagara Falls many of the women thus far employed are Polacks.

"It is not the purpose of this article to enter upon the economic and social phases of the discussion, but merely to point out certain practical matters concerning a subject which is quite new to us in the United States and which rapidly became of national importance as a factor of war industry. The essential facts are that women can do men's heavy work with substantially equal output, without any disturbance of the particular industry, and, when guided by proper conditions, without detriment to their health. How far and how long they ought to do it in the emergency arising from the war is to be decided upon different grounds."

That I am not alone in my antipathy to this movement is amply proven by the following opinions expressed by some of our San Francisco men. I can repeat their words, but it would take pages to record my impressions of pride and delight in their loyalty to the highest ideals of manhood. To protect woman, to offer at her shrine the treasures of their souls, seemed to be the uppermost desire of each man who spoke. If the men of our city had a universal prayer for woman it would be, "Suffer not the winds of heaven to visit her cheek too roughly."

Dr. Walter B. Coffey.—"No, decidedly I do not approve. It is Zolaesque. Who was it that said, 'Isolate a group of men upon a desert island and they become cave men'? Man needs woman's refining influence to develop the finer things in his own nature. If woman descends

to coarse employments she coarsens her person, her mind, and man unconsciously follows her lead. In my practice I have observed that wherever woman has this tendency, her home, her husband, her family reflect her baneful influence." He related a specific instance which came under his observation in San Francisco during the first year of his practice as a surgeon. Not even in the pages of Zola can anything be found more brutal than the history of the misguided woman engaged in raising swine, neglecting the physical and mental training of her numerous progeny in her successful efforts to accumulate wealth. Afterwards I gave Dr. Coffey the article by Dr. Thompson to read and a few days later I inquired if his opinion was the same. He said, "Yes. Woman should be saved from sacrificing the things that make for her own happiness and the best interests of her offspring and the traditions of our country. Write the story of the swine." But as I have neither the dissecting eloquence of Dr. Coffey nor the pen of Zola, I will not attempt it. Dr. Coffey, incidentally, was the only man to suggest as an alternative the occupation of household servants for active females who feel the call to the rough. He declared his belief that the country is full of comfortable homes where are considerate employers who pay generous wages. He thought that pretty young girls who fade away in some of our department stores at starvation wages stand in their own light by scorning domestic employment. "I have known several women who graduated from the kitchen to the drawing room with credit to themselves and honor to the husbands and children of whose happiness they have been the medium," he said. Thus, once more has the doctor, by daring to recall the nearly obsolete ancient and honorable calling of domestic service, sustained his reputation as the most courageous man in town.

Justice Frank H. Kerrigan (Appellate Court).—I, in common with the great majority of the citizens of this country, would greatly deprecate the engaging by women in hard manual labor for which by nature they are unfitted. Especially at this time, if there is to be any change at all in that respect, it should be to relieve them from such labor rather than to encourage the continuance of a practice which was one of the unfortunate necessities of the great war; namely, for women to engage in heavy, physical labor which formerly was performed exclusively by men. This is not to say that a healthy, strong human being of whichever sex should live in idleness, which both physically and morally is destructive. But modern life affords countless opportunities for the active and profitable employment of women without adventuring into those callings in which the essential demand is great physical strength and endurance. Such a course is not desirable nor promotive of social well-being.

Werner Olschewski (attorney, aged twenty-six).—The Amazonian tendencies of some women have avocated them from their natural destiny to battle in the forum of industry. Economic circumstances have forced others not so inclined to do likewise. Both are a menace to posterity. We are confronted with a wrong without a remedy, and the only partial solution lies in the power of the legislature to weave a web of protective laws for their benefit.

Thomas Lloyd Lennon, U. S. N. (aged twenty-

three and all smiles).—I have very little knowledge of industrial conditions in the east, or anywhere else for that matter; and I have no knowledge at all of women. Yet it occurs to me that if ladies of eastern birth feel themselves able to engage in the heavier forms of industry, and are not merely willing but are actually eager to compete with sheer brawn, they should be permitted to do so without stint. I am influenced to this view partly by a chivalric notion which may or may not be sound, and partly by a belief in the Book of Fate. If we consider it an unchivalrous thing to compel women to do work against which they rebel can we consider it less unchivalrous to prevent women from doing work they really wish to do? The ideal, of course, is for women not to work at all—the romantic ideal, at any rate; but since women themselves are the strongest force operating to prevent the realization of this ideal there is little to do but take the fact as we find it and mold our theories accordingly. There was a king in England once, yclept Canute, who commanded the ocean to recede from his shores. He is typical of the man who would stem the tide of progress, especially the tide of woman's progress. The whole question, however, is by its nature unanswerable a priori. If the women who engage in baggage smashing, or whatever it is against which the cry has been raised, prove physically fit for that sort of thing, where would be the sense in stopping them from doing it? If they prove not to be physically fit, is it too much to expect they'll stop of their own accord? Until the trial has been made, therefore, discussion seems to be somewhat useless.

Justice Henry A. Melvin (Supreme Court).—It shocks a Californian's sense of the eternal fitness of things when he hears of one who wants to place upon women the burden of the heavy physical work in mines, on railroad tracks, in rolling mills and in other places where the toiler must lift great weights and must labor amid most sordid surroundings. For years students of the subject have been endeavoring to lighten rather than to increase the exactions placed upon women who work for wages, and California is one of the foremost states in legislation looking to that end. For example, the hours of labor for women in certain occupations are strictly limited by law. Discussing the reason for such laws, one of my associates, Mr. Justice Lucien Shaw, in a case in which we upheld the statute, used this language: "The application of these laws exclusively to women is justified on the ground that they are less robust in physical organization and structure than men, that they have the burden of child-bearing, and, consequently, that the health and strength of posterity and of the public in general is presumed to be enhanced by preserving and protecting women from exertion which men might bear without detriment to the general welfare." (Application of Miller, 162 Cal. 687-695.) If these words apply to prolonged hours in light employment, how much more pertinent are they to any hours at all in heavy employment? When we become so utilitarian that we shall put a water wheel under Yosemite Falls, cut all the great trees in our parks for lumber, capture all the wild deer and harness them to trucks and shoot all the meadow larks for pot pies, then perhaps Californian men may advocate Vulcan's work for Venus, but until that time we shall continue to worship the Californian woman, fairer than the water falls, nobler than the forests, gentler than the deer, more musical than the meadow larks—the most adorable women of all the world.

Charles F. Hanlon.—God made man and gave

him his vocation in life and then made woman and gave her her own separate vocation in life, and it is the opposition of these vocations that makes one so attractive to the other. A man is not fitted to perform the work of a woman and a woman is not fitted to perform the work of a man; it is not only the law of sex, the law of this world, but it is the law of God. During the cataclysm of the great World's War, women came to the front because their men were destroyed by the millions—that was only because of a life-and-death emergency which called not only for strenuous work but for exceptional sacrifice. Men were sacrificed in battle and women were sacrificed in filling the civic vacancies caused by the men who went out to battle. When the battle ended the sacrifice of the men on the battlefield ended and at the same time the sacrifice of women in working as men in the civic centers should also end. Man does not love the woman who makes herself man-like, and woman despises the man that becomes lady-like. The more the sexes stick to their respective positions in life—the man for the hard, rough work of the world, and the woman for her home, her family, and refining influences, the better the world will be off, and then the woman will think more of the man and the man will think more of the woman.

Lionel Josaphare.—The question propounded is said to concern the future of the race. Why speak patronizingly of posterity? Posterity may excel us in matters of this nature, and consider us hypocrites in a thousand ways. Without the least effort, I can imagine a posterity that will estimate our civilization as inefficient as we do that of the Indian. I can imagine a future so sympathetic that it will make life beautiful for a part of the commonwealth which we now consign to drudgery; for instance, old women who are forced by poverty to tasks that are scorned by their sons. Posterity might take a notion to pay honor (and pay the expenses) of old and decrepit women instead of setting them to the lowliest chores of a great nation. Such an innovation might not be scouted as rashly unconservative. One can readily imagine a nation that will consider its extreme wealth an obligation—a nation not newly rich nor careless of social honor, but aristocratic to its fingertips and mothers, a nation willing to spend a few billion dollars for experiment in a few humane ideas. I have seen these frail and unwarlike women doing war work. In the same establishments were men engaged in the lightest kind of pursuits. I have beheld some of those famous overalled girls; in fact, have been witness to worse than that—overalls on middle-aged women, buckskin gauntlets on their hands, cold iron burdens in their arms. It was not the glorious side of war, because it was not the glorious side of the men who stayed at home and enjoyed their usual vocations while women were called in to perform the darker duties. A remarkable fact, in this connection, was that the dames in Can't-Bust-'Em and Boss-of-the-Road excited ridicule rather than honor among their fellow-workers with better jobs. Not every war worker had an ideal figure, you understand, and in general the comments about them related to any discrepancy between pulchritude and pants. Eating their lunch outside some warehouse or mill or factory, they were taken as a public spectacle, grinned at by truckmen, railway brakemen and the curious. Restraining any sentimental outburst over the situation, I merely declare myself to have been witness to these overalled women performing tasks that were plainly a physical strain, that made one think of the women in terms of tendinous necks, weary arms and rest-beseeching eyes.

Make of it what you will—danger for the race or a call to help for the women. It was not impossible to find men for the work in this country, which never felt Britain's heavy draft upon the male population. With us there is a queer custom that inexperienced women can readily find employment from which inexperienced men would be turned away. Perhaps the wage scale has something to do with it. However, as this war work for women was not the best of wisdom at the outset, there appears no excuse for its continuance. Begun as a lark, no doubt, it is one of the things we should remember for its lighter side only and not attempt to eke out from the emergency any economic results for woman.

Ben Railton (compositor).—It does not appeal to me. If I had my way, I would not have any woman work at all except those who are actually obliged to support themselves and dependants. Why? Because I like to see women enjoy ease. At best, they have to work hard enough as wives and mothers, so why should they wear themselves out?

Harry Barry (printer).—Decidedly I do not approve. It is folly to claim that women have the physical strength or endurance to perform hard labor in factories and plants. If they keep up it can only be temporarily, for woman has not the physical construction for such tasks. Why should she be encouraged to destroy her health?

Wm. F. Humphrey.—The idea of woman doing heavy manual labor is opposed to the fundamental laws of humanity. To encourage it in our country, where woman idealizes life for us, would be to retrograde from our high standard of civilization.

Judge Thos. F. Graham.—It takes one hundred men to make an encampment, while one woman can make a home. We not only admire woman as the most beautiful creature God has created, but we reverence her as the most redeeming quality of all humanity—the sanctuary of all virtue—the perfect pledge of all qualities of heart and mind. Time was when woman was a mere chattel, and man's right to abuse her and treat her as a slave was unquestioned. But now, especially in California, woman is almost on an equal footing with man, through the beneficent legislation of the law makers of this state. She engages in every activity that is given to man. We find women in the law, in medicine, in dentistry, in art; and we find them brilliant writers. Whatever they undertake they make a success of. I am sure that woman should be permitted to work in almost every field of endeavor; but I am compelled to draw the line at having women engaged in laying basalt blocks or setting bitumen on the streets of our city, and I trust that the time will never come when it will become necessary for women to engage in that line of work.

Leon Bocqueraz (president of the French Bank).—It would be a menace to our civilization to employ women to perform such drudgery. There are so many avenues of industry open to woman that she should choose those whose pursuits will not tend to endanger her physical well being nor lessen her refining influence." I asked if he believed in legislation prohibiting women to undertake such laborious work. "No!" he said. "I do not believe in any kind of prohibition—it interferes with liberty." J. M. Dupas, vice-president of the same bank, said he heartily approved the sentiments expressed by Mr. Bocqueraz.

Leon Roos (merchant).—As I go through life I find it unwise to express an opinion off hand. This is a very important economic question

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Sentry

Have you ever done sentry duty
In a lonely spot at night,
With only your thoughts for company
And your feet like clods of ice?

And you watched the stars a-twinkle,
Then wondered if it could be
That the self-same little twinkle
Was shining down on she.

As you stood and pondered
Of your darling over the sea,
Your wandering wits were startled
By something you could not see.

Quickly you jerked from your rhyming
And challenged with fear in your heart—
Then saw in the starlight shining
A big rat acting smart.

—E. N. Curtis.

The Spectator

Those Parley-vous Courtships

The increasing news of marriages between American soldiers and French girls must be taken as one of the charming acts of history. In the memory of American youth is a secret belief to the effect that there is something wonderful about the French girl, something to be found nowhere else in the light or shadows of life. Other women may have been better; others, not as good; but surely, to youthful fancy, none other possessed that combination of naughtiness and virtue which made the fair Parisian a part of youth's mythology, to be revered as deeply as Christopher Columbus or the mother of Washington. I can imagine many a soldier aboard the transports, poring over his "French for the Rookie" and feeling that at last a certain dream was about to come true—that soon he would be face to face with that feminine cleverness for which there is no equal on earth. He practiced his nous avons—vous avez for no other purpose, arriving on the other side in a sweet dilemma between the large blonde type and slender brunette. With all her repute for winks and champagne, the French damsel stands for everything that is accounted in good Americanism. Besides that, 'tis said she can cook—French dinners, of course. Gallic mammas and papas are not keen on such rapid courtships as obtain on this side, and there is an atom of regret in reading that the Parisian reporters have not entered completely into the spirit of the international war romance. Some of the papers state that the soldiers have won brides mainly from the countryside and city shops. So I take it that these marriages are being enjoyed by privates and corporals rather than captains and majors. This may be because the latter must remain on their dignity while abroad and dare not risk their fifteen French lessons except in case of emergency. On the contrary, the doughboy, with his mouth full of doughnuts and French verbs, had no such hesitancy. At all events, there will be much curiosity to see the brides, and if a few hundred come to California, the sprinkling of Parisian cookery from Siskiyou to San Diego will put a new complexion on our cosmopolitan state.

That Foreign Accent

We have long been familiar with the American traveler who, imbued with characteristic affectations of the nouveau riches who have been so long abroad that they return with dictions tinged with the accent of the country whose language they have most admired. But the case of Lieutenant Colonel William Thaw is one which it is difficult to understand. Surely his record has no affectation about it. A young man of wealth, who was among the first to enter the war as an aviator, and built up a record for himself which is equaled only by a mere handful of competitors, is not of the stripe referred to, and yet he is said to have come back to us with a strong French accent. When he was among the New York group of favorite bon vivants, he had an accent that was decidedly Pittsburgh, and the singular metamorphosis of speech is much to be regretted, for truly he is "built of sterner stuff."

"Boost the Salvation Army"

This was the main issue discussed in an interesting letter received this week from Lieutenant Frank Marisch, who is with a regiment of engineers in the American army of occupation, and one of the hero members of the Olympic Club. Other letters from France and Germany contain the same earnest injunction, and bear out the many stories we have heard with reference to the altogether gratuitous activities of the Salvation Army during the entire course of the war. Some of these letters go so far as to place the army on the same plane as the better known Red Cross, and all of them have something to say in detraction of the Y. M. C. A. With reference to the latter, however, the evidence is stronger in support of it than against it, and in view of the great good it has done, it would be wisest to attribute the charges of evil doing either to prejudice or the misfortune of isolated cases of inefficiency. But the Salvation Army, we are many times told, is always efficient, always ministering to the wounded and hungry, always present as ministering angels, and never asking for remuneration of any kind. Such a record should never be forgotten and it is pleasant to be able to

announce that, in San Francisco at least, efforts are being made in the direction of perpetuating this record with an adequate testimonial of appreciation and regard. The army lost every belonging of value in the fire of 1906, and since that time has been unable to rebuild, for with the outbreak of the war all of its available funds were expended in its mission of mercy to France. But it is now to be provided with a permanent home which will be an ornament to the city as well as a monument to its many sacrifices. The plans have been donated by architect George W. Kelham—a drive for funds is soon to be inaugurated, and when the

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proper lot has been secured, building operations will begin at once. Here is an opportunity for one of those millionaires of ours, who persist in maintaining unsightly vacant lots in the midst of building progress, to make a donation worthy of a glorious cause, and one which would be the boost which the Salvation Army needs the most.

A National Pity

Secretary Wilson of the department of labor, with the consent of congress, formulated and devised the elaborate machinery of a United States employment service. Its activities have been far-reaching, and would reach much further now when the unemployed returned soldier so needs the assistance of such an organization. But the funds became exhausted, and because it was too deeply engrossed in more significant personal matters, congress failed to supply the necessary \$1,500,000 to prevent its complete collapse. This would mean that thousands of the 155,000 employments offices would have to be closed altogether, while in the principal office the force would be cut off and perhaps one man left in charge of the records. In Washington, the boys' working reserve, the land, army and agricultural aid services, would have to be demobilized, and the ax applied to 300,000 employees of this necessary department. To meet the situation brought about by this failure to appropriate, the field men, telegraphers, and all sorts of expensive service in office and field will have to be reduced to a mere skeleton, to keep up some sort of an organization in the hope that relief may come from the next congress. The director general, having given up hope of relief from the usual source, appealed to Secretary Wilson, who made an earnest attempt to reach the president by wireless, asking him to make an appropriation out of the president's fund and thereby relieve the pressing need of his most vital service. At last accounts the president had not been reached, or if he had the matter did not seem to be of sufficient importance to call for an immediate reply. Those most interested in the United States employment service are of the opinion that official neglect must have been largely to blame, in that if properly attended to by its director general the appropriation might have been secured. But the director general was meddling with other matters that did not at all concern him or his office, such as experiments with dictaphones, meddling with legal matters which were none of his business, disregarding the summonses of grand juries, and abusing a city and its officials because his impertinences were disregarded. And the name of this palpably inefficient person is John B. Densmore.

Behind the Movie Screen

"Where has it all gone to?" has for years been the anxious query of the capitalists who invested their money in the most palpably "sure thing" of the age, and yet have not received either dividends or explanation why they were never declared. They were shown by able promoters that the country had become so movie mad as to make it the third greatest industry of the world and it was still growing. It was easy to figure the cost of production and what the returns would be. A feature picture would cost from \$15,000 to \$100,000 and would certainly sell at anywhere from three to six times its original cost. "The Birth of a Nation" was shown by actual figures to have made nearly twenty times its first investment, and it was demonstrated that such extraordinarily amazing

profits were easily attainable ad infinitum. Some of the investors who were wary, asked why it was that all of the original great companies in which many millions of capital has been invested, notably, Reliance, Equitable, Gaumont, Biograph, Edison, Lubin, Selig, Vitagraph, World, Horseley and many smaller ones—were either in bankruptcy or satisfying themselves with occasional releases, while those who had furnished the money for their lavish equipment were still crying for it. The answer was easy and the investors accepted it as truth and plunged again. Bad business methods of men who had suddenly been plunged into wealth without knowing anything whatever about finance had been the main cause of the failures, and besides the moving picture industry was then in its infancy and had now grown into an exact science about which there could be no mistake. It was shown that Lasky, Fox and the Famous Players had been properly managed from the first, had always been running almost to their full capacity, a share of their stock could not be purchased for love or money, and there was no reason why other organizations could not secure the same result with the same acumen and business wisdom gained through long experience. So the investors plunged again. Memory is still fresh of the abnormal gains promised in the formation of the Triangle Company, so called because the three greatest directors, Griffith, Ince and Sennett, had consented to combine their fame and their interests in one great unit. Stock was thrown on the market at \$5 per share and had risen to \$6.50 within a few days. The most magnificent and costly plant in the world was erected near Los Angeles and the work of the notable triangle of movie kings began. The result was failure. The cost of production, inordinate salaries, and calculation of interest on the vast sums invested, showed an accretion far in excess of the returns from releases; there was an internal upheaval, the stock was going a-begging at 50 cents a share, and the three points of the

golden triangle withdrew and went their separate ways. Stock jobbery and over-capitalization had done their work, and now the company is struggling along intermittently, while the Paramount Company, projected by Lasky and his wise associates, controls the output of the three notables who gave it its name. Being now nearly twenty years of age, the industry can hardly be said to be in its infancy, and still the investor complains that dividends are not forthcoming, and that he had far rather have placed his money on a roulette table, since it is all a gamble anyway. Truly enough, it is a gamble, with the percentage largely in favor of the dealer. Some of the best stage directors, as well as the best known actresses and actors have deserted the theatre for the silent drama, lured by the extravagant auction-like bids of companies for their services. It had been discovered that only the pictures with such stars as Pickford, Fairbanks, the Farnums, Hart, Chaplin, Nazimova, Frederick, Young or Haya-kawa produced any profit worth speaking of, so the bids ranged higher and higher, until they had reached figures far beyond the actual value of the services rendered. And while screen value was secured beyond question, the cost of production was so great that the investor still found himself engulfed in a sea of salaries, with no profits yet in sight.

In spite of the vast sums expended and the continuous exploitation of the art of the best directors, complaint has been made that the industry is retrograding. It is said that the stories are growing feebler and feebler; that there is an irritating difference in pictures both as to direction and acting, and that those who are discriminating keep away from the theatres, or are lured back to them by attractive musical and vaudeville programmes. All of this is true. For the lack of interesting stories the scenario departments are to blame. As artists are not the best judges of pictures, or singers the best critics of music—perhaps on account of

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unavoidable bias—so those who want to write scenarios themselves, should not be alone trusted in the selection of what stories are best suited for the screen and which are not. Plays that have been tremendously successful on the stage have failed on the screen, because the scenario writer has not yet learned that any good play is suitable for the screen, and, with questionable wisdom, so alter them as to make them almost unrecognizable even to the original authors. It is in the direction of pictures that there is so lamentable a difference between the good and the mediocre or bad, and for this the too economical speculator in the manufacture of pictures is to blame. The department of direction is the paradise of the incompetent imposter. An oily tongue, accompanied by a lie or two with reference to past performances, generally results in an engagement at a minimum salary by the shoe-string producer, resulting in a bad picture which assists in killing the good one in the public eye, and causes it to look elsewhere for entertainment. So, in a relative sense at least, is it not worth while to venture the reflection that the moving picture industry has not yet grown up? Except in photography, which has surely reached its pinnacle of excellence—until color photography shall have been perfected—how much better in a general way, are the pictures of today than those that Biography, Vitagraph, Lubin and Selig have produced when they were at their best? Very little if indeed any at all. With reference to the morals of the movies, it may with safety be declared that they are no worse and no better than those of any business or profession where men and women of independent instincts are thrown constantly together. For exceptions to this somewhat anomalous rule, the curious are respectfully referred to occasional exposures in the newspapers and the

records of courts where those whom God hath joined are put asunder.

Ireland's Claim

The position of Ireland today is like that of the dear little girl who dressed herself for somebody's birthday party, expecting an invitation to the last minute. The big party in this case is the League of Nations. Most of us (why not say every one of us) would have liked to see the dainty Miss Erin in her wide green sash led gracefully up to the table where vanilla ice cream and chocolate layer cake are being served to the children of the world. No doubt such a wish is extensive in Great Britain even. The worst part of the omission is that there has been advanced no particular reason why the inclusion of Erin could have resulted in an impropriety. The only obstacle seems to be that the British Empire moves slowly in most matters—slowly, for it does move ever and ever, and oft with great swiftness and magnanimity. "Ireland Forever" is a patient slogan, fortunately made to endure the wear and tear of time, the wear and tear of British politics, the wear and tear of the world's nations. But now comes the mysterious Sean O'Ceallaigh, with a name like the wicked fairy godmother who was uninvited to the christening, and with all that fairy's indignation. Sean O'Ceallaigh is said to be the Gaelic spelling of John O'Kelly, walking capital of the Irish Republic and uninvited delegate to the peace conference. O'Ceallaigh claims power to cast an evil spell over the League of Nations that will put it to sleep for a long time, until the day when Prince Reason will awake the Sleeping Beauty of Ireland's Freedom to a place in the world's festivities. This is a huge undertaking. O'Ceallaigh's idea is to work largely through the influence of the Irish people in America, an influence which, he

claims, President Wilson can not ignore. Casting a spell in this manner is not ideal, and the only excuse for it is that it is attempted in hot blood, without malice aforethought. The

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CONDITION AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS MARCH 4, 1919

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$19,859,888.29
United States Bonds	4,537,779.25
Other Bonds and Securities	2,240,620.39
Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco	150,000.00
Customers' Liability Under Letters of Credit	1,656,554.01
Cash and Sight Exchange	9,983,174.36
	\$38,428,036.30

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	4,063,050.44
Circulation	1,909,897.59
Federal Reserve Bank	1,510,083.35
Letters of Credit	1,674,883.08
Deposits	27,270,121.93
	\$38,428,036.30

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Emerald Isle detects a flaw in the diamond of every political setting that is not pledged to Irish nationality. Suffragettes had the same way of thinking about the stones that surrounded their own little gem of thought. While the country was engaged in a thousand matters, a slowly augmenting group of women thought only of women's suffrage. That is why their cause is nearly won. While the world was being thrilled with a thousand other emotions, there were men in Ireland who thought only of Ireland's freedom. In case of necessity, they will think of it forever—long before which time, all objection to their independence will have passed away.

THE CURSE OF HUNGARY

King Saloman looked from his donjon bars,
Where the Danube clamors through sedge
and sand,
And he cursed with a curse his revolting land—
With a king's deep curse of treason and wars.

He said: "May this false land know no truth!
May the good hearts die and the bad ones
flourish,
And a greed of glory but live to nourish
Envy and hate in its restless youth.

"In the barren soil may the ploughshare rust,
While the sword grows bright with its fatal
labor,
And blackens between each man and neighbor
The perilous cloud of a vague distrust!

"Be the noble idle, the peasant in thrall,
And each to the other as unknown things,
That with links of hatred and pride the kings
May forge firm fetters through each for all!

"May a king wrong them as they wronged their
king!

May he wring their hearts as they wrung mine,
Till they pour their blood for his revels like wine,
And to women and monks their birthright fling!"

The mad king died; but the rushing river
Still brawls by the spot where his donjon stands,
And its swift waves sigh to the conscious sands
That the curse of King Saloman works forever.

For flowing by Pressbourg they heard the cheers
Ring out from the leal and cheated hearts
That were caught and chained by Theresa's arts,
A man's cool head and a girl's hot tears!

And a star, scarce risen, they saw decline,
Where Orsova's hills looked coldly down,
As Kossuth buried the Iron Crown
And fled in the dark to the Turkish line.

And latest they saw in the summer glare
The Magyar nobles in pomp arrayed,
To shout as they saw, with his unfleshed blade,
A Hapsburg beating the harmless air.

But ever the same sad play they saw,
The same weak worship of sword and crown,
The nobles crushing the humble down,
And moulding Wrong to a monstrous Law.

The donjon stands by the turbid river,
But Time is crumbling its battered towers;
And the slow light withers a despot's powers,
And a mad king's curse is not forever!

—John Hay.

Mandy, who had just become a widow, was
sorting out several suits of black underclothes.
Her friend asked in great astonishment:

"Mandy, whah fo' yoh done got dem black
undelghaments?"

"'Cause when Ah mourns, Ah mourns!"

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AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS MARCH 4, 1919

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$ 41,126,310.05
United States Bonds to Secure Circulation	3,600,000.00
Other United States Bonds and Certificates	17,982,850.00
Other Bonds	7,534,436.69
Other Assets	1,001,298.96
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit and Acceptances	11,743,581.83
Cash and Sight Exchange	27,504,100.53
	\$110,582,578.06

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	2,325,136.55
Circulation	3,444,000.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign, and Acceptances	11,743,581.83
Bonds Borrowed	2,106,000.00
Federal Reserve Bank	18,894,350.00
Deposits	68,069,509.68
	\$110,582,578.06

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The Mardi Gras--A Dialogue

By Lionel Josaphare

Let's hope the circus will not be too thrilling. After our delightful dinner, I don't wish to feel any qualms over or under a death-defying act.

I have it on good authority that nothing is intended more dangerous than a leap from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Notice the few masks, Bobbie.

We become logical, some times. Why cover such a small area as the face?

Then talk about an ostrich with its head in the sand.

That's the idea. Substitute mask for sand; and there you are. Milady's nose in a strip of satin, and she feels perfectly secure, while her modesty may be in full view of the public.

I wanted to be sure about it. Here's the circus. My!

Geewhilkens!

Why didn't you clap your hands?

I wasn't quick enough. I hate to attract attention by applauding when the others are through.

I was reading Clay Greene's clever programme. It is in the form of an epic, and makes one fancy this concourse one of gods and goddesses. I hope the gods and goddesses are equal to Clay's verse.

Bobbie, I see it is no fun being queen to smug tiers of democrats and republicans. Mrs. de Guigne is doing her best, and no one has the courtesy to go wild with joy or toss a bouquet.

Yes; the mob spirit is absent. What can you expect of a populace that is neatly arranged by numbers and boxes, section A or B?

They should have a mayor or a supervisor to lead their pageant; nothing more beautiful than that. See the lady centaur, or whatever you call her. She is swishing her tail among the spectators. I wonder how she learned to do that so well. But ah! Here come those legs we've heard about. Do you approve of them, Bobby?

Charity seems to have uncovered a multitude of shins this time.

I almost thought you'd say that. Do think of something else.

My first thought was: How many maids and matrons had been reviewed before this drill corps became as we now behold it. All society must have been ransacked for that uniform array.

A woman ransacked them; so your insinuation is groundless.

On second thought, variety would have been better for a Mardi Gras, so as to impress the spectators with a more personal note—one of hilarity and tumult. Besides, every woman here will consider this a nefarious attempt to set the style in underpinning. Result, indignation, smoothly powdered with hauteur. If you ask the truth of it, I think those legs part cause of the cold reception here tonight.

I feel a little hauteur myself; not much; just a little. But I applauded them in the nick of time, I'm proud to say. As for you, even if you had the presence of mind, it wouldn't have been the right thing to show hilarious and tumultuous enthusiasm, would it?

Internally I did extend them my profound felicitations. Not that I say any pair of those calves are the best possible model, you understand. The achievement lies in producing so many of high character. These elegant crea-

tures are the social ne plus ultra, and, since they are willing to show us the ultra plus knee, who dares criticize? Beauty can do no wrong.

Um!

Those are clowns now entertaining us. I can always tell a clown at sight.

Too bad the children are not here.

Let me tell you, I am some clown myself.

I thought you were showing hauteur on your part.

From a technical standpoint, yes. I have nieces and nephews; little ones. When I roll over the floor for them like a monkey, believe me, there ensues pure, spontaneous laughter—not just a titter here and there from a debutante who fears Jack is making a fool, instead of a clown, of himself.

My boy, these people have just come from gorgeous dinner parties. It would take a genius to make them laugh outright. You can't expect—

O pagliacci! Fudge! Believe me, madam, when I roll on the floor, after dinner or before, not even the worthiest matron, not the most inscrutable debutante, can refrain from laughing outright or outwring. Why those chaps don't know the first principle of rolling over on their ears; and the one creeping like a bearcat is a novice. Stagestruck, too. They didn't need a rehearsal for this. Watch me some time. I don't have to sit on a pin to be—Look, look! There's the girl who refused me last winter. No; the third one. Married a hated chum of mine. And she's untrue to him already. Who would have thought it?

Untrue?

Why, yes. Look at that costume. Does it stand for marital fidelity? Ho ho! No no! This is too good. I'd rather see this than be the discoverer of the Pacific ocean. Tommy-noddy will never dare to meet me face to face again.

All this time I've been watching Enid Gregg. They persist in calling her that way. Perhaps it is on account of her strong personality and semi-professional career. Anyway, at a moment like this the maiden name has a more poetic quality than Mrs. Stuart Haldorn. She is the most exquisite creature at the ball. Why don't they let her perform? She can jump through hoops and all that.

This circus has been mostly bowing and creeping and rolling over.

My stars alive! I'm glad it's over. Why do intelligent people want to be a circus anyway?

Why does every intelligent boy try to invent perpetual motion. Why does every man in love think he can write poetry? That's why two men try to be an elephant. I wonder if they had peckholes in the elephant's ribs to see what a sensation they caused.

The giraffe, I claim, was a success.

I insist that the elephant deserved a spanking. And a larger head.

So do many other animals.

Bobbie, when I look around the boxes, I think we deserve heads that won't become flabby and gray with age.

And bodies that will not grow solidly into the arms of a chair. When I was a boy—

There you go again.

When I was a boy, most of these people of the boxes were in excellent physical condition. They seemed equal to cold plunges and early breakfasts.

Even if they weren't.

Even so. But now you can see too plainly that they have eaten many dinners.

Perhaps they had to.

But they didn't have to show it. Their dinners sit too obviously upon them. Now for the dancing. Ah! This is all too beautiful—wickedly, wickedly, sinfully beautiful. Aside from that, we shall see something of the women who were shocked at the skirtless parade. In the words of the prophet, I told you so. Look at this one. I distinctly saw her making faces at the lovely walking balustrades of the drill corps, and now she goes on the floor with a pair of cornerstones like that. Confound it, she ought to know better.

Maybe she does, but she can't change them.

How about concealing them?

Then we'd imagine them worse than they are. You know you would.

I don't care. But I'd like to know what a woman considers the most beautiful costume here.

I like that one with the golden legs, crumpled silk thighs and yellowish green body. A very pretty sulphur and brimstone effect. She seems to be dancing in her soul.

Oh, don't ask me about the men. Their only function here is to prove that women are comparatively angels, while men are only human, no matter how handsome. Then men are like the music, up-to-date and out of harmony with their marvelous dancing partners. They are like illustrations on popular songs dancing with spirits from the old masters. Did you ever notice that the modern man looks up-to-date, even in a Roman toga? The ancient garb never seems to jibe with his neck and haircut.

I wonder if you like this little pink person.

She is not half bad.

The rest you can't see.

Yes; I fear the public will put a false construction on that costume. I'll give her the benefit of the doubt, though.

That must be the name of her costume.

I don't know why you asked me about the pink person. I prefer the ones in black and silver, ringed many times around with jet and mystery. Which reminds me. I know now what's the matter with this ball from the standpoint of being called a howling success. It is a success in a way; but it does not howl.

Tell me. I would love to be even a small part of a howling success.

You see, these merry-makers are not quite sure whether this is a masquerade or a fancy dress affair.

I thought one was the other.

There is a distinction, regardless of masking. In a masquerade, you let loose the other

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side of your nature. Devil, come up, you say, and you go rampant with the long-subjected part of yourself. If you are an innocent girl, you come as Madame Dubarry, or vice versa. But in a fancy dress ball, if you love flowers, you come as a flower girl.

I understand. In one case, you disguise yourself; in the other, emphasize yourself.

Observe that couple. The lady—

A bit overmodeled. Is she emphasized or disguised?

I'll come to that. She is presumably fatter, fairer and fortier than ever in her life. Lacy pink mask and shepherdess attire. To her it is a masquerade. The boy in her arms, without mask, is a Prince Charming, just what he has always esteemed himself to be. To him it is a fancy dress.

She is feeding him with the most delicious prattle. I can almost hear the words.

Evidently they have been sitting at the champagne tables. The lad's optical efforts are on the wane. Instead of hitching his admiration to the stars of her eyes, he is losing control. Of course he is too young for champagne. When I was his age, I was not ashamed to drink milk.

At a Mardi Gras?

I stayed home and read a book. There, he has collided with her for the third time.

But see how well she manipulates him, at the same time.

The floor is clearing. Is the circus to return? No. They are awarding the prizes.

Well, well, I'm glad to see Ethel Hager win. It gives the affair a comfortable, homelike feeling. It's like good old times. And the organ-grinding couple. I always like to see them win. Think of all the exertion they go through.

I'm disappointed. I thought they would have

a prize for the most original kneecaps. Here's somebody. Hello, Tommynoddy!

What are you two doing here?

We are investigating the marriage and divorce problem, and have learned all about it this evening. Married people should not be allowed at a place like this. Ought to be kept at home with the children. Marriage begins with a masquerade. Divorce likewise. You wait until next June, and you'll see. They will be paired off just as they are this evening, and interlocutory decrees will be among them.

Never mind. Come down and have a few bubbles. At the rate they are going, there won't be a cork left in a minute. You can't walk between the tables without breaking through millions and millions of white arms. Some of them are pulling down the sky.

So early? Then come along, lady. We have seen them under the influence of music. Let's find out what the wine has to do with it.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Social Notes

Dr. and Mrs. Hans Lissner were recent hosts at a dinner party when they entertained the Reading Club at their home on Third Avenue. Later the guests enjoyed the performance of "Lord and Lady Algy." Ten guests were present. The Reading Club is composed of young married people who meet once a month at the different homes to discuss the topics of the day. The Lissners were married but a few months ago. Mrs. Lissner was formerly Miss Enid Turner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Turner of Los Gatos. * * Miss Madeline Sterling, the attractive daughter of the E. T. Sterlings of San Jose, who has been visiting this city, left on Saturday for the east, accompanied by Mrs. N. Field; upon their arrival in New York Miss Sterling's marriage will take place to Ensign Wilber McKay, U. S. N. Miss Sterling is a member of the prominent Auzeais family, identified with the early history of San Jose. Mrs. Milton Lennon, wife of Dr. Lennon of this city, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Auzeais and cousin of Miss Sterling. * * On account of business, Mr. S. Morley Jackson was obliged to return to Tacoma. Mrs. Jackson will remain here a couple of months until the Potter School closes, when her son will accompany the family north. * * Mrs. M. E. Ferguson and family have taken a house on Pacific Avenue and Gough Street. * * The attractive home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis H. Mooser on Scott Street was the scene of a gay party on last Saturday when little Miss Inez Weaver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hart Weaver, celebrated her sixth birthday at the home of her grandparents. Twenty youngsters

were entertained. * * Mrs. Peter F. Dunne will be the hostess at a luncheon on Thursday, March 20, at her home on Clay Street. * * Lieutenant Roy Thompson has returned to his home from over the seas. * * Lieutenant George Gibson is at present at Camp Dix, New Jersey. He expects to be mustered out in the very near future and will join his mother, Mrs. E. J. Benedict, at the Fairmont Hotel. * * Colonel and Mrs. John Murtagh and family have left the Hotel Richlieu and taken a house on Clay Street. Colonel Murtagh will be stationed in San Francisco for several years. * * Captain W. E. Reynolds, U. S. N., and Mrs. Reynolds were hosts on Wednesday evening, March 12, at a dinner party, entertaining ten guests at their home on Chestnut Street. * * Colonel and Mrs. Frederick March, U. S. A. (retired), who have been at the Presidio during the war, will soon leave for their home in Washington, D. C. They are being extensively entertained previous to their departure. * * Mrs. A. H. Turner will give a luncheon at her home on Vallejo Street for Mrs. Marsh on Tuesday, March 25. Colonel Marsh was retired just before the war, when he again offered his services, which were promptly accepted. Colonel and Mrs. Marsh are the most popular couple who have been here in recent years and will be sincerely missed. * * Miss Maud Howard will return to the Fairmont next week. She is enjoying a week-end at one of her ranches in Inverness. * * Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Macomber left in their private car a few days ago for New York, where they will visit for several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford accompanied them. * * Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Allen have moved to an attractive apartment on Broderick Street. * * Dr. and Mrs. John Harold Philip have rented their pretty home in Burlingame. They will take apartments at the Hotel Stewart for a couple of months. * * Mrs. S. Morley Jackson of Tacoma, who is visiting her old home, San Francisco, is a guest at the Palace Hotel, where she was hostess at a supper party on Saturday evening. Those present were: The Misses Marie Spreckels, Adrienne Sharp, Audrey Willfitts, Helen Hawkins, Ruth Whitley, Messrs. Dibblee Summers, Thomas Lerman, Alan Black, Bernard Dohrmann, Byrne Macconiere and Robert

Morley Jackson. Miss Marie Louise Jackson assisted her mother in receiving. The table was attractively decorated with spring blossoms, and dainty French favors marked the guests' places.

Bohemian Club Dinner

Elmer Cox will entertain at an elaborate dinner in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on the evening of March 15. The guests will be some of his fellow club members who from time to time contributed to the artistic development of Bohemia. They are: Harris Allen, E. H. Benjamin, Eugene Blanchard, Chas. Bulotti, Dr. H. P. Carlton, M. E. Cummings, E. H. Cox, Frank Deering, Fritz Denicke, C. J. Dickman, E. J. Duffy, Chas. K. Field, E. C. Ford, Harry Francis, A. J. Francis, Mackenzie Gordon, Clay Greene, R. Guisti, E. H. Hamilton, A. R. Hardin, W. B. Hopkins, R. M. Hotelling, C. H. Lamberton, J. B. Leighton, J. J. Mora, Frank Matthieu, H. A. Melvin, Fred. Myrtle, Robert Newell, Frank G. Noyes, Haig Patigian, Chas. Rollo Peters, George Pomeroy, Wallace Sabin, Ed. Schneider, J. Wilson Shiels, W. T. Sesnon, Austin Sperry, George Sterling, Henry Morse Stephens, W. H. Smith, Jr., Rudy Seiger, Leslie Taylor, Harry Leon Wilson, Uda Waldrop.

Washington in War

Senator Phelan will address the San Francisco Council of Catholic Women and their guests next Tuesday at the Fairmont. Mrs. Auguste Comte, president, will introduce the speaker. The subject will be "Washington in War Time."

Maude Fay at Ross

Miss Maude Fay, dramatic soprano, is to give a mi-marene concert at St. Anselm's Auditorium at Ross on the evening of Saturday, March 22. This is the first opportunity Marin County has had to hear Miss Fay in concert. The programme will prove a delight to music

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lovers. Gerald Drew, 'cellist, will assist. Many dinner parties have been planned to precede the concert. Among the larger ones being Mrs. J. Armsby, Mrs. George Brooks, Mrs. Leon Louglass, Mrs. George Young, Mrs. McCusick, Misses Kathleen and Gertrude Byrnes. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.

Hother Wismer Entertains

Last Sunday evening a musical colony of about forty of San Francisco's prominent musicians were the guests of Hother Wismer, the well known violinist, at his home on Steiner Street to meet the Pablo Casals. Both Mr. and Mrs. Casals generously contributed in making the programme a most delightful one. Brahms' Sextette for Strings, Op. 18, was played by Pablo Casals, Hother Wismer, Nathan Firestone, Lajos Fenster, Dorothy Pasmore and George Althoff. The Brahms A Major Quartet, with Mrs. Robert Hughes at the piano, and Beethoven's F Major Quartet for strings, songs by Mrs. Casals, accompanied by Pablo Casals, and songs by Mrs. Mathilde Wismer brought the programme to a close past the midnight hour.

Light Symphony

Members of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra Association donned their musical togs last Monday night for "an evening of light music" in the Palm Court of the Palace Hotel. Weber, Beethoven, Debussy, Saint-Saens, Burgmeier and Dubois were on the firing line, whose melodious artillery maintained the audience in a sort of ticklish good humor. Burgmeier's Carneval Venician just carried the trace of fun for Columbine and Le Seigneur Arlequin. The Suite, La Farandole, of Debois, had sufficient pomp and powder, including a few parting shots, to provoke a hearty chuckle here and there. Light music it was, in theme; in volume of sound, though, full of surprises. At times the walls of Palm Court were loudly tested by the bombardment. As every musical organization must be better at one thing than another, it appears that the Hertz orchestra manifests its supremacy in the broad efforts rather than the subdued fingerings of orchestral color. The players themselves evidently took more interest and evinced more alertness in rousing the thunders of cloudland than in dropping pearls of melody into the lily pond. Perhaps this fact, more so than at other concerts, was noticeable last Tuesday night, as the whole evening was devoted to such themes as would call for a contrast between delicate and vigorous orchestration. The Prelude to The Afternoon of a Faun was sufficiently restrained as a background to the piping, one of the distinct beauties of the evening, which was most happily brought to a close by the Barandole Fantastique, leaving the audience in as spirited a mood as when it applauded Horace Britt at the 'cello in the Concerto, A Minor, Op. 33, Saint-Saens.

Passing of Mrs. Marguerite Bernard

"An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The general favorite as the general friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?"

Sometimes a beautiful old age makes one think of a fragrant old fashioned flower in a quaint sequestered garden. Such an one was Mrs. Marguerite Bernard, whose passing a fortnight ago left a wide circle of friends in California, not mourning for her departure after her well spent three score years and ten, most

of them lived in this city where she came a young bride from Canada, but cherishing happy memories of her sweet companionship and cheering influence. She died as she had lived, surrounded by the loving care and attention of the children whom her unflinching judgment and understanding had reared to useful manhood and womanhood, and their children. She was blessed with the gift of eternal youth, the youth of spirit which made her rejoice in the "capacities of the young" about her. As a pioneer of this city she was familiar with the early history of its events and people and loved to talk of them. But no one ever heard her sweet voice give utterance to a condemnatory comment or an unkind criticism. She spoke always to cheer, to encourage, to praise for worthy effort and to console for failure of achievement. Four children, all of San Francisco, survive her. They are: Miss Flora Bernard, the well known pianist, Mrs. Duncan S. Murray and two sons.

Rainbow Lane

For one week, beginning Monday, St. Patrick's Day, San Francisco will be without the Fairmont Follies, that bright group of merry-makers which have made Rainbow Lane in the hotel at the top of the town such a favorite place of resort. The cause of their absence is the desire of D. M. Linnard, the hotel wizard, to let the patrons of his houthern hostleries, the Belvedere, in Santa Barbara, and the Huntington, Green and Maryland, in Pasadena, know what an attractive array of talent he has at the Fairmont, in this city. So with producer Winfield Blake and Rudy Seiger, the musical and entertainment manager for mine host Linnard, the Follies will appear in Santa Barbara on Monday and Saturday nights, in Pasadena on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and at the Los Angeles Athletic Club on Friday. The following Monday they will return to the Fairmont, and should be in most excellent spirits as a result of their outing. In the meantime, producer Blake will present an entirely new array of talent in Rainbow Lane and commencing Monday evening a bright and original entertainment, featuring many clever singers and dancers, will be offered. There will be the usual dancing, of course, every night except Sunday, from seven o'clock until one, and this Sunday evening Charles F. Bulotti, the favorite tenor, will be the vocalist of the Fairmont Lobby Concert.

At the Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Davis Riddell, who have returned from an extended trip through the east and south, are receiving a cordial welcome from their friends at the Cecil. This charming couple gave a dinner Thursday in honor of their son and daughter-in-law, Captain and Mrs. John Riddell. Spring flowers adorned the luncheon table at which Mrs. Charles Doyle presided as hostess Monday. Miss J. O. Easton is visiting Mrs. Reginald Burke. The following society folk motored up from San Jose Monday: Mrs. C. Bullock, Mrs. Yocum, and Miss Elizabeth Pesh. They will remain at the hotel for about a fortnight. Judge and Mrs. William Hunt gave a dinner Monday. Colonel L. R. Bell is a guest; his wife, who is in Pasadena, will join him shortly. Mrs. Dora Albhorn of Honolulu gave an informal dinner Monday.

Techau Tavern for Real Enjoyment

When you are in doubt where to spend your evening you can do no better than to go to Techau Tavern, where you will find such variety and excellence of entertainment that you can

not but be satisfied. Begin, of course, with dinner, then dance to your heart's content to the music of a perfect jazz orchestra, or listen to the singing of the Show Girl Revue Corps. Incidentally, the dance favors which are presented to the ladies at the dinner hour and after the theatre, are unique and pleasing, being the most beautiful Kewpie dolls, arrayed in silk and fur and most wonderfully coiffured. The gentlemen receive large packages of Melarchrino cigarettes.

THE SISTER'S LAMENT

My mother lies with her face to the east,
My 'daddy lies in the sea;
May their souls meet in the Fatherland
Of God's eternity!

And there in France my brother lies
With half his life unspoken,
And they've turned his face toward us, for whom
His young body was broken.

And on Judgment Day he will waken up
And shout with gladsome pride,
"First let my clean eyes look upon
The land for which I died!"

O Christ what will he look upon
When he looks on England then?
Will she stand in robes of gold and white
More fair than his eyes may ken?

Or up and down her dreary streets
Will the drunken fathers reel,
And up and down her lighted streets
The painted women steal,

And up and down her filthy streets
The idiot children stray,
The children of Her that he died for
In his young life's heyday?

For he's sure to waken and rise up
And shout with gladsome pride,
"First let my clean eyes look upon
The land for which I died!"

—Edith Anne Stewart.

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GOOD CHRISTIAN HOMES
Protestant, Catholic or Jewish
FOR HOMELESS BOYS

between five and twelve years. May be adopted if desired. We have Booth, aged 9, fair complexion, bright, manly; Roy, 8, small, attractive, brown hair and eyes; Stanley, 6, lovable, sturdy, curly hair, freckles; Delmar, 7, full of life, freckled; Morris, 7, Japanese-American; Owen, 10, red hair, blue eyes, lots of freckles, bright as a dollar; Korona, 8, Austrian, fair, lovable, extra good boy; James, 5, sturdy. All Americans except two. Apply

Children's Home Society
BACON BUILDING OAKLAND

The Stage

"The Man Who Came Back"

"The Man Who Came Back" ran to crowded houses in New York for an entire year. In the ratio of so many performers for so much population, it should continue at the Curran Theatre for three months at least, and even then, if San Franciscans really know a good thing when it is presented to them, they should not then have had enough of it. Certain it is that no better performance or more thrilling play has been presented here in a coon's age. The novel by John Fleming Wilson, taught a great moral lesson after a terse and most convincing fashion, and Jules Eckart Goodman visualized it for the stage with a deftness of handling and a keen sense of the true dramatic "punch" which must stamp him as being about the best of our younger authors. This does not even except Sheldon who wrote "Remembrance" for "The Man Who Came Back" is infinitely more human, and the selection of it for production, after a score of managers had rejected it, reflects great credit upon the keen sense of dramatic values a sorted through long experience by our own William A. Brady. Why a millionaire father should not encourage a son in profligate extravagance and then cast him off when that extravagance has resulted in disgrace; how that son may, through love for an abandoned woman, rescue her and himself from the drags into which they have fallen as a result of that love, and how both of them may finally win through faith and courage, are the threads which have been deftly woven into the story of this absorbingly interesting and splendidly acted play. This reviewer has seen the original cast and the present one does not suffer in comparison with it. Frank Morgan gives a remarkably convincing portraiture of the wayward son, and it is difficult to say in which varying phase of his exacting role he is best. He is notably good all through, of fine appearance, and he manages to make the forceful speeches assigned to him intensely dramatic and yet thoroughly natural. Dorothy Bernard's inspiring performance of Marcelle creates the hope that she has deserted the screen play and returned to the spoken drama for good, because she is truly needed there. So musical a voice and such carefully balanced and graceful action as hers is a rarity in these days and it is hoped that they may not be hurried again by the sound bites of the movie studio. These two young people play together with a sureness that is most gratifying and their art is clean cut and convincingly portrayed. The scene in the opium den might have been horrifying, but is so artistically handled that it becomes absorbingly thrilling and fascinating. The same may be said of the scene in Honoluli, where Marcelle applies the acid test of love to her wavering husband, and, in fact, they are both admirable throughout. Clifford Dempsey, to employ a trite phrase, leaves nothing to be desired as the father Potter, and the rest of the long list of characters are in capable hands. Special mention should be made of Allen Atwell as the keeper of the opium den, the man who plays the voice in the dark, and Edna Davis as Mayme. Altogether this performance at the Curran is well worth being judged from any point of view, and deserves capacity audiences during the four weeks of its engagement there.

—Clay M. Givens.

are like moving pictures of distant lands. Her everyday life is removed from the usual round of interests in the west. In New York she is a live tonic, and comes as familiarly to smart café table talk as Fifth Avenue or the Vanderbilts. Although Valeska is not a great actress, almost she enunciates each word litely as a tiger that is learning woman speech. There is always in her act something of the inspirational heroics, something playful, sweet and touching upon the marvelous, the unreal, the No Man's Land, which is Everyman's Land between reality and imagination. In "The Purple Poppy," as in other exhibitions, she leaves on with a gorgeous impression—or chaotic impressions—of white woman flesh, tragic eyes, of purple and scarlet, blossoms and orientalism, a mingling of bold modernism and glittering antiquities—a flaming, boastful beauty, and a performance that somehow seems to be great acting reduced to the confines of vaudeville. Unto some of her larger efforts, the term "great acting" might be withheld only because it seems effortless and unstudied. That is the highest achievement of effort and study. Her peculiar combination of smile and frown is one of the most sophisticated bits that are to be seen over the footlights. John B. Hymers' "Tom Walker in Dixie" played over, its four scenes of a darkey selling his soul to the devil being a remarkably true form of burlesque. Arthur Wanzer and Mayville Palmer possess a fine medium for grotesque dialogue in their act of a social worker and a truckman. The Ventriloquists, Walters and Walters, have an act that reaches its climax in the crying of an infant. McKay and Ardine make the most of the jostle-and-lance act. The Primrose Quartet, the boy violinist, Major Rhoads, and the Monkey Circus complete this excellent list.

—I. J.

"A Stitch in Time"

This brief criticism, or review if you will, is intended to be more or less of a blessing in disguise, for its purpose is to be a few words of advice from an old stage to an unusually clever cadre of players, who during the past week have been playing a piece under this title at the Alcazar, than which there is no better stock theatre in America. The play itself bears but small relation to what it is intended to say, for it is of small consequence in comparison with the cleverness of the actors who presented it. The old reliable story of the manish innkeeper who is willing to become an outcast that the man she loves may marry another woman, is here presented again in its most pathetic form and is neither convincing nor in the least bit a sorrow. Were it not for the general excellence of the players—and we have become accustomed to expect this of the Alcazar company—the obvious disposition of the author would be to declare that Belle Bennett appropriated the whole play to her own sweet self, put it in her little traveling bag and walked away with it. I have seen her do nothing quite so good since she has been with us, and there was no time when she was on the stage but she held the center of it to the artistic discomfiture of any one else. Still the performance was not a perfect one, and her one defect would be corrected by taking to herself the lesson carried in the title of the play and profit by it through study and application. I earnestly believe that if she would school herself into the production of chest tones, instead of those

whose source is confined exclusively to the head, she would be acclaimed as one of the best young actresses in the country. "A stitch in time" might also be taken by the gentlemen of the company greatly to their profit, and it is respectfully suggested that they secure the services of a tailor who knows how to cut a dress suit, as well as those of a "gentleman's man" who is experienced in the proper way to embellish and wear it. These may be small matters perhaps, from a player's point of view, but when the presentations of a company are so uniformly excellent, why not have them complete in every detail?

—C. M. G.

Curran Theatre

"The Man Who Came Back," the William A. Brady attraction at the Curran Theatre, will begin the second week of its successful engagement Sunday, March 16. It is only after seeing this magnetic play that one can appreciate why it only played four cities during the first two years of its existence, those cities being New York, where it remained for one year and part of the next; Chicago for twenty-three weeks; Boston, nineteen weeks, and Philadelphia, fourteen weeks. "The Man Who Came Back" was written by Jules Eckart Goodman and is based on the story of the same name by John Fleming Wilson. Written in five acts, it has cumulative interest to the end. The story centers around young Henry Potter, the only son of Thomas Potter, a New York millionaire. Brought up in luxury and surrounded with unlimited wealth, young Potter becomes a wastrel. "Deep is the descent to Avernus" and the boy went far enough to rap at the gateway where is the inscription, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here." How he fights his way back to respectability and happiness, supported by the strength of Marcelle, his cabaret sweetheart, is graphically told in the five stirring episodes, each of which is a play in itself.

Mme. Frances Alda in Concert

Madame Frances Alda, the brilliant soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who is now under the same concert management as Galli-Curci and John McCormack, and whose winsome personality, together with the clarity, sweetness and all-round charm of her singing, has won extravagant praise from all those who have been fortunate enough to hear her, will sing at the Columbia Theatre here, Sunday afternoons, March 23 and 30. Her glorious voice and action insure a rare treat for those who attend these concerts. Madame Alda's record of success with the Metropolitan Opera Company proves the range of her capabilities in roles of a variant character and she is one of the very few singers of the first rank who are equally at home on the operatic stage and the concert stage. Madame Alda also has the distinction of being one of the handsomest as well as one of the most beautifully gowned women on the concert stage today. She will be accompanied by Miss Erin Ballard at the piano, and has prepared the following excellent programme for Sunday afternoon, March 23: 1, Polonaise, MacDowell (Miss Ballard); 2, (a) Amarilli, Caccini; (b) Je ne suis qu'une Bergère, Philidor; (c) My Lovely Celia, Munro; (d) The Lass With the Delicate Air, Dr. Arne (Madame Alda); 3, (a) Jap leifer (Swedish), Merikanto; (b) ehtolaulau (Finnish) Jarneveldt; (c) Somewhere in France (written for and dedicate to Mme. Alda), Hartmann; (d)

The Orpheum

Valeska Suratt's appearances at the Orpheum

Chanson Norvegienne, Fourdrain; (e) Gavotte from "Manon," Massenet (Madame Alda). 4, Gracovienne Fantastique, Paderewski (Miss Ballard). 5, Vissi D'Arte, Vissi D'Amor, from "Tosca," Puccini (Madame Alda). 6, Group of popular songs, (a) The Birth of Morn, Leoni; (b) The Star, Rogers; (c) The Singer (written for and dedicated to Madame Alda), Elsa Maxwell; (d) A Khaki Lad, Aylward; (e) An Open Secret, Woodman (Madame Alda). The second San Francisco concert will be on March 30. Tickets for these concerts are now on sale at the usual places. Madame Alda will also give a recital at the Oakland Auditorium Opera House on Tuesday evening, March 25, and at Assembly Hall, Stanford, Thursday evening, March 7.

Orpheum

There will be seven entirely new acts and only one holdover in next week's bill. "The Four Husbands," a successful musical comedy, will be the headline attraction. It is replete with catchy numbers, well sung and danced, and its cast, which is an exceptionally good one, is headed by Jack Boyle and Kitty Bryan, who have given an excellent account of themselves in vaudeville and musical comedy. The production is most elaborate and as a guarantee of the merits of the piece it is sufficient to state that the music and lyrics are by William B. Friedlander and the book by Will M. Hough. Henry B. Toomer, who was featured in "The Headliners," has found a new sketch for himself called "The Wife Saver." It is the work of Frank McGettigan and Franklyn Ardell and is thoroughly original in plot and brilliant and witty in dialogue. Sidney Townes will relate a number of amusing stories and sing several snappy songs. George Yeoman and Lizzie appear in a little travesty by James Madison entitled "Editor of the Assassinated Press." Pat and Kulia Levolo have a wire act that is novel and extraordinary. Their team work includes waltzing on a wire. Sue Smith is an American girl and one of the best singing comedienne in vaudeville. Los Rodriguez are two men who perform a thrilling "perch balancing" act which they call "Perchistas." Valeska Suratt, who has created a great sensation in the thrilling dramatic playlet, "The Purple Poppy," will be the remaining act in a bill which it can safely be predicted will make new history for vaudeville.

Next to Last Sunday Symphony and Final "Pop"

Louis Persinger, concert master and violinist of international renown, will again be soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Alfred Hertz, conducting, on the afternoon of March 16, in the Curran Theatre, this being the regular Sunday event of the eighth, and next to the last, pair of symphonies of the season. Persinger will give Mozart's Six Concerto in E Flat Major, for violin and orchestra. This, the last written of the composer's concertos for violin, was brought forth before his twentieth year, and represents him at his lyrical and romantic best. The piece is new to the programmes of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Persinger has gained wide acclaim from musical authorities on both sides of the Atlantic for his execution of the Sixth Concerto, his performance being regarded by some continental critics as the equal of that of the great French violin virtuoso, Thibaut. It is interesting to note that Thibaut once conducted the orchestral accompaniment to Persinger's performance of this concerto, which has also been given with conspicuous success by Persinger in Brussels, London, Dresden and other European musical centers. During a concert

tour of the United States in 1912-13, he gave the concerto with the Philadelphia, Minneapolis and other symphony orchestras. The entire programme will be found to be of a most melodious character. Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" Symphony, which is, strictly speaking, a suite of most obvious appeal, will be given in its entirety. "The Freischutz" will terminate the programme brilliantly. The wonderfully enjoyable series of "pop" concerts which Alfred Hertz has proffered this season is due to close shortly. The final "pop" is scheduled for Sunday afternoon, March 23, and Conductor Hertz announces for that event the following enticing

ALCAZAR

The Theatre of Novelities
THIS WEEK—"A STITCH IN TIME"
Radiant Comedy of Youthful Romance

WEEK COM. NEXT SUN., MARCH 16

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

BELLE BENNETT

WALTER P. RICHARDSON

In the Riotously Funny Farce Sensation

"THE UNKISSED BRIDE"

Jamming Eastern Theatres—First Time Here

SOON—THE SLICE OF LIFE NOVELTY

"YES OR NO"

A Drama of Humanity Now in Its Third Capacity
Month at the Morosco Theatre, Los Angeles

Every Night Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00
Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

CURRAN

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SECOND BIG WEEK STARTS

SUNDAY EVE., MARCH 16

WILLIAM A. BRADY Presents

The Red-Blooded Drama

"THE MAN WHO CAME BACK"

By Jules Eckert Goodman,

Based on the Story by John Fleming Wilson

Nights and Saturday Matinee, 50c to \$1.50
BEST SEATS \$1.00 WED. MAT.

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ—CONDUCTOR

NEXT TO LAST SUNDAY SYMPHONY

CURRAN THEATRE

SUNDAY AFT., MAR. 16, 2:30 Sharp

Soloist — LOUIS PERSINGER—Violinist

PROGRAMME:

Goldmark....."Rustic Wedding" Symphony
Mozart.....Concerto No. 6, for Violin and Orchestra
(Mr. Persinger)

Weber.....Overture, "The Freischutz"
PRICES—Sunday, 50c, 75c, \$1; box and loge seats, \$1.50.

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co. daily; at theatre from 10 A. M. on concert days only.

NEXT—Sun., March 23—LAST "POP" CONCERT.

Orpheum

O'FARRELL BROS. STOCKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MATINEE EVERY DAY

A SPARKLING NEW BILL

"THE FOUR HUSBANDS," a Miniature Musical Comedy, with Jack Boyle, Kitty Bryan and Company of 25; HENRY B. TOOMER in "The Wife Saver"; SIDNEY TOWNES in Snappy Stories and Songs; GEORGE YEOMAN & LIZZIE in a Little Travesty, "Editor of the Assassinated Press"; PAT & JULIA LEVOLO, a Sensation on the Wire; SUE SMITH, "The American Girl," in Character Songs; LOS RODRIGUEZ, "Perchistas"; HEARST WEEKLY; VALESKA SURATT, Presenting Herself in "The Purple Poppy," supported by a New York Cast.

Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

budget of offerings. Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai; "Water Colors" (Four Symphonic Sketches), U. Marcelli; "Mozartiana," Suite No. 4, Tschaiakowsky; "Love Dream," Liszt; (a) Erotic, Grieg, (b) Minuetto, Boccherini; "Toreadore and Andalous," from "Ball Costume," Rubenstein; Overture, "William Tell" (by request), Rossini. The capacity of the Curran is sure to be completely taxed for the final "pop," and since the theatre will be unquestionably sold out well in advance, concert goers are urged to make immediate reservations at Sherman, Clay & Co.

San Francisco Symphony at Greek Theatre

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, having been so well supported in San Francisco, will extend its season by giving a series of three concerts at the University of California. Under the auspices of the Music and Drama Committee, of which Samuel J. Hume is a member-in-charge, the brilliant musical organization will appear on the Thursday evenings of March 13, 20, and 27. The conductor, Alfred Hertz, is now working out a series of interesting new selections, so that there will be no repetitions, save perhaps of those works which have been so roundly encored that to play them again would of itself be a feature. Alfred Hertz, himself, will contribute a solo on the piano. Those who have been interested in him during the past years will understand that such an appearance by him is so rare that it is important to hear him in this capacity. Never before has he played alone before the public on the Pacific Coast. Tickets will be sold for the three concerts in series only. The student and faculty rate for those of both High School and the University will be \$1.50 for the three concerts. To the general public the admission will be \$2.00. Both prices require the war tax. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co. in Oakland, and in Berkeley at Glessner & Morse, Sadlers, Tupper & Reed, and at the Student's Co-operative Store.

Alcazar

Amazingly amusing incidents; the jollity of inoffensive caricatures; the rapid fire funning and foolery of absurdly comic complications piling thick and fast a-top each other, are combined in the newest eastern farcicality. "The Unkissed Bride," which is breaking eastern box-office records and will have its first local presentation by the New Alcazar Company the week commencing next Sunday matinee. Belle Bennett and Walter P. Richardson are the central figures in this mirthful mix up. Of contrasting quality is the novel humanity drama, "Yes or No," which follows, March 23, for which very elaborate preparation is being made. It involves startling innovations of staging and lighting and important special engagements for its double set of vivid types. This play was a sensation in New York, when acted by Emily Polini and Chrystal Herne, and is now in its third month of capacity business at the Morosco Theatre, Los Angeles.

"Dear John," wrote Mrs. Newlywed, "I enclose the hotel bill." "Dear Gladys, I enclose check," wrote John in return, "but please don't buy any more hotels at the price—they are robbing you."—Bridgeport Life.

"Are you saving up anything for a rainy day?" asked the thrifty citizen.

"Yes," replied Mr. Quinn. "In a little while I expect to have enough to buy a brand-new top for my automobile."

SHALL WOMEN LABOR IN THE HEAVY INDUSTRIES?

(Continued from Page 4)

and I have not considered it. Often in continental Europe when I saw the peasant women drudging in the fields, the idea occurred to me that possibly those women were unfitted to perform any other kind of work. It would not appeal to the average woman anywhere, but I never condemn a measure if I have not an alternative to suggest. Besides, I believe in liberty, fraternity and equality, which includes the right of woman to do as she pleases.

Dr. F. W. D'Evelyn.—The only way to make the world safe for democracy is to make the world safe for humanity first. To that end, woman must receive physical care. The savage of Central African tribes "put his ear to the ground and learned from nature" that in that torrid climate the race would die out if polygamy were not resorted to. No woman among them is expected to devote more than three years to maternity. Climatic conditions in Europe and America do not demand polygamy, but the white man shows no such consideration to woman, but continues to multiply with unholy and ecclesiastic rapidity. It is a jump back to barbarity to expect woman to perform hard mechanical tasks for which nature never intended her.

George Q. Chase (merchant).—The idea is un-American. In a short time it would create a peasant class. A girl whose mother worked at such tasks would have a hard time extending her circle of friends outside of her mother's associates and her chances for entering a more refined environment where she might marry and lead a gentler existence would be greatly lessened. What physical effect strenuous labor would have upon women and the future generation is for physicians to say; but it would coarsen the body and I should think reflect deterioratingly upon the mental and moral development. From an economic standpoint, it is unnecessary, for there will always be numbers of men unfit for any other kind of work; so what would become of them? It is against the principles of our institutions to encourage women to enter fields of labor which would unfit them to perform the highest duties of life for which they were created.

Edward M. Greenway said that, true to traditions of the old Calvert family to which he belongs, he is radically opposed to hard labor for women—even dislikes to see women work in offices at light employment. On the other hand, when girls replace men in strikes, it is unfair to take the men back and discharge the girls when the strike is over, especially if the girls are American born citizens and the men foreigners. "I maintain," he said, "that woman was created for man's comfort and it is his first duty to take care of her." I had always thought of Mr. Greenway as a butterfly, so I was surprised when I discovered that he is a sincere student of economies. In flitting about the gardens of life he has deduced wise and valuable opinions from his observations. If he expresses them in his forthcoming book, it will be of deep interest to students of sociology. "Open a geography," he went on, "and look at the pictures of women in northern Europe in little wooden shoes unloading fishing smacks on the sea shore. Where are the men? Smoking at ease in the village taverns? What progress can a country make where the women do all the work? I venerate all women from my mother down; any man who has in his heart such love for his mother will oppose with all his strength any measure that will cause woman pain or degradation."

Rabbi Nieto.—Ah! your chivalry is the chivalry of the middle ages or that of the southern gentleman who would not have a woman to pick up an orange fearing it might hurt her little hand. The whole socialistic attitude of the world has changed. Today woman can engage in any kind of labor without loss of self-respect. Machinery has been so improved that women can operate it with little physical exertion. I have seen men perform tasks which only machines should do and the time is fast approaching when the necessity for living beings to exert intense physical energy in industrial labor will be obviated. Woman's neighbors may tell her she ought not to do menial work—but they do not suggest an alternative. If that woman transgresses the moral law, having no alternative, do not her neighbors condemn her?

Andrew G. McCarthy (merchant).—"I have never seen anything like that and I don't believe it would be embraced here; for in California woman is a goddess—we have placed her upon a pedestal." Mr. McCarthy raised his eyes to an imaginary pedestal so high that his ideal goddess would imperil her equilibrium to lean over to assist him to a place beside her. "But," he continued, "a goddess in overalls would be no longer a goddess."

John P. Hart (merchant).—I saw women in overalls working on the engines and cars in Mill Valley and it was a very unpleasant sight. There is no place in the world where men have woman upon so high a plane as in California and there were plenty of slackers idling around who should have been compelled to work instead of the women. We can do something better for our California girls than to put overalls on them and set them at hard labor.

Herbert E. Fleishhacker (banker).—When I went to Europe as a boy and saw women drudging in the fields, the sight made a nasty impression upon me and I've never gotten over it. I do not think that women in this country will ever take kindly to the performance of hard mechanical tasks. The question of the division of work between men and women is going to be an exceedingly perplexing one in the near future; but it will adjust itself through the mutual sex attraction. Women have proven remarkably efficient in all lines of endeavor in the world's work and with countless opportunities awaiting them, strenuous physical labor in industries will hardly make a dangerous appeal to them. The ideal place for woman to exert her best influence is the home; any occupation which might rob her of her power to perform the duties required of her there should be discouraged, both for her own happiness and the world's advancement.

Chief Justice Angelotti.—If the ladies want to engage in hard, heavy work we can not deny them I suppose? Personally I should hate to see woman toiling in the way you describe. I do not approve of occupations for her which destroy the gloss, the refinements of life with which we associate woman. I have her upon a pedestal. It is best for the happiness of the individual woman and for the institutions of the country that she should occupy an exalted position in the eyes of man.

Wellington Gregg (banker).—Thousands of women come down town every morning to their employment. They look contented and well cared for and are universally commended for efficiency. With so many avenues open to them, I do not see why they should choose that of hard mechanical labor. I hope never to see women working as firemen or laying steel tracks. The whole idea is impractical, and I don't think it will ever materialize.

E. W. Wilson (banker).—It would be as ridiculous as for men to stay at home sweeping, dusting and minding the children. Our reverence for woman makes the picture of her slaving in industrial plants abhorrent. I do not believe the custom of employing women in such work will ever get very far in this country.

Mayor Jame H. Rolph.—I am familiar with this situation. During my campaign for governor, when I was addressing the employees of the Holt's plant in Stockton, I saw a group of women standing by. I asked them what they were doing and they told me they worked inside the factory. They wore overalls, jumpers, and looked like men. I inquired if they received the same wages as men: "No, Mr. Mayor, we do not," they replied. I thought it unjust. I realized that as a war necessity they were doing man's work and were entitled to equal remuneration. Often since I have thought of those women and hoped they had found employment more suitable; for I believe that only dire necessity would compel women to choose such labor. If woman is clad like a man and performs man's work we make a man-woman of her—an injustice to her and a menace to our American ideal of protecting womanhood. Today women are astonishing the world by their versatility in all lines of industrial, mercantile and artistic output. The question of remuneration ought to be, not a question of different sex, but of equal efficiency. Personally, I wish that all women had happy homes in which they were contented; but when circumstances compel them to seek fields of activity for their support, I advocate equal pay with men.

Morris M. Meyerfeld (Orpheum magnate) inquired of Gerald Dillon: "How could any man bear to see his daughter, wife or sister laboring so hard? Then surely not other women who have no one to provide for them. Zola describes most vividly the physical degeneracy leading to obliquity, to moral baseness which excessive drudgery engenders. When it happens that a woman finds it necessary to take up such work if there is a man standing by he should do it for her." "Then you think, Mr. Meyerfeld," I interrupted, "that man should do the hard work and woman draw the easy money?" "Exactly," he laughed, "and he would, too, if he were a man." He paid a high tribute to woman's earnestness and intelligently directed efforts to succeed in the countless fields she has of late years entered. He praised women vaudeville artists for the same reason, and rather surprised me by declaring that the women register fewer complaints than the men and regard their artistic efforts on the stage from a judiciously thought out business point of view.

Clay M. Greene.—My notions of woman and her life's mission are "strangely out of tune and harsh" when brought into comparison with those that seem to prevail today. Old fashioned as they are, they are those which I believe the Creator intended to breathe into the soul of the first man. I hold that woman is a sentimental asset and not a sordid one. She should be loved, and wooed and won, to be a companion, a soul mate and a life-pilot, instead of a mere chattel to be made a creature of bargain and sale, or a eringing drudge to bear the burdens and share the labors that were intended for man alone. I have never seen the bent figures of women in the fields of Normandy, the Roman Campagna, or even among the Indians of our own country, but that I hated the kind of man who permitted it. And vastly more should I condemn and despise the sordid money grubbers of so-called civilization.

who would place her at the forge, the furnace, the anvil and the crane, because they can get them for a smaller wage than men will work for. I believe that woman's mission upon the earth was established with the creation of the first of her sex, to perpetuate the human race. Now more than ever, faced as she is by long lists of slaughtered millions, should she be called upon to fulfill that destiny. No woman, however rugged, who is compelled to struggle throughout the daylight hours at the heaviest kinds of labor, can possibly become the mother of robust and progenitive children, or properly care for them after they have come into the world. There are, unfortunately, millions of women who must work that they may live, but custom has established the kinds of employment best suited for them, and which do not unfit them for nature's grandest inheritances, companionship and motherhood.

Edmond Godchaux (county recorder).—"It would be preposterous for women to do such work. I do not approve of women working down town at any thing—the place for woman is home." "Including me, Mr. Godchaux?" "Including you, madame. Women," he continued, "have proven their efficiency in a great many lines, but the grandest work she can do is in the home. I do not draw the line at the despised cooking. Nature intended her for the lighter tasks of life—for man to shield her from heavy burdens; civilization depends upon her refining influence. Any work she can do in her own home or those of others to raise the physical, mental or moral standards of the world, is that which she can best perform, and far more efficiently than man, who would degenerate without her ennobling influence."

Judge George E. Crothers (presiding superior judge).—"No honest labor is degrading; it can not coarsen the body when undertaken through dignified purpose. The costume worn must necessarily be designed with a view to protection of the laborer's body. Modern machinery is developed to such a measure of perfection as to require not an excessive exertion of physical strength; yet, notwithstanding, the idea of woman laboring in manufacturing plants or wielding heavy hammers, picks and shovels anywhere is repulsive to me." He said that any occupation creating a physical condition or mental attitude destructive to a woman's nervous energy is inimical to the divine purpose for which she was created—to be the fountain of the race. "A woman must raise, not only her children but her husband," he added. "No matter what her work, she must have time for repose, for recreation, and for widening her vision. Her husband, occupied in concentrated effort to make the family living, needs to be guided to the higher things of life through her agency. Her potency for controlling the destinies—physical and spiritual—of her immediate family and of future generations, decreases in the ratio in which she is deprived of the beneficent influences which are her right." Judge Crothers in lauding woman's success in her share of the world's modern work, said that one of the surprises has been the woman juror—her intelligent grasp of legal aspects and unbiased verdicts, which, in answer to my query, he said are more often just than merciful.

Alfred Hertz (San Francisco Symphony director) was another man who said he places woman upon a pedestal where, he said, she is in her rightful position and whence she can make the most urgent appeal to the esthetic side of man's nature. Shielded by man from encounter with the rough elements of life, she has leisure to devote her energies to the mental

and moral uplift of the world. He believes that a nation's place in the scale of civilization is determined by its attitude toward woman. "But," he said, "there is one field of manual labor wherein woman has not come into her own—the symphony orchestra. She has a rightful place there as well as man has, a place depending solely on artistic ability, and it is work which she can perform without being robbed of her charm. In England and France women of the orchestra have been accepted with enthusiasm and I hope it will be so in this country. It should be recognized as a desirable career for her."

A. W. Widenham (San Francisco Symphony manager) enlightened me regarding the relative muscular strength of man and woman. When I said I thought it barbarous for women to carry scuttles of coal in houses, he said, "Because woman's strength is not in her arms." Then he told me that the effort to drag a plow by means of a harness around the waist, as the European peasant woman does with more or less ease, would kill a man because his strength is above the waist line. He said that the necessity for human beings to perform strenuous physical labor is rapidly being eliminated owing to the marvelous mechanical devices constantly invented. He objects to having women employed doing hard or disfiguring work anywhere, and I'm sure he, too, has her upon a pedestal because he announced, "The reason it is said that there is nothing so low as a fallen woman is because she must drop from such a height."

A merchant (who requested me not to mention his name because he doesn't like to see himself in print). He is proprietor of a large shop for woman's personal adornment, by gazing rapturously into whose windows at the exquisitely groomed and radiantly arrayed display figures I frequently derive sartorial gratification much as the dyspeptic gourmand who attained gustatory satisfaction by reading a treatise on cookery by Brillat Savarin. I do not deny that although gloriously free from the vice of envy, I find myself, when I so feast my admiring eyes, in the mental attitude of the raggedy, barefoot little "nigger" girl who, beholding oranges marked "five cents apiece" in a fruiterer's window, exclaimed forlornly, "Don't I wish I were rich!" I decided that surely the man who sold such exquisite garments to woman fair would have something picturesque to say about his desire that she might always avoid work calculated to destroy her physical loveliness. Here I was doomed to disappointment, for the merchant said: "I have been so busy working all my life that I have had no time to study economics. I never gave a thought to women's physical endurance, although I employ many of them. Being a bachelor, I know very little about women, anyway, except their eccentricities." I replied, "Your employees do not labor hard, but would you like to see women working hard?" "I have seen them," he said, "in Europe, often." "What did you think of it?" I inquired. "Being an American, I didn't think of it at all," he answered. Ever since I've been wondering if he meant to be facetious or if seeing woman in our hours of ease he never troubled himself to think of her but "uncertain, coy and hard to please."

Justice John E. Richards (Court of Appeals) said that he was surprised that any man in America would consider the subject from an approving point of view. He talked at length about the present being the true age of chivalry and of refinement. He lauded woman to the

skies for her efficiency and adaptability in strange and unusual conditions arising from war necessities. He said that we need not worry about training women to work in industries where they are out of place, because when the need arises woman will be there. He believes that woman's sphere is home, that to equip herself for her queenship there, she should be shielded by man from encounters with the hardships of life—that the greater her physical perfection, her mental growth, her moral development, the more powerful and far-reaching her influence. The march of improvement in mechanism has made work easier not only in industries, but in housework, in which a huge army of women renders valiant and indispensable service. He deplored the hardships which conditions compelled pioneer women in this country to undergo and said that no man except a boor expects woman to do drudgery of any kind. He referred me to Tennyson's "Princess, A Medley" for an impartial estimate of the division of labor between man and woman. I read it and I think I found therein the literal source of our slang expression, "fifty-fifty."

Rev. Philip O'Ryan.—Our respect for womanhood is our fairest and best product. Any thing which would tend to destroy that respect would be a disaster to our civilization. For woman to labor side by side with man in the heavy industries would be a dangerous experiment.

Archbishop Hanna was on the point of departure for Mare Island to dedicate a church, but he lingered long enough to say cheerily: "We did try to save the women—maybe we did not succeed, but no one can say we did not try. Here we have given woman a position that she has never had elsewhere in the world, and we are very proud of it. To have woman do this hard labor would be a decided backward step; not only would it conflict with the chivalrous Californian spirit, but it would be in opposition to the most cherished traditions of our country."

Walt Whitman said that western men have high native originality of spirit and body—superb masculinity. He lamented the fact that the women are intellectual, fashionable, their ambition being to copy their eastern sisters. Too bad Mr. Whitman did not live to learn that that's the way western men like women.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—A real demonstration in the steel issues was the feature in the trading last week, a development which, coupled with substantial strength in the rails and other standard issues, gave weight to the opinion that a real bull market is in its preparatory stage. Steel Common moved up five points and held its gain under heavy buying, with every indication of higher prices the coming week. The far-sighted trader has for some time visioned the stabilizing of steel prices after a revision downward to a point where it would encourage large scale resumption of buying. The demand last week doubtless came in a considerable measure from this element, which sees the steel security price climb before it has completed its accumulation. Added to this source of buying, there was a substantial amount of outside buying for investment, based on the consensus of market letter opinion that present price levels promise returns for the long pull. An encouraging factor in the steel trading was the strength in the independent issues. All the independent issues came to the front, and scored a good advance generally, with final prices the best in months. These movements were in sympathy with the market leader, and on the view that government co-operation with the industry to adjust prices promises results, for with a new price basis established, the government will step in with definite orders by way of encouraging other potential consumers to take the first step. The whole market was stimulated by broad manifestations of buying power. This was illustrated by the course of practically all of the different groups, the scattered nature of activity, and confusing cross currents of pool operations were conspicuously absent. The copper shares, which have had no friends for some time due to the declining price of the metal and the poor statements issued by the various copper companies, suddenly came to life, and a little buying movement, coupled with buying for the short account, brought about an upheaval in prices. The general argument seemed to be that the metal could not go much lower, and that all the bad news had been thoroughly discounted in the decline in the price of the copper shares. The oils were inclined to drag a little early in the week, but they too came in for their share of attention toward the close of the week and scored an advance which extended throughout the list, led by Mexican Petroleum. Equipment shares were also in better demand, with Baldwin Locomotive taking the lead on rumors that the stock would soon be put on a substantial dividend basis. On the whole, the market acts well, and, judging from its action, higher prices are indicated. The bullish argument seems to be that conditions had got to a point where there must be a change, and any change

would be a reversal of the pessimism that has been so pronounced of late. The market now is simply discounting better business conditions which are bound to come in the future, and with the government showing a disposition to help, it creates a bullish sentiment which means higher prices until the Victory loan is well launched.

Cotton—Early in the week the trend of the market was lower, due to reports that there was no chance of lifting the embargo on cotton to the central powers until final peace had been declared, and as this seemed to be far off, the trade became rather pessimistic and prices declined again. In addition to this, other reports were circulated that indicated continued labor troubles in the eastern mill sections. The situation against higher prices was intensified by a break in prices at Liverpool. Later in the week a better feeling prevailed, due to the strength in the stock market, as well as to the attitude of the allied governments in allowing foodstuffs to go into Germany and Austria, and it was thought that cotton would soon be allowed to go in. This was relied upon as an avenue for the disposal of the bulk of low grades. Trading in the new style contracts began with prices about 50 to 75 points over the old style. The only change is in the number of grades of cotton that can be delivered on contract. The old style contracts admitted of a very low grade of cotton to be delivered on contract, and it was argued that this was a detriment to the cotton growers, in as much as the New York Cotton Exchange fixed the price if its seller could deliver a log grade on contract, it would have a tendency to force the market down, which would keep the better grades down. The changing of the contracts to the new style will have a tendency to bring about higher prices. Another factor that is beginning to make itself felt is the talk of reduced acreage in the southern part of the belt. The weather so far this season has been so cold and wet that very little work has been done in the fields, and there is talk of farmers being dissatisfied with the price of cotton, and will plant grain instead. The market is not very broad speculatively, but with everything on the list showing pronounced strength and activity, cotton will soon share in with other commodities, and we believe prices have seen bottom, and that a good upturn from this level is warranted.

Real Sports

Nurse: Now be quiet and go to sleep.
Wounded Tommy: I want to see the medical officer. I want to lodge a complaint.
Nurse: Well, you must wait till the morning. It's too late now—it's ten o'clock.
Tommy: Ten o'clock! Why, out there we

used to carry on the war till half-past eleven or even a quarter to twelve.—Punch.

One assisting in making out questionnaires and a colored registrant in Georgia had this colloquy:

"Have you any grounds for deferred classification?"

"No, sir, boss; I ain't got no land at all."

"I didn't ask you about any land—but have you any reasons why you should not go to the war?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are they?"

"Well, sir, in de first place, I've been convicted of a crime 'volving moral turpentine."

"Any other reasons?"

"Yes, sir. De church to which I belongs is consciously opposed to fighting."

Black: I hear you took a disastrous plunge in Wall Street.

White: Yes; I was sort of standing on the edge, and someone gave me a tip!

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Letters

The New America

Perhaps the newest thing about Frank Dilnot's "The New America" is that the author, an English writer, has written a book in which he has not taken upon his shoulders the responsibility of setting these degenerate colonists of the United States in their proper place, and tried to impress up their obstinate intelligence the superiority of English and all things English. Mr. Dilnot was in this country during 1917 and 1918, but he has not made any attempt to exhaust his subject, nor, as is often the case, to dismiss most of its features as of no consequence whatever. On the contrary, he starts out with the admission that this is another nation, with an inherent right to its own laws, manners and customs and entitled to pronounce its words and regulate its manner of speech in its own way. There are fifteen brief and lively sketches which purport to be nothing more profound than the observations and impressions of the author. He is never caustic, sarcastic nor severe, and make no attempt to be clever. His good-humored analyses and comparisons are just about what visitors from one part of the country itself are likely to make about sections far from their own home land. If Frank Dilnot had any preconceptions and prejudices, he very wisely put them aside. A book of this kind is far more likely to promote good feeling between the two nations than any number of ponderous tomes of critical dissent. Some of the observations are especially timely, as for example:

"What of drink? America, so far as my observation goes, is a very temperate country, many of the states prohibiting the sale of liquor, while in those that do not there is an absence of excessive drinking, which is bound to impress a traveler. One need not put it all down to natural virtue. The climate, so dry and

invigorating, has a lot to do with the condition of things in which a man accustomed to a moderate glass of liquor in western Europe finds the need of it to disappear when he lands in America. The moist winds that sweep the countries across the Atlantic, and the heavier atmosphere, somehow give alcohol less effect, and promote a desire for it that is lessened under the clear skies of America. In the course of a year I have traveled through nearly all of the principal cities in the United States and my travels have taken me out at all hours of the night and during, and during that time I do not think the drunken men I have seen on the streets would number a dozen. Another excellent variation to an Englishman is the absence of barmaids in the saloons, all the liquor being sold by men."

The disregard of small courtesies is quite as apparent to the native as to the foreigner. Possibly it is the case, as the author hazards, that the American woman is so accustomed to be considered that she does not think an acknowledgment necessary, but just the same a little consideration would not be amiss. We might dispense with the "thank you" of the European, but would a woman of any social status—or none—be the worse for holding a swing door and glancing over her shoulder long enough to make sure that some one back of her would not be struck? There are a number of intimate character studies of the men prominently in the public eye—Theodore Roosevelt, Colonel House, Elihu Root, Billy Sunday, Orville Wright, General Hawkins and President Wilson. There are only a hundred and forty-five pages of print in this little book, but there is more solid meat contained between the two covers than is to be found in many a volume of five times the size. Some day Frank Dilnot will come over again and look around. He will see more and look beneath the surface, as this time he has not attempted to do. May be he

will find more to criticize and much to object to, but he will do it in a kindly spirit.—From the Macmillan company, New York.

A True Optimist

It was Christmas Eve in camp, and very cold at that. There was a certain amount of confusion owing to the Christmas festivities and leave, and so forth, and one man was unable to find any of his outer garments. He wandered about, asking all his mates if they knew where they were.

"Has any one seen my b-b-blanket?" he demanded, and was told that no one had.

"Has any one seen my t-t-trousers?"

No answer.

The unfortunate Tommy scratched his head for a moment.

"Well, I'm jolly g-g-glad I have got a nice w-w-warm pair of sus-sus-suspenders."

An Old Hand

After two months at Rockford Private Nelson got his leave at last, and made what he conceived to be the best use of his holiday by getting married.

On the journey back at the station he gave the gateman his marriage certificate in mistake for his return railway ticket.

"Yes, my boy, you've got a ticket for a long, wearisome journey, but not on this road."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNIE COOPER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ANNIE COOPER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Frank J. Fallon, Room 615, Merchants National Bank Building, 625 Market Street, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNIE COOPER, deceased.

JENNIE SIMON,

Administratrix of the estate of Annie Cooper, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 15, 1919.

FRANK J. FALLON,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 615 Merchants National Bank Bldg.,
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ESTABLISHED 1878

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Speech of James Whiteside in Defense of C. G. Duffy

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THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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Touching Japan

With reference to the doings of the conference at Paris, Japan has been never openly mandatory, seldom altogether acquiescent, but always politely conciliatory, a somewhat vague statement, but there has been a singular vagueness in Japan's attitude during all of the conferences. This should be taken to imply that, through her representatives, she is not altogether sincere in her professions of sympathy for the main principles for which the peace congress has been assembled, and it is difficult to draw any other inference from what she has contributed so far to the deliberations. But, be it understood, it is not intended to indulge here in an intentionally insulting thrust at Japan, for this is not the time to descend into expressions of jingoism, or to make serious prophecies or forebodings. We have had enough of war, and none of us should presume to endeavor to promote any discussion that should point in any other direction than peace. At the same time we can not but contemplate the attitude of Japan in the supposedly peace deliberations at Paris, with much concern. She has always politely asserted what she wants, at no time expressing any particular interest in what any of the other powers might want. This is not the world's impression as to what these deliberations were intended to mean. But she is one of the five dominant powers of the conference, she is truly a power, and must be seriously reckoned with as being a nation whose motives are, and always have been, selfishly offensive. There are many who believe that there is such a thing as a "Yellow Peril," and this peril should be dealt with wisely and without intemperance or thoughtless spread-eagleism. Recent occurrences both in Japan and this country would appear to indicate a feeling against

the Japanese, which, if not allayed or satisfactorily explained, may lead to another war. This, too, at a time when the world's greatest diplomats are assembled in the praiseworthy effort of bringing about an everlasting peace, if such a thing be indeed possible. Some rowdy sailors, to judge from cabled accounts, resisted the disciplinary efforts of Japanese police, were bayoneted for it, whereupon some two hundred shipmates indulged in a retaliatory riot with fatal results. In an endeavor to quell the disturbance, the American consul was stoned. The sailors were evidently in the wrong, for Japan has its laws which every alien should be made to respect, and this fracas might easily lead to more serious trouble.

* * *

Madame Butterfly in the Melting Pot

We are gradually realizing that the Japanese have discovered California. Senator Phelan tells us that we are the Land of Promise to wanderers from Nagasaki, and, while we have not promised anything that we know of, the swarthy toilers take their welcome for granted. About 225,000 Japs are now in the United States, encouraged by numbers to extend their own welcome to fellow countrymen, by way of Angel Island or Mexicali. The attitude of California is of course not understood by eastern states. New Yorkers acquire a fad for foreign color schemes now and then. One of their tastes ran to Japanese umbrellas, lanterns and kimonos as quaint motive for an afternoon tea. So they wonder why Californians can not view the decoration of its valleys in the same charming light of the Japanese lantern. New York Bohemians and Washington statesmen aver that these bronze, taciturn, Buddha-like visitors are delightful and can not hurt the United States, because our country is big enough to have a Little Nippon some place or other and never feel it, and do not the Nipponese come with the scent of cherry blossoms and rice fields? There is a possibility, if the easterners would visit a Japanese boarding house, that they would change their minds. The cherry blossoms are quite modest as they pass through Angel Island. One could almost fancy that the island was named after them. But they are already playing the devil with the vegetable industry of our hills and dales. We ask ourselves if the situation is serious or just a musical-comedy imbroglio. What the Japanese would do if they could do, and what they will do whenever they can

do it, is to be detected in their treatment of China. The Japanese are not a shrinking race. What they wish of California is readily ascertained if we listen to the investigations of Senator Phelan instead of some Japanese consul's after-dinner speech. When our eastern friends wish to know about it, they interview a polite viscount or a Tokio banker's son who is studying at Harvard. Then, exclaim the easterners: "There! What are you western people making all this fuss about? Can't you see that Tokio and Washington enjoy the very best of pleasant understandings—in fact, a gentleman's agreement? Be a gent."

* * *

Our Senator's View

Senator Phelan's investigations have convinced him that the Japanese are using methods which in time will nullify the effect of the land-owning law. The worshippers of chrysanthemum and lotus are patient. They are systematic, and their encroachments can be opposed successfully by system only. Their idea apparently is to colonize California as fast as the loopholes of the law will let them. Their sons will be citizens, presumably entitled to buy acres of the Golden West. Last week, on the Tenyo Maru, arrived ninety picture brides. Ninety little maids from school more or less married, engaged or entrusted to Japanese residents of the state. Others are coming. To provide for those who can not enter the United States, an oriental shipping concern has been negotiating for 800,000 acres of land in Mexico, close to Imperial Valley, toward whose rich fields the Japs are scrambling in such numbers through the poorly protected border that every round-up nabs them by the score. In some cases the tactics to be employed for dodging across the boundary line are tipped to them before they are off the ship. One of the senator's charges is that incoming steamers have been boarded at the port of Los Angeles, and the immigrants furnished with money and advice; also that Consul Oyama at Los Angeles either had knowledge of this practice or else innocently lent his authority to help it along. Oyama says "impossible, absurd and without foundation"; which is the diplomatic term for "This is so sudden. I need a few days to think about it. In the meantime do not hesitate to consider yourself technically absurd. With profound respect, I am, etc." Meanwhile on the California poppy squats this problem like an ivory god, its hands on its rotund belly; in its

eyes a look of oblivion to many things that Californians hold most dear.

* * *

The Power of the Press

The pulse of the people is generally assumed to be reflected, and more or less guided, by the newspapers. But the strangely varied opinions of editorial writers with reference to the congress just adjourned, surely can not fail to cause an intermittent and vacillating blood pressure which must make, that pulse uncertain and feverish. Vice-President Marshall started the symposium of mingled acrimony and praise when he adjourned congress with the somewhat blasphemous phrase, "the senate is adjourned sine Deo," and many newspapers have referred to it as being an "ungodly senate." The New York World characterizes it as a "slacker senate, politically illiterate." The Detroit Free Press declares that it "expired, not in a blaze of glory, but unwept, unhonored and roundly cursed." "A good riddance," says the New York Sun. Then The Times comes to the rescue with, "not even in the days of the Civil War were so great and so many lasting things accomplished," and The Tribune helps a little with, "it wasn't born great, it could never have achieved greatness, but an unavoidable measure of greatness was thrust upon it." Then in another issue the same newspaper somewhat contradictorily declares that "while the sixty-fifth congress, through excessive timidity, sank lower than the two preceding ones, it had already made a long descent toward self-effacement." It may be said that, being a Republican organ, this would naturally be expected of The Tribune, but along comes the Baltimore Sun with, "it will be not only famous for what it did, but forever notorious for what it did not do." "How are we to reconcile this denunciation and praise?" asks Current Opinion. The answer is not difficult in view of the records as we read them. The claim can not be made that republican intemperance and open filibustering have been altogether the reasons why so much necessary legislation has gone over to another session, for opposition to the chief executive has often been manifested by the representatives of his own political party. It was simply not an efficient congress for these stirring times, for none of the vital measures, military, financial or industrial originated there, but were all suggested and pushed to an issue by President Wilson himself. Republican senators are now calling for an immediate extra session, but for the most part the power of the press seems to be arraigned against it. The Newark News, an independent paper, says: "If most of the talk of the closing days of congress is any criterion, we are just as likely to get the way paved for construction by having no congress in session as by having it at

work while the peace treaty is being framed." This is sound argument. When the peace treaty is framed, and the pact for a league of nations finally ready for submission to congress, then is the time for a session, and why an extra one? If, as President Wilson declared in his Boston speech, quoting the song, "I won't come back till it's over over there," there will be ample time to present the matter before the sixty-sixth congress.

* * *

Back on the Job

Our peripatetic president is back at the present seat of government, at least in so far as its chief magistrate is concerned. The return was not made the occasion of a wild outpouring of enthusiasm such as characterized his first introduction to the French people, but we are assured that it was cordial, and that admiring crowds met him at the train. He was welcomed by the French president and Monsieur Clemenceau, and to the latter, with democratic disregard of rank, he accorded the most attention, no doubt on account of delight at his happy recovery from the recent shooting episode. These escorted him to the new residence selected for him in Rue des Etats-Unis, and after a brief audience with them he was closely closeted with his chief counsellor and adviser, Colonel House, for a considerable time. Doubtless he learned from the colonel, who, after all, seems to be possessed of the most enlightened diplomatic mind in his political family—that during his absence not quite so many holes had been shot into the League of Nations as its detractors had hoped for, but there were one or two rather gaping ones which would have to be immediately plugged up or the whole fabric would be cheapened and relegated to the bargain counter. He also must have heard, and with deep satisfaction, too, that postponement of the league discussions had resulted in most satisfactory advances toward the long awaited and strangely interrupted peace. Aside from deciding the precise amount of aggregate indemnity that Germany would be able to pay, most of the terms of peace had been definitely agreed upon. The German emissaries would have to hear from the heads of their government before being allowed to affix their signatures to the peace treaty, but, on the whole, peace at last seem to be looming on the diplomatic horizon. The paramount issue now appeared to be the matter of disarmament of Germany, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the colonel advised disarmament of all nations down to a mere policing force. This hope is expressed for the reason that the constitution of a league which called for the maintenance of vast armies and navies, must eventually terminate in war instead of the eternal peace it is presumed to secure.

But if this advice was proffered, Mr. Wilson does not seem to have accepted it, for the latest dispatches indicate that discussions of the League of Nations are to be resumed and actual peace further delayed.

* * *

A Small But Loud Voice

Now from the baby state of New Mexico comes an addendum to the already lurid protests against the present constitution for a League of Nations, which seems to render it just that much more inflammable. It is voiced in a more or less blatant and unconvincing way, but at the same time, it is worth placing on the pile with the other straws. In a speech delivered last week by Senator Fall of New Mexico before the Albuquerque Chamber of Commerce, he declared that if the present plan of a League of Nations is adopted, Great Britain will surely rule it and the rest of the world. He expressed a conviction, born of true patriotic earnestness, that if there had been a league of nations in 1776 there would be no United States now, for other nations would have intervened to nip in the bud the revolution that gave us our independence. In the abstract the senator would not oppose a properly constituted League of Nations, but as now projected, it would surely deprive the United States of the rights of sovereignty for which it fought so bitterly. He demonstrated with great power, we are told in the dispatches, that rulings of the league were to be voted upon by all of the members of it, great and small, and each with an equal representation. This would include Canada, Ireland, Australia, India and the other English provinces, whose combined voice would endow England with the power to rule the world and bluff the United States into assisting her to keep her provinces in line. There are one or two anomalies in the logic of the senator's speech, but which of us is not fond of recurring to the homily about wisdom from the mouths of babes, and why may there not come convincing arguments from senators who are taking their first plunge into international diplomacy? At all events, it is not unlikely that when Mr. Wilson reads of this speech in the cabled excerpts from the newspapers, he will turn to Colonel House with a sneering quotation from Hamlet: "Let him play the fool nowhere but in's own house." Then perhaps the colonel will say: "Hadh't we better think it over, Mr. President?" And the obvious reply should be: "Yes, colonel, we'll think it over."

* * *

The Long Chance

"They say it will cost fifty dollars a month to get a competent nurse to take care of the baby, and they are therefore considering having the baby's mother do it."

"But ought they to run that risk for fifty dollars a month?"—Judge.

Flirtation as a Fine and a Coarse Art

By Lionel Josephare

Once upon a time there lived a princess named Lulu Cantata Jones. Her parents occupied the top floor over a grocery at Twenty-second and Mission streets. Reared in the expectation of marriage to a rich clubman, raconteur and bon gormandizer, Lulu passed most of her young days with a very languid air. She viewed the kitchen as the household slums, a necessary evil, never to be mentioned without a shudder.

How noble now appear the efforts of upper and middle-class women in trying, though vainly, to uphold the traditions of housewifery when the moneyless virgins reject with scorn and slang all that pertains to potatoes, mops and pot-walloping! How could the wealthier sisters make housework seem honorable when the foundations of society shiver their timbers and refuse to cook for themselves or the upper classes?

The writer is not insidiously meandering to say that the place of woman is in the home. Some philosophers have a place for everything and never find anything in its place, especially the woman of it. In former years woman passed more time at home, because there was so much work she couldn't leave for more than a few minutes; and even then had to dry her hands on her apron as she walked down the path for a few minutes' gossip with a soapy neighbor. Those were the happy days of wood fires, well water, wash boilers, flatirons, jellies, home-made bread and a general pandemonium of housekeeping that left the housekeepers too weary to eat or wish to vote. If any of the women had a little extra time, she devoted it to a crazy-quilt, which was supposed to exercise the comic side of life. Those were the happy days in which girls left home, and nobody knew why. Since that golden era, we have invented ready-made bread and butter, the gas stove, the can-opener with its open sesame to a thousand wonders, the laundry, the delivery wagon, hot and cold water on draught, and many other instantaneous things to do away with the drudgery of the old homestead. That is why women are now able to take every afternoon off; and, once out, they rely on civilization and labor-saving titbits to conjure up a dinner. It was the potato chip that emancipated woman.

American women are internationally famous for their complex beauty and superb manner, fit more for incense than kitchen fires. Among them, the ayes have it. California's wives and daughters stand supreme; and the best examples are to be found right here in San Francisco. In order to achieve this high standard of loveliness, they had to sacrifice the washtub. Something had to go—more than one thing, in fact, madam having become a bit revolutionary and Bolshevik, or, if you like a milder word, iconoclastic, and she has knocked the dickens out of a few of man's idols, including his stomach. Too bad! Man and his beloved kitchen have been left far in the rear of progress. Perhaps we ate too much, anyway.

Now, the Frenchwoman is noted for her beautiful shoulders, her ragouts and her gowns. She unveils her shoulders to man: that is flirtation. She cooks him a ragout; that is part of matrimony. He presents her with a gown; that is the first article in the League of Nations. An American Navy Nurse tells us that we do not yet realize how many of our soldiers have made haste to marry French girls and are thanking their stars in every moment of leisure. At first

the home people were inclined to feel sorry for the boys who could be winked and shrugged into marriage. Shrugging the shoulders is neglected in California. It is a curious piece of stage business. As for effectiveness—that is demonstrated by the thousands of heroes who have succumbed to it. That is the least of the story. The stupendous part is this: the navy nurse divulges the fact that French girls make even better wives and mothers than sweethearts, although, she says, as sweethearts they are irresistible and understand flirtation better when they are born than the American woman does after her second divorce.

This is terrible as any novelty can be. It reverses common experience, and that is the definition of a miracle. The only miracle recognized locally by women is love itself, which ever and anon many of them swear has no foundation in fact but exists only in the form of claptrap. Howbeit, most of their dainty prayers and eyebrow touches are to that end; yet they may give no intimation of taking seriously what that situation leads to. In the New England States it was once customary for a young woman, upon announcing her engagement, to commence the making of baby clothes. In her home was no nonsense about cause and effect. Today cause and effect are loosened of their intimate relation. Love-making has become an art for art's sake. It is like the painting of a picture, the object being to create a perfect display of form and color, and not to prove a moral. True art and true love are without utilitarian motive.

When Greece was Greece and Rome was Rome (being all the world at that time worthy of consideration) the fine arts were consanguinous to, and inspired by, religion. So was marriage, and so was love. Even eating and drinking had their sacred formulas. Today church and art are separate. We marry in a church the first time only. Our poets do not write on holy themes. Our painters do not paint madonnas. We do not say grace before before opening a can of beans. We worship things for themselves instead of the Creator who supplied the materials. We bow to no idols whose sculptor is not reputed a genius. In this way, love stands upon its own jeweled feet, and hugs its own sweet motives. Flirtation has no ulterior purpose of administering castor oil to future offspring. The dazzling woman who sends man an amorous glance does not intend to convey the thought that he is welcome to be the father of a half dozen healthy, well-educated, obedient children. Apparently the French girl does. When mademoiselle twines her opera cloak about her Parisian bosom, half turns away her shoulders and returns her head to eyeball the lucky man through her lashes, she, according to the statement, intends to make plain as follows: I can sew; I can darn; I understand the care, control and eugenics of children; I cook well; my ragouts are delicious; I could live economically within your income.

Undoubtedly many a French household bears witness that the girl was as good as her word. While she began the flirtation, she did not forget that her silk stockings were exposed in the interests of future baby socks. The man may have been captivated by such interpretation of her glance; or he may have been captured by a dream of something else. Perchance the girl purposely put a wicked thought into his head, and then made a saint of him. She had merely

used the wiles of flirtation as subsidiary to the greater art of wedlock. Her primary motive was to become a wife and mother. She was prepared mainly for that. She practised certain allurements. The man may not have been prepared for that—ma foi! is he not so much the better off?

In that sense, flirtation is an attractive advertisement for something more profound. If the advertiser is honest, she has on hand a large stock of marital bliss in all varieties. If the advertisement, or flirtation, be an empty vaunt, the family life will be haphazard, and emergencies will arise for which there is no solution. She who marries to be a mother is harmonizing a great theme, for it is Nature's. Without motherhood, love sings a tawdry, artificial song.

We can not boast a knowledge of nature's "wise designs"; yet woman is here, and her benevolent ways are evident. And man is here with his remarkable penchant for a square meal. Perhaps nature designed woman not only to be a wonderful sweetheart but a bewitching cook. It looks plausible, because when man is hungry he is too impatient to cook for himself. On the remaining point there can be no question: that nature set the rules and regulations for woman to be the mother. Taking this cue, the French girl may have decided to make her most spectacular play on the mother idea; and we see that the notion of it comes early, for the girl child who clasps a doll to her breast is instinctive with the affections of motherhood. The doll is her child. Normally there will come a time when a child is her doll. Normally there will come a time when she will practise certain arts for the man she desires as papa to this dolly. If she coquet with him and thinks not of the doll, she becomes little more than a doll herself. The whole plan is overbalanced. The flag is larger than the ship; the title is more interesting than the book; the advertisement is a wanton fraud.

Among the many wanton frauds of the world, coquetry would not come up for censure, as one expects it anyway. On its part it has done much for civilization. The Puritans and Quakers were virtuous, but their virtue was uncivilized, barbaric and cruel. Virtue is always cruel, and coquetry soothes away much of the pain. In order to atone for her increased loveliness, woman had to become a coquet out of pity. Chastity is just as honorable as ever. Its ex-er-present invocation is what once made life a bore. Gloom is no longer a certificate of good character; nor is it a satisfaction to the gloomist. Flirtation takes man by the hand and guides him over the desert of silence, the rocks of embarrassment, the awful, puritanical pauses. Where the Quaker or Puritan twiddled his thumbs before a woman, the modern chap makes a play of holding the lady's hands or her

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Speech of James Whiteside in Defense of Charles Gavin Duffy

(James Whiteside was born in 1806 at Delgany, County Wicklow, and was the son of the Rev. William Whiteside, rector of the parish. He was graduated with honors from Trinity College and at the Irish bar made a high reputation. He was made a Q. C. in 1842 and from that time on there was scarcely a case of great importance at nisi prius in which he was not employed. He was sought as counsel in the most momentous state prosecutions of his country. He defended O'Connell, Duffy and Smith O'Brien and was revered alike by catholic and protestant. He became solicitor general and attorney-general for Ireland and later lord-chief-justice of the queen's bench. His peroration in defense of Duffy caused enthusiastic cheers in the court and moved to tears even the judges, who assuredly were not easily impressed by appeals in favor of the catholic O'Connell and his friends.)

I have told you what constitutes the great crime of conspiracy; it is one of combination, and it is fearfully set forth in books, so often quoted in the history of the state trials of England, where there are terrible examples given of wrong verdicts, by which men were deprived of their liberty, their lives, and by which innocence was struck down. But, on the other hand, there were in those state trials great and glorious examples of triumphs over power, over the crown, and over kings—as in the case of Hardy on parliamentary reform, and in the case of Horne Tooke, who saved public opinion so far from being extinguished in England, and which would have been the case had not the jury interfered. In earlier days, in the days of the Second James, the seven bishops were charged with a conspiracy for asserting the opinion of freedom; but then a jury also interfered, and those bishops were acquitted, and acquitted amidst those shouts which proclaimed universal freedom. In darker periods of history—in the times of Cromwell, who usurped the monarchy and all under the sacred name of religion, yet dared not abolish the forms of public justice, they so prevailed and subsisted—that when, in the plenitude of his power, he prosecuted for a libel, there were twelve honest men who had the courage not to pronounce the defendant guilty, thus proving that the unconquerable love of liberty still survived in the hearts of Englishmen. I will say that the true object of this unprecedented prosecution is to stifle the discussion of a great public question. Reviewed in this light, all other considerations sink into insignificance, its importance becomes vast indeed. A nation's rights are involved in the issue—a nation's liberties are at stake—that one—what preserves the precious privileges you possess? The exercise of the right of political discussion—free, untrammelled, bold. The laws which wisdom framed—the institutions struck out by patriotism, learning, or genius—can they preserve the springs of freedom fresh and pure? No; destroy the right of free discussion, and you dry up the sources of freedom. By the same means by which your liberties were won, can they be increased or defended. Do not quarrel with the partial evils free discussion creates, nor seek to contract the enjoyment of the greatest privilege within the narrow limit men prescribe. With the passing mischiefs of its extravagance, contrast the prodigious blessings it has heaped on man.

Free discussion aroused the human mind from the torpor of ages—taught it to think, and shook the thrones of ignorance and darkness. Free discussion gave to Europe the Reformation, which I have been taught to believe the mightiest event in the history of the human race—illuminated the world with the radiant light of spiritual truth. May it shine with steady and

increasing splendor! Free discussion gave to England the Revolution, abolished tyranny, swept away the monstrous abuses it rears, and established the liberties under which we live. Free discussion, since that glorious epoch, has not only preserved but purified our constitution, reformed our laws, reduced our punishments, and extended its wholesome influence to every portion of our political system. The spirit of inquiry it creates has revealed the secrets of nature—explained the wonders of creation, teaching the knowledge of the stupendous works of God. Arts, science, civilization, freedom, pure religion, are its noble realities. Would you undo the labors of science, extinguish literature, stop the efforts of genius, restore ignorance, bigotry, barbarism—then put down free discussion, and you have accomplished all. Savage conquerors, in the blindness of their ignorance, have scattered and destroyed the intellectual treasures of a great antiquity. Those who make war on the sacred rights of free discussion, without their ignorance imitate their fury. They may check the expression of some thought which, if uttered, might redeem the liberties or increase the happiness of man. The insidious assailants of this great prerogative of intellectual beings, by the cover under which they advance, conceal the character of their assault upon the liberties of the human race. They seem to admit the liberty to discuss—blame only its extravagance, pronounce hollow praises on the value of freedom of speech, and straightway begin a prosecution to cripple or destroy it. The open despot avows his object is to oppress or enslave—resistance is certain to encounter his tyranny, and perhaps subvert it. Not so the artful assailant of a nation's rights—he declares friendship while he wages war, and professes affection for the thing he hates.

State prosecutions, if you believe them, are ever the fastest friends of freedom. They tell you peace is disturbed, order broken by the excesses of turbulent and seditious demagogues. No doubt there might be a seeming peace—a deathlike stillness—by repressing the feelings and passions of men. So in the fairest portions of Europe this day, there is peace, and order, and submission, under paternal despotism, ecclesiastical and civil. That peace springs from terror, that submission from ignorance, that silence from despair. Who dares discuss, when with discussion and by discussion tyranny must perish? Compare the stillness of despotism with the healthful animation, the natural warmth, the bold language, the proud bearing which spring from freedom, and the consciousness of its possession. Which will you prefer? Insult not the dignity of manhood by supposing that contentment of the heart can exist under despotism. There may be degrees in its severity, and so degrees in the sufferings of its victims.* Terrible the dangers which lurk beneath the calm surface of despotic power. The movements of the oppressed will at times disturb the tyrant's tranquility, and warn him, that their day of vengeance or of triumph may be night. But in these happy countries the very safety of the state consists in freedom of discussion. Partial evils in all systems of political governments there must be; but their worst effects are obviated when their cause is sought for, discovered, considered, discussed. Milton has taught a great political truth, in language as instructive as his sublimest verse: "For this is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievances ever

should arise in the commonwealth—that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed—then is the utmost bound of civil liberty obtained that wise men look for." Suffer the complaints of the Irish people to be freely heard. You want the power to have them speedily reformed. Their case today may be yours tomorrow. Preserve the right of free discussion as you would cling to life. Combat error with argument, misrepresentation by fact, falsehood with truth. "For who knows not," saith the same great writer, "that truth is strong—next to the Almighty? One needs no policies nor stratagems to make her victorious—these are the shifts error uses against her power."

If this demand for a native parliament rest on a delusion, dispel that delusion by the omnipotence of truth. Why do you love—why do other nations honor England? Are you—are they dazzled by her naval or military glories, the splendor of her literature, her sublime discoveries in science, her boundless wealth, her almost incredible labors in every work of art and skill? No; you love her—you cling to England because she has been for ages past the seat of free discussion, and therefore, the home of rational freedom, and the hope of oppressed men throughout the world. Under the laws of England it is our happiness to live. They breathe the spirit of liberty and reason. Emulate this day the great virtues of Englishmen—their love of fairness—their immovable independence, and the sense of justice rooted in their nature—these are the virtues which qualify jurors to decide the rights of their fellow-men. Deserted by these, of what avail is the tribunal of a jury? It is worthless as the human body when the living soul has fled. Prove to the accused, from whom, perchance, you widely differ in opinion—whose liberties and fortunes are in your hands—that you are there not to persecute, but to save. Believe me, you will not secure the true interests of England by leaning too severely on your countrymen. They say to their English brethren, and with truth—"We have been at your side whenever danger was to be faced or honor won." The scorching sun of the east and the pestilence of the west, we have endured to spread your commerce—to extend your empire—to uphold your glory. The bones of our countrymen whitened the fields of Portugal, of Spain, of France. Fighting your battles they fell—in a nobler cause they could not. We have helped to gather your imperishable laurels. We have helped to win your immortal triumphs. Now, in time of peace, we ask you to restore that parliament you planted here with your laws and language, uprooted in a dismal period of our history, in the moment of our terror, our divisions, our weakness, it may be our crime. Re-establish the commons on the broad foundation of the people's choice—replace the peerage, the Corinthian pillars of the capitol, secured and adorned with the strength and splendor of the crown—and let the monarch of England, as

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Perspective Impressions

Mother abducts her own six months' old twins. Good! Now husband should get six months for keeping them away from her.

France appoints minister to Alsace instead of a governor! Wonder what's the dope?

Another billion's addition to the several already loaned to Italy! Aisy come, aisy go.

Paris papers say United States hand needed in Europe. Yes, if it's got a nice piece of change in it.

Headline: "Lenten season throws society into doldrums." Announcement of a bathing suit party would seem to contradict that.

"Why spend \$5000 for plaster monument to soldiers in Civic center, when \$15,000 would give us a permanent one? Cities are about as ungrateful as republics.

Wife of Von Papen arrested and fined in New York for not muzzling her dog. She was similarly careless about her husband and he got in jail.

Authorities propose increasing soldier carrying capacity of transport Leviathan by putting berths in the huge swimming tank. More of the great unwashed!

Bath house owners have meeting to discuss measures for improving business. Why meetings? Just order that bathing suits be further shrunk.

Ex-secretary Shaw challenges Taft to debate on League of Nations. Anybody want even money?

A Consultation

By S. Weir Mitchell

Both men were physicians. The older of the two was far on in a life of success. The man he bade be seated had blue eyes, and was the owner of forty well-used years.

"Glad to see you, John," said the older man. He was about to add, "You look worried," but, on second thought, said only:

"What can I do for you?"

"You can listen to me for ten minutes."

"As long as you like; you know we do that all day. Don't hurry."

"You know, doctor, that I was once engaged to Helen Daunton. That was ten years ago."

"Yes—I know. Quite so; yes—yes—remember it well—yes."

The younger man said: "No, you do not know, and don't say 'Yes—yes' that way."

The gray head turned with a quick side glance of questioning observation, and knew at once that this was a man to be taken with care. He said: "Go on, John; I interrupted you."

"I fell ill; I went to India and Australia. When I came back she was married, the wife of—of all men—Wanfell, the banker. He was thirty years older than she. What! what was I saying? I mean, she was thirty years younger than he. I did not know why she did it. Now I know."

The older man said: "I remember her well. She was beautiful—but—"

John interrupted hastily: "That's unnecessary. I wish you would listen."

Here he rose and bent over his friend, who remained seated, a hand on his cheek, intent and a little anxious.

"This fellow Wanfell was my father's partner, and—ruined him."

"Yes—yes."

"Oh, damn it! Don't say 'Yes—yes' that way." "Pardon me, John. I sometimes forget how to listen."

"Well, don't do that again; I—I—can't bear it. I have hoped the years would give me a chance—I mean—I hoped that man would some day be in my power. He is! He was—and now—now—" Here he paused, and then went on: "What was it I was saying? Oh, that woman!"

The older physician laid a hand on his arm. "You were saying, John, I think—"

"No—no; you asked me why she married that scoundrel."

"No, my dear fellow, I did not ask—"

"But your eyes asked."

"You must excuse them. The curiosity of the eyes is not to be governed. But—go on. What else is there? Tell me quietly."

John sat down.

"Quietly! My God! You know, sir, I have never cared for any other woman. She has always had my—love. I have kept away from her. We have met but twice in a chance way, and once for a mad moment. Now, sir, now—oh, that woman, that woman! I—knew she could not help it—and she is—she is—"

"Drop her, John, and tell me what you want of me."

"I will—I will. It is just this: A week ago, late, about eleven at night, a servant came in haste with a note from her. Would I come instantly to see—Wanfell. He had had a fit. I went; of course I went. She said I must keep—the case. God help and pardon me. I did—I did!"

"Why did you?"

"Why do you ask me? You know—well enough."

"Are you still in charge?"

"Yes. He is very ill; half conscious; a decayed beast. He may die any moment—any moment, or drag on for years—years."

"I see."

"No, you do not. Every day she says: 'How long will he last? Will he die soon? It is cruel to try to keep him alive!'"

"People often say that," said the older physician.

"I know; but you understand. Don't trifle with me. I told you what she said, and you should not want me to say more. I will not—"

"Whatever I can do for you I will do."

"Then take this case off my hands. You or some one must—take it."

"Very well, John; I—"

"It isn't well at all! Help me now—at once. Can't you see my—my trouble?"

"Yes; I saw it all along. I will help you. It is easy—"

"Easy! Nothing is easy. I say, I can not stand it! That half-dead dog—and that—that woman!"

He stood up and went on: "Now do you think I was right to yield—to stay on—stay on? Pity me! I had two good—I mean two bad—reasons—the man and the woman. I am plain, you see."

He laughed, and it was not a lugh good to hear.

"I shall be frank with you, my friend. You were wrong; you hate him, and you love—"

"John broke in: 'Don't say that kind of thing! Don't hint it!'"

"But, my dear fellow—"

"We won't discuss it. I am the person concerned. You let him alone—and her, too. You

never were in the hell of a marriage like that. What must I do? I want to be made to do something—forced—"

"Be quiet a moment. Sit down and I will answer you."

He took out his watch and laid a finger on his friend's pulse. Presently he looked up, and said, smiling:

"You have consulted me, and now, as your doctor, I say, my dear fellow, that you are in no state to practice medicine."

"That is so."

"Neither are you fit to have the charge of a man who may die at any moment—"

"And who ought to die, damn him!"

"Yes; but it must not be while he is in your care. Go out of town—at once, today. Do not write to her. I will call and explain it all to her—to Mrs. Wanfell."

"Yes—you will do that—and I am ill, very ill. Thank you. Don't you think I ought to see her before I go?"

"I do not. Promise me that you will not."

"I will not—see her. Oh, never, never!"

"Stay away three weeks."

"How can I?"

"You must. Now go."

"Where is my hat?"

"Here. Now I have your word. In a day or two you will be glad you went."

John left him, saying: "Thank you. Yes, I am sick enough—soul-sick."

The older man went with him to the door. Returning, he sat down and, playing with his watch-guard, was still a little while, and then spoke aloud the final conclusion of his reflections, which was a way he had:

"It is very easy to let a man die. I was wise to make him run away from it. If he had done his best and that rascal died, he would have lived in the shadow of remorse, where no crime had been; and if" Here he ceased to speak. But by and by he murmured, as he rose: "What of the woman? A touch and a look may say, 'Do it!' He has told but half."

The younger man went to Aiken and played golf. At the close of a fortnight he received two telegrams; one was from the doctor. He went home the next day, but did not go to the funeral of Wanfell.

As the years went by, some of his friends wondered why he did not marry the woman he had once loved. When the old doctor's wife was thus curious, her husband said that he believed he knew why, but would never tell.

When urged to explain, he stated that it was all clearly set forth in the New Testament.

The Spectator

St. Patrick's Day

Surely there was no mistaking the enthusiasm, the significance and the warning of the usual celebrations given in many places on Monday last. The procession seemed to have been entirely divested of the old-time holiday glitter; it moved along with almost military precision and with self-determination stamped on every countenance; it carried with it the dignity of official recognition for the mayor of the city led it. It's enthusiasm brought but few smiles from the onlookers who were wont to regard a St. Patrick's Day parade as more or less of a picnic pageant, for everywhere displayed along the line was the new flag of the coming republic whose bars of green, white and orange indicated the now almost certain peaceful union between the internal antagonisms of Ireland. Herein lay the true significance of the parade, and it was a warning to all the world that the shibboleth of ages, "Ireland shall be free," had at last received its baptism of established fact. The indoor celebrations, religious and civil, were marked by a serious enthusiasm not hitherto noted in meetings of the kind. The congregation in St. Patrick's church crowded the edifice from altar to sidewalk, and the panegyric to St. Patrick, delivered by the Rev. Richard Collins, had also in it the solemn warning of a determined people. At two o'clock there was a great audience in the civic auditorium. There were here given the music and the songs which Irishmen most love to hear, patriotic recitations, and after addresses by Chairman McGovern and Mayor Rolph, the orator of the day, Joseph Scott of Los Angeles, delivered a masterly appeal for sympathy and support in the sunrise of Irish independence. The Sons of St. Patrick gathered for their annual banquet in the St. Francis Hotel. The speakers were numerous and eloquent and it was a noteworthy fact that not one of them was of Irish birth, but scions of Irish fathers, determined that the land of their forebears must be free. Senator Phelan's address was long but splendidly convincing, and left no doubt in the minds of all present that from now on there will be no concealment of the sympathy of all liberty loving men for the freedom of Ireland. In Sacramento there was a big celebration. Governor Stephens was the speaker at the luncheon of the legislators, which function was arranged by Senator J. C. Nealon and Rev. Philip O'Ryan of San Francisco aroused great enthusiasm as orator of the day at the exercises held in the opera house.

Women's Red Flannel Shirt

When Hood wrote the "Tale of a Shirt," pity enough was accorded the woman because com-

pelled by poverty to sew it with fingers weary and worn. But now with fingers weary and worn by the heaviest implements man ever wielded, woman is wearing the shirt she put together a century ago. Town Talk's leading article of last week—"Shall Women Labor in Heavy Industries?"—was the cause of widespread comment immediately upon publication, and, if indications are to be trusted, will continue to disturb a few notions of woman's sphere. There appears to be an after-the-war feeling that woman's sphere is the whole terrestrial globe; that a feminine Atlas is destined to bear it upon her shoulders. The words can be taken almost literally when one finds that women have become adept in handling pick and shovel, unloading freight, sorting scrap iron, and are shackled with such burdens as "managing a large ore crusher while enveloped in clouds of dust that make her almost unrecognizable." How interesting it is, after centuries of honor, in which woman was extolled to the clouds, to read that the gallant twentieth century has turned those into clouds of dust! What aroused Mrs. Bonnet to undertake the inquiry of local opinion on the subject was the emotionless, business-like standpoint of W. Gilman Thompson, a doctor of medicine and Consultant in Industrial Hygiene, United States Public Health Service. His observations led him to describe the sweat of woman's brow as a national asset—a national discovery of female brawn eager to take up the task where cynical man had laid it down or become careless on the job. What proved a pleasant reward for seeking San Francisco's judgment was the instantaneous manner in which most of the interviewed men exclaimed their horror from both an anatomical and economical standpoint. These viewpoints were to be expected from men who have given their best to California—men whose best is to be taken as ranking with those characters which have won the envied places of history. It is the spirit of the west, of the pioneer and of the frontiersman, that has given to the United States most of what is best in our commonwealth. This was the spirit that replied to the question of woman's heavy burden to continue or not to continue after the war. The article was not begun in hope of bringing about woman's quick release from the bonds of scrap iron and ore crusher. That would be impossible. Perhaps all the fine sentiments of the contributors are to be regarded as impracticable as an apostrophe to the ocean. It has been pointed out that when Byron said, "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll," the ocean did then and there as aforesaid, roll. On a certain previous exhortation, as noted by Thomas Lloyd Lennon, U. S. N., when King Canute issued the command, "Do not roll," the sea moved only to the same Byronic rhythm which it was to hear hundreds of years after Canute. That apparently was the general idea of San Francisco's commentators, concerning woman's industry and will to do. Say "Roll" or "Roll not," and she will, as ever thereto, roll. As for her employers, the case may be different. If it can be made illegal for a strong man to buy a glass of wine or for a child to work, why can not woman's drudgery to the exhaustion point be made illegal? However, the only immediate purpose of Town Talk was to arouse discussion, and that purpose has been fulfilled.

Mme. Gatti-Cassasa

Mme. Frances Alda finds it somewhat of a disadvantage to be the adored wife of Gatti-Cassasa, for jealous rivals do not hesitate to attribute her prominence in the Metropolitan firmament to that relationship. But the truth is that Mme. Alda really owes her luminosity to unceasing industry in cultivating a native talent. She was born in New Zealand, reared to womanhood in Australia, and in an artistic atmosphere. All her people were musicians, including her grandfather and her aunt, Mme. Frances Saville, who made a European reputation in opera. Mme. Alda's name was Frances Simonson and as such she had no difficulty in obtaining an engagement in Melbourne with the Williamson forces in musical comedy. Later she went to England and France and concentrated her efforts upon grand opera. She was acclaimed an artiste of high rank in Paris, Brussels, London, Parma and Milan before making her debut in "Rigoletto" with Caruso at the Metropolitan. She has turned to glorious account her golden opportunity for artistic progress. She is handsome, Latin-looking and charming. She has also won an enviable position in New York society as much by her attractive personality as by the prominence of her husband's position in the opera world. During the war she gave great and generous service to many patriotic affairs and the name of Frances Alda got to be a clarion call to patriotic endeavor. An idea of the extent of her work in the cause of patriotism may be had from the fact that during the season of 1917-18, she appeared at thirty-seven benefits. The most notable was the one at the Metropolitan Opera House on June 10, 1918, which she organized and managed herself. It was an event unique in musical annals and will go down into his-

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tory to the glory of the name of Frances Alda. Two notable achievements stand out: she succeeded in getting together on that occasion the world's five leading tenors—McComrack, Caruso, Muratore, Lazarro and Martinelli—and in raising the astonishing sum of \$47,000 for the worthy cause of providing musical entertainment for the boys of Uncle Sam's Navy.

Now for Tobacco

Having succeeded in making most of the country dry, and in securing an apparently effective prohibition amendment to the constitution of the United States, it would appear that the ax of prejudice and intolerance is now being sharpened to lop off the head of Lady Nicotine. In fact the battle is already on, beginning with the cigarette, and it has now been banned in three states. A pamphlet has been issued by a blatant pin-head named Dr. Charles G. Pease—it should'n't have been plural—which starts out with this preposterously canting statement: "There will be an element of defeat in our victory over Germany, if those who are fighting for the liberty of the race are themselves enslaved to the tobacco vice." Then follow a few of the most striking arguments of the anti-tobacco campaigners as follows: "One million four hundred and fifty thousand acres of good productive land will this year be wasted in growing tobacco unless you prevent it.—Tobacco lessens mental efficiency by over ten per cent . . . It causes blindness, deafness, cancer, tuberculosis, insanity, apoplexy, dyspepsia, hardening of the arteries and heart disease. . . . It impoverishes men. . . . It lowers the working power of the human muscle by a large percentage. . . . It causes a large percentage of our destructive fires. . . . Infants in cradles have been killed by the tobacco smoke of their fathers. . . . Congress has voted to prohibit three per cent beer. Why not prohibit tobacco?"—and so on. The tobacco trade papers are already betraying much alarm at the seriousness and apparently well organized movement, and one of them calls upon tobacco smokers themselves to work the "safety first" principle in the use of their favorite weed, by publishing a large number of "don'ts" and asking that they be observed. "Don't throw a lighted cigar or cigarette where it might cause a fire; don't spurt tobacco juice on floors and sidewalks; don't defiantly smoke in places where smoking is forbidden; don't show disregard for the feelings of those who object to tobacco; don't forget that failure to exercise restraint was the chief argument for the abolition of the liquor traffic." There has been much editorial comment favorable to this view of the case, and some prominent prohibitionists have declared in print that this alarm has been spread by the liquor interests themselves, in the hope that this threatened alarm over the possible prohibition of tobacco may inspire its users to organize and continue the apparently losing fight against prohibition, on the ground that personal liberty is sure to be again attacked. Such a crusade has been pronounced as being "the utmost limit of hypocrisy," and yet the fight goes on with one or two victories that must alarm all adherents of Lady Nicotine.

The Case of Inez Elizabeth Reed

No one who has followed the accounts of the mysterious murder which came to light on the banks of the creek near the Spring Valley lake, and the clever way in which its few slender clues have been traced, can fail to concede that here is a story in almost every way equal to those of Gaboriau and Conan Doyle. Cer-

tain it is that none of them have been more mysterious in foundation, nor so grewsome and baffling. Save for the printed trademarks on a pair of shoes, with on one of them two initials probably made by a shoemaker who had repaired them, and whose identity could not be established, there were no distinguishing marks to show who the victim was, or whence she had come, before being thrown down the embankment where her ghastly remains were discovered. But fortunately the Sherlock Holmeses were numerous and astute, and closer and closer each day have they woven the slender and almost impalpable clues into a chain of evidence which promises an early solution of the mystery. Strangely enough, the army intelligence bureau, after a brief and apparently careless and disinterested investigation, has discontinued its efforts and turned the case back to the police. One or two over-suspicious persons have implied that there has been a disposition here to whitewash some one or other, but such an intimation is not worthy even of a passing thought. Truth to say, they were working on a blind trail, the only one they had, and it would have been damaging to the case to interfere with the stronger ones in the minds of the detectives. Chief White expresses the deep conviction that the incriminating clues have been found; that they will be surely traced to a successful conclusion, and the principals in the tragedy brought to justice. The operations of his clever sleuths will be followed with keen interest, and then, no doubt the strange case of Inez Reed will attract the morbidly inclined to some movie theatre.

The Johnson Exposure

Johnson, the expatriated colored pugilist, has revived his almost dead notoriety, and gotten into print again. He declares that the fight in which Willard wrested the heavyweight championship from him was a prearranged and deliberate plot to fool the public for so much money, and the moving picture privileges. The

exposure has created much excitement among the prize fight fans, who for some strange reason or other, persist in patronizing these exhibitions of the manly (?) art, under the impression that they are bona fide contests for glory, with gain altogether a secondary consideration. The doubt which this statement implies is supported by an assertion made long ago by one who knew, and which should remove all doubt from the unbiased mind. Before William A. Brady had risen to his present enviable position in the theatrical world, he was probably the most notable figure in the giving of pugilistic exhibitions. He had taken to himself a young wife, a refined and religious lady, and she almost made the abandonment of prize fighting a condition of their marriage. But there was money in the game, and the young wife was finally induced to withdraw her objection, under the agreement that for every prize fight projected by Brady, she was to receive \$5000, win or lose. Seated one night in a box with Brady at the St. Nicholas Rink in New York, during a fight, the writer spoke of this agreement, expressing the opinion that it was a heavy penalty to pay in so precarious a business as prize fighting, whose results were so uncertain. Brady smiled. "What's \$5000," he replied, "compared with the general result? There's a lot of money in pugilism, old man." "Yes, if you win," was the rejoinder, whereupon the manager of several champions smiled again and said: "Yes, win or lose. You don't suppose this game is on the level, do you?" Then the manager was called to the ringside, leaving the writer deeply disconcerted, for from that time his interest in a sport he had long enjoyed, ceased, to never come again. In respect to the recent exposure of the Willard-Johnson fake, it may be safely assumed that the negro has spoken the truth, in spite of the hundreds of claims from defenders of the manly art that he must have lied. But, as the great P. T. Barnum once said, "The public insists upon being fooled," and honest contest, or

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April 28, 1909.....	\$18,686,555.53
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April 28, 1909.....	\$ 26,156,224.32
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hippodrome, these exhibitions will continue in all localities where the governing bodies may happen to like them.

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A humble millionaire. A reticent barber. A meek actor. An unobtrusive salesman. A real estate man without a bargain. A hotel clerk without a greeting. A plumber without a watch chain. A head waiter without a flat. A politician without a promise. A husband who has told his wife everything. A taxi driver with a conscience. A self-made man reluctant to give advice. A man who admitted that he earned what he was worth.

At It Will Be

As the want ad columns may look during the coming summer:

Wanted—Five K. P.'s. Apply Techau Tavern.

Wanted—Ten young orderlies. See Manager Western Union.

Wanted—One good plank that will appeal to the soldier vote. Wire Campaign Manager, Republican Party.

For Sale Cheap—Ammunition plant and fixtures—Bertha Krupp.

Wanted—Limited number of men for hard work. Top sergeants and company commanders only need apply. A. Buck Private.

Gentleman experienced in handling women in large numbers and trouble generally wishes position as stage manager in musical comedy production. Address, Box 4, Sultan's Palace, Constantinople.

Aged Gentleman wishing a change of scene and country would like to get in correspondence with party who could offer any sort of peaceful employment. Ferdinand, formerly of Bulgaria.

Wanted Immediately—A new adviser. William Hohenzollern.

Wanted—A nice quiet throne in some South Sea island not reached by the extradition treaties. Charley Hapsburg.

Wanted—In service of security, six American M. P.'s. Lenine.

Wanted—Drama without spies, soldiers, children or the triangle situation. David Belasco.

Wanted—Employment of any sort. Bugler, expert in blowing reveille.

Water Color and Charcoal Exhibition

Rowena Weeks Abdy, who recently spent a year sketching in the romantic Mission village of San Juan Bautista, has a notable exhibition of her work at the Helgeson Galleries, 345 Sutter Street. The pictures are unusually large and well executed, and will afford art lovers an attractive rendezvous this week and next.

The Print Rooms

A noteworthy event in local art is the simultaneous exhibition of Cadwallader Washburn and Ray S. Boynton at The Print Rooms,

Inc., 540 Sutter Street. Washburn's work consists of etchings and pastels. Boynton is represented by pastels and paintings. Among the exhibits of Washburn are his new California and Siamese sets. The pictures will be on view until the 29th.

THE FIRST STEPS

Tonight as the tender gloaming
Was sinking in evening's gloom,
And only the blaze of the firelight
Brightened the dark'ning room,
I laughed with the gay heart gladness
That only to mothers is known,
For the beautiful brown-eyed baby
Took his first steps alone!

Hurriedly running to meet him
Came trooping the household band,
Joyous, loving, and eager
To reach him a helping hand,
To watch him with silent rapture,
To cheer him with happy noise,—
My one little fair-faced daughter
And four brown romping boys.

Leaving the sheltering arms
That fain would bid him rest
Close to the love and the longing,
Near to the mother's breast,—
Wild with daring and laughter,
Looking askance at me,
He stumbled across through the shadows
To rest at his father's knee.

Baby, my dainty darling,
Stepping so brave and bright
With flutter of lace and ribbon
Out of my arms tonight,
Helped in thy pretty ambition
With tenderness blessed to see,
Sheltered, upheld, and protected—
How will the last steps be?

See, we are all beside you,
Urging and beckoning on,
Watching lest aught betide you
Till the safe, near goal is won,
Guiding the faltering footsteps
That tremble and fear to fall—
How will it be, my darling,
With the last sad step of all?

Nay! shall I dare to question,
Knowing that One more fond
Than all our tenderest loving
Will guide the weak feet beyond!
And knowing besides, my dearest,
That whenever the summons, 't will be
But a stumbling step through the shadow
Then rest—at the Father's knee!
—Mary Elizabeth Blake.

Why He Left Scotland

A Scotsman bored his English friend by boasting about what a fine country Scotland was. "Why did you leave Scotland," a Londoner asked, "since you like the country so much?" The Scotsman chuckled. "It was like this," he said. "In Scotland everybody was as clever as myself, and I could make no progress; but here"—and he chuckled again—"here I'm getting on verra weel!"

Little Willie (aged seven)—Father, have you had another wife?

Father—Good gracious! Whatever makes you ask that?

Little Willie—Well, on the first page of this Bible it says you married Anno Domini, 1880."

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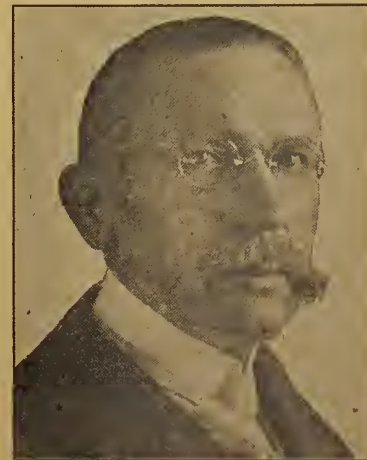
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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Elmer Cox Dinner

The dinner given by Elmer H. Cox to members of the "Inner Circle of Bohemia" at the Bohemian Club on Saturday night last, was probably one of the most unique entertainments ever given in that notable coterie of clever men. Forty-five of the chosen, made up of artists, litterateurs, sculptors and painters, sat about the charmed round table, faced by great masses of peach blossoms illuminated by hundreds of red lights. The menu cards were elaborate and costly, the viands and the way to use them, having been set forth in verse by Clay Greene, who also provided rhythmic place cards, on each of which was also a characteristic caricature of the sitter, done by Hon. of the Examiner. Charles Field officiated as toastmaster, and again proved that in this position he has few peers. George Stirling delivered a poem, Justice Melvin spoke, Roy Giusti, Charles Bulotti and Austin Sperry sang, Jack Leighton shone again in a Hebrew monologue, Rudy Seiger gave a violin soo, and then followed a side-splitting minstrel entertainment by McKenzie Gordon, William Hopkins, Charles Dickman and Richard Hotaling, assisted by the entire company of artists present. Edward H. Hamilton delivered a touching and eloquent panegyric to the host of the evening, which was in the nature of a plea that Elmer Cox, although a layman and unable to sing a song or write an epic, should be at once inducted into the inner shrine of Bohemia. This was met by a series of indignant protests against so unusual a proceeding, and the matter was finally adjusted by a motion which permitted Mr. Cox to give a banquet to the circle annually, to which he would be permitted to invite himself without objection. The set programme was followed by many elaborate suggestions as to the form the next banquet should take, and a low jinks of toasts and music which lasted until midnight.

Dorothy Lawrence a Bride

San Francisco friends of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lawrence, formerly of this city, received invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Dorothy, to Ramon Perez Villamiel on Saturday, March 15, at St. Bernard's Church, New York City. Frederick Lawrence is a brother of Andrew Lawrence who both and their families have hosts of friends in California.

Senator Phelan Talks for the Ladies

There was a large, fashionable audience at the Fairmont ball room Tuesday to hear Senator Phelan talk on "Washington in War Time." His address was instructive and en-

tertaining. The senator was accompanied by several men who had attended the Commercial Club luncheon given to Secretary Baker. Afterwards Laurel Court was gay with tea tables. Miss Mary Phelan, Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. J. A. Folger and others had parties. The president of the Council of Catholic Woman, Mrs. A. Comte, made a charming impression in her presentation remarks. Her voice is well modulated and her enunciation a delight to the ear. She was a handsome picture in a taupe satin gown and purple straw hat upon which were clusters of fruit and roses. She wore a corsage bouquet of orchids.

A New Songstress

Stella Thomas Deshon, who has a most unusual mezzo-contralto voice, is making the best of many proffered opportunities, preparatory to her departure for the east, where she is to make her Victrola debut in Philadelphia. Following her remarkably successful programme at the Fairmont Hotel a week ago, she has been engaged to repeat it, with several aria additions, at the Palace Hotel on Sunday evening, and she has been offered an engagement at the Civic Auditorium which she will probably accept. She has appointments for several private functions, and during the first week in April will give an extended and varied programme at the Century Club.

Social Notes

Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace, who has been very ill lately, has left the hospital and returned home. Her son, Bradley L. Wallace, who has been in Washington, D. C., for the past ten years connected with the government law department, will return to this city in a few weeks and resume his law practice. Wallace is a grandson of the late Chief Justice William J. Wallace. * * Mrs. Lorenzo Avallini (Linda Cadwallader), who has been visiting Washington, D. C., the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale, is now the guest of her cousins, Mrs. O. B. Bidwell and Mrs. Bessie Riddell, in Baltimore. * * Mrs. Charles N. Felton, who has been living in the southern part of the state for several months on account of Mr. Felton's health, is now visiting this city, where she has been extensively entertained. Mrs. Edward Pringle presided at a small luncheon on Wednesday for her. Those present were Mmes. Benjamin Dibblee, Alexander Lilley, Thomas H. Breeze and Miss Laura McKinstry. * * Mr. and Mrs. Randolph V. Whiting were hosts at a dinner on Tuesday evening at their home on Hyde Street in honor of Colonel and Mrs. Frederick Marsh. Among those present were Messrs. and Mmes. Samuel Monsarratt, A. H. Turner and Mrs. Elizabeth Knight. * * Miss Edith Allen, daughter of Mrs. D. H. Allen, left on Sunday for New York. She is one of the forty young girls accepted for "hut and canteen" work abroad by the Red Cross. * * Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moore left during the week for Pasadena, where they will visit for the next two months. * * Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody have rented the Charles G. Lyman home in Burlingame for the summer. * * Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Holton of Santa Barbara have taken a house in Burlingame for one month. * * Mr. and Mrs. Fentress Hill, who have

been spending the winter with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, have returned to their home in Burlingame for the summer. * * Mrs. George H. Hellmann, who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. Selden S. Wright, for a few days, returned on Monday to her home at Palo Alto. * * Austin Tubbs has returned from overseas and joined his mother, Mrs. Benjamin Brodie, at her home in Burlingame. Tubbs served at sergeant with the United States Engineers. He was wounded and is now recovering. He is a grandson of the late Drury J. Tallant, prominent banker of this city, and cousin of Captain John D. Tallant of the 27th Engineers. * * Mrs. Kent Weaver and son left on Saturday for the south, where they will spend the summer. * * Miss Nina Jones has been extensively entertained during her visit to Mrs. Talbot Walker in Menlo Park. Miss Jones is at present guest of friends at the Fairmont for a brief time. She will leave soon for her home in Santa Barbara. * * Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McCarthy will leave this week for Los Angeles for a visit of several weeks. Mrs. McCarthy grows even prettier than when she was the dainty Miss Bessie Dargie. * * Mrs. J. J. Speiker was the honored guest at a tea on Wednesday given by Mrs. Horace Howard at her home on Washington Street. Mrs. Speiker is leaving for the orient soon. Mrs. Speiker is mother of Mrs. John S. Drum, and Warren Speiker, who married pretty Edith Rucker. * * Mrs. A. H. Turner will be the hostess at a luncheon followed by bridge on next Tuesday, March 25, at her home on Green Street in honor of Mrs. Frederick Marsh. * * Mrs. James Stewart has returned to her home in this city from a month's visit in southern California. She has received word that he young son, Captain James Stewart, who went abroad with the 91st Division, 363rd infantry, has been placed in command of company A. * * When last heard from, Lieutenant John Brooks Reis was visiting his relatives in Paris, Mrs. Stuart M. Taylor and Mrs. Ernest Wiltsie (Emily Taylor). Lieutenant Reis is a son of the late John O. Neil Reis. Lieutenant Reis is attached to the Aviation Corps. He has been flying over the devastated parts of France, taking photographs for the government, and is now enjoying a furlough. His mother will be remembered as Miss Belle Brooks, one of the attractive daughters of the late Sam Brooks, former United States sub-treasurer. Gustave Reis, a younger son, who was instructor at camp in the south, has been mustered out of the service and returned to his home in Oakland. * * Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Werner Lawson have moved to an attractive home on Union Street, near Devisadero. * * Mr. and Mrs. C. August Spreckels, who have been visiting California for the past month, left last Monday for southern California. They will return to this city for a brief time before leaving for New York. Miss Marion Fitzhugh, daugh-

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ter of Mr. and Mrs. William Fitzhugh of this city, has arrived safely in France and joined the Junior League for canteen work. * * Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lane have moved to Pied-month where they have purchased a home. Young Lane is a nephew of Hon. Frank Lane. Mrs. Lane was formerly Miss Florence Kirchen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Wirchen of Tonopah, Nevada. * * The Misses Violet and Thelma Fenster presided over an artistically appointed tea on Thursday at their home on Lake Street in honor of Miss Louise Cameron, whose engagement was recently announced to Larjos Fenster, brother of the hostess. * * Mrs. John Ward Mailliard was hostess on Monday at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Norman McLaren. Mrs. McLaren, who was formerly Miss Linnie Ashe, sister of R. Porter Ashe and Miss Elizabeth Ashe, is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Horatio G. Hellmann at their home for a few weeks. * * Miss Louise Breeze, who has been associated with the Red Cross for many years, has entered the Affiliated Colleges, where she is engaged in laboratory work. She is a sister of Mrs. H. Benson, William and Thomas Breeze. * * Miss Lydia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, has been appointed by the Red Cross as chief distributor in control of five departments in Rome.

Entertainment at Letterman

At a recent entertainment given at the hospital under the auspices of the W. C. C. Service Miss Ella Kearny stepped upon the stage and told the "fellows" (she said she does not like to call them boys) of her singing and amusing their comrades (and perhaps some of those present) in the front line trenches in France. Song followed joke, and joke followed story, and even conundrums were introduced which provided opportunity for dialogue between audience and artist. Miss Kearny seemed worried at first whether they should "understand" each other. She told of one entertainment they gave at the front before an audience of 3000 people. The audience was divided into three groups—1000 privates, 1000 second lieutenants and 1000 officers! The "fellows" howled with delight at this, and Miss Kearney accepted the applause with a nod, and a "now we do understand each other, don't we!" The "fellows" find their pain and homesickness lessened by such enjoyments, and through the War Camp Community Service the nation thus helps to discharge its debt to their bravery and suffering.

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Clay M. Greene's "Kid" Party

A baby party for Clay M. Greene was the most appropriate setting to usher in his newest year. He says he is sixty-nine years old; if so, it must be his stage age, for his real age when one knows him even a little while appears to be about seventeen—full of the joy of living, always happy, kind and never "grouchy." When asked the other day how he remained youthful, he said: "Plenty play-time, and besides I've never been sick." Where has he not been, what has he not seen, what celebrities has he not known? I haven't found out yet, but it won't take long—I've been too busy asking him about interesting places and people and events with which he is familiar, not to speak of the innumerable celebrated plays he has written and produced. Next year he has "a date" to celebrate his birthday at the "Lambs Club," of which green pasture he was so long the beloved shepherd. At his home party last week the guests dressed as children had the time of their young lives. They played marbles, spun tops, and sat upon cushions on the floor. Clay, as Little Boy Blue, did solo dancing, the hula, horn-pipe, and Spanish Fandango. Judge Melvin, as Buster Brown, bawled frequently that some kid had stolen his toys, Mrs. Vincent Whitney and Mrs. Stolp rendered baby songs, and to supplement the supper, the guests made a raid on the pantry for bread and jam, which they made bold to consume in the drawing room. After the hired pianist departed at 1 a. m., Uda Waldrop descended from his lofty throne and played jazz music for the indefatigable dances until three. One had only to look at the Chronicle's group picture last Sunday to be convinced that Clay was the best looking kid at his own party and I'm sure all the other boys present must have been jealous.

Rainbow Lane

After a week of travel through the southern part of California, where they delighted the guests of the Belvedere Hotel in Santa Barbara and the Huntington, Maryland and Green hotels in Pasadena, as well as the members of the Los Angeles Club, the Fairmont Follies will return to their home in Rainbow Lane on Monday evening. Director of entertainment for the Linnard hotels, Rudy Seiger, and producer Winfield Blake, accompanied the Follies on tour and gave the patrons of the southern hotels a faint idea of the good times that always prevail in Rainbow Lane. For the coming week Vanda Hoff, the inspirational dancer, Eva Clare, Grover Frankie and the dozen other clever entertainers will present an entirely new array of songs, dances and specialties and the costumes will be beautiful. The Sunday evening lobby concerts at the Fairmont are very popular, and standing room is always in demand. The vocalist for this Sunday's concert, which begins at 8:45, will be Jack Hillman, the popular San Francisco baritone, who will sing nine songs of great variety.

At the Cecil

Corsage bouquets were the favors at the luncheon given by Miss Mead Wednesday. Covers were laid for ten and a tall crystal vase filled with jonquils and maiden hair fern, adorned the table. A cordial welcome is being accorded Colonel F. Baker, U. S. A., who arrived Monday at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Cook, society folk of Portland, have returned from Del Monte and will spend a fortnight at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Evans and family arrived this week from Sacramento. They are the guests of Mr. Evans' parents, who

make their home at the Cecil. Ten guests were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Highley Sunday. Miss Helen Bodine of Philadelphia will make an indefinite sojourn. Another guest who is delighted with the hotel is Miss Mary Lee Jones of Dallas, Texas.

Popular Favors at Techau Tavern

Have you seen those delightful little ladies who are the feature of the dances at Techau Tavern? Every evening, at the dinner hour and after the theatre, they appear in their gay gowns of fur-trimmed silk, with great masses of luxuriant tresses piled upon their dainty heads, and are promptly adopted by some of the fortunate ladies on the dancing floor. They are Kewpie dolls and are presented as dance favors by the management, and they have made a distinct hit with all who have received them. The gentlemen are remembered with large packages of Melachrino cigarettes. Between dances the Show Girl Revue Corps sings all the latest and most popular songs.

Harry (returning from his club at 3 a. m. and finding his wife dressed in widow's weeds awaiting him)—What on earth are you in mourning for?

"My late husband," same the tearful reply.

Johnny said to his father one day, "Dad, have you ever noticed how often mother says, 'And so on, and so on?'" "Oh, yes, Johnny," was father's reply, looking sadly at the breast of his shirt, "but it never applies to buttons, my boy?"

"Why do you always type you letters, old top?" "Saves brain-fag, dear boy. I just type 'My Darling,' and then tap away at the jolly old 'X,' and—er—well, there you are!"

"I thought you said you knew something about cooking?" said a sergeant to a recruit. "I did say so," the recruit replied. "Well, how do you make hash?" "You don't make it; it just accumulates!"

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between five and twelve years. May be adopted if desired. We have Booth, aged 9, fair complexion, bright, manly; Roy, 8, small, attractive, brown hair and eyes; Stanley, 6, lovable, sturdy, curly hair, freckles; Delmar, 7, full of life, freckled; Morris, 7, Japanese-American; Owen, 10, red hair, blue eyes, lots of freckles, bright as a dollar; Korona, 8, Austrian, fair, lovable, extra good boy; James, 5, sturdy. All Americans except two. Apply

Children's Home Society
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The Stage

The Orpheum

The Irish may be coming from Belfast, and the Germans going to hell fast, as he says, but George Yeoman's ability to tell fast the stuff that makes them yell fast, has not been excelled at the Orpheum this giddy season. It is not only his class but his speed that counts. Before the audience has time to recuperate, Henry B. Toomer, assisted by Esther Day, works it into a frenzy again with his real estate auction. (Waterfront lots, 25 feet front and 100 feet deep—get it?) Pat Levolo does some graceful posing which everybody should try to imitate. Like this: First put a basket of flowers on your head; then juggle three Indian clubs; be sure that your right foot is on the rung of an inclined ladder; with your left leg extended whirl a hoop into centrifugal motion so that it will not drop off your foot; in the meantime the inclined ladder rests on a slack wire; the spotlight and the smile of Julia Levolo keep you from falling: Laws of gravity are tested also by Los Rodriguez (Perchistas) to this effect: Man, shoulder, long pole, another man up in the skies. Also appears Sue Smith, whose act consists of gowns and songs that get better and better with each change. Sidnew Townes, with Bert Fiske at the piano, divests himself of certain witty ditties, and receives the long, lingering, please-don't-go-away applause of the programme. Valeska Surrat repeats last week's success of "The Purple Poppy." The big show of the bill is the little musical comedy, "The Four Husbands," with Jack Boyle and iKitty Bryan, chorus, comedian, and the educational feature demonstrating that stage costume developed from a belt.

—L. J.

"The Unkissed Bride"

If the author of "The Unkissed Bride" had put more than three nightgowns into the play at the Alcazar, a hundred performances or more would be the result in any large city. No; they are not nightgowns nowadays, but yamayamas or jayamayamas or whatever you call those things that have made sleep more fashionable. Belle Bennett wears them in the most attractive form imaginable. As the stenographer of penetrating mind who assists Walter P. Richardson in a bogus wedding to obtain \$100,000 from a rich uncle, Belle sways gracefully in that difficult stage business which ranges from comedy to farce. Claribel Fontaine in the part of an irrepressible maid, flings herself into a world of excitement from pole to pole, and, to prove that the southern half is as good as the northern, revolves frequently over any obstacle in her path, so that her heels are in the air for a longer time than is essayed by most maids on the stage. Miss Fontaine is an acrobat as well as actress. In that capacity she could teach Charlie Chaplin a few tricks in the art of falling on one's upside down. Clifford Alexander, the bibulous pal who smoothes things out, is as good as good whiskey can make a good fellow. Emily Pinter, the "vamp" who refuses to stay smoothed out, leaves no disappointment, although wearing no pajamas, her daylight attire being just as effective. Ida with every attempt of the others to smooth them out, act as a sort of hilarious equilibrium to almost unmanageable farcical situations which now and then attain the upsetting smash of a comic supplement. A company that can make logic of these uproarious dilemmas surely merits

the laurel wreath. Others of this new and ad-Lewis and Henry Shumer, the rich aunt and uncle, who become more and more ruffled mirable cast are Herbert Farjeon, Hobart Osborne and Al Cunningham.

—L. J.

Season's Final "Pop" and Symphony Concerts

The 1918-19 season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra is regrettably drawing to a close, the last "pop" concert being scheduled for next Sunday afternoon, March 23, in the Curran Theatre. For the occasion, Alfred Hertz has arranged an unusually happy budget of light offerings. An interesting novelty will be the first presentation anywhere of four symphonic sketches termed "Water Colors," by

54; Liszt's "Love's Dream," based on the well-known piano piece, and "Toreadore and Andalous," from Anton Rusinstein's "Bal Costumé," a ballet concerned with dances of the 17th and 18th centuries. Three dainty numbers for strings will be grouped, consisting of Saint-Saëns' "Serenade," Grieg's "Erotic" and Boecherini's "Minuetto." The programme will be opened by Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" overture and terminated by another perennial favorite, the overture to "William Tell." The last pair of symphonies of the season will be performed on Friday and Sunday afternoons, March 28 and 30, in the Curran. The programme will consist of Beethoven's magnificent "Eroica" symphony, Cesar Franck's tremendously dramatic symphonic poem, "Le Chasseur Maudit" and the overture to Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini." Tickets for all the calendered events are now to be had at the symphony box office at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. The demand is naturally great for the farewell events of the season and those contemplating attendance are urged by the management to make immediate reservations.

Healy's Attractions

Madame Frances Alda, one of the most prominent singers in the world, will be heard in song recitals at the Columbia Theatre Sunday afternoons, March 23 and 30, at the Oakland Auditorium Theatre, Tuesday evening, March 25, and at Assembly Hall, Stanford, Thursday evening, March 27. Madame Alda, who is under the same management as is Galli-Curci and John McCormack, stands out in as bold relief from the crowd of lyric sopranos as do Galli-Curci and John McCormack in their lines. Painsstaking to the uttermost detail, Madame Alda's eleven years at the Metropolitan have been filled with triumph after triumph and she created the leading roles in a round dozen of operas in addition to interpreting the leading roles in the already extensive Alda repertoire of grand operas. Madame Alda's talented accompanist, Miss Erin Ballard, is a young American girl, a pupil of Frank La Forge. She will also appear in the role of piano soloist, and is a vivacious and masterly player. Tickets for the Alda recitals are on sale at the usual places.

At the Curran

Theatrical engagements of more than two weeks are rarely played by visiting companies, but in the case of "The Man Who Came Back," William A. Brady's tremendous success at the Curran Theatre, the announcement that this play will remain here for two more weeks, starting Sunday night, March 23, will be welcome to those who have so far been unable to procure seats. The punch of the play, the unusual excellence of the cast and the fact that Dorothy Bernard and Frank Morgan have scored unqualified hits, help to explain the crowded houses that have been greeting this stirring melodrama. As Marcelle, cabaret singer, who in despair has become an opium fiend, and Potter, wealthy young rake, their long and difficult climb together furnishes many dramatic climaxes until their final redemption. Few plays seen in this city in recent seasons possess so wide and diversified an appeal to all classes of theatregoers as does this red-blooded story of the modern prodigal and the girl who finally awakens him to a realization of his weakness that has led him to the brink



MADAME FRANCES ALDA.

The Metropolitan's Great Soprano. Columbia Theatre, Sunday Afternoons, March 23 and 30. Oakland Auditorium Theatre, Tuesday Evening, March 25. Assembly Hall, Stanford, Thursday Evening, March 27.

Ulderico Marcelli, well-known resident composer and musician, who for some time played viola with the symphony orchestra. The four unrelated numbers of this suite are called, "Little Shepherdesses' Love Dream," "Sunday Morning in the Village," "The Moonlight Night" and "The Burning Arrow Dance." In each number the composer has sought to establish a mood independent of the other sketches. Those that have been privileged to hear the suite in rehearsal have been impressed by the spontaneous quality of the compositions. Delightful programmed numbers are Grieg's Lyric Suite, Op.

of hell and stirs in him the realization that he can "come back" to his heritage with honor and without shame. This engagement positively ends Saturday night, April 5, and Kolb and Dill immediately follow for a return engagement.

Alcazar

"Yes or No," a gripping humanity play, which created great discussion in New York and has drawn capacity crowds for three months at the Morosco, Los Angeles, will have its first San Francisco production next Sunday afternoon by the New Alcazar Company reinforced by important special engagements. The story, as indicated in a curious prologue, is that of two women—"one, born with a silver spoon in her mouth, who on a certain evening, came idly down to her drawing room; the other, desperately poor, who was tending her sick baby in a tenement." "Yes or No" has been acclaimed absolutely different from anything hitherto disclosed. It is not only novel entertainment but it makes people think and appeals forcefully to the heart and conscience, without even remotely touching upon class or economic problems. The Alcazar favorites are assisted by specially engaged players, including J. Morris Foster, Dorothy Wetmore and Peggy Dale Whiffen, who has supported Margaret Anglin, Henry Miller and her mother-in-law, the veteran and well-beloved Mrs. Thomas Whiffen.

Mary Garden

Mary Garden, the bright particular star of the Chicago company, has one of her most fascinating roles this season as "Cléopâtre." In one scene Mary is disguised as a boy. In others she enslaves a lover or two but throws them ruthlessly over in the good old way for "Antoine." It is not difficult to picture the alluring Mary with the asp, Anthony, his dagger and all the Roman-Alexandrian color. Music is by Xavier Henri Napoleon Leroux. The opera, new to America, had its first performance in 1890 in Paris.

Liane Carrera in the Navy

During the last months of the war Anna Held's daughter was a landsman for yeomen in the United States Navy. In a letter to a San Francisco friend she wrote: "I was a regular sailor and received \$32.60 a month plus \$2.00 a day for subsistence, about \$92.60 a month. I was allowed \$100 for uniforms and medical and dental service free. I have made very nice friends and I love the work." The brilliant little lady is "the only heir to her mother's fortune and, like her, aglow with love for La Belle France. For several weeks Miss Carrera has been on tour with a vaudeville sketch called "Little Miss Held." She is chaperoned by Mrs. Josephine Huff of Venice, Cal., a life-long friend of her mother. Besides beauty, grace and charm, Miss Carrera is a girl of an unusually brilliant education. Her mother was opposed to her adopting the stage as a career, but the little lady is determined to follow it.

Orpheum Next Week

The Orpheum announces for next week another great new show, in which there will be only one holdover. Theodore Kosloff, who will be the headline attraction, is recognized now as the supreme master of the art of Russian dancing in America. As an exponent of the dance, as a producer and purveyor of ballet spectacles and as an authority on Russian terpsichorean matters he stands alone. With his act he carries not only a number of premiere

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Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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THIS WEEK—"THE UNKISSED BRIDE"
A Whirlwind Farcical Frivolity

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LAST TWO WEEKS START
SUNDAY EVENING, MARCH 23

William A. Brady Presents
The Red-Blooded Drama

"THE MAN WHO CAME BACK"

By Jules Eckert Goodman,
Based on the Story by John Fleming Wilson

Nights and Sat. Mat., 50c to \$1.50

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CURRAN THEATRE

SUNDAY AFT., MAR. 23, 2:30 Sharp

PROGRAMME—"Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai; "Water Colors," U. Marcelli; Lyric Suite, Op. 54; Grieg; Love's Dream," Liszt; "Serenade," Saint-Saens; "Erotic," Grieg; "Minuetto," Boccherini; "Toreadore and Andalous," Rubinstein; Overture, "William Tell," Rossini.
Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.
Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s from 10 a. m. daily; at theatre on concert days only.

NEXT—LAST PAIR SYMPHONIES, MARCH 28-30.

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THE METROPOLITAN'S GREAT SOPRANO

and
MISS ERIN BALLARD

Pianist

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STANFORD, MARCH 27th

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Local direction FRANK W. HEALY.

Coming—LEGINSKA, Pianist

danceuses, but a miniature ballet and his own orchestra and for each dance he has fitting costumes and elaborate scenery. Thus the series of dances are authoritative in every detail while for beauty, grace and artistry they are quite apart. The magnitude of the organization under his name is seen when it is announced that special plans have to be made for it in advance for both transportation and installation. The series of dances given embraces ensembles, solos, duets and the like, in ever-varying recurrence, each different and each with its special music and accessories, typify the dance in period as well as in action. Flanagan and Edwards, who are established favorites in this city, will appear in a clever and amusing skit entitled "Off and On," in which they give an idea in song, dance and dialogue of a vaudeville team rehearsal. George Rockwell and Al Fox describe themselves as "Two Noble Nuts" navigating the ocean of nonsense. William De Marest and Estelle Collette label their brand of amusement "A Mirthful Rhapsody of Vaudeville Tid Bits." Virginia Lewis and Mary White, who introduce themselves as "Just Two Girls Trying to Get Along," sing, dance and patter in a clever and captivating manner. Paul and Mae Nolan contribute an original and exceptionally clever graceful juggling act which is enlivened by touches of genuine comedy. Kate and Wiley call their performance "A Harmony of Grace, Strength and Dexterity." The remaining act in this fascinating bill will be the miniature musical comedy, "The Four Husbands," with Jack Boyle, Kitty Bryan and company of twenty.

The Metropolitan Opera

General Manager Giulio Gatti-Casazza was in January re-elected by the board of directors for an additional four years, this year being his eleventh in management. Notwithstanding the abnormal conditions and the difficulties incident thereto in its organization, he thinks that this season from an artistic standpoint will prove to be one of the most varied and interesting of his regime.

Wagnerian Opera

Last autumn, when it was made known that the Wagnerian works had been eliminated from the repertoire, there were not a few operatic patrons who wondered how a Metropolitan season of twenty-three weeks with nearly 150 performances at the Broadway house alone, could be carried through without loss of interest on the part of the public. When the season was over the results spoke for themselves. The attendance was up to the best standard, and opera lovers were surprised to find how little the Wagnerian operas were missed, the increased number of Italian and French performances evidently being most gratifying to the public. It is Mr. Gatti-Casazza's opinion that the Wagner operas during this season will be missed less than ever. Many observers of matters musical think that it will be a good many years before Wagner will return to the American operatic stage—at least sung in German. Regarding this question, however, there has not been any official pronouncement by the Metropolitan authorities. Mr. Gatti-Casazza has already announced the selection for production of two one-act operas by American composers—chosen out of over two score operas submitted.

"Rip Van Winkle"

Cleofonte Campanini, general director of the Chicago Opera Association, has signed contracts with Reginald de Koven and Percy MacKaye for an opera on the subject of "Rip Van

Winkle," to be produced early next season in Chicago.

The world's famous baritone, Antonio Scotti, "now singing with the Metropolitan," announces that he will tour the United States at the head of his own organization to be known as the "Scotti Grand Opera Company."

FLIRTATION AS A FINE AND A COARSE ART

(Continued from Page 4)

imaginative soul. His chatter begins where the Puritan could not have arrived after a year or more of thumb-twiddling. He assumes at the outset that the lady is a divinity, or at least a princess. The Puritan, of course, could not have made this fantastic error, because he was above deception concerning the place of a kitchen under the heavens. The French girl does not have to be reminded of it. The girl of the Golden Gate frequently believes that she can make others forget. The glory of the situation rests entirely upon her, in person, as a woman, regardless of being sweetheart, wife or mother. That such a wonderful creature should enhance interest in herself by chopping a little endive and garlic into the remains of yesterday's dinner, for her lord's astonishment, is not a tribute to her intelligence. If the French girl takes the contrary view, it is because she opines that after all marriage requires a little foresight and divorce is a poor excuse for lack of common sense; so let an appeal be made to man's intelligence, even though you are not sure that he has any.

Rehearsals Not Needed

"You've been to the altar three times, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Ond I twice. The minister is an old-timer. I guess we won't have to rehearse."

SPEECH OF JAMES WHITESIDE IN DEFENSE OF CHARLES GAVIN DUFFY

(Continued from Page 5)

in ages past, rule a brilliant and united empire in solidity, magnificence, and power.

When the privileges of the English parliament were invaded, that people took the field, struck down the ministry, and dragged their sovereign to the block. We shall not imitate English precedent, while we struggle for a parliament. That institution you prize so highly, which fosters your wealth, adds to your prosperity, and guards your freedom, was ours for six hundred years. Restore the blessing and we shall be content. This prosecution is not essential for the maintenance of the authority and prerogative of the crown. Our gracious sovereign needs not state prosecutions to secure her prerogatives or preserve her power. She has the unbought loyalty of a chivalrous and gallant people. The arm of authority she requires not to raise. The glory of her gentle reign will be—she will have ruled, not by the sword, but by the affections; that the true source of her power has been, not in terrors of the law but in the hearts of her people. Your patience is exhausted. If I have spoken suitably to the subject, I have spoken as I could have wished; but if, as you may think, deficiently, I have spoken as I could. Do you, from what has been said, and from the better arguments omitted, which may be well suggested by your manly understandings and your honest hearts, give a verdict consistent with justice, yet leaning to liberty—dictated by truth, yet inclining to the side of the accused men, struggling against the weight, and power, and influence of the crown, and prejudice more overwhelming still—a verdict undesired by any party, but to be applauded by the impartial monitor within your breasts, becoming the high spirit of Irish gentlemen, and the intrepid

guardians of the rights and liberties of a free people.

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF CITY TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY OF San Francisco, in the State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1918, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California, pursuant to law.

Assets	
Mortgages and collateral loans.....	\$146,300.00
Bonds and stocks.....	9,050.00
Cash in company's office and in banks.....	10,066.78
Premiums in course of collection.....	856.00
Bills receivable.....	1,753.50
Other ledger assets.....	130,764.49
Ledger assets.....	\$298,790.77
NON LEDGER ASSETS:	
Other non-ledger assets.....	\$ 9,729.38
Total gross assets.....	\$289,061.39
Total admitted assets.....	\$289,061.39
Liabilities	
All other liabilities.....	\$ 14,123.59
Total liabilities (except capital and surplus).....	\$ 14,123.59
Capital.....	\$250,000.00
Surplus.....	24,937.80
Total liabilities, capital and surplus.....	\$289,061.39
H. W. DIMOND, President.	
J. H. HUMPHREY, Secretary.	
3-22-5	

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY APPLICATION FOR LEAVE TO SELL REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 23504, Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of MARY O'NEILL BAKER, an Incompetent.

ETHEL FRANCES DONOVAN, the Guardian of the Person and Estate of MARY O'NEILL BAKER, above-named incompetent, having presented to this Court this day and filed herein her petition, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of certain real property, belonging to the said incompetent and estate, for the causes and reasons therein set forth; and it appearing to this Court from said petition that it is necessary, and would be beneficial to said incompetent, that said real property described in said petition be sold.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED. That he next of kin of said incompetent and all persons interested in said estate or in said real property appear before this Court, in the court room thereof, situate in the City Hall, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Wednesday, the 27th day of April, 1919, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real property, as prayed for in said petition, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars.

AND IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED. That a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: March 15th, A. D. 1919.

Endorsed: Filed Mar 15, 1919. H. I. Mulerevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.
FREDERICK W. CRAWFORD,
Attorney for Guardian and Petitioner,
Bank of Italy Building,
Montgomery and Clay Streets,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-22-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNIE COOPER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ANNIE COOPER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Frank J. Fallon, Room 615, Merchants National Bank Building, 625 Market Street, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNIE COOPER, deceased.

JENNIE SIMON,
Administratrix of the estate of Annie Cooper, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 15, 1919.
FRANK J. FALLON,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 615 Merchants National Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-15-5



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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Speculation in stocks continues on a large scale, with total sales running well above the one million mark, and the public taking more interest in the market from day to day. Reactions from time to time take place but they are of short duration, and the loss is soon wiped out on any show of buying. There were large lines of stocks liquidated the past week, but the market was so big that this selling did not make any impression on the market, other than to hold it in check. How long this speculative fever will burn, no one can hazard a guess. The strength in the market does not seem to have died out, the demand for all classes of stocks being as great as ever. If anything, the railroad shares seem to hang back, but already there is talk of the republicans drafting remedial railroad legislation, providing for an early return of the carriers to private ownership. Short contracts have been eliminated heavily, and the technical position of the market is believed to have been considerably impaired by these happenings, and speculative liquidation by pools. Therefore, a reaction is in order, but the buying wave seems to take everything in sight. If we should get a reaction, it will not go far, as new and stronger technical conditions will be created. Substantial interests continue optimistic for a long pull. The number of people who are also optimistic, and who are waiting for a decline on which to buy, is no doubt much greater than generally believed. Unless the signs mislead, the country is strong enough to finance a bull movement and the coming Victory Loan at the same time. Neither the west or south were ever so prosperous, and their great wealth is a factor of uplift economically of which too little account is being taken by skeptical observers. On any reaction, the motor group look like the best stocks to purchase. These stocks are looked upon as the great peace stocks, and, what is more important, the ones which are most logical beneficiaries of the existing extraordinary agricultural situation. A buying movement in this class of stocks will last a long time, and will prove of unparalleled proportions. Motor trucks are coming more in use daily, and the concerns that manufacture these as a side issue will enjoy a long period of prosperity, as the demand at present far exceeds the supply. In connection with this industry, the oil companies should not be overlooked, as they are bound to share in the prosperity. The demand for oil is so urgent that prices for the commodity will be maintained, if not increased, and while production shows some increase, the demand is so urgent that the visible supply of oil shows no increase. The big oil producers the past week were all higher, and the demand for the stocks

was at times urgent, which brought about rapid advances. We feel that stocks will have very little recession, if any, from present levels, but would pick out those issues that are not hampered by too much legislation, and that are showing an increase in earnings for the first part of the present year.

Cotton—Outside of a flurry in the old contracts for March cotton, which was caused by short covering, the trend of the other options was lower, with a sharp decline in the new contract futures. The break in the new contract options was clearly due to profit taking by early longs in a market in which the demand had disappeared. There was also a falling off in the demand, but whether the lack of demand was due to the fact that shorts had covered all of their commitments, or were just allowing the market to take care of itself, was problematical. Developments, generally, were bullish, and a good rally, toward the end of the week, took place, which carried prices back to where they were early in the week. The re-opening of a number of print mills in New England, which were closed some time ago on account of a decreased demand for their products, was announced as a bullish feature. Hedge pressure, however, against the new crop months, was a new factor in the break, which carried prices to the low level of the week. This selling was light, but was accompanied by some speculative selling, which obviously relied on the technical position of the market, due to the steady advance of the previous week to force a break. The turn in the market was considered as indicating that the affairs of the majority of traders had been adjusted, and that from now on the trading would proceed more or less in a normal manner, unless the short interest in the old contracts is fully cleared out, but the prospects for further activity in them, between now and May 1, when all trading in them will cease, are very good. Spot cotton continues to command a big premium over the futures, and while the demand is limited, holders are not offering their cotton. The acreage of cotton will be cut down considerably, and while it is a little early to use this argument as a factor, the weather so far this season has been so cold and wet that very little has been done in preparing the ground for the new crop. Prospects of early peace are also considered a factor that should help the market toward higher levels. If the central powers are allowed to purchase cotton, they will find some way to finance it, and exports should increase rapidly from now on. We feel very friendly to cotton, and believe there is no risk in buying cotton on any of the sharp breaks, and look for higher prices ultimately.

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DECEMBER 31st, 1918

Assets	\$58,893,078.42
Deposits	54,358,496.50
Capital Actually Paid Up.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,336,411.92
Employees' Pension Fund.....	295,618.00

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXIV. No. 1388

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, MARCH 29, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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San Francisco Artists and Writers in New York

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIV.

San Francisco-Oakland, March 29, 1919

No. 1388

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The Week in Paris

From a purely independent point of view, contemplation of what has been effected by the Paris conference must create the impression that whatever advancement has been made is not satisfactory. When President Wilson first rejoined the deliberations, it seemed likely that he would interest himself in bending his able efforts toward final peace, so satisfactorily advanced during his absence. But he had something else up his sleeve, and deliberately shoved them to one side again, substituting instead a motion to the effect that his project for a League of Nations, constitution and all, be made part and parcel of the peace programme. Both politically and diplomatically this was another indication of Mr. Wilson's amazing fertility of expedient, which, to employ a trite phrase, proves him to be "quite as foolish as a fox." The American congress would have no power to contravene or abrogate a treaty of peace between the allies and their defeated foes, and if embodied in that treaty, the League of Nations past and its constitution would, as a matter of course, be safeguarded from dismemberment or rejection on this side of the water. The placing of this new trump on the table in the exciting post-war game will greatly add to admiration of the president's sagacious wisdom on the part of his friends, and create renewed animosity in the equally sagacious minds of those who are determined to defeat him by demonstrating their own power and authority. This is truly a deplorable situation, but it is one that might have been expected, and, in view of the fact that, aside from his own selected advisers, the president stands alone and unsupported—it is not difficult to predict who is going to win.

Sand in the Cogs

Then, too, there are, in the inner circle of the conference itself, many contending elements which add very materially to the flow of sand into the screaming cogs of the gerat diplomatic machine which the president has created. Japan has insisted that all restrictions upon oriental immigration into "other countries" be forever removed, and that such immigrants be accorded all the privileges and civil rights that are now enjoyed by aliens from all other countries. This has resulted in a most forceful cabled protest from Senator Phelan, who is one of the president's most eloquent champions, and must have been about as welcome as a hand grenade at the Paris White House. Then came an ultimatum from Italy to the effect that under no circumstances will she surrender the port of Fiume on the Adriatic, and Colonel House was at once hurried to the Italian representative, to assure him that everything would be arranged to Italy's satisfaction within the week. An abiding respect for the mighty would seem to call for the assumption that the Colonel knew whereof he spoke, and also that he was sure of his premises when, on his way back, he guaranteed the press correspondents that within three weeks the peace treaty would be signed, and that the League of Nations and its constitution would be incorporated into the body of the document. But the world would like to know whether this interesting guarantee made by the swordless colonel was based upon deliberations of the conference itself, or whether it was a mere conciliatory message sent by his chum and creator, the president of the United States.

* * *

Providence in Current Affairs

One time, when George Borrow was selling the gospels for a livelihood and incidentally gathering literary material for "The Bible in Spain," he wrote to the Bible Society of a certain piece of rare good luck that had brought about a large sale. The shocked publishers, answering the letter, reproved him for such pagan term as good luck, and advised that in future he was to avow the instrumentality of Providence leading him to dispose of the volumes. A recent four-minute speaker, addressing an Orpheum audience in behalf of the Red Cross clothing drive, called upon his hearers to give "in the name of humanity." Thrice he used this phrase and not once the word of Providence or

the Deity. Of old, this omission in a plea for charity would have been impossible. Whether the speaker acted through choice or upon what he considered the delicate sensibilities of a vaudeville audience, the fact remains that words of divinity come not promptly to the lips of modern man. Less and less devout is our eloquence; one after another have disappeared the words of piety. To invoke Providence indiscriminately among worldly affairs is no longer fashionable. It has been pointed out that the protocol of the World League omits reference to the God of Nations. We are asked if it was an oversight on the part of the framers of the league's constitution when they did not mention the Creator of the land and waters which the league is to control and the firmament to which many future statesmen will look for guidance. If the League of Nations should have a merely profane constitution, it will fall short of our national ideals, which, appearing in our own constitution and amendments, are always read by the sacred light of the Declaration of Independence, wherein is set forth that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are endowments of the Creator; that the first representatives of republican government, in congress assembled, appealed to the Supreme Judge of the World for rectitude of intentions, and affixed their signatures to a firm reliance upon the Divine Providence. Publication of Marshal Foch's prayer before his victorious counter-attack reveals him as a no less pious soldier in modern France than Washington praying at Valley Forge. Other men have not found it necessary to link their idea of God with godly enterprise. Perhaps a certain modesty holds them. Sponsors of the league are surely more devout than were the monarchs of Russia, Austria and Prussia, when, in the grandiloquent beginning of the 19th century, they formed their "Holy Alliance" with a document much like an ecclesiastical screed in doling out peace on earth and good will toward man, under cover of which Austria soon lay claim to Italian territory. Victorious over invaders who practiced pagan inhumanities with boasts of divine aid, the peace delegates may have hesitated to insert their reverential attitude before completion of their work. And this is a plausible view, for it would be irreverent to put the name and glory of the Deity to articles that still must be debated upon. The league's constitution was given us ostensibly as a first draft for logical

discussion rather than a tribute to the emotional factors or the origin of justice. The Providential design, universal among governments, may be understood as having been in the minds of the authors and can be expected in the final terms of the high contracting parties.

* * *

After the Monroe Doctrine

The ex-premier of France, M. Rene Viviani, has been most active in causing in the minds of the French people a feeling of uncertainty, if not alarm, with reference to Senator Lodge's opposition to a League of Nations, and his most vulnerable point of attack is its possible effect upon the Monroe Doctrine. He is free to admit that when President Monroe promulgated, in 1823, the formidable document which has been the barrier ever since against foreign aggression, it may have then been an economical and political necessity. But in his sage opinion that necessity does not now exist, for the reason that the constitution for a League of Nations specifically provides for the adjustment of all disputes which might arise under the provisions of the Monroe Doctrine. He calls attention to an incident which probably inspired the making of it, at the time when Louis XVIII of France proposed, for some strange reason or other, to restore to Spain absolute domination over her former possessions in America. But now that "democracy flows in full vein" and there is no possibility of

such arbitrary aggression, why continue this long respected, long recognized but now moribund doctrine? Mr. Viviani emphatically dissents from the views of Senator Lodge in respect to his opinion that this country, and no other, should assume the preservation and continuance of peace in the western hemisphere, without dictation or interference from any other power. Here is another deep rooted objection to Mr. Wilson's proposed constitution, and any provision of that document which will substantiate it must prove a damaging sword that will slash it into many shapes of smithereens.

* * *

Lloyd George Is Anxious

Lloyd George, the British premier and chief representative at the Versailles conference, who has been in much closer accord with the views of President Wilson than any other of the conferees, seems now to be chafing a little over the recurrence of delay with reference to the peace treaty. There seems to have been a singular unanimity of sentiment between them, which is truly gratifying. This for the reason that friendship, lasting and sincere, between this country and England is of more economic consequence than in the case of any other nation, particularly excepting France. But he would appear to have grown more or less restless in view of the new interjections into the proposed peace treaty, and in a way has adopted

Mr. Wilson's resolve made in his Boston speech, to the effect that he would "not come back till it's over over there." At all events he is reported to have said practically this to the correspondents of London newspapers. England was bristling, he said, with complaints from the labor element, and he had concluded that the main reason for this was the exasperating delay in the bringing about of absolute peace. All of his efforts to allay the rapidly increasing flood of complaint had been of doubtful avail, and so he had determined to remain in Paris until he could return to his people and still their disquiet with the news that the war had definitely ended, and the world had at last been restored to its ante-bellum activity. When told of the sweeping guarantee of Colonel House to the effect that all signatures would be affixed to the peace pact within three weeks, he replied, "Well, add another week, and he may be about right." England has been behaving very nicely of late, and has said very little about the freedom of the seas, the supremacy of her navy, the tariff or commercial war, and her interest in the projected League of Nations has been merely tentatively compliant. Those who are not inherently pro-English, would like to know whether this is because England has too many troubles of her own to adjust, or if there is really something in the "hands across the sea notion" after all. *Honi soit, qui mal y pense.*

You and I

By Timothy Daniel Sullivan

I know what will happen, sweet,
When you and I are one;
Calm and bright and very fleet,
All our days will run.
Fond and kind our words will be,
Mixed no more with sighs;
Thoughts too fine for words we'll see
Within each other's eyes.

Sweet, when you and I are one
Earth will bloom anew
Brighter than the stars and sun,
Softer than the dew.
Sweeter scents will then arise
From the fields and flowers;
Holier calm will fill the skies
In the midnight hours.

Musie now unheard, unknown
Then will reach our ears;
Not a plaint in any tone,
Not a hint of tears.
In a round of bliss complete
All our days will run,—
That is what will happen, sweet,
When you and I are one.

Perspective Impressions

"What a beautiful dream!" say the Paris newspapers, referring to Colonel House's prediction of peace in three weeks. What can they mean?

"Of course it may need some revisions," says Senator Phelan in an eloquent endorsement of the League of Nations."

New United States attorney general holds that League of Nations actually guards Monroe Doctrine. Obvious decision, considering who appointed him.

If there had been as many drives for the Salvation Army as for other organizations, there wouldn't have been a dissatisfied soldier in France.

Now Poland wants a seaport. Los Angeles is the only interior district in the world that has solved so serious a problem, Mr. Paderewski.

Two hundred infants under exhaustive tests at auditorium. Exhaustive is a good name for them.

'Army officer is on trial for attempting to sell fuel for gas engines that would surely blow them up. Ominous name, Weisgerber.

Listen and ponder. The League of Nations as at present set forth would give England and her colonies seven votes and the United States only one!

Hungary makes war on allies, Bolsheviks marching on Budapest. This is what the gamblers call "playing it both ways from even."

Acceleration note: Government has decided to investigate matter of leasing Mexican lands to Japan four years after the deal's off!

Mr. Burleson removes Mr. Mackay from directorship in his own company, and for disobedience of orders! Who knows the most about managing cable companies, anyway? Surely not their constructors and owners.

Evidently Mr. George Bernard Shaw still persists in loading up with welsh rarebits and leaving out the soda tablets.

San Francisco As An Art Center

By Lionel Josephare

An optimist lives in perpetual fear that some pessimist will demand a trial by jury. If a conviction for pessimism can follow a simple interrogatory, the case of the culprit is lost, as follows: Is San Francisco an art center? The question is a comparatively slight crime after a recent newspaper inquiry, "What Is Heaven, and Where?" It is pleasant to know that neither heaven nor San Francisco could lose any boundary lines by either controversy. Everybody seems to be well informed about heaven and art, though, when answers to the paradisaical question appeared in print, there was not the particularity hoped for. None of the answering clergymen could guarantee the climate of a future world. It is not so with our present conjecture. In the matter of art, we know we have the climate that inspires; we have the scenery; we have the backgrounds and foregrounds, the studios, the brushes and paints, and, lastly, we have the artists. What then is lacking? Candor compels the declaration that it is the critics.

Tut, tut! Painters paint, and art centers are made with color schemes. Not at all. A center must have a circumference. The community that boasts of being an art center must fix its gaze upon pictures. It is the business of critics to see that this is done. The critic is the skeleton in San Francisco's art closet. He is critically ill—a fine thing to say about a skeleton. Nevertheless, one way or another, he needs a few pink pills to tone up his esthetic system and enable him to see right from wrong. He needs iron instead of brass in his blood. He needs to be cruel instead of audaciously optimistic. Local critics are not committed to a blood-and-iron policy equal to killing one reputation in a hundred. No matter how desperately a painter paints, they say: Let him live. We need all the geniuses we can get.

It is hard to tell who began the fashion of indiscriminate praise. It is here. Every exhibition results in a panegyric. If the public is not responsive, the fault lies with the panegyrists, who have reduced the thing to an absurdity. The critics are not sincere, and the public knows it. The tell-tale impartiality is worse than favoritism ever could be; for favoritism leads to detection, while the even distribution of flattery leads to nothing.

There has never been a successful generation of painters without a whirlwind of antagonism. Every art center has been, first of all, a center of disturbance. Undisturbing art is not art at all. And that is plainly the understanding of some painters, who have, by making their canvases repulsive, sought to arouse an outcry and thus establish one of the prime requisites of a career. Of course, they were not well equipped. One must have something more than bravado to start a conflict of that nature; for the idea is not to repel the whole public but to divide it. If anything were wanted to prove the weakness of those local painters who have allied themselves to freak methods, it is their inability to draw fire from the critics. All the tricks of post-impressionism, futurism and modernism have failed to change a word in the eulogies—in print, although among the exhibition visitors one occasionally hears comment as free as the soul of the modernist. What a smart blow from the rolling-pin of Clotho! Such is fate. Here we have the modernists,

whose work admittedly is not a perfected science, but a voyage of discovery, the seeking of a northwest passage around the world of art, and whose first principle is to shock the public into attention, yet not a critic has the hardihood to say anything new, or hint that there is such a thing as one ignoramus among a hundred exhibitors. Sprightly, pleasure-loving and capricious as San Franciscans claim to be, we have as yet shown ourselves unequal to a Whistlerian debate, to say nothing of such riots as marked the public's reception of some Italian old masters. The Greek painters and sculptors were always in trouble with factions of the populace; yet San Francisco, the Athens of the Pacific, can not conjure up an official difference of opinion.

Newspaper comment is directed to three classes: readers who have seen the thing described, readers who have not seen it, and, third, distant communities that are considered fit subject for being struck dumb with admiration. Of all those who are interested in pictures, why should they who have taken the trouble to attend an exhibition be assessed with the least intelligence, their judgment outraged with an impasto of praise? They visit, let us say, the Palace of Fine Arts, which is holding what is termed the Forty-Third Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association. They behold a number of pictures, most of which are dull and worthless, as must be said of any general exhibition anywhere. (In fact, every artist feels repaid for his visit to such a place if he can find a half dozen canvases worthy his attention.) Then they read of the wonderful strides taken by the exhibitors marching as a whole toward fame, with promise to do something better than wonderful very soon. So who cares a tiddledewink about newspaper praise? Not even the recipients, when they read the same courteous tributes to painters who are known to have no worldly excuse for possessing a tube of color. One does not become dizzy with such fame, which has no more momentum than a man whirling himself on a piano stool. It is something like this:

Tiffanio Rococonut, who has recently returned from the purple rocks of Pajaro, has given us a series of remarkable impressions which at once stamp this young artist among the foremost of local knights of the brush. His work is flooded with sunshine and the spirit of the west. "Un California Printemps" is a canvas that will cause every beholder to draw an exhilarating breath. It is extreme but honest, done in this painter's well known and poignant style. "Couleur du Nob Hill et Picasso Extinguishment" is a simple sketch made prior to his travels, yet how replete with colorful charges of the brush and charm of viewpoint, which after all does not depend upon locality! "Un Blast sur Vermilion et Verd Antique—a Cadenza" was first penciled from a train window, and is full of dash, vivacity; the rush of modernism tingles in its frame. Not less wonderful in another way are the canvases of R. Quintilian Wix, who accords us for the first time his "Woman Arising from Elbow," one of the conspicuous delights of the exhibition. "Un Pastello: Still Life du Moustache de Artiste" is a personal reminiscence profuse with color and dignity. Hardly less distinctive is "Un Pig du Matin," one of the painter's noblest efforts. "La Bells

Dame sans Hairpin" may strike some as overwrought emotionally, but to me it savors the highest reaches of art, being neither gaudy nor meticulous. "Une Egotisme Supernaturelle apres Peu" could hardly be excelled at any eastern show. "Lady with Ocean" is in the same vein. "Chinese Empire—Late Afternoon" could not be improved by another brush stroke. "Parbleu et Sapristi" is a charming bit of local color. Among the women painters one can hardly choose; there are so many exceptional ones. I note the work of Clarissa Dumbbell, as it is characteristic. Her "Design for a Vegetable Salad" will appeal to epicures and connoisseurs alike. "Harmony in Purple, Green, Crimson, Orange and Pourquoi" will startle the most indifferent with its refreshing magnificence, yet its varied ensemble is kept thoroughly within bounds and does great justice to the artist's well-known poise. "Fantasy: Omelet Soufflé" is another instance where genius has gone to the kitchen for inspiration; and why not? Did not Gauguin, Vautrin and Cokobello do the same? "Sketch: Two Prunes" is a remarkable study in contrast, while the "Portrait of Madame Tomato" shows how excellently the practice of still life has schooled the artist for delineation of the human countenance—nay, more than that, for it is the soul of the subject we behold.

This has been going on for years. We must have accumulated many old masters that are being crowded out for lack of space. But the public will hardly accept this interpretation. The whole colossal effort has been wasted. The lionizing has been futile for lack of sheep. You can imitate the roar of a lion with a vacuum cleaner, yet a symphony orchestra of vacuum cleaners and kindred instruments will fail to reproduce the jungle, even to our ears. Some people still believe their eyes.

We have amongst us no critic of such magnitude that he will write what he pleases—the only matter that would be read with interest. As it is, criticism as such does not exist for us, but is a placid, inert, slavish thing that reclines on roses while art sleeps upon a bed of straw. But roses are not renowned for telling which way the wind blows, except the one fragrant, persistent breeze of flattery which blows no artist any good. What troubleth it the artist if the remunerative storm blows cold, whatever the direction. Flattery alone will not stir the sails of the artist's dream ship. His cargo of pictures will find no purchasers waiting on the pier. Unless there be rebuke somewhere, no one is praised. Flattery to all is flattery to none; and the rose jar filled with empty words is empty still. Why not try something else—something that does not, by its own superabundance of sweetening, proclaim the bitterness of truth within?

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A First Night Performance

By Alphonse Daudet

It was to begin at eight. In five minutes the curtain would rise. Stage carpenters, manager, and property man, every one was at his post. The actors in the first scene had placed themselves, and taken appropriate attitudes. I peeped for one last time through the gap of the curtain. The house was crowded—fifteen hundred heads, one row rising above another; the lights fell upon a smiling and animated audience. I recognized a few faces in it, but only vaguely; their physiognomies seemed to me quite changed. Their faces wore a quizzical expression, their manner was arrogant, dogmatic, and already I could see lorgnettes aimed in my direction like pistols. I one part of the house I did discern a few dear faces, grown pale with anxiety and expectation; but how many were purely indifferent, and even unfavorably disposed!

And all that these people brought with them from the outer world, all their recklessness, preoccupation, listlessness, and mistrust, must be dispelled; that atmosphere of ennui and disaffection must be penetrated—a common idea move all these human beings; my drama, to live, must draw its inspiration from those inexorable eyes. I would have delayed, prevented the curtain from rising, but no! it is too late now. I hear the three taps of the stick, a prelude from the orchestra, and then there is a deep silence. From the wings come a voice which sounds hollow and far away, lost in the immensity of the house. My play has begun. Ah, wretched one! what have I done?

An awful moment! I know not where to turn, or what will become of me. Should one remain there, leaning against a gas wing, ears strained to hear, and heart refusing to beat?—encourage the actors when he so greatly needs some encouragement himself?—talk, scarcely knowing what he is saying, and smile when the dazed look in his eyes betrays that his thought is far away? Confound it all, I would rather slip into the house somewhere, and stand face to face with danger!

Concealed in a box in the pit, I try to seem an indifferent spectator, quite apart from it all, and as if I had not seen the dust of those boards clinging to my play for the past two months, as if I myself had not decided upon every gesture, every least detail of the mounting of the piece, from the mechanism of entrances and exits even to the turning up of the gas. A singular feeling possesses me. I wish to listen, and yet can not. I am uneasy, completely upset. I hear the quick turning of keys in the box doors, the moving of stools, fits of contagious coughing, one voice answering another—whispered conversations behind fans, the rustling of gowns, a multitude of insignificant sounds that seem of enormous dimensions to me; gestures and attitudes that seem to show hostility, backs that appear to wear a discontented air, and sprawling elbows, intercept the entire scene.

In front of me a very young man wearing eyeglasses, who is taking notes with a grave air, observes:

"It is puerile!"

In a box at my side a low voice is saying:

"Tomorrow, you remember."

"Is it tomorrow?"

"Yes, tomorrow without fail."

It would appear that great importance is attached to tomorrow in the minds of these people. I am thinking only of today. In the

midst of all this confusion, not a point of my play tells, nothing makes the least impression. The voices of the actors, instead of rising, filling the house, are lost before they reach the footlights, fall with a dull sound into the prompter's box, amid an inane clapping of hands from the claque. What ails that gentleman who sits up aloft? What vexes him? I am really intimidated. I go out.

When I reach the street I find it is dark and rainy, but I scarcely perceive that. Boxes and galleries with luminous rows of heads are whirling before me, and in their midst one fixed and shining point—the scene on the stage. This grows fainter as I get farther away from it. I walk on, in fruitless effort to pull myself together; I can not efface that accursed scene, and the drama, which I know by heart, continues to play itself out—drags on lugubriously in my brain. It is as though I carried about with me some evil dream, with which mingle the people who jostle against me, and the slush and noise of the street. At the edge of the boulevard a sharp whistle stops me, and I grow pale. In-becile! It is merely a whistle starting an omnibus. As I walk on, the rain increases. I imagine that in the theatre too it must be raining upon my drama, that its own weight has killed it, that it falls to pieces, and that my heroes, ashamed and worn out, are plodding after me along the wet sidewalks which glisten beneath the gaslight.

To dispel these gloomy ideas, I enter a cafe. I try to read, but the letters run together, dance, spread apart, and whirl. I can not even tell what these words are trying to say; they seem bizarre, devoid of meaning. This reminds me of an incident of some years ago. It was at sea, the weather very stormy. I tried to read. Beneath a roof flooded with water, where I lay, I had found and tried to read an English grammar. There with the roar of the waves in my ears and the sound of the wrenching of masts—to divert myself from danger, to avoid seeing those torrents of greenish water that fell upon the deck, pouring all over it, I devoted all my energies to the absorbing study of the English "th." But vainly did I read aloud, repeat the words, shouting them almost; my brain was deadened with the howling of the sea, the sharp whistling of the blast through the yards.

The paper I am holding at this moment seems to me as incomprehensible as was my English grammar; however, perhaps because I have stared so closely at the big sheet spread out before me, I seem to see printed in sharp, concise lines tomorrow's articles, and my own name discussed in phrases that stick like thorns, written with a pen dipped in gall. Suddenly the gas is turned down. The cafe is closing.

Is it time for that? What can be the hour?

The boulevards are full of people. The theatres are emptied. Doubtless I pass some who have seen my play. I would like to question them, know what they thought, but at the same time I pass on quickly, that I need not overhear reflections aloud, whole feuilletons in the streets. Ah! how happy are they who can return homeward with the consciousness that they have never written a play!

I stand before the theatre. It is closed. The lights are extinguished. Decidedly I shall gain no information tonight, but, as I look at the damp billboards and the great candelabra whose

lights blink at the entrance, an intense sadness comes over me. That great building, which a while along lent light and animation to all this part of the boulevard, is dull and lifeless now, gloomy, deserted, and dripping as though after a fire. Ah, well! At last it is over. Six long months of labor, of dreams, weariness alternating with hope, all they meant is lost, shrivelled, melted into nothingness in a single evening, under the glaring gaslight.

THE GRIEF OF A GIRL'S HEART

(From the Gaelic by Lady Gregory.)

O Donall og, if you go across the sea, bring myself with you and do not forget it; and you will have a sweetheart for fair days and market days, and the daughter of the King of Greece beside you at night.

It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

You promised me, and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked; I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you, and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.

You promised me a thing that was hard for you, a ship of gold under a silver mast; twelve towns with a market in all of them, and a fine white court by the side of the sea.

You promised me a thing that is not possible, that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish; that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird; and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

O Donall og, it is I would be better to you than a high, proud, spendthrift lady: I would milk the cow; I would bring help to you; and if you were hard pressed, I would strike a blow for you.

O, ochone, and it's not with hunger or with wanting food, or drink, or sleep, that I am growing thin, and my life is shortened; but it is the love of a young man has withered me away.

It is early in the morning that I saw him coming, going along the road on the back of a horse; he did not come to me; he made nothing of me; and it is on my way home that I cried my fill.

When I go by myself to the Well of Loneliness, I sit down and I go through my trouble; when I see the world and do not see my boy, he that has an amber shade in his hair.

It was on that Sunday I gave my love to you; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion; and by two eyes giving love to you for ever.

My mother said to me not to be talking with you today, or tomorrow, or on the Sunday; it was a bad time she took for telling me that; it was shutting the door after the house was robbed.

My heart is as black as the blackness of the sloe, or as the black coal that is on the smith's forge; or as the sole of a shoe left in white halls; it was you put that darkness over my life.

You have taken the east from me; you have taken the west from me; you have taken what is before me and what is behind me; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great that you have taken God from me!

The Spectator

San Francisco Artists in New York

When an old San Franciscan picks up a newspaper, periodical or magazine in New York he immediately feels at home, for the first thing he sees, of course, is the illustrations—with a familiar signature in one corner. It seems but a very short time ago that Harrison Fisher was an awkward cub around the art rooms of the San Francisco newspapers drawing diagrams and borders for half-tones and getting as much as \$12 a week for it. Now he is spending his time in his West 40th Street studio dreaming of the day when his contracts end and he can retire to California for the rest of his life. His income tax this year would keep him in comfort for the rest of his days.

Rea Irvin, who found no market for color work in San Francisco, has a studio on East 30th Street, where he grinds out cover pages for the best known publications and illustrations for the best sellers.

Harry Raleigh and Wm. J. Stevens, who once illustrated the Sunday supplement of the old Examiner, are illustrating for the big publications in the east. Bert Igoc, Merle Johnson and Max Newberry, who were with them in the old days out west, are all doing big work—Igoc and Johnson for the Hearst papers and illustrated weeklies, and Newberry in advertising posters.

Frank Keene, who has been in New York about eight years, and Randall Burough, as many months, are doing great work in the poster world.

Herbert Roth, until quite recently Bo'son's Mate in the navy, is sharing the illustrating of the Sunday World with Gordon Ross, who was long in San Francisco and is still 6 feet 4.

Rube Goldberg is doing so much and so well that he can not be placed, but may be trailed by posters announcing that something-or-another has just contracted for his services at a fabulous price.

Bud Fisher has just returned from Europe with Mutt and Jeff. He is becoming almost as popular with the public as he is with his fellow craftsmen.

Harry Palmer, formerly with the Call, has been doing motion picture poster work, but has just gone back to cartoons for the Philadelphia Ledger.

Tom MacNamara is still doing "Shrimp Flynn" for the Evening Journal.

Mon Randall is devoting himself to illustrated titles for the Universal's motion pictures.

Robert Aitken is a captain in the army. He is still in France getting material for heroic statuary.

Berta Hoerner, the shy young girl who won two or three poster prizes in San Francisco,

has been in New York but three months and is overwhelmed with work—principally illustrating for McCall's Magazine.

San Francisco Writers in New York

After a term in France and a brief visit to San Francisco. Major Charles Norris is back on the job, drawing royalties from his old work and planning much new. And Mrs. Norris is even busier, as the magazines and book stalls testify.

Wallace Irwin apparently is writing with both hands, doing verse with one and stories with the other; and none of it reads like left-handed work. His royalties and sales enable him to live up among the plutocrats just off Fifth Avenue.

Grant Carpenter, one of San Francisco's best known newspaper writers, playwright, and scenario constructor, has just signed a contract with Walter Hast, manager of Walker Whiteside, to write a play which will be produced in the autumn, and a few others of his recent works are interesting metropolis producers. He has an artistic apartment on Claremont Avenue.

Allan Bensou, who, many years ago, chased news for the Associated Press in San Francisco, has become one of the leaders of socialistic thought in this country, and his writings are always interesting, even if one can not agree with him.

Bob Davis, who came down from Nevada with burrs in his hair to become a real reporter, has for many years been the editor in chief of all the Munsey publications and the patron saint of young writers trying to break into the magazine game. He has started on the road to fame and affluence many who will not admit now that they ever read Munsey's.

Fred Lawrence, for many years with the Examiner, is writing a series of articles for the World on Bolshevik propaganda and plotting in this country.

Arthur Clarke is city editor of the evening World, where Joe Jordan is one of the star rewrite men.

J. P. Wilson, for a long time the Tivoli's librettist and press representative, has just finished the book of a musical comedy that will have a London production as soon as a theatre can be found for it.

William Parker, well known among the newschasers, has been in New York for a couple of months buying literature for motion picture production in Los Angeles.

Harry Todd, at one time president of the President of the Press Club, is editor of the Sunday Sun.

Charles Ulrich, old time reporter and the author of numerous plays, is editor of the Famous Player-Lasky Weekly, the publicity medium of many motion picture stars.

Rose Wilder Lane, who wrote miles of serials for the Bulletin, is overwhelmed by requests from magazines and book publishers with offers of large advances.

Bessie Beatty is editor of McCall's, a magazine of particular interest to women and children.

Only "Ologies" Are Remembered

In reading the annual report from the State Board of Regents in respect to the gratifying bequests and contributions received during the past year, the reader who is only human must find it difficult to refrain from the reflection that

while the donors have been most attentive to science, they seem to have entirely forgotten some very worthy people who must be depended upon to perpetuate it. By this is meant to say that very liberal provision has been made for the endowment of schools of paleontology, anthropology, criminology, sociology and other "ologies" of advanced education, yet no one seems to have remembered that there are many young men and women who might become famous in any or all of them if they but had the means to exist during their course of study. Of course education is free at the University of California, but there is some expense attached to it, bed and board for instance, and some liberal man or woman, inspired by the commendable sense of endowment, might have provided a fund, to be later added to from time to time, which would insure the actual living expenses of the learning-hungry poor. Every college or university has many students who are working their own way through their courses by entering into menial occupations, which might otherwise be employed in study. Several cases of this nature have come under the observation of the writer during the past few weeks. A young man who was giving very poor night service in a local chop house, answered in reply to a complain: "I know I'm a bad waiter, sir, but I'm doing the best I can, until I can get a degree at the U. C." There is a young man in Berkeley who washes the dishes and does the rougher chores of a family in return for his bed and breakfast. A young girl from an interior county finishes pies for the oven in an Oakland bakery at night, and must in addition find time to prepare herself for her classes next day. A possible future professor has been discovered serving bathing suits on Saturdays and Sundays at an Alameda

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swimming place, and there are several cases where students have accepted night runs on street cars that they may live to learn. Such a condition is deeply to be deplored, not only for its discomforts but its dangers, for education, deprivation and poverty are usually the elements that enter into the composition of social disturbers and anarchists. Why then not avert this danger by removing in some way the condition that makes it possible? The different branches of learning are amply provided for. Why not secure, through endowment, a fund to provide for the actual living expenses of those young men and women, who must either meet the humiliation of being menials or deny themselves the benefits of a college education?

Passionate Symphony

Mathematically correct Berkeley audiences have filled Harmon Gymnasium for three concerts of the superb San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. San Franciscans and Oaklanders adopted the Berkeley manner so well one could hardly be told from the other. Berkeley people evidently take music as music. To San Franciscans it is rather a concert. Some audiences are fashionable; some, intellectual; in the college town they are emotional. But not demonstrative. Violent applause is for grand opera. Symphony is introspection—intoxication. "Bravo!" roars the opera fiend. "A strongly marked rhythm—a sensual theme," observes the intellectualist. The emotionalist, the young woman of Berkeley, leans forward in silent bliss, without caring who sees. Her face is a mask. The evening is a seated masquerade. The orchestra is playing "The Afternoon of a Faun." Again the nymphs are disporting among the lilies and amid his memories of yesterday. The nymphs of Berkeley hearken to the tale of a sensual dream. Dainty nostrils are a-quiver, as if breathing in lilies of melody with the realistic air. And their mouths are music-sensitive mouths, voluptuous in the drowsy music-passion. Their eyes are gloating, motionless, the lids lengthened in an ecstasy of harmonic pain. Debussy's faun is day-dreaming of the nymphs today and yesterday. He is wondering. He is awake—he is a-dream. He clutches lilies. He crushes grapes to his mouth. The nymphs of Berkeley dream upon the dream of the faun. They seem to participate in his airy and ineffectual kisses. Their own lips are disturbed; motionless, yet seem to move. Their heads are almost rigid in the spell. Ever and anon a lily-like hand passes across the brow or floats about the chin and throat. The rhythmic beat of the instruments, the obscurity of the faun's passion, the plaintiveness of his piping, the rise and fall of his goat-like fancies—all meet response in the faces of these wonderful maids. How can tumultuous passion be reflected in a mask? That is the only mood which finds expression in expressionlessness. Dramatic emotions have dramatic effect. Music alone in its sensuality smooths the countenance to a seeming dullness, the dream of a passion too profound for words or even a gesture. Some of the audience applaud. The others continue in a dream.

Poison Gas in a Vienna Church

All Vienna is discussing an outrage committed against the Nuncio Apostolic Monsignor Valfre di Bonzo. The news made a deep impression on the people. As soon as it became known that no serious consequences had followed, there was a stream of persons to the palace of the Nunciature to congratulate the venerable Italian bishop on his fortunate escape. Monsignor Valfre di Bonzo, himself, described

what had happened. He smiled good naturedly over the danger he had faced with his secretary, a young Italian priest, who accompanied him. In the large church of the Jubilee on the bank of the Danube special services were held Sunday for the feast of San Giovanni de Matha, founder of the order of the Trinitarians. It had been announced that in the morning Cardinal Archbishop Piffi would attend, while in the evening the Nuncio Apostolic would pronounce the pontifical benediction. The morning ceremony was without incident. In the evening at 6 o'clock, just before Monsignor Valfre entered the church, the crowd, which was listening to the sermon of the provincial father of the Trinitarians, suddenly noticed a sharp odor, and felt a most painful irritation of the throat and eyes. The preacher was obliged to stop and a large part of the audience rushed for the doors, since the alarm was given that poison gas was entering the church. In fact, yellowish spots were discovered on the pavement. A few minutes later an automobile brought the Nuncio and his secretary. He was informed of what had happened, by the priests coming forth to receive him at the door, and by the faithful; but the proud old Italian bishop would not be dissuaded from going ahead with his part in the services, although the noxious odors were still pouring out of the church. His demeanor rallied the faithful. About 200 went back with him. The Nuncio ascended the altar, donned the vestments, took part in chanting the litany and pronounced the benediction. The ceremony was hurried, but it lasted fully twenty minutes. During that time the gas fumes produced a painful irritation in the throats of those present and brought tears to every eye. The Nuncio suffered pains in the eyes, which did not disappear for two days, although they did not produce any serious consequences. At the door of the church he was enthusiastically applauded by the congregation. It developed that the gas was tear gas of the kind used by the Austrian army at the front. Some persons think it was released by a soldier in the congregation and are inclined to think he had a political purpose. The republican government sent one of its agents to the Nuncio to express its regrets.

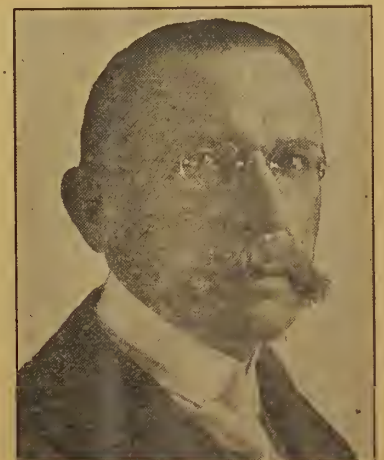
The Pedestrian Nuisance

A feature writer in one of last Sunday's newspapers indulged in a violent tirade against pedestrians who dare to walk the streets without having first posted themselves about the traffic rules, and also calling for the immediate abolishment of the few isles of safety which a discriminating city government has provided so that, to some degree at least, death and dismemberment from reckless automobile drivers may be lessened. "How long," says this indignant supporter of recklessness, "are the 40,000 automobile drivers of this city going to submit to the rapidly increasing public menace of these hideous unlighted isles of safety, which have brought accident and death to so many drivers and pleasure seekers?" He says nothing about the always existent danger to the 460,000 other residents of San Francisco who do not own automobiles, nor of the many hundreds of nervous amateur drivers, who have themselves ventured upon the streets and highways, either in utter ignorance of the traffic laws, or in impertinent defiance of them? Small wonder that there is dissatisfaction and animosity among the poorer classes, when they are continually reminded that they have no rights which the more fortunate than they are supposed to respect. Small wonder that they

resent the notion that a rapidly increasing and very important industry should be so greedy in exploiting its wares that those who can not be patrons of it should be denied the unrestricted freedom of the streets. Forceful arguments can be easily adduced on either side of this question, but it is respectfully submitted that the existing preponderance of whatever blame exists in respect to accidents, must rest with the automobile driver rather than the pedestrian. The remedies are simple enough if only they could in some way or other be applied. If we have traffic laws, the police should be compelled to enforce them instead of winking at them. There should be some punishment for the rough-neck driver who applies unprintable epithets to the pedestrian who dares to cross the street before the automobile has been given the right of way. There should be a severe penalty exacted for turning a corner close to the curb instead of near the middle of intersecting streets, and, above all, the driver and the pedestrian should be equally considerate of each other's rights. The automobile associations never relax in their efforts to safeguard both the motorist and the pedestrian in such vested rights as either may have, and the agents are equally careful, when selling a car, to instruct the uninitiated purchaser as to the traffic laws and the reasons for them. The reckless drivers, the joy-riding drivers, the inexperienced drivers are the principal offenders in nearly all accidents, and the police are to blame that they are given almost unbridled sway. If these abuses could be controlled, there would be no need of safety isles. The pedestrian should be taught to keep out of the way or suffer the consequences, and the driver should know who it is that is in the way. Here is a suggestion that has been adopted by other cities with unvarying success: Examine and license all drivers.

Mr. Lemare Demands an Explanation

This is cheerfully given by Clay M. Greene,



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Tonic, at Druggists 50c, by Mail 65c

our distinguished contributor, who has apparently created more or less of a tempest in a teapot. In the issue of March 1, Town Talk published a paragraph to the effect that Mr. Edward Lemare, the famous organist at the Civic Auditorium, had made a statement to the effect that he had been notified to discontinue a number on his programme entitled "Improvisations" and substitute something else, on the ground that it had been heard many times, and the public might grow tired of it. Thereupon the editor of this paper received the following letter from Mr. Lemare:

"In your issue of March 1, you state that I received a communication from the musical committee of the board of supervisors requesting that I discontinue my "Improvisations." Will you be so kind as to correct this statement in your next issue, and I have received no such communication whatever.

"Very truly yours,
"Edward Lemare."

The statement complained of is corrected in so far as it might imply a written communication from the musical committee; but otherwise it is explained that it emanated from a story told by Mr. Lemare himself, not in confidence, but at a dinner table at which twelve other persons were gathered. It was evidently intended as a piece of humor on the part of Mr. Lemare, with reference to the musical knowledge of the auditorium music committee, and that was the motive of Town Talk in printing it. At the time the letter came it was deemed best to say nothing further on the subject, but a second indignant protest from Mr. Lemare, leaves no alternative but to make the explanation demanded, and at the same time to say that the names of the others besides Mr. Greene who heard the story will be furnished on request by the betrayer of Mr. Lemare's jocular story.

How Are We to Know?

Information with reference to the movements of the Bolsheviks, and Russian affairs in general, continues to be about as confusing as the statements of a lunatic before a board of alienists. A short time ago, a person who called himself the Reverend Something-or-other, lectured at the Palace Hotel to the effect that the Bolsheviks were very much misunderstood, and, among other examples of political blasphemy, made the assertion that they were in precisely the same position, and entitled to just as much sympathy, as were the patriots who secured American independence. On the same day, a correspondent, evidently speaking with the conviction of personal observation, gave an entirely different account of the enormities committed by this most horrifying element that history has ever recorded, and declared that it was organized for anarchy and anarchy alone, with no future aims other than those of murder and despoilation. Another equally well posted writer, to judge from his article, informed the world's news-searchers that, to his own personal knowledge, the late Czar and his family were surely alive and safely guarded from any possibility of capture or knowledge of their whereabouts. But now come to San Francisco a General Paris of the French army, who declares that he is in possession of official reports of the dastardly and almost unprintable assassination of the royal family of Russia, with the minutest details fully set forth, even to the final disposition of the dismembered remains. It is not at all unlikely that we may again be furnished with equally convincing proof of the untraceable seclusion of the Romanoffs, with, of course, full information as to the time and manner of their

restoration to the throne. Already we have read the amazing story of how patriotic martyrs impersonated the Romanoff family and suffered brutal execution that persecuted royalty might live to wreak its own revenge. From Siberia there have come many reports from American officers and soldiers, narrating many tales of cruelty, savagery and unsoldierliness among the Bolshevik hordes of unorganized murderers. But the papers of last week printed a report, purporting to come from an American officer (unnamed), which declares that the Bolsheviks are rapidly changing their methods, and are now carrying on "civilized warfare." He asserts that papers found on Bolshevik prisoners are official orders to the effect that the forces of the government must be true soldiers, and treat all prisoners, especially the wounded, with gentleness and humane deference. In view of these conflicting sources of information, how are we outsiders to form opinions that would be just, and how are our writers to furnish instructive editorials, based of a necessity upon distorted truth and false propaganda?

"Art Is Lowbrow"

Because most persons do not like their own souls when they meet them face to face—and Miss Gertrude Boyle can not keep the souls of her models from showing in the clay—she has opened her own exhibition of sculpture and drawings at No. 62 Washington Square South. For art must live, no matter how independent the artist, and Miss Boyle discovered long ago that her gift of picturing the soul of the model was fatal to the "potboiler" path of wealth, even though she cared to take that path. She modeled a famous San Francisco preacher, but could make the bust look like nothing but the presentment of a hypocrite. So she destroyed the bust, but ten years later the subject was exposed as exactly what she had made him in clay. Other experiences in the same direction convinced Miss Boyle that she could not rely on her ability to please

those who might sit for her. So Miss Boyle began to model only those whose personalities appealed to her. These were men of action—Joaquin Miller, John Muir, Christy Mathewson, Luther Burbank and Ezra Meeker, the pioneer who drove his ox team across the continent to the Pacific. For seven years she lived in a cabin in the California mountains, studying Miller, the poet of the Sierras, from the angles of his every-day life. Also, she has expressed her moods in sketches. Academicians complain that her work is unfinished and will not exhibit it for that reason. Miss Boyle retorts that her work is finished when she has recorded an impulse and it has passed and that she will not "polish" it. So she opened her own exhibition in the Washington Square Exchange Gallery. As an example of Miss Boyle's view-point, two small groups of Adam and Eve leaving the Garden of Eden demonstrate opposing moods. In one, the parents of the human race show remorse for their fall from grace. In the second, they are going into the world, hand in hand and exulting in their knowledge and the fight for existence they are about to face. "Art is 'lowbrow' and not 'highbrow' if it is genuine art," Miss Boyle explained yesterday. "It is something elemental—the expression of individuality. Art is the sparks that fly from the contact of an individual with the universe. The artist must feel and express it in his or her work. To belong to a 'school' destroys the individuality. I will not give my work what the academicians call 'finish.' If it is accepted, I am pleased. If not, I am not disappointed."

—N. Y. World, March 15.

The Shocks of Mr. Shaw

Mr. George Bernard Shaw still continues his dyspeptic tirades, at the present time under the prodigal patronage of Mr. Hearst. His comments upon the war, and the diatribes against those who have been responsible for its conduct and management—or mismanagement as he prefers to regard it—all reflect the same

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bitterness and intemperance, which, if he had been in the United States, would have subjected him to arrest and trial under the espionage act. A personal experience will furnish sufficient indication that, to the Briton, no humor is so trenchant as that which stings. The writer was introduced into a London club by an actor then appearing with great success in a play at the Strand Theatre. The actor pointed to a small, sour faced man with pink

whiskers, seated at a window and apparently scowling at the passers by. "There's George Bernard Shaw," he said, "he's a friend of mine and I'll introduce you." The man at the window turned before the actor could accost him. "Ah, Arnold," he said. "Still playing that wretched piece of yours at the Strand?" "Be careful!" the actor replied. I have the author here with me." Mr. Shaw arose and came from the window with outstretched hand. "Delighted!"

he said with a broad smile. "Ever since you've been in London, I've been curious to meet the man who could possibly write so abominable a play." So there is George Bernard Shaw for you in one brief anecdote, and the same principles dominate everything he writes. But he is firmly entrenched behind the impenetrable wall of popular approval, he is rich and powerful, so what right have the small fry to presume to criticize him?

WHY LAXCARIN IS A VITAL NECESSITY FOR THOSE SUFFERING WITH INDIGESTION, LA GRIPPE, COLDS, INFLUENZA, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, A GENERAL RUN DOWN CONDITION?

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Lucky is the man who has never felt the ill effects of irregular bowel movement. He does not know what it is to wake up in the morning with the same tired feeling felt before going to bed the night before. Headache early in the morning does not bother him. He does not feel that terrible feeling which is caused by a coated tongue. His appetite is such that he can eat a whole calf early in

the morning. His ambition is boundless—and work appeals to him. He is full of life—energy—of a desire to live.

But what about the man or woman who is afflicted with constipation or stomach trouble? Life is not worth a two cent piece to those. It is the same continuous drudgery—the monotony of the everyday suffering. As if a great stone would be tied to their back, which must be borne along continually. From early morning to late at bed time. Nothing but a desire to end that wretched existence.

Take for instance the man who is suffering from indigestion and irregular bowel movement. He does not spring out of the bed as vigorously as the man who is healthy. He has a tired feeling early in the morning. He has a headache. His tongue is coated. He has a disgusting taste in his mouth. No desire to start the day—or to live through it. He barely touches breakfast. Work is not work to him—it is drudgery. It does not matter what kind of work he is do-

ing. No energy—not an ounce of ambition.

Why do you suffer? Is it worth while? The LAXCARIN PRODUCTS CO. is placing on the market a preparation which is guaranteed to move your bowels. Why not take a chance? Even if you have taken a chance before. If you suffer daily backaches, sick headaches, dizzy spells and annoying stomach and bowel irregularities you naturally seek a remedy that will give freedom from these discomforts—a remedy that is what it is claimed to be.

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DEPARTMENT.....

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mr. and Mrs. Ramon Percz Villamil (Dorothy Lawrence), who were married last Saturday at St. Bernard's Church, New York, will spend their honeymoon at the Villamil plantation. They plan to spend part of each year at the Biltmore, New York. The groom is a sugar planter of San Turce, Porto Rico. During the war he served the United States as a second lieutenant in the 374th Infantry, the Porto Rican contingent which, together with troops from Florida and Louisiana, were popularly known as "The Wildcats."

The Overton-Ford Betrothal

Mrs. Daisy Bell Overton and Captain Edward Courtney Ford have been showered with good wishes since the announcement of their engagement. Mrs. Overton and her sisters, Mrs. John Parker Gray, Mrs. Edgar Jones, Mrs. Frank Walsh, Mrs. George Richmond and Mrs. James Albert Phillips are all pretty women, with charming manners, an infallible taste in dress and the happy faculty of making sincere friends. They are bright and artistic, have the gift of being true, happy home-makers and may be said, without disparagement to other ladies, to be conspicuous for their gentle breeding. Mrs. Overton's late husband, C. P. Overton, was many years her senior, but they were devoted companions. They had a beautiful little adopted daughter, Daisy Belle. Captain Ford of the Grizzlies was decorated in France for gallantry. He has long been an enthusiastic polo player. His mother, Mrs. Virginia Ford, inherited some of the wealth of her step-father, "Lucky" Baldwin. The future bride's father, the late Major Bell, was a prominent attorney of Los Angeles, where all his daughters grew to womanhood.

Captain Courtney Ford's Bachelor Dinner

At the Bohemian Club on Wednesday evening an elaborate bachelor dinner was given to Cap-

tain E. Courtney Ford, lately discharged from the service, on the eve of his marriage to Mrs. C. P. (Daisy) Overton, which occurred on Thursday, most informally, only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom being present. The dinner at the Bohemian was given in the true atmosphere of Bohemia, with an absence of formalities of any kind, even the dinner coat being positively prohibited. There were the usual speeches and music which are always inseparable from Bohemian functions, and Joseph D. Redding held down the toastmaster's chair in his usual happy and eloquent vein. The entertainers were Judge Henry A. Melvin, Dr. J. Wilson Shiels, McKenzie Gordon, Uda Waldrop, Harry Lamberton, C. J. Dickman, Jack Leighton, R. M. Hotaling and Leslie Taylor, while Joseph Mora supplied a cartoon prepared for the occasion and Clay Greene read a poem entitled "The Even of the Wedding." Then followed the usual toasts, many of which were quite unusual, and the happy groom departed at an early hour to prepare for even greater happiness. Seated about the table were Elmer H. Cox, Harry Francis, Haig Patigan, McKenzie Gordon, Uda Waldrop, J. Wilson Shiels, Leonard Chenery, Clifford Cook, Earl Cummings, C. J. Dickman, Ed Duffy, C. H. Lamberton, Jack Leighton, Frank Mathieu, Edgar Peixotto, Edward Lemare, W. H. Smith, Jr., Howard Veeder, Clay Greene, R. P. Connor, J. D. Redding, Leslie Taylor, Joseph Mora, Judge Henry A. Melvin, R. M. Hotaling, Dr. Louis Deane, Dr. Westerfeld, James H. Bishop, and Al Lindsey.

Social Notes

One of the most artistic luncheons of the season was given recently by Mrs. Stanley Stillman at the Town and Country Club. Later, the guests attended the matinee. Among those present were Mmes. Charles Parmelee Eells, John Ward Mailliard, Edward J. McCutcheon, William Alston Hayne, Richard Bayne, Ray Lyman Wilbur, James Ellis Tucker, George W. Starr and Miss Ida Bourne. * * Mrs. Frank Griffin was hostess during the week at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Lily Spreckels Holbrook, who recently returned to the city from Coronado, where she has been spending the winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels. * * Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn, who have been spending the winter at the St. Francis Hotel, returned the first of the week to their home at Woodside. Miss Marjorie Josselyn, who has been doing canteen work abroad, has joined her parents; Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan (Myra Josselyn) will join them later. * * Mr. J. Campbell Shorb, who has been dangerously ill at his home on Sacramento Street, is now on the road to recovery. * * Captain John D. Tallant, 27th Engineers, is now at Camp Meade. He expects to return to San Francisco in a few weeks. * * Mrs. A. Ratye and her daughter, Miss Adele Ratye, of Ross Valley have taken apartments at the Hotel Richlieu. * * Miss Josephine Grant, attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, was hostess during the week at an informal tea at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, and her house guest, Miss Alice de Lamar. Mrs. Grant and Miss Grant leave this week for a brief

trip to New York. * * It will be pleasing news to the many friends of Lieutenant Hancock Banning of Los Angeles to know that he contemplates making his future home in San Francisco. * * Mrs. Ture Steen, who will be remembered as Miss Bessie Center, is here from Stockholm, visiting her old home, and is the motif of many affairs given by her old friends and schoolmates. She was a luncheon hostess a few days ago, entertaining a few of the matrons who have extended much courtesy to her during her short visit here. Among those at the luncheon were: Mmes. George Crothers, Alexander Field, Harty Scott, Wyatt Allen, Anna Voorhies Bishop, Frank Stringham, Alfred Baker Spalding, Walter Martin, Agnes Duff

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Fenwick and Miss Helen Bailey. * * Miss Mary Elena Macondray has gone to Santa Barbara on a visit to her cousin, Mrs. Alvah Kaime (formerly Alexandra Macondray), where she will remain several weeks. Later she will leave for New York, where she will be the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Houston. * * Miss Roberta Hellman of Palo Alto is the guest of Miss Francis Brooks at her home on Pacific Avenue. * * Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon was a dinner hostess this week, when she entertained members of her family, among whom were: Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hincks, Mes. Pierce Breyfogle, Raymond Russ and Miss Mabel Pierce. * * Mrs. Harold Fletcher (Inez Pischel) left a few days ago for New York, where she will meet her husband, Captain Fletcher, who will arrive in New York this week from overseas. * * Maurice Hall, who has been giving a series of small dinners recently entertained at the Palace Hotel. Among his guests were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Misses Dorothea Coon, Anne Peters and Jack Turner. * * Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis of Bakersfield have gone to Hotel Del Monte for a short visit. * * Miss Madeline Sisson entertained a dozen friends at tea at the St. Francis recently. * * A wedding of interest to friends in San Francisco took place recently in Portland, Oregon, when Mrs. Katherine McMasters Mason became the bride of Lieutenant Samuel Thompson Halstead. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William McMasters, prominent residents of the northern city, at whose home the ceremony took place. Lieutenant Halstead is a brother of Mrs. Reade Ireland, wife of Captain Ireland, who was stationed at the Presidio until mustered out of the service a few weeks ago. Mrs. D. C. Oldenberg, wife of Captain Oldenberg, U. S. A., is a sister of the groom. Lieutenant Halstead is a graduate of Stanford and will resume his profession of civil engineer. * * The Misses Katherine Mary, Christine and Barbara Donohoe, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Sr., left a few days ago to visit the Grand Canyon. They will be away several weeks and will visit Yellowstone National Park before returning. * * Lieutenant and Mrs. Ralph McCurdle (Jeanette Bertheau, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Max Bertheau), have returned to San Francisco, which will be their future home.

Mrs. George Uhl's Dinner

The cabaret dinner, entertainment and dance given by Mr. and Mrs. George Uhl on Thursday of last week at their handsome residence, 188 Lombard Street, was generally voted as having been one of the most successful functions of the "unusual" kind that has been given during this season of unconventional entertainment. The diners, forty-five in number, were seated about six tables in the spacious dining room, and, true to the custom of the cabaret, entertainment was continuous during the service of a most elaborate menu. Assistant Editor

Coblentz of the Examiner acted as master of ceremonies, the witty pabulua of which were delivered in the attire and dialect of a retired Mexican bull fighter, an effort in which he was particularly happy. After the dinner, the floor was cleared for dancing, which continued until as late an hour in the morning as is usual in functions of the real merry nature. Among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Price and Mrs. Rosing of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Myrtle, Mr. and Mrs. Clay M. Greene, Stella Thomas Deshon, George Stanford, George Stirling, Mrs. Travers, Mrs. Gentz Gay, Miss Ratye, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Folger, Dr. Hoag, Clarence Fay, Mrs. Fred Zeile, Mrs. Raytee, Mrs. Cunha, William Chapman, Miss Boxton and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hooper.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Myrtle have returned to their home in Ross, after spending the winter in San Francisco.

Mrs. George Greenwood

No gentler spirit ever passed hence than Mrs. George Greenwood. She is sincerely mourned by a large circle of friends, especially by those less fortunate than herself. She made it a point of asking friends who otherwise would have no opportunity of a vacation, to spend a few weeks during the summer at her country home in the mountains, and only recently had several cottages built there in order that she might give sunshine and happiness to many until late in the season.

At the Fairmont

The Fairmont Follies are back in Rainbow Lane, jolly and merry as ever, and warm was their welcome on Monday evening, after their trip to the southern part of the state. Guests of the Linnard hotels of Pasadena and Santa Barbara, as well as those who were fortunate enough to be present at the Los Angeles Athletic Club when they appeared there, are still echoing the praises of the organization and they are hoping for a speedy return of the merry-makers. Vanda Hoff, the inspirational dancer, is offering a repertoire of her most attractive dances, and Eva Clark, Pauline Arthur, Grover Frankie and the other joy-makers seem full of additional life after their southern jaunt. Director of entertainment for the Linnard hotels, Rudy Seiger, and producer Winfield Blake are preparing many surprises for this coming week. The Sunday evening lobby concerts at the Fairmonth Hotel are very popular and the vocalist for this week will be Marie Partridge Price, the favorite soprano.

The Salvation Army

The Salvation Army, that organization which is always doing much for fallen humanity, is having a drive for funds, to end Monday night, March 31, and to the credit of San Francisco, be it said the sum that is being realized is a goodly one. The entire world knows of the wonderful work accomplished by the Salvation Army on the battlefield, but scarcely anything is known about the labors of the organization in California. Here is a list of their activities: Two rescue homes and maternity hospitals, accommodating 75 girl mothers and their babies—27,375 beds and 82,125 meals a year. One home hotel for young working women, accommodating 140 self-supporting girls daily—51,000 beds and 153,300 meals a year. Six men's industrial homes, accommodating 190 incapacitated and jobless men daily—63,400 beds and 205,200 meals a year. One children's industrial home, school and farm, accommodating 225 dependent

and orphan boys and girls daily—82,125 beds and 246,375 meals a year. Six hotels for working men, accommodating 300 men daily—109,500 beds and 328,500 meals a year. Thirty-three local corps—centers of Salvation Army activities—including daily visiting of the poor in their homes, the sick in hospitals, the prisoners in jails and relief of the poor. The Salvation Army is seeking \$275,000 in San Francisco and a total of \$822,000 in California. They are too busy at their old job now to go out and ask this help. Consequently a committee of San Francisco citizens are asking for them. Will you help them?

At the Cecil

After a delightful visit at the Cecil, Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Sr., returned Monday to her home in Los Altos. Mrs. Morgan has been visiting her brother, Mr. Jennings, who makes his home at the hotel. Mrs. R. Renjes of Honolulu is registered and will spend several months. Mrs. J. Carey Friedlander was the complimented guest at a luncheon given by Miss Sallie Fox, Tuesday. Mrs. A. M. Burns entertained with eight covers at dinner Thursday. Miss J. O. Easton, who has been visiting Mrs. Reginald Burke, returned this week to Mt. Diablo. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Geary, who have been motoring through southern California, returned Thursday to the Cecil. A half dozen friends enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Hudson at dinner Tuesday. The recent arrivals include Mrs. Irene Dickson Schulder, Master Dickson Schulder, and Mr. W. H. Dickson of Salt Lake City, Mr. P. L. Wyche and Mr. Frederick Young.

Dancing at Techau Tavern

The popularity of Techau Tavern is amply attested by the crowds that assemble every evening in this famous cafe. Dancing begins at dinner time and continues, with short intervals between, until the hour for closing. Special dances at the beginning and end of the evening are enlivened by the presentation to the ladies of the most unique dance favors ever offered at a cafe. These are enormous Kewpie dolls, elaborately dressed in fur-trimmed silks and with the most modish coiffures of real hair. The famous jazz orchestra is too well known to need mention, yet, one can not avoid the certainty that this organization is largely responsible for the throngs of dance lovers who flock to the Tavern. The Show Girl Revue Corps offers a most pleasing programme of songs in the dance intervals.

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The Stage

Mme. Frances Alda

With glowing memories of the greatest artists whose recitals I have attended, the latest, that of Frances Alda, whom I heard Sunday, stands in the foreground, not only because its place is there by reason of its being the latest stroke of the brush, but by virtue of its perspective relationship to the greatest in the art of the others in the middle distance and the background. This handsome, wholesome looking young woman, of modest, gracious mein, has developed her God-given gift of a beautiful voice to the highest artistic possibilities. The more musical culture her listeners have, the greater their susceptibility to the flawlessness of her tonal production, her vocal delivery, her dramatic appreciation of the classics of her exquisitely composed programme. For several years her associates in the great Metropolitan have been all the most celebrated song-birds of the world, and with her basic musical culture developed to observe effects, she has absorbed the best of the art of each; so that without being an imitator of any one, she today presents in her own striking individuality, a musical personality that stands out one of the most radiant upon the pinnacle of song. For an artiste to improve as Mme. Alda has since her first visit to San Francisco five years ago, when she was even then acclaimed as an artiste of high rank, seems to me one of the triumphs of modern musical history. She has acquired the truest and most difficult art of the singer, namely, to make the voice, independent of concrete externals, express the sentiment, the passion of the song. Mme. Melba is the only cantatrice who has this power in so great a degree—the doctrine which all her life she has been giving out to receptive ears. With this achievement to her credit, is it any wonder that Alda, endowed with beauty and dramatic instinct, holds her place in the opera world triumphantly by right of conquest? Ye girls with lovely voices but wavering ambition, think of Frances Alda when in despair of ever climbing the mountain of success. Because she had married the great Metropolitan impresario before achieving the fame of several more experienced divas, her right to claim a place in the enchanted garden of song was disputed by several distinguished stars; but today their lovely voices must be dumb of protest. Is it her matched-pearl legato, her even rain-drop trill, her delicate sustained pianissimo, her radiant, blazing crescendo, her unwavering sostenuto, her ever-flowing singing tone, her clear enunciation, her exquisite shading which most reveals her vocal understanding? Best of all, her perfect technique has enabled her lovely voice to reveal the heart of the woman—the warm, tender heart without which no one can achieve great art. She sang appealing Italian melodies, delicate French chansons, arch old English songs, colorful Scandinavian lieder and pulsating modern ballads, besides three operatic arias. In "Tosca" she breathed the fervent prayer which Puccini wrote, and her "Butterfly" was the real song of love memory and confidence of the darling little Nipponese. "The Singer," a splendid tribute to her by the brilliant Elsa Maxwell, our own Oakland girl who has "arrived" as a composer in London and New York, won a rousing encore. "A Khaki Lad" (Alyward) caused a quickening of patriotic pulse beats; when Mme. Alda, smiling and with simple manner, walked across the stage to a box and presented to a

group of soldiers from Letterman a superb bunch of "radiance" roses, I doubt if there were eyes in the audience that could see through a mist of tears. I saw the soldiers afterwards in the lobby consulting as to what they should do with their embarrassment of riches. Two, erect, walked up Geary Street bearing the trophy, and three on crutches hobbled down the street together. I am sure every one who saw them was glad that Frances Alda had sung the message to them that all the world holds them "finer than kings." Manager Healy is receiving congratulations upon offering one of the most brilliant recitals in local concert annals.

—H. M. B.

Kosloff at the Orpheum

The richest possession which Czar Nicholas lost in death was not his empire but the Russian ballet. Great indeed was the empire of the czars, in glory and in downfall alike incomprehensible. From it has come everything sublime, everything base. From it survive two extremely different wonders, the dancers and the Bolsheviks. That these two mysteries had the one land of origin is explainable only on the ground that the Bolsheviks are insane and that they went beauty mad while gazing at these gorgeous, bewildering, maddening dancers. Therefore we must take firm hold of our own seats at the Orpheum, cling to something commonplace and real to protect our souls from these resplendent figures floating, gyrating, flaming across the view, now posed in human loveliness, now like angels of the snow, and then like burning spirits in a lake of molten gold, momentarily a climax of beauty and then dissolving to nothing because there is too much for the eye to see. And yet, America as a dancing possibility need not despair in presence of this entertainment which Theodore Kosloff has brought from an antique realm. The Russians excel us in stage picturesqueness, partly because they are more serious, more tragic than we are, and in costume designing, because more serious attention has been given to this by their clever artists. Moreover, they have the historic backgrounds, which we think we lack. The fact is that the Russians have transformed their lowly backgrounds with their superb art. We behold the artistic result and imagine the reality must be almost the same. It is not. If we could see the reality, we would have more hope here. The artistry and the management are not impossible to us. The artists and the managers are not nonexistent. The question is merely one of locating them and giving them the opportunity. The Russian dancers may have attained their place through life-long devotion. They evidence this. They seem to have engaged in nothing more worldly than dancing and, in their charming little heads, to have thought of naught else. It is true that when compared with other numbers on the Orpheum's brilliant programme, the Russian protagonist does appear to be a creature of higher grade. He aims to be. We have this week, Kate and Wiley, graceful acrobats; Virginia Lewis and Mary White, singing and jesting girls; De Marest and Collette, serio-comic violinists; Rockwell and Fox, two noble nuts; Nolan and Nolan, jugglers; Flanagan and Edwards, farce comedians, and Jack Boyle's musical comedy, "Four Husbands." Given the resources that produced this plane of amusement, if we aim as high and as seriously and exercise the same austere selec-

tion, we may at no distant year achieve something worthy to compare with the Russian Ballet.

—L. J.

Novelty at the Alcazar

As one sits in admiration of "Yes or No" at the Alcazar Theatre, he realizes how intensely dramatic are some of the simpler phases of stagecraft. By "simple" is meant an innocent and primitive method, contrary to the ideas of realism developed within the last quarter century, which made the footlights as real as a shop window. The presentation of "Yes or No" proceeds along two parallel lines. For three acts the audience beholds a society drama on one side of the stage and a comedy-drama of lower life on the other. The boards are divided in half and there is no curtain to exclude one scene when the actors of the other play their parts. Nor is there any wall or line of demarcation between the fashionable uptown home and the cheap downtown tenement. Alternate light and darkness are the means by which the two scenes are brought into view repeatedly in each act. When one set of actors is speaking, the other in silence waits for its cue to take up the plot. Now and then both scenes are illuminated at once. This idea was once considered a relic of the barbarous age when the stage had no scenery and the "wall holds up his fingers" for Pyramus and Thisbe to talk through. Yet the Alcazar has proven to us that the simple device of having no device at all is as dramatic as the cleverest scene-shifter could have made it. In fact the scene-shifter has been outdone and would be useless in "Yes or No," except for the prologue and epilogue, which are set in the conservative way. On one side of the stage is enacted the society drama by Peggy Dale Whiffen, Al Cunningham, E. R. Howland, J. Morris Foster and Henry Shumer, while on the other is the poverty-stricken boarding house showing Belle Bennett, Thomas Chatterton, Emily Pinter, Walter P. Richardson, Herbert Farjeon, Clifford Alexander and Eva Gregory. The two plots, which are gradually merged, constitute what is more than a play, more dramatic than many a performance we have witnessed since the days of Sardou, and realistic beyond that technician's idea of dramaturgy. Besides, the humor is true to the blood. One feels that the walls of high and lowly life have been lifted away, allowing sight of a dramatis personae unaware of an audience. The realism of the thing is unquestionable. It is not the stage but the world, and, in the words of Emily Pinter—"It is some little world, believe me."

—L. J.

Last Concert of 1918-19 Symphony Season

The tremendously successful 1918-19 season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be terminated by the concert of Sunday afternoon, March 30, in the Curran Theatre, Alfred Hertz conducting. Friday's admirable programme will be repeated, though at a popular scale of prices. The offerings will be Beethoven's magnificent Third ("Eroica") Symphony in E Flat Major; Cesar Franck's dramatic symphonic poem, "Le Chasseur Maudit," and the overture to Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini," the latter being played for the first times at these concerts. The announcement made several days ago by the board of governors of the Musical Association of San Francisco, the sym-

phony's sustaining body, giving definite assurance of a new symphony season, and making public the re-engagement of Alfred Hertz as director, has met with great satisfaction among music lovers. Plans for the ninth season are already actively in progress. The board greatly regrets that it has been found inadvisable to extend the present season in order to make up for those concerts lost through suspension of the season during the influenza epidemic. Subscribers for season tickets will be reimbursed for the concerts which were not given (three symphonies and two "pop" concerts) on account of the enforced shortening of the season. Checks covering the amounts due will be ready for subscribers on April 10, in the offices of the association in the Phelan Building. Since the association depends for existence upon its sustaining members and the patrons of the concerts, ticket purchasers are urged to help the work of the association by interesting their friends in the purchase of tickets for the coming season and through active co-operation in securing more sustaining members.

At the Curran

The last week of the very successful engagement of four weeks at the Curran Theatre of William A. Brady's production of "The Man Who Came Back" will commence Sunday night. It was the part of wisdom to keep this play here for four weeks. William A. Brady is a successful manager because he knows what the public wants and he faithfully endeavors to fill that want. He knows a good play and he knows how to cast it. With Frank Morgan and Dorothy Bernard in the leading roles it is seen here at its best and it deserves the large audiences that are enjoying its thrills. It is a play for those who like a tingle to their drama. The primrose path has always had its charm even though it be strewn with thorns. Of course the main secret of the play's success in New York and throughout the country lies largely in its universal appeal. With its hero a young man who has gone entirely adrift and its heroine a girl who sees clearly and has a constant fight against her lover's gnawing hunger for his old life, the audience can not fail to be held by the unraveling of a story that is age-old and always new. Such plays are rare and they always pack the theatres. The last performance will be given Saturday night, April 5. A return engagement of Kolb and Dill in "As You Were" will begin the following night.

Another Alda Concert

So electrical was the success achieved by Madame Alda, the Metropolitan's great soprano, and her talented pianist and accompanist, Erin Ballard, at the Columbia Theatre last Sunday, that there is every indication that the Columbia will be filled to overflowing at the final Alda concert, which will be given tomorrow, March 30, at 2:30. Tickets for this concert will be on sale at the box offices of Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase until 5 p. m. today, after which hour they will be on sale at the box office of the Columbia. Madame Alda will again supply her audience with printed programmes containing the English text of her songs. The following is the wonderful programme arranged for Sunday's recital: 1, Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 10, Liszt (Miss Erin Ballard); 2, (a) Lungi dal caro bene, Secchi, (b) Nymphs and Shepherds, Purcell, (c) When the Roses Bloom, Reichardt, (d) Pastorale, Carey (Mme. Alda); 3, (a) Elegie, Massenet, (b) A des Oiseaux, Hue, (c) Noel des Pettis enfants, Debussy, (d) The Soldier's Bride, Rachmaninow, (e) Et ietnia notchi, Rachmaninow (Mme. Alda); intermis-

ALDA

THE METROPOLITAN'S GREAT SOPRANO
and
MISS ERIN BALLARD
Pianist

COLUMBIA THEATRE

TOMORROW (MARCH 30)

at 2:30 P. M.

TICKET SALE at box offices, Kohler & Chase and Sherman, Clay & Co., also Columbia Theatre.
Local direction FRANK W. HEALY.

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MATINEE EVERY DAY A BILL OF NOVELTIES

EDDIE FOY and THE YOUNGER FOYS in "Slumwhere in New York"; JEAN BARRIOS in an Original Offering of "Song Impressions"; COAKLEY & DUNLEVY in a Military Skit, "Over There"; MARTHA HAMILTON & CO. in "Oh, You Women"; THE FLEMINGS in an Artistic Creation in Alabaster; DE MAREST & COLLETTE, a Mirthful Rhapsody of Vaudeville Tid Bits; ETHEL NATALIE & CO., "Mighty Like a Lark"; HEARST WEEKLY; THEODORE KOSLOFF and His Russian Ballet.

Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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The Theatre of Novelties

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—Bulletin.

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THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

BELLE BENNETT—WALTER P. RICHARDSON

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In the Most Novel Drama on the Stage

"YES OR NO"

Throbbing Humanity Play

"A Heart Beat in Every Episode and a Punch in Every Scene; the Alcazar's Biggest Achievement."—Chronicle.

NEXT—"THE 13TH CHAIR"

Every Night Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00
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LAST WEEK STARTS
SUNDAY EVE., MARCH 30

William A. Brady Presents
The Red-Blooded Drama

"THE MAN WHO CAME BACK"

By Jules Eckert Goodman,

Based on the Story by John Fleming Wilson

Nights and Sat. Mat., 50c to \$1.50

BEST SEATS \$1.00 WEDNESDAY MATINEE

COMING BACK SUN., APR. 6—KOLB AND DILL
in "As You Were."

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ—CONDUCTOR

LAST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

CURRAN THEATRE

SUNDAY AFT., MAR. 30, 2:30 Sharp

PROGRAMME

Beethoven....."Eroica" Symphony
Cesar Franck.....Symphonic Poem, "Le Chasseur Maudit"
Berlioz.....Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini"

PRICES—Sunday, 50c, 75c, \$1; box and loge seats, \$1.50.

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s from 10 a. m. daily; at theatre on concert days only.

sion; 4, Papillons, Lavalce (Miss Erin Ballard); 5, (a) In quelle trine morbide, (b) Minuetto, from "Manon Lescaut," Puccini (Mme. Alda); 6, (a) I Heard a Cry, Fisher, (b) Auld Daddy Darkness, Homer, (c) Dream Tryst (written for and dedicated to Mme. Alda), Cadman, (d) I Love the Moon, Rubens, (e) I Know (written for and dedicated to Mme. Alda), Ferrari (Mme. Alda).

Alcazar

"Yes or No" is the Alcazar's greatest achievement. It is one of those rare things, a real dramatic sensation. Already it is the absorbing talk of the town wherever the drama is discussed. It is a slice of real life, a tremendous humanity play. It holds audiences intent from beginning to end by its tensely and thrill. It conveys a great message of right living, with an emotional sweep from comedy to tragedy. "Yes or No" is a red-letter event in local stage events and another proof of the splendid artistry of the New Alcazar Company, largely reinforced by special engagements. The attraction to follow is an absorbing mystery play, "The 13th Chair," by the author of "Within the Law."

Orpheum

Eddie Foy and the Younger Foys will head a great new bill at the Orpheum next week. Foy has been and still is one of the brightest spots in American amusement. His peculiar methods have set a fashion in humor these many years, and his family is each and every one a chip of the old block. In stature one of the younger Foys is larger than his father, but the smallest of the Foy progeny is generally conceded to be the best comedian of them all, not even excluding Papa Foy. Their present offering is called "Slumwhere in New York." This vehicle is a frame that sets the Foy Family off to better advantage than any they have had before. There are only six of the younger Foys now, Bryan Foy, the oldest boy, being a seaman in the United States Navy. He, however, has a part in the entertainment furnished by his father and brothers and sisters as the songs used in "Slumwhere in New York" were written by him and William Dunham. Jean Barrios, a recent vaudeville acquisition, will appear in an original offering entitled "Song Impressions." Coakley and Dunlevy, black face comedians, will contribute a military skit entitled "Over There," which keeps the audience throughout in roars of laughter. Martha Hamilton and company will present one of the funniest comedy sketches in vaudeville called "Oh, You Women." It is a series of hearty laughs and tells of a wife who makes use of the dollar-a-week system while she spends her husband's salary at cards. The Flemings offer a series of classic poses and also indulge in a routine of gymnastics which include many difficult and novel feats. Ethel Natalie and company entitle their act "Mighty Like a Lark." Miss Natalie's has met with great success on the concert platform. Her sister acts as her accompanist. She has also a capable tenor with her who is an excellent accompanist. De Marest and Collette in vaudeville tid bits, the latest series of the Hearst Weekly Motion Pictures, and Theodore Kosloff and his Russian Ballet will be the remaining acts.

Hertz University Concerts

The three splendid programmes of the concerts which the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra gave in Berkeley under the auspices of the music and drama committee of the University of California were not repetitions of those played by the orchestra in San Francisco.

Among the selection included, besides the more ambitious numbers, were: 1, Serenada, Saint-Saens (English horn obligato, Mr. Plemenik; violin obligato, Mr. Rovinsky); 2, Octet, Beethoven (For two oboes, two bassoons, two clarinets, two French horns); 3, Trio, Beethoven (For two oboes and English horn—Mr. Puyans, Mr. Lombardi, Mr. Plemenik); 4, Suite, "My Mother Goose," Ravel; 5, Trio of the Young Ishmaelites from "The Infancy of Christ," Berlioz (For two flutes and harp—Mr. Puyans, Mr. Newbauer, Mr. Attl); 6, Under the Linden Trees, Massenet (Cello obligato, Mr. Britt; clarinet obligato, Mr. Randall); 7, Air for the G String, Bach Wilhelm (Solo, Mr. Persinger); 8, Concerto Grosso, B Flat Major, Handel (Piano obligato, Mr. Hertz).

Serge Prokofieff to Write New Opera

Serge Prokofieff, the young Russian composer-pianist, has received a commission from the Chicago Grand Opera Company to write an opera for production by them next season. This is the first time that such a commission has been given a composer in this country. Never,

so far as is known, has an organization actually signed a contract to produce an opera of which they had not heard even one note. The title of this work is to be "L'Amore delle Tre Melanconie," or "The Love of the Three Oranges," and two acts are already completed. The libretto, also written by Mr. Prokofieff, is based on a satiric comedy by Carlo Gozzi, which owes its inception to an old Italian fairy tale. It was first performed in Venice in 1761 and was such a success that it encouraged its author to continue writing plays—this being his first effort. The opera consists of a prologue and ten very short scenes divided into four acts. It is very different from the usual grand opera in that its action is almost of moving picture quickness. The music though modern is written in a very simple and clear style. The opera will be given in French and Mr. Prokofieff has been invited to conduct it. Though he has written several other operas the one that was nearest production was "The Gambler," based on a novel by Dostoevsky, which was accepted by the Imperial Theatres of Moscow and Petrograd for production.

Damrosch and the Oratorio Society

Plans for a musical festival to celebrate victory were formulated at the last directors' meeting of the Oratorio Society of New York, at which Walter Damrosch, the society's conductor, introduced the new president, Mr. Charles M. Schwab, alluding to the fact that it was just thirty years ago that he introduced the former president, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has retired from all active work and office. At this meeting it was unanimously decided, at the suggestion of Mr. Damrosch, to make the Oratorio Society concert on March 7 a "Victory Programme." All the choral numbers on his programme were especially selected to symbolize the world war and final victory. To round out the idea of a peace festival to follow victory, the Oratorio Society combined with the Symphony Society of New York in performances on March 13 and 15 of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with its choral finale typifying the brotherhood of man and the world millennium. For the present Mr. Damrosch will not play works by any living German composer, nor is the German language sung at any of his concerts, but he considers Wagner a genius, who not only wrote his principal works as a political exile in Switzerland, but whose music has become a world heritage, and that, therefore, certain instrumental excerpts from his operas and music dramas may properly be played at this time.

Domestic Economy

A rough miner entered a chemist's shop recently and asked for a toothbrush.

"What price?" asked the chemist. "we have toothbrushes from fourpence-halfpenny to two-and-sixpence."

"Gi' me one at two shillings and sixpence then," said the miner; "I might as well have a good un; there's seven on us for it, wi' me and t' missus."

"This plant belongs to the begonia family." "Ah! And are you taking care of it while they are away?"

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 95286. Dept. No. 10.

JENNIE GAZZOLA, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN GAZZOLA, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOHN GAZZOLA, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's intemperance, non-support and cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of February, A. D. 1919.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By J. F. DUNSWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. MAZZA,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

4 Columbus Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

3-29-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY APPLICATION FOR LEAVE TO SELL REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23504. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of MARY O'NEILL BAKER, an Incompetent. ETHEL FRANCES DONOVAN, the Guardian of the Person and Estate of MARY O'NEILL BAKER, above-named incompetent, having presented to this Court this day and filed herein her petition, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of certain real property, belonging to the said incompetent and estate, for the causes and reasons therein set forth; and it appearing to this Court from said petition that it is necessary, and would be beneficial to said incompetent, that said real property described in said petition be sold.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, That he next of kin of said incompetent and all persons interested in said estate or in said real property appear before this Court, in the court room thereof, situate in the City Hall, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Wednesday, the 23rd day of April, 1919, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real property, as prayed for in said petition, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars.

AND IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED, That a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: March 15th, A. D. 1919.

Endorsed: Filed Mar 15, 1919. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.

By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

FREDERICK W. CRAWFORD,

Attorney for Guardian and Petitioner,

Bank of Italy Building,

Montgomery and Clay Streets,

San Francisco, Cal.

3-22-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNIE COOPER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ANNIE COOPER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Frank J. Fallon, Room 615, Merchants National Bank Building, 625 Market Street, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNIE COOPER, deceased.

JENNIE SIMON,

Administratrix of the estate of Annie Cooper, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 15, 1919.

FRANK J. FALLON,

Attorney for Administratrix,

Room 615 Merchants National Bank Bldg.,

San Francisco, Cal.

3-15-5

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WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Stocks continued their upward trend right up to the close of the week, with U. S. Steel assuming the leadership. The general reduction in prices announced at the conference of the steel manufacturers was construed as a bullish item by those who have been optimistic, and they called attention to an expected boom in business of all kinds, which had only been awaiting the fixing of steel prices. Whether this cut in the price of steel products will bring about the expected increase in orders or not, remains to be seen. At any rate, Wall Street seems to think so, and this optimism was reflected in the price of steel stocks. Trading was on a large scale, and while most of the trading was in the steel issues, the balance of the list was also strong and higher. Profit taking at times was on a large scale, but the market was so big and the demand so strong, that reactions were only fractional and short lived. However, in gauging the trend of the market, it is important to take note of the enormous amounts of realizing for profit which the market met, and this factor must be considered in view of the narrow reactions of the market leaders. In view of the steady advance of prices for a full month, these losses are scarcely worth regarding, but soon or later this selling for profit taking will make itself felt in a reaction that will bring about a place where some of the stock sold recently will be wanted again. The shipping stocks seems to be taken well in hand on any reaction, and the pools in these issues seem to have no trouble in marking up prices—one day it is Marine and the next it is American International Corporation. The latter seems to have the call at present, actuated by influences which have been a good deal of a mystery. The action of the American International Corporation was part of a real demonstration among the shipping shares. This group has acted rather inconsistently during the upswing, but over the entire week held steadily to the upward course. The oil stocks presented practically a solid front. These shares have been in the ascendant since the inception of the upturn, discounting attracting profits from consumption demands upon the return to peace and normal industrial activity. The same consideration contributed to the buoyancy of the motors. In the early trading of the week, these stocks were sensational performers. Toward the close of the week the money market tightened a bit, and call money rose to 6 per cent, and while this was not reflected adversely in the market, it is nevertheless a warning, and we believe it to mean a reaction in the market is not far off. For this reason we would accept profits now with the idea of replacing stocks on good reactions.

Cotton—The cotton market was strong and higher early in the week, due mostly to the general feeling regarding the outlook for trade, and the prospects for an early peace. After the more urgent short interest had covered, the market turned dull, and with a little selling by the south, soon turned downward, and the entire advance was lost. The government's final crop figures, showing last year's crop to be 11,800,000 bales, was a little larger than the trade had looked for, and there was some selling on this announcement. The mills were not so optimistic. Domestic trade is not at all encouraging, and notwithstanding several cuts in the price of finished good, the demand is only fair, and mills are only buying cotton as they need it. The option market is only a narrow one, and influenced from day to day by the news regarding the domestic situation. When prices decline a little better demand springs up, and the market reflects this. On the other hand, after a sharp advance takes place, the demand falls off, and the market drifts lower. The market has been too busy adjusting itself to the new conditions developed by the change in the delivery conditions to be influenced by outside factors. Crop reports indicate that the weather has seriously interfered with planting in several sections. The bulls claim that the holding movement will be backed strongly by crop conditions, and that the new crop will not exceed 10,000,000 bales. Predictions that the new crop futures will soon sell at a premium over the current crop, are freely made. We look for a scalping market for the present, but advise sticking to the long side and accumulating a line on a scale down from present prices.

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF CITY TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY OF San Francisco, in the State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1918, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California, pursuant to law.

Assets	
Mortgages and collateral loans.....	\$146,300.00
Bonds and stocks.....	9,050.00
Cash in company's office and in banks.....	10,066.78
Premiums in course of collection.....	856.00
Bills receivable.....	1,753.50
Other ledger assets.....	130,764.49
Ledger assets.....	\$298,790.77
NON LEDGER ASSETS:	
Other non-ledger assets.....	\$ 9,729.38
Total gross assets.....	\$289,061.39
Total admitted assets.....	\$289,061.39
Liabilities	
All other liabilities.....	\$ 14,123.59
Total liabilities (except capital and surplus....)	\$ 14,123.59
Capital.....	\$250,000.00
Surplus.....	24,937.80
Total liabilities, capital and surplus....	\$289,061.39
H. W. DIMOND, President.	
J. H. HUMPHREY, Secretary.	
3-22-5	

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Haight and Belvedere Streets

DECEMBER 31st, 1918

Assets.....	\$58,893,078.42
Deposits.....	54,358,496.50
Capital Actually Paid Up.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,336,411.92
Employees' Pension Fund.....	295,618.00

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Julius Calmann

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and

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXIV

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, APRIL 5, 1919

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THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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President of the World

Speculations are rife in all quarters where men of affairs gather to relax from the cares of their private offices, as to what is going to be the center of Mr. Wilson's remarkable energy and brain force after all's "over over there." One of his most striking public utterances during his recent flying visit to our headless body politic, was to the effect that he would not return until it was all over. This would appear to the independent mind to be both ambiguous and misleading. To draw conclusions from the advancement made in the peace congress since his return to Paris, that long awaited millenium has been pushed no inconsiderable distance into the future, there to be met, perhaps, by further complications leading to now unforeseen delays and postponements. There are even those who unhesitatingly assert their belief in the probability of his eventual decision not to return at all, save for so brief a period as may be necessary to collect his goods and chattels from the Washington White House for removal to another more permanent one to be selected for him in Paris. This is not an idle dream summoned out of fancy's strong box of mental speculation for the purpose of "starting something." Such a contingency is in the air and it can not even be called improbable. Mr. Wilson is not wealthy and can not be expected to fall from the eminence to which he has risen through circumstance, and his own mental and political strength, and satisfy himself with some salaried position among the common herd. What then? A third term has been spoken of, but he is considerably more than wise enough to have foreseen that he could not be elected. The presidency of a university is not to be thought of for a moment, and he would be out of his element as the editor of a magazine.

Who can imagine the president of the most powerful and wealthiest country in all the world, and the undisputed creator of a League of Nations, sitting in a stuffy office and dictating editorials to a stenographer? Doubtless he has looked much loftier than this, and who in his present exalted position would not? Where should he look then if not toward the possibility of greater power? The League of Nations was an ideal of his own, and if finally argued and fought to a paramount entity in the domination of all nations, he would most undeniably be the only logical head of the great political force which he had himself created. In point of fact he is the active head of it now. When he is away from Paris all is chaos in the deliberations touching upon the league, and the conferees perforce are driven back to the apparently secondary consideration of a treaty of peace. When he returns, and again explains the somewhat confusing, and not quite satisfactory provisions of his constitution, all is again serene, and this serenity of thought and action he seems able to control at will, with the eloquent rhetoric of the professional academician. Who then shall deny that the only logical future of the retiring president of the United States has been already outlined and that he is fated to seen be acclaimed as president of the world?

* * *

Paris and Permanent Peace

We are credibly informed as the semi-secret deliberations of the peace conference will permit, that the pact for a League of Nations, together with its constitution, has been submitted to the conferees for final passage and the affixing of the most valuable collection of autographs in all history. But the document is confessedly unfinished, and it is difficult to debate mentally upon the wisdom of passing a measure which, no sooner promulgated than it is to be torn apart again only to be made whole again by further patching. The definite provision for the guaranteed military security of the French border has been apparently passed over, and this right under the noses of France's sagest diplomats. The demand of Japan for unrestricted equality of political and personal rights that are accorded other nations has been left for future deliberation before final acceptance or rejection. The matter of perpetuation of the spirit and force of the Monroe Doctrine remains quite unadjusted as far as American opinion is

concerned, and is left to be finally disposed of under the constitution of the League of Nations. Perhaps the French conferees understood the reasons for passing over their claims and are satisfied by promises of positive satisfaction to come. No doubt Mr. Wilson, Secretary Lansing and Colonel House are in harmonious accord with reference to what the future of the Monroe Doctrine is going to be. But the French public, the Japanese public, and the American public are not satisfied, and there is every indication that there will eventually be a most warlike mess over a constitution which is presupposed to ensure peace. As far as the Japanese disquiet is concerned, however, there is much satisfaction in the reflection that the United States is not alone in its opposition to the claims of Japan, at least in so far as unrestricted immigration is concerned. Australia, as voiced by Premier Hughes, has thrown a new bombshell into the middle of the peace table at Versailles. Stronger than even the United States has ever dared to oppose it, Premier Hughes unhesitatingly declared that Australia will never consent to opening her gates to unrestricted oriental immigration. He reminded the conference that, once upon a time, when England had assured the peoples of her south sea continent that she would guard them against so undesirable a probability. But England had a treaty—almost an offensive and defensive one—with Japan, and Australia insisted upon constructing a navy of her own to protect her coasts from possible Japanese invasion or aggression. This new all of American, or at least California-Pacific opinion, clears away to an encouraging extent, the clouds which alarmists have appeared to detect upon the western horizon. Should Japan withdraw from the League of Nations because of non-recognition of her claims for equality with all other nations, and mobilize her army and navy to enforce them, America would not be compelled to oppose the yellow peril single handed. Australia's mobilization would immediately follow ours, England would of course support her great colony and—but why anticipate war when Paris is arranging for eternal peace?

* * *

Lenine Asks for Recognition

A memorial to the effect that Premier Lenine, and War Minister Trotsky have asked for recognition by the Paris conference of the Bolshevik government of Russia, is among the persistent, and ap-

parently well founded rumors that have come to us from Paris. If this brace of anarchistic cutthroats have actually succeeded in establishing a stable government in Russia, which is in control of her armies, her navies and her finances, it would be difficult to conceive how their prayer can be denied. And such a government seems to be in actual existence at the present, unopposed and undisputed except by a few disorganized rabbles of so-called true patriots, who are without arms, equipment or money. If recognition of the Lenine-Trotsky government applied to Russia alone, the solution of the Bolshevik problem would be simple enough. But this would be surely followed by the setting up of Bolshevik governments wherever that world-appalling element is entrenched behind popular approval, and the whole civ-

ilized world would soon be plunged into a war more bloody and lasting than the devastating one which Paris has for nearly five months been trying to bring to a close. In fact Lenine and Trotsky have already begun the mobilization of such forces in other countries, by assuring them of their support in money, arms and equipment, all of which they seem to have in apparently inexhaustible stores. So it is not recognition of the government of Russia that is concerned in this appeal. It would be tantamount to an official recognition of Bolshevism throughout all the races of the world. There is no race or country that has not, in big or in little, suffered under the growing menace of a volcano that may burst forth in any community whenever the word shall be given for a general uprising. The warning has

often come to us, both in oratory and editorial, that the best way to suppress Bolshevism is to ignore it; that constant publication of its terrifying activities merely tend toward emphasizing their importance and power in the minds of the undecided, and inflaming them to unite in any movement that may free them from what they have been misled into believing is the tyranny of the rich. In the face of such a showing as this—and it is constructed from carefully gathered facts—how can any nation or any people, fail to fear that when peace shall have been signed with Germany and her allies, the League of Nations will be faced by another greater war, for which they will be unprepared because of the vast armies that have been demobilized too soon?

When the Boys Come Home

By John Hay

There's a happy time coming,
When the boys come home.
There's a glorious day coming,
When the boys come home.
We will end the dreadful story
Of this treason dark and gory
In a sunburst of glory,
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter
When the boys come home,
For our hearts will be lighter
When the boys come home.
Wives and sweethearts will press them
In their arms and caress them,
And pray God to bless them,
When the boys come home.

The thinned ranks will be proudest
When the boys come home,
And their cheer will ring the loudest
When the boys come home.
The full ranks will be shattered,
And the bright arms will be battered,
And the battle standards tattered,
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty,
When the boys come home,
And their uniforms dusty,
When the boys come home.
But all shall see the traces
Of battle's royal graces,
In the brown and bearded faces,
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them,
When the boys come home,
To bless them and to greet them,
When the boys come home;
And the fame of their endeavor
Time and change shall not dis sever
From the nation's heart forever,
When the boys come home.

Perspective Impressions

Three steel vessels slid into the bay Sunday last and more are coming. Now how about some more docks?

Please, solons of Sacramento, continue the harbor commissioners until we are a real port. Shall Los Angeles continue to sneer at us?

Suggest that since government has made terms of payment of Liberty loan easy, it should suggest some means of getting the money to pay.

Develops that a factory at Lyons, France, is manufacturing Hun helmets by thousands for American soldiers to take home for souvenirs. And they talk about Yankee cunning!

Frank H. Simonds says there are three solutions to the peace problem. Why further complicate matters? Send in one of them.

Now nurses strike at Franklin hospital. Heartless copy-cats!

Congressional committee at Paris reports that the president was most courteous but gave no answer to the present conundrum.

Now it's a "flivver" flying machine than can park in any street!

Secretary Redfield says federal bonds are not for profit—unless you sell at six per cent discount and let the other fellow make a profit.

Probably the next drive will be for the suffering Koreans. New broom sweeps clean, you know.

Mayor Rolph so enjoys welcoming returning soldiers that he has gone to New York to be the first to say, "Soldiers of San Francisco, etc., etc."

Detectives fail to find sender of threatening letter to Senator Phelan. Nothing extraordinary about that.

It's the stunts, not the operation of airplanes, that makes them dangerous. Here's a fellow who drops from one machine to another 5000 feet in the air.

The Hole in the Doughnut

By Lionel Josaphare

If there was a cheerful side to the war, it was where the doughnuts flew thickest. We are indebted to religion for the service of cake on the battlefield. Our Salvation Army, never intending that man should go to Paradise on an empty stomach, has always had something good to eat in one hand when with the other it beckoned, "Come along, little sinner." Returned from war, the Angels of the Doughnut have taken up a collection. Rejoice ye! Doughnuts cast upon the waters have returned in silvery waves, the tinkle of which is still in our ears, and may the sound never fail.

Hitherto the doughnut led an abject, ridiculed life. Accepted as a low comedian in the vaudeville of food, a farceur on the boards, it yet occupied a recognized place with young and old, rich and poor. Of all the doughnut's characteristics, the most popular target for humorists has been the hole. Speculation has ever been plenty as to the reason for being, the value, expedience and contingency of the empty space around which lies the doughnut proper. Judgment has it that the hole is a necessary part of the doughnut; that the fate of one is inseparably connected with the other. There have indeed been commentators who went so far as to say that when the doughnut is eaten, the hole or inedible part still exists; while others have contended that the wiser course is to throw away the indigestible outside and eat the hole. Both of these ideas are metaphysical—a transcendental view of a simple subject, and, strangely enough, have not been ignored by this practical, unmetaphysical age.

The reason is obvious. Life is a doughnut. In the center of all that we cherish is an airy nothing around which the entire structure is designed. Thus (not to become too obscurely metaphysical) the ideal in this instance is represented by zero, which is to be the reward of the heart's desire. In order to render this airy zero visible, a circle must be drawn, and, so that everybody take deep interest in it, the circle is made of cake. Result, a doughnut; originally dough-knot or knot of dough, as appears in the older form of cruller, a curled cake, and crumpet, a crooked cake. Having eaten this, there remains to us nothing save the doughnutteness, abstract idea upon which the doughnut was built. Naturally, with nothing left, we become thoughtful. We inquire into the relations of mind and matter, the abstract and concrete, all thoroughly exemplified in this humble article of food.

A half-suspected zero makes its appearance in the most glorious affairs. Ambition has it, when public honors become boredom. Wealth has it, and stands like a pauper before the demands of the soul. Fashion shrinks to it, when the most superb hat is found less contenting than a pillow. Love confesses it, when growing cold beneath a million kisses.

The doughnut, be it observed, approximates the antique symbol of infinity, a circle; and, because we feel a touch of infinity upon what we love, we would have our fiercest hope rest snugly at the heart of it. We confide that hope—only to find that the thing has no heart—not the heart we imagined. Of course, the point is this: that when we thought ourselves wandering around a circle of infinity, we come to an abrupt terminal. This is where the cleverness of the doughnut idea is manifest. Had the

morsel been made in any other shape, we should eat and be done with it, merely remarking that everything comes to an end. No metaphysics to bother us. The amazing fact of the doughnut and other great objectives is that the end should be found in the center and at a moment when we expected something that would surpass all the rest of it.

This is as much as to say that we look upon the hole in the doughnut as emblematic of worldly experiences. Then comes the fear that eventually will be found some hole in the universe, a nullity in what we esteemed the heart of all. This may be so much the better, as many disappointments are. The outlet of our imagination may lead us into something beyond all imagery of the mind. Suppose, for instance, that out of nothing everything comes, and into nothing everything goes—to be transfused into something still more sublime. Can not everything come of that nothing into which everything goes? This is the most hopeful of all doctrines. In the melting pot between this world and the next, what wonders may arise to the melted soul. If we become lost we may be found again and better off than before. Or, in the melting pot between a present and a future joy what marvels of disappointment. Therein lies our safety, our happiness.

The unexpected may happen to our sight of heaven as to anything else. In our school days, we held to fine scorn those ancients who would have nothing to do with a round world. Years after this had been forced upon them, their descendants would not consider the matter of living upon a moving sphere. The prejudice against a round, rotating world was no doubt on the theory of its being an undignified residence for good people on their way to paradise. More stability was fancied. Nowadays we are just as proud of our whirling, heaven-wandering globe as the ancients were of their flat thing. The earth as it goes gives us more freedom and a sense of participating in the weaving spheres of infinity. Amid this, all our knowledge is as a hole in the doughnut. As we gaze through this aperture toward the azure heights, the sun and the day are not light; not until night and darkness do we behold the contents of the sky. Man striving to know himself and a puppy dog chasing its tail are engaged in the same occupation. The little enterprise to become acquainted with the beginning and end of things, to locate the dead center and outside rim of existence, might not be to man's liking at first, if some thaumaturgic darkness should enable him to see the constellations of his own makeup. In the sky, the Galactic Circle chases its tail—with a puppy dog pleasure, for aught we know, and seeing less of itself than we see from our standpoint on this planet.

Without complete knowledge, we can not exercise a reasonable choice. If we can not be happy on earth, how do we know we could be happy in heaven, unless a complete change overtake us. The soul that could be happy in the gutter of a city or a cosmos could be happy anywhere. There is some Biblical authority for this. To an enraptured man, all the rest of the world is hell; to a soul in hell, no doubt, all the rest would seem a heaven, though it may be harder to pass from one to the other than through the eye of a needle, which is at the center of the universe, perhaps.

We discard certain ideas without knowing

what they mean. Once we religiously objected to inhabitants on Mars, lest our own earthly importance be diminished. Our views of heaven and other happiness are based on the dignity we assume to be ours. Then we change our outlook and assume that heaven undergoes an evolution. Take a curious example of pride: In the year 1753, under George II, the British population objected to their first census, declaring a count of their heads to be incompatible with the dignity of freeborn citizens. Many were made miserable when enumerated as such and such a quantity of liberty-loving ones.

He could be happy today, at this minute, who could reconcile himself to be counted a zero and then go about his business unusually care-free. Man's importance is his greatest sorrow as well as his inexplicable puzzle. Until setting his signature upon the hotel register of eternity he will not feel secure in his title to a part of creation. Let him take eternity and other matters as they come: he will be happier. Myriad though the chances against him having been born at all, man finds himself walking the earth and the four seasons, proving that eternity, always behind as well as before, having set him on his feet here, is on his side after all. It will remain with him, if he behave himself, say some. To what extent he may break the rules and still be in the good graces of everlasting life, he worries too. Now and then he opines that a few peccadilloes will not injure his opportunity in the endless romance of nature. There is a loophole in every law, or in every conscience. Some men take a hint from infinity as containing infinite good, and so trust to luck. Does not the rich fellow more than this, against express warning? Astride his camel, through the streets of pleasure or the deserts of philosophy, he waves his standards, expecting to parade though the needle's eye—camel, banners, and all.

The more earthly attachments of the heart offer the same inducements and penalties. Heaven on earth, possible as it seems, is almost as far off as heaven in heaven. We can not walk two roads at one time. In the mystic vagabondage of life, man's heaviest burden is himself. His memory is a tortured spirit, a confused victim of circumstances, demanding paradise. He enters every huge doorway in search of the right road. He tries to think of the past as dead, and so makes it the more terribly haunting. His deeds are like many-colored saints on the windows, haloed with heavenly gold yet whose feet are still flaming with unforgettable sins. From the flare of comfortless wealth or the brimstone of a desperate love, he staggers to a shrine, imploring a boon he can not half describe; fearful of extinction, roaring from the sweets again, out of the tumult and the passion, a ghost praying to a waxen candle and a rose.

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The History of Dice

The knights of hazard and devotees of chance, who live in and by the rattle of the box, little know, or care, perhaps, to whom they are indebted for the invention of their favorite cube. They will solace themselves, no doubt, on being told that they are pursuing a diversion of the highest antiquity, and which has been handed down through all civilized as well as barbarous nations to our own times.

The term 'cube,' which is the figure of a die, comes originally from the Arabic word 'ca'b,' or 'ca'be,' whence the Greeks derived their kubos and kubeia, which is used to signify any solid figure perfectly square every way—such as the geometrical cube, the die used in play, and the temple at Mecca, which is of the same figure. The Persic name for 'die' is 'dad,' and from this word is derived the name of the thing in Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian, namely, dado. In the old French it is det, in the plural dets; in modern French dé and dez, whence our English name 'die,' and its plural 'dies,' or 'dice.'

Plato tells us that dice and gaming originated with a certain demon, whom he calls Theuth. The Greeks ascribed the invention of dice to one of their race, named Palamedes, a sort of universal genius, who hit upon many other contrivances, among the rest, weights and measures. But this worthy lived in the times of the Trojan war, and yet Homer makes no mention of dice—the astragaloi named by the poet being merely knuckle-bones. Dice, however, are mentioned by Aristophanes in this comedies, and so it seems that the invention must be placed between the times of the two poets, that is, about 2300 years ago. At any rate the cube or die has been in use as an instrument of play, at least, during that period of time.

The great antiquity, therefore, of the die as an instrument of pastime is unquestionable, and the general reason assigned for its invention was the amusement and relaxation of the mind from the pressure of difficulties, or from the fatigues and toils of protracted war. Indeed, one conjecture is, that gaming was invented by the Lydians when under the pressure of a great famine; to divert themselves from their sufferings they contrived dices, balls, tables, etc. This seems, however, rather a bad joke. The afflicted Job asks—'Can a man fill his belly with the east wind?' And we can imagine that plenty of tobacco to smoke and 'chaw' would mitigate the pangs of starvation to an army in the field, as once was seriously suggested; but you might just as well present a soldier with a stone instead of bread, as invite him to amuse himself with dice, or anything else, to assuage the pangs of hunger.

Be that as it may, time soon matured this instrument of recreation into an engine of destruction; and the intended palliative of care and labor has proved the fostering nurse of innumerable evils. This diminutive cube has usurped a tyranny over mankind for more than two thousand years, and continues at this day to rule the world with despotic sway—levelling all distinctions of fortune in an instant by the fiat of its single turn.

The use of dice was probably brought into England by the Romans, if not before known; it became more frequent in the times of our Saxon ancestry, and has prevailed with almost unimpaired vigor from those days to our own.

The Astragalos of the Greeks and Talus of the Romans were, as before stated, nothing but the knuckle-bones of sheep and goats, num-

bered, and used for gaming, being tossed up in the air and caught on the back of the hand. Two persons played together at this game, using four bones, which they threw up into the air or emptied out of a dice box (fritillus), observing the numbers of the opposite sides. The numbers on the four sides of the four bones admitted of thirty-five different combinations. The lowest throw of all was four aces; but the value of the throw was not in all cases the sum of the four numbers turned up. The highest in value was that called Venus, in which the numbers cast up were all different; the sum of them being only fourteen. It was by obtaining this throw, hence called basilicus, that 'the King of the Feast' was appointed by the Romans. Certain other throws were called by particular names, taken from the gods, heroes, kings, courtesans, animals; altogether there were sixty-four such names. Thus, the throw consisting of two aces and two treys, making eight, was denominated Stesichorus. When the object was simply to throw the highest number, the game was called pleistobolinda, a Greek word of that meaning. When a person threw the tali, he often invoked either a god or his mistress.

Dice were also made of ivory, bone, or some close-grained wood, especial privet (ligustris tesseris utilissima, Plin. H. N.). They were numbered as at present.

Arsacides, King of the Parthians, presented Demetrius Nicator, among other presents, with golden dice—it is said, in contempt for his frivolous propensity to play—in exprobatonem puerilis levitatis.

Dice are also mentioned in the New Testament, where occurs the word kubeia (Eph. iv. 14), ('the only word for "gambling" used in the Bible'), a word in very common use, among Paul's kith and kin, for 'cube,' 'dice,' 'dicery,' and it occurs frequently in the Talmud and Midrash. The Mishna declares unfit either as 'judge or witness,' a kubeia-player, a usurer, a pigeon-flier (betting-man), a vendor of illegal (seventh-year) produce, and a slave. A mitigating clause—proposed by one of the weightiest legal authorities, to the effect that the gambler and his kin should only be disqualified 'if they have but that one profession'—is distinctly negated by the majority, and the rule remains absolute. The classical word for the gambler or dice player, kubeutes, appears aramized in the same sources into something like kubiustis, as the following curious instances may show: When the Angel, after having wrestled with Jacob all night, asks him to let him go, 'for the dawn has risen' (A. V., 'the day breaketh'), Jacob is made to reply to him, 'Art thou, then, a thief or a kubiustis, that thou art afraid of the day?' To which the Angel replies, 'No, I am not; but it is my turn today, and for the first time, to sing the Angelic Hymn of Praise in Heaven' let me go.' In another Tadmudical passage an early biblical critic is discussing certain arithmetical difficulties in the Pentateuch. Thus he finds the number of Levites (in Numbers) to differ, when summed up from the single items, from that given in the total. Worse than that, he finds that all the gold and silver contributed to the sanctuary is not accounted for, and, clinching his argument, he cries, 'Is, then, your master Moses a thief or a kubiustis? Or could he not make up his accounts properly?' The critic is then informed of a certain difference between 'sacred' and other coins; and he fur-

ther gets a lesson in the matter of Levites and Firstborn, which silences him. Again, the Talmud decides that, if a man have bought a slave who turns out to be a thief or a kubiustis—which has here been erroneously explained to mean a 'manstealer'—he has no redress. He must keep him, as he bought him, or send him away; for he has bought him with all his vices.

Regarding the translation 'sleight' in the authorized version, this seems a correct enough rendering of the term as the passage goes, and comes very near the many ancient translations—'nequitia,' 'versutia,' 'inanis labor,' 'vana et inepta (?) subtilitas,' etc., of the Fathers.

The ancient tali, marked and thrown as above described, were also used in divination, just as dice are at the present day; and doubtless the interpretations were the same among the ancients—for all superstitions are handed down from generation to generation with wondrous fidelity. The procedure is curious enough, termed 'the art of telling fortunes by dice.'

Three dice are taken and well shaken in the box with the left hand, and then cast out on a board or table on which a circle is previously drawn with chalk; and the following are the supposed predictions of the throws:

Three, a pleasing surprise; four, a disagreeable one; five, a stranger who will prove a friend; six, loss of property; seven, undeserved scandal; eight, merited reproach; nine, a wedding; ten, a christening, at which some important event will occur; eleven, a death that concerns you; twelve, a letter speedily; thirteen, tears and sighs; fourteen, beware that you are not drawn into some trouble or plot by a secret enemy; fifteen, immediate prosperity and happiness; sixteen, a pleasant journey; seventeen, you will

(Continued on Page 13)

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At the Court of King Claudius

By Maurice Baring

From a Player's Letter

We arrived at Elsinore in the morning. We were at once let into the presence of the Prince. He received us with the courtesy and kindness which were native to him, and he seemed but little changed since his student days when he was as much our companion as our patron. It is true that his face and his expression have grown older and more serious, just as his body has grown more portly, but in so far as his conduct and demeanor are concerned he is the same. No words can picture the dreariness and monotony of the life which he leads here in the Court. He is virtually a prisoner, for should he in any way transgress the fixed limits of the tradition and etiquette which govern this place, the courtiers and the officials of the Court do not hesitate to say that he is deranged in his mind. As soon as he greeted us he recalled a thousand memories of those freer and happier days, and he seemed to take as great a delight in our art and our trade as in days gone by. His love for the stage, for well turned verse, and the nice declamation of noble lines is as ardent as ever, and he bade me recall to him a speech from a tragedy on which his sure taste had alighted, although it escaped the notice and the applause of the populace.

It was arranged that on the night following the morning of our arrival we should play before the King and the Court. The piece chosen by the Prince was entitled "The Murder of Gonzago," a somewhat old-fashioned bit of fustian, chosen no doubt to suit the taste of the King and his courtiers. The Prince himself wrote a speech of some sixteen lines which he bade me insert in my part. We spent the day in study and rehearsal, which were sorely needed, since we had not played the piece for many years. In the evening a banquet was held in the castle. The King and Queen, the Chamberlain and all the Court dignitaries were present, and the Prince, although he did not grace the feast with his presence, insisted that we, the players, should take part in it. The Court dignitaries were averse to this, but the Prince overruled their objections by saying that unless we took part in the banquet he would not be present at the performance.

The feast was in the banquetting hall; the King and the Queen together with all the Court took their places before a high, raised table at the end of the banquetting hall. We players sat at a separate table at the further end of the hall. The feast began long before sunset and last far into the night. There was much deep drinking, but an atmosphere of ceremony and gloom hung over the festivity; the mirth rang hollow and the hilarity was false and strained.

Towards the end of the banquet the King rose to his feet and in pompous phrase spoke of the pleasure that he felt in seeing so many loyal friends gathered about him and that he looked forward to the day when the Prince, his nephew, would once more join heart and soul in the festivities of the Court, and then looking towards us he was pleased to say that he trusted to the skill, the well-known skill, and the widely famed art of the players who were now visiting his capital to have a salutary influence and to be successful in distracting the mind and in raising the spirits of the Prince, which had been so sadly affected ever since the demise of his

much-to-be-regretted brother. These words elicited loud cheers from the assembly and it was pointed out to us by the Chamberlain that the speech of the King was a further sign of his Majesty's unerring tact and never-failing condescension.

As we left the banquetting hall, after the King and Queen had retired, I noticed that the Prince was pacing up and down the terrace of the castle, lost as it were in abstraction. During the whole of the next day we were busy in study and rehearsal. The Lord Chamberlain was somewhat concerned as to the nature of the performance we were to give. He desired to be present at rehearsal, but here again the Prince intervened with impetuous authority. The Lord Chamberlain then sought me out in person and said that he earnestly trusted there would be nothing either in the words of the play or in the manner in which it should be played that would give offense to the illustrious audience. I replied that the play had been chosen by the Prince and that it would be well if he would address any suggestions he had to make directly to His Royal Highness. The Lord Chamberlain said that the Prince was in so irritable a frame of mind that he could ill brook any interference, but that he relied on our good sense and inherent tact to omit any word or phrase which, in the present circumstances (for he pointed out that the Court was in half-mourning) might be likely to give offense. He said that for instance any too exuberant display of buffoonery, any too great an insistence on broad jokes would be out of place at the present time. I assured him that so far from the Prince having instigated us towards clowning he had begged us to suppress all buffoonery of any kind, which had ever been distasteful to him, and this none knew so well as I.

Elsinore, like all courts, was rife with gossip, the common talk being that the Prince was courting the daughter of the Chamberlain, who, owing to the position she occupied, they professed to find beautiful, and who in reality is but an insipid minx and likely to develop on the lines of her doddering old father, while they say that she will not hear of his suit, being secretly but passionately enamored of one of the minor courtiers, by name Osric.

Others say that the Prince's passion for the Chamberlain's daughter is a mere pretence and that it is his friend Horatio who is in reality

plighted to her. But we, who know the Prince well, know that he has no thought of such things. He is an artist, and had he not had the misfortune to be born a Prince he would have been a player of first-rate excellence. Being gifted with the artistic temperament and the histrionic nature, the mode of existence which he is forced to lead amidst the conventions, the formalities, the rules, and the unvarying tediousness of stiff and stately Court decorum, is to him intolerable. He is thinking the whole time of modes of expression, pictures, phrases, situations, conceits, and his mind lives in the world of dream and hold office at the court of Art. That is why, in this nest of officials, he is like a cuckoo among a brood of respectable blackbirds.

The performance took place after the banquet on the second evening of our stay. The stage was appointed in a long, low room adjoining the banquetting hall. Slightly raised seats for the King and Queen were erected in the center of the room in front of the stage, and the Court was assembled in line with them and behind them. The Chamberlain and his daughter sat in the front row, and the gossip of the place seemed to be in some way substantiated by the fact that she never took her eyes off Osric the courtier (a handsome lad) during the whole of the performance. He was standing next to the Queen's throne.

The Prince, before the trumpets sounded for the performance to begin, came to us and gave us his final instructions which bore, as ever, the stamp of his fine taste and nice discrimination, and which proved to us once more that he was by nature a professional player. When the performance began he strolled into the hall and reclined on the floor at the feet of the Chamberlain's daughter. We played as well as might be expected considering the chilling effect which can not fail to be produced by the presence of exalted personages, for the Court had their eyes fixed on the throne and only dare to murmur approval when approval had already been expressed from that quarter. During all the first part of the play such moments were rare and indeed the audience seemed to have some difficulty in comprehending the words and the still plainer action which we suited to the words. But the Prince came to our aid, whispering audibly to his uncle and his mother and

(Continued on Page 13)

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Jack Sheppard

By Charles Whibley

It was midnight when Jack Sheppard reached the roof, wearied by his magical achievement, and still fearful of discovery. The "jolly pair of handcuffs," provided by the thoughtful governor, lay discarded in his distant cell; the chains which a few hours since had grappled him to the floor encumbered the now useless staple. No trace of the ancient slavery disgraced him save the iron anklets which clung about his legs; though many a broken wall and shattered lock must serve for evidence of his prowess on the morrow. The stone-jug was all be-chipped and shattered. From the castle he had forced his way through a nine-foot wall into the red room, whose bolts, bars, and hinges he had ruined to gain the chapel. The road thence to the roof and to freedom was hindered by three stubborn iron doors; yet naught stood in the way of Sheppard's genius, and he was sensible, at last, of the night air chill upon his cheek.

But liberty was not yet: there was still a fall of forty feet, and he must needs repass the wreckage of his own making to fling the blankets from his cell. In terror lest he should awaken the Master-Side Debtors, he hastened back to the roof, lashed the coverlets together, and, as the city clocks clashed twelve, he dropped noiselessly upon the leads of a turner's house, built against the prison's outer wall. Behind him Newgate was cut out a black mass against the sky; at his feet glimmered the garret window of the turner's house, and behind the winking casement he could see the turner's servant going to bed. Through her chamber lay the road to glory and Clare Market, and breathlessly did Sheppard watch till the candle should be extinguished and the maid silenced in sleep. In his anxiety he must tarry—tarry; and for a weary hour he kicked his heels upon the leads, ambition still too uncertain for quietude. Yet he could not but catch a solace from his splendid craft. Said he to himself: "Am I not the most accomplished slip-string the world has known? The broken fall of every round house in town attests my bravery. Light-limbed though I be, have I not forced the impregnable castle itself? And my enemies—are they not today writhing in distress? The head of Blueskin, that pitiful thief, quivers in the noose; and Jonathan Wild bleeds at the throat from the dregs of a coward's courage. What a triumph shall be mine when the keeper finds the strong-hold tenantless!"

Now, unnumbered were the affronts he had suffered from the keeper's impertinence, and he chuckled aloud at his own witty rejoinder. Only two days since the gaoler had caught him tampering with his irons. "Young man," he had said, "I see what you have been doing, but the affair betwixt us stands thus: It is your business to make your escape, and mine to take care you shall not." Jack had answered coolly enough: "Then let's both mind our own business." And it was to some purpose that he had minded his. The letter to his baffled guardian, already sketched in his mind, tickled him afresh, when suddenly he leaps to his feet and begins to force the garret window.

The turner's maid was a heavy sleeper, and Sheppard crept from her garret to the twisted stair in peace. Once, on a lower floor, his heart beat faster at the trumpeting of the turner's nose, but he knew no check until he reached the street door. The bolt was withdrawn in an instant, but the lock was turned,

and the key nowhere to be found. However, though the risk of disturbance was greater than in Newgate, the task was light enough; and with an iron link from his fetter, and a rusty nail which had served him bravely, the box was wrenched off in a trice, and Sheppard stood unattended in the Old Bailey. At first he was minded to make for his ancient haunts, or to conceal himself within the liberty of Westminster; but the fetter locks were still upon his legs, and he knew that detection would be easy as long as he was thus embarrassed. Wherefore, weary and an-hungered, he turned his steps northward, and never rested until he had gained Finchley Common.

At break of day, when the world re-awoke from the fear of thieves, he feigned a limp at a cottage door, and borrowed a hammer to straighten a pinching shoe. Five minutes behind a hedge, and his anklets had dropped from him; and, thus a free man, he took to the high road. After all he was persuaded to desert London and to escape a while from the sturdy embrace of Edgworth Bess. Moreover, if Bess herself were in the lock-up, he still feared the interested affection of Mistress Maggot, that other doxy, whose avarice would surely drive him upon a dangerous enterprise; so he struck across country, and kept starvation from him by petty theft. Up and down England he wandered in solitary insolence. Once, saith rumor, his lithe apparition startled the peace of Nottingham; once, he was well night caught begging wort at a brew house in Thames Street. But he might as well have lingered in Newgate as waste his opportunity far from the delights of town; the old lust of life still impelled him, and a week after the hue and cry was raised he erept at dead of night down Drury Lane. Here he found harborage with a friendly fence, Wild's mortal enemy, who promised him a safe conduct across the seas. But the desire of work proved too strong for prudence; and in a fortnight he had planned an attack on the pawn shop of one Rawling, at the Four Balls in Drury Lane.

Sheppard, whom no house ever built with hands was strong enough to hold, was better skilled at breaking out than at breaking in, and it is remarkable that his last feat in the cracking of cribs was also his greatest. Its very conception was a masterpiece of effrontery. Drury Lane was the thief-catcher's chosen territory; yet it was the Four Balls that Jack designed for attack, and watches, tie-wigs, snuff-boxes were among his booty. Whatever he could not crowd upon he person he presented to a brace of women. Tricked out in his stolen finery, he drank and swaggered in Clare Market. He was dressed in a superb suit of black; a diamond fawney flashed upon his finger; his light tie-periwig was worth no less than seven pounds; pistols, tortoise-shell snuff-boxes, and golden guineas jostled one another in his pockets.

Thus, in brazen magnificence, he marched down Drury Lane on a certain Saturday night in November, 1724. Towards midnight he visited Thomas Nicks, the butcher, and having bargained for three ribs of beef, carried Nicks with him to a chandler's hard by, that they might ratify the bargain with a dram. Unhappily, a boy from the "Rose and Crown" sounded the alarm; for coming into the chandler's for the empty ale-pots, he instantly recognized the incomparable gaol-thief, and lost no

time in acquainting his master. Now, Mr. Bradford, of the "Rose and Crown," was a headborough, who, with the zeal of a triumphant Dogberry, summoned the watch, and in less than half an hour Jack Sheppard was screaming blasphemies in a hackney cab on his way home to Newgate.

The stone-jug received him with deference and admiration. Three hundred pounds' weight of irons were put upon him for an adornment, and the governor professed so keen a solicitude for his welfare that he never left him unattended. There was scarce a beautiful woman in London who did not solace him with her condescension, and enrich him with her gifts. Not only did the president of the Royal Academy deign to paint his portrait, but (a far greater honor) Hogarth made him immortal. Even the king displayed a proper interest, demanding a full and precise account of his escapes. The hero himself was drunk with flattery; he bubbled with ribaldry; he touched off the most valiant of his contemporaries in a ludicrous phrase. But his chief delight was to illustrate his prowess to his distinguished visitors, and nothing pleased him better than to slip in and out of his chains.

Confronted with his judge, he forthwith proposed to rid himself of his handcuffs, and he preserved until the fatal tree an illimitable pride in his artistry. Nor would he believe in the possibility of death. To the very last he was confirmed in the hope of pardon; but, pardon failing him, his single consolation was that his procession from Westminster to Newgate was the largest that London had ever known, and

(Continued on Page 13)

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The Olympic Club's Garden

There is no passer-by in the neighborhood of Post and Mason streets who has not admired the horticultural and arboreal beauty spot adjoining the Olympic Club. In comparison with the ghastly remainder of the holocaust of 1906 on the opposite corner, which an advertising company has concealed behind a gaudy wall of signboards, it is quite in line with Shakespeare's metaphor, "that was to this as Hyperion to a Satyr." In providing this elaborate beauty spot right in the midst of the many idle properties of unsentimental owners, the Olympic Club has been a public benefactor, and at the same time provided itself with an outdoor tennis court, which is artistically hidden behind vined trellises and ornamental trees. The property is not owned by the club, but stands in the name of Leila Emery under the trusteeship of the Girard Trust Company, and the renting agents are Madison & Burke. When the stately home of the Olympics was reared, the unsightly lot next door became an eyesore to the now proud and haughty membership, and it was decided to abate it if possible. The legal representatives of the owners were appealed to, the owners themselves were consulted, and an agreement was made that, in return for beautifying the property and maintaining it as a small park, the club was to remain in undisputed possession of it until such time as it would be sold. Attempts to rent the property, made by the real estate agents, have been thwarted by appeals to the owners, who assured the club officials that they need have no fear of being disturbed in the use of their garden and tennis court, except in case of a positive sale. But a short time ago, much to the consternation of Olympia, it was discovered that a permit had been pushed through a committee of the Board of Supervisors, granting a permit for the maintenance on the corner of the garden spot, of an impertinent and quiet-disturbing oil station. The club's directors were at once in arms, with the avowed purpose of preventing the invasion of their esthetic quiet by the Associated Oil Company with its attendant nuisance of a station for the sale of gas and lubricating oils. Representatives of the owners are members of the club, and expressed it as their wish that the station should not be there. But the agents had made the dicker with the oil company, a legal permit had been granted, and the station would be built unless that permit could be revoked. It was then discovered that this had been pushed through with other permits at a quorumless meeting of the committee on encumbrances, or permits, and its legality was at once attacked, hammer and tongs. Here was a triangular contest between a committee of the city government, the owners of the property who really wanted the property to remain in its present condition, and the real estate agents, who naturally wanted to earn a commission on the rental of it. An extra meeting was held by the Olympian Board of Directors and a committee appointed with power to act. Then came the amazing intelligence that a member

of the club in hitherto good standing, had been an active agent in securing the maintenance of this nuisance to his own profit and in defiance of the ever exploited wishes of his fellow members. The method as to how so un-clubby an action can be adequately disciplined became now a dominant subject of discussion by the club governors, and members of the club who are on the Board of Supervisors were appealed to to demand a revocation of the permit. The result is still in doubt. On Monday last Supervisor Gallagher made a motion to the effect that the permit to maintain an oil station on the property be revoked, on the ground that the intersection of Post and Mason streets was already badly congested by automobile traffic and an oil station there would be a menace to the public safety. The motion did not prevail, owing to unexpected opposition, and the whole matter was laid over until next week, with both sides equally confident of ultimate victory.

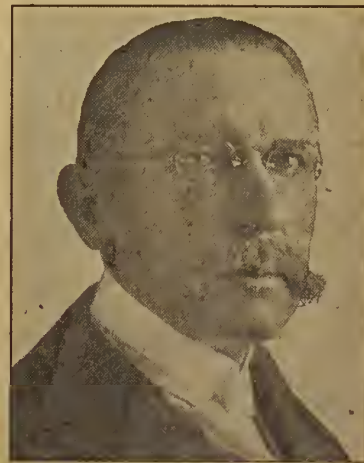
Japs in Mexico

To judge from the latest advices it would appear to be certain that the Japs are going to secure a footing in Mexico after all, if so important an official as the Mexican secretary of development and agriculture is to be believed, and there would appear to be no reason to doubt him. This official, General Amado Aguirre, has made such a statement which has been duly given to the press, presumably telegraphed by some one who speaks authoritatively. At all events the news bears all the earmarks of as much veracity as can be expected of unsigned communications, and the statements of General Aguirre are given in careful detail. He declares the opinion absurd that international complications can possibly grow out of a reported transaction between the Japanese government and the California and Mexican Land Company of Los Angeles, because no such transaction has been made. He further declares that this land company has no longer title to any such land, its concession having expired, and that the present deal has nothing whatever to do with the Japanese government. A certain number of tracts of land in Lower California, aggregating 800,000 acres in extent, is about to be taken over by a Japanese syndicate for agricultural purposes only, and in selling it the Mexican government violates no terms of any treaty. The Mexican constitution limits the size of any tract of land that aliens can buy, and no attempt will be made to go beyond it. This deal, it is asserted, is not analogous with the reported Magdalena Bay deal of some years ago, because that would have been forbidden by the constitution which specifies that no lands may be sold to aliens within 100 miles of any foreign border, or within 50 miles of the Mexican coast. The land involved is made saleable by this provision of the constitution, the Mexican government is quite within its rights, and there should be no international complications concerning the deal if it is made. If what the general says is true his deductions are perfectly correct. Mexico has an accredited government, and if she wants to open her arms to Asiatic immigrants and give them titles to lands, the United States has no more right to interfere than she would in a case of such immigration into Australia, for instance. But if the purchase of this 800,000 acres of Mexican land is a scheme of Japan to secure a colony under her

own government, it is manifestly our business, and if our government is not as dilatory in this as it has been in other border matters, we should occupy this land ourselves rather than that it should become a colony of Japan.

Is Reign of Terror Coming?

The Rev. John Godwin, known as "Three-Fingered Jack," the Evangelist of the Northwest, made an address in the Oakland Auditorium on Sunday last, calling upon all good citizens to organize into vigilance committees and stem the tide of anarchy and sabotage that is gradually working its way to the coast in sure and certain strides. He claims to know that there are several hundred I. W. W.-Bolshevik anarchists already on the ground waiting for the organized army of reserves, 2000 strong, that is shortly to arrive for the purpose of creating a reign of terror in California. Under ordinary circumstances, the sensational vaporings of self-appointed evangelists are not worthy of more than the passing notice which brings contumely. But the same kind of wisdom that can come from the mouths of babes, has emanated from cranks and fanatics, and during the past year many warnings have come to us upon which we should make our own conclusions and act upon them instead of waiting for more deadly blows to come. It is difficult to conceive why this has not been done before. Are we so absorbed in our business affairs that we have no time to organize and avert a rapidly growing power that is approaching to paralyze if not destroy them? Why, in spite of the lessons of history, will the millions permit the few hundred thousand to terrorize a nation, and not be crushed out until after the millions have decided that they and they alone have the power? It was so with the Reign of Terror in



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France; Napoleon was a revolutionist, declared himself emperor, and the millions flew to his support; what became of the Paris commune, after the dethronement of Napoleon III, when the millions decided to be governed by a president of the people? Europe is now confronted by several terrors of the same nature. The millions are terrorized by active minorities, and they will continue to be so terrorized, until they have awakened to a full sense of their power. Then, and not until then, will there be peace in Europe, and not until the United States can open its eyes to the reign of terror whose seeds are now being sown, and crushes it out with the limitless power it possesses, will the American people cease to live in an atmosphere of uncertainty and dread. The papers tell us that last Sunday, evangelist Godwin was guarded by six detectives, and that the sheriffs and constables of neighboring counties have been notified to "watch all suspicious characters." This is not enough. Suspicious characters should be arrested and interned. Two of the many maxims of Abraham Lincoln would be very useful in the present condition of things: "Don't swap your horses while crossing a stream," and "We'll do it first and talk about it afterwards."

Watterson Still on Deck

Those whose custom it has been to keep in touch with public affairs through the writings of men who knew how to write about them, regretted the announcement made some time ago that "Marse" Henry Watterson had retired from the editorial desk of the Louisville Courier-Journal, on account of his advanced age of 80 years. He had acquired a handsome competency, was still fond of convivial pastimes, and told his friends that for the balance of his busy life, which must still be busy, he proposed to interlard between his "good times," work upon a history of his singularly interesting career. Whether or no this much to be desired biography has been commenced is not announced, but if it has he has interrupted the work by entering into a new activity, inspired by his long admired patriotism, and his desire always to correct any public menace that might appear to cloud the political horizon. This is the formation of an organization known as the League for the Preservation of American Independence, whose purpose is to thwart the aims of President Wilson's League of Nations. The campaign, it is announced, will be immediately begun, under his supervision, and conducted under the direction of eight regional vice-presidents. It will leave no stone unturned in the effort to prevent the ratification of that part of the Paris conference past which has to do with the drawing of the United States into "entangling alliances." In the opinion of Mr. Watterson and his associates, this is precisely what the constitution of the League of Nations proposes to do, and they will exhaust every possible effort in preventing its ratification by the United States. There seems to be no revision of the constitution as at present drawn that will satisfy the Watterson leaguers either. They are opposed to any League of Nations at all, because its provisions are full of stumbling blocks that would hamper the American people in controlling their own affairs, both internal and international, without the meddling of other nations, even with Mr. Wilson at the head of it. Predictions as to the outcome of the Watterson project would be somewhat premature at the present time, but it is safe to say that it is not started blindly, and that before long it will be a dangerous antagonist to those of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Taft. With ref-

erence to the convivial proclivities of Marse Henry, he still continues to deny that he was the inventor of the mint julep, or that he ever made use of the phrase: "In strong drink lies the power of American manhood." It is recalled that on one occasion at a banquet in New York, he ended a speech as follows: "I am not the inventor of the mint julep. I do not even know how to make one, and for that matter neither does any one else, for there are as many different kinds of mint juleps as there are cocktails and all of them are bad. Take your alcohol straight if you must take it at all, but I am even opposed to that, for it stimulates the brain with too much violence, and I can get all the stimulant I want out of champagne and beer with far less radical results."

Prices Will Not Down

A Mr. S. W. Straus, president of a New York banking and bond firm which bears his name, has signalized his visit to San Francisco, by throwing several hand grenades of financial wisdom into the ranks of us poor sufferers under the high-cost-of-living yoke. Mr. Straus declares that American thought must be in harmony with the true spirit of this great new victory age, which spirit evidently means expansion through inflation. Those who remember the post-Civil War period, must recall with no inconsiderable alarm that the same economic (?) sentiment pervaded the American merchant, hotel keeper and financier to the discomfort of their patrons and customers. Prices soared high during the war and never came down again. The rate for bed and board at the New York Fifth Avenue Hotel rose from three dollars to six dollars per day, and remained there until it was torn down to make way for an office building. A suit of clothes which before the war could be bought for from \$12 to \$20, was raised in price to from \$35 to \$50, there to continue. According to Mr. Straus, the same rule seems likely to apply after the close of the present

war, for he says: "We are never going back to the standards of living that existed before the war. The standard of living must grow better for all men. What the laboring classes want is not to be dealt with so much in terms of wages as in terms of living standards. But such conditions can never be brought about by low wages or low prices," and so on. Evidently Mr. Straus has come to California with the intention of satisfying all classes alike. Labor will hail him as a new Moses and project further strikes; the butcher, the baker, the milliner and the clothier will acclaim him as the greatest accelerating force that trade has ever known; the bankers, note shavers and pawnbrokers will quote him in every transaction. But where does the consumer and the borrower come in? The echo comes back to us from the hazy slopes of Tamalpais—"nowhere—he's not in it at all."

The Supervisors Confess

"What was all the row about?" asked the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock.

"No row, no row," answered Supervisor Cornelius J. Deasy. "Just a little sarcasm among pals of the board."

"Well, that's just as bad. Can't the supervisors commit a noble deed without getting sarcastic about it. As I understand the hearts and souls of the supervisors, they have been in favor of increasing the teachers' pay first, last and all the time."

"Yes, Clockie; all the time; which includes any old time. Then they took themselves by surprise, and passed the resolution; but it was a fizzle for all that."

"How so, Con; how so?"

"Because nobody will get any credit out of it."

"How so, Con; how so?"

"Why, the boys played to the gallery with one hand, and played for time with the other. Their gestures got mixed."

"Now, Con, you don't mean to say that the

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OF SAN FRANCISCO

supervisors are still playing politics? Your confreres, your comrades of the charter, are accused—"

"Accused—nothing! It's a confession, my boy. Don't wiggle your eyebrows like that. I'm just as bewildered as you are. As I sat there and listened, I thought the board had gone mad. They confessed in open meeting."

"You mean to say that in the presence of the commonwealth, then and there devoutly assembled, and under the star-spangled banner—"

"Exactly; also with J. Emmet Hayden and his gavel occupying the chair, the self-appointed committee on confessions, Gallagher, McSheehy and Hynes, rendered the unanimous report that the board of supervisors of the City and County of San Francisco loves the teachers and the children but would not spend an extra \$400,000 a year on them if the teachers and the children didn't have a pull with the public."

"Con, those are terrible words. Was there no one to protest in the name of Abraham Lincoln or even Christopher Columbus?"

"Mulvihill dissented personally, for himself alone, not for the board. The board took it like a child. When the resolution came up from the Detention Home, Supervisor Power, in his gentlemanly manner, said to us: 'I don't want anybody to think that I am looking for glory.'"

"A dignified statement," mused the Clockwinder; "an epoch-making statement."

"Truly. For a while there was nothing to indicate that the board was not in its normal mind. Then Ralph McLeran made the hall resound with 'Red blood would not flow in our veins if we did not heed this appeal.'"

"Good for him!"

"Sure. And Mulvihill said to the teachers, 'Please refrain from applauding me. I don't want anybody to think that I'm playing politics.' In my judgment, right here is where J. Emmet Hayden and his gavel made a tactical error, when he tried to smooth matters by saying, 'That's all right; they all know you're not.' Mulvihill fell down right there by retorting, 'But I want you to know it.'"

"Most peculiar," nodded the Clockwinder. "Why should Mulvihill think that Hayden was not positive about everybody's pure motives?"

Gallagher Spills the Frijoles

"If you had heard the teachers laugh, you wouldn't be asking the question. The next thing I see is Gallagher on his feet speaking his piece. I think he forgot there were ladies present, and lovely school marms at that. His face was full of dark red excitement. Why, I don't know. Says he: 'The supervisor who claims we are not doing politics here is either crazy or unduly extemporaneous with the naked truth.' Then Mulvihill up and inquired if he referred to anybody in particular. 'Oh ho, no,' snorts Gallagher."

"Well, that was fair."

"From a supervisory standpoint. But the charm of the session was gone. The bloom was rubbed from the plum which we hoped to hand the teachers in sweet simplicity."

"I see. I'm shocked that Gallagher should take all the sentiment out of such a meeting of the board."

"Just so. Some people don't believe that we supervisors have any sentiment."

"Don't cry, Con," said the Clockwinder, with a husky voice himself, and dashing away a tear. "Tell me some more about Andy. I don't know whether I shall vote for him again or not."

"That's the very idea. Said he to us: 'You must play fair with the teachers and with your-

selves and with the budget. You will all want to come back here after next election. But the people will ask you why you have made a tax rate that is \$3 or more; and you must have the courage to say that you did it for the teachers' sake, if you want to be the goat. So why not let it go to a vote of the people, and let the people be their own goat?'"

"Ah, I fathom, I fathom."

"Gallagher's idea was not a bad one, from a supervisory standpoint. He wanted the teachers to go out and get all the improvement clubs and the welfare associations and the purity leagues behind them, so that at the next election we could say to the people, 'Kind people, you raised your own tax rate.' You see, the finance committee wanted the resolution postponed, so as to give everybody a chance to figure if we could afford the raise. Gallagher was agreeable to the delay; but when somebody repeated the cussed phrase, 'no politics,' he got red again. 'Don't rub the salve into me,' he shouted. 'Let's not try to bunk one another, whatever we say to the people. We who have been here a long time know politics when we see it. If there weren't 1700 school teachers in the city, with a lot of children and votes behind them, you supervisors would not be so quick with your appropriation of \$400,000.'"

"Deasy, old boy, it's hard to believe that Gallagher has become a cynic."

"The cynic of the board is none other than James E. Power, because oratory moves him not. It was just after McLeran had made the welkin ring, and the peals of his thunderous tones reverberated through the chandeliers, that Power says, 'Good supervisor, don't get peeved. By the warmth of your statements, you hint that I am out for glory, after I had expressly stated that I was not.' You know, Clockie, that the great intellectual conflict in the board is between these two. Mack, being the chairman of the finance committee, has to face the overhanging fact that Power once fulfilled the same position. It's give and take with them."

"O my poor budget!" wailed the Clockwinder. "Who else did you say was in this exposure?"

"McSheehy and Hynes. McSheehy said we are doing politics all the time—all of us. Mulvihill again claimed exemption. Mul saw the school teachers come trooping in, and he didn't want to be misunderstood for a minute. Hynes added his bit. Says he, 'We're all doing politics, and we're all out for glory. So let's not delay this measure, but all get aboard the band wagon and divide the glory, share and share alike.' But it was too late. There's no glory to divide. With me, there's a difference. I have children of my own, and I know that the hard-working teachers deserve all and more than the raise they are to get."

"What's that?"

"Yes, Clockie; my mind was made up all the time to vote for this raise at the tap of the gong. I'm not looking for glory. As far as I'm concerned, it's a case of 'I said nothing to her and she said the same to me.' Fame is a bubble. The deed is done. There is only one thing that I'm ashamed of. Some of the municipal fathers are still in the habit of pronouncing it 'munysipple'—and in the presence of teachers at that."

"The fog's coming in," observed the Clockwinder sadly.

Ethel Leginska, Pianiste

"My bobbed hair," said Leginska recently to an interviewer from the New York Evening Mail, "is not the following of a fad; it is entirely practical. When I was fifteen, studying in

Vienna, I thought it was time to put my hair up. I used all the hairpins in the world, I think. And then I went to my lesson with Leschetizky. When I had finished a Chopin polonaise the studio was buried in a shower of hairpins, and my hair was down in its natural position. I tried for a few days to practice and not move my head so vigorously, but it was impossible." The interviewer nodded sympathetically, with a quick vision of Leginska bending over her piano, working up to a stupendous, gorgeous climax, with every flashing curl looking as if it wanted to play, too. "So I cut my hair and eliminated a worry," she finished conclusively. It was Leginska's belief that an artist should dress for her trade that developed her concert costume. "A sculptor or a painter wears a smock when she is working, and surely a writer does not sit at her desk in filmy frills. Then why should pianists—women, I mean—wear chiffon frocks and French heels when they are working at their trade? Besides, thin, sleeveless evening dresses are cold. The concert hall stages are always full of draughts, and isn't it ridiculous for an artist to have to overcome shivering chills when she wants all her warmth and spontaneity to go into her playing?"

Strictly Confidential

A woman's age. What's going on in Paris. An actor's salary. Your first love. William Hohenzollern's thoughts. Why you changed your position. What the newspaper correspondents are doing at the Peace Conference. What President Wilson thinks about Senator Knox. What the taxi driver saw. What makes a Ford run. Why we moved. The ingredients of a boarding house salad. What the middlemen know about the high cost of living. What you really think about your friends.

SPRING IS HERE

March Twenty-First the First Spring Day.

According to scientists the first day of Spring is March 21st, and now we are really in Spring. The flowers are budding, as well as the grass in the parks, and here and there you can see a wee bit of green on the trees. Everything seems to breath with a desire to throw off the shackles of winter clothing as soon as possible.

Men especially are anxious to dress lightly, although it is very dangerous to do so. You can not tell when a chilly day may come right after a warm spring day. Then you have a cold—and a good chance for either pneumonia or the influenza. To avoid this possibility, as well as to clean out the system of the poisons which accumulate in the system of the human being, it is the best thing in the world for you to take a good laxative such as Laxcarin. Laxcarin is the Spring medicine of nature—and will help you to get over the uncertain and dangerous days of Spring. Cleanse your blood, your stomach and your inner system with a few Laxcarin tablets and look confidentially into the future. Use harmless and unfailing, rational and well-known efficacious medicine which is known to thousands and thousands of physicians used.

Spring—with its lovely days is here—it is true. Nevertheless precaution must be taken—a stitch in time saves a hundred. If you will get Laxcarin today—tomorrow may be a better man.

Laxcarin is sold only by the Laxcarin Products Co., Dept. E-6, Pittsburgh, Pa. Six boxes enough for a full treatment only five dollars, or one box for one dollar. Send money in registered letters or money order in plain letters.—Advt.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Social Notes

Mrs. Robert McMillin was a luncheon hostess during the week, at the Fairmont Hotel, in honor of Mrs. Robert Greer (Charlotte Ellinwood), who is here from Seattle visiting her mother. Among those entertained were Mmes. Silas Palmer, Frank Griffin, A. B. Spaulding, William C. Lyon, Lathrop Ellinwood, Willard Chamberlain, Anna Voorhies Bishop, Miss Bessie Zane and Miss Ethel Cooper. Mrs. Greer and children leave this week for their northern home. Other entertainments in honor of Mrs. Greer were a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer and a luncheon at the Town and Country Club on Tuesday, when Mrs. Alfred Baker Spaulding was hostess. * * Mrs. Lily Spreckels Holbrook was the motif of a luncheon recently given at the St. Francis Hotel by Mrs. Ernest Folger. Mrs. Holbrook is at present the guest of her sister, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton. * * Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale (Marie Oge), who have spent the winter in Washington, D. C., will soon open their beautiful summer home in San Rafael. * * Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker (Mary Keeney) have taken the Roger's place in Santa Barbara for the summer. * * An interesting group of young matrons were recently entertained by Mrs. Warren Speiker (Edith Rucker) at her home on Jackson Street. Those present were: Mmes. Nion Tucker, Franklin Kales, Stuart Haldorn, Richard Heiman, George Bowles, Maurice Sullivan, Daulton Mann, and Wendell Hammon. * * Lieutenant and Mrs. Archie Shreve (Mildred Spengler) have returned from their wedding tour. When the lieutenant is mustered out of the service he will resume his law practice in San Diego. * * During the week, Miss Mary Freer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burr Freer, was married to Edwin Nussdofer of Cleveland. Rev. Frederick W. Clappett officiated at the bride's home. Miss Margaret Barker was the only attendant.

Robert Ailes was best man. Only relatives and intimate friends were present. * * Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Walters, guests of Mr. Walters' mother for the past six months, left on Saturday for Washington, D. C., where Mr. Walters goes on governmental work, returning to California soon. Mrs. Walters was formerly Miss Patsy Rose of this city. * * Visitors this week were Lieutenant and Mrs. Benjamin Christian, recently married at Coronado. Mrs. Christian will be remembered as Mrs. Margaret Ede, widow of Lieutenant A. L. Ede, who was in command of the submarine F-4, that sank in Honolulu harbor in 1915. She is the daughter of Mrs. William McMillin of the south. The Lieutenant is stationed at Rockwell Field, San Diego. * * On Sunday Mrs. William C. Lyon (Rosa Hooper) was tea hostess to Sophia Charlebois (Mrs. Fortune Gallo), who is visiting here for a few days. A feature of the afternoon was the inspection of war trophies from Mrs. Lyon's sister, Mrs. Frederick L. Perry, who has been doing canteen work abroad. Mrs. Lyon had several of her latest miniatures on exhibition. About thirty guests were present, among whom were several artists, authors and playwrights. * * Mrs. John F. Merrill left recently for Coronado, accompanied by her son-in-law and daughter, Colonel and Mrs. William Devereaux. They will return for the San Mateo polo game, in which the colonel will play. * * Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, who has been spending the winter at the Clift Hotel, will leave this week for Burlingame, where she will open her home for the summer. * * Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Geissler, who have been visiting California the past month, left a few days ago for their home in New York. Mrs. Geissler will be remembered as pretty Carol Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Moore of Ross Valley, and sister of Duval and Kenneth Moore. * * The engagement of Miss Myrtle Ross of Pendleton, Oregon, to Clifford Mitchell of this city was announced at an informal party given by the Delta Delta Delta Sorority on the University of Oregon campus. The bride-elect is the daughter of the late Donald Ross, a capitalist of the northern city. Mitchell is in his senior year. No date has been set for the wedding. * * The engagement is announced of Miss Evelyn Evans, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George H. Evans, to Eduard W. Jackson of Berkeley. Both are graduates of the University of California. The wedding will take place this fall. * * Mr. and Mrs. Rolling Foester have returned from Mill Valley and will take a house on Tenth Avenue, near their former home. * * Mr. and Mrs. William Coolidge, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon, have left for the south before returning to their home in Boston. Mrs. Hammon gave a farewell luncheon at the Town and Country Club. * * Colonel and Mrs. Frederick Marsh will have as dinner guests this evening at the Palace Hotel many of the friends who have extended hospitality to them during their residence here. The Marshes will soon leave for Washington, D. C., their future home. * * Eldridge Green left on Sunday for Tacoma, Washington. Mrs. Green and the children, who are at present with Mrs. Green's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Foster, Ross Valley, will join Mr. Green in a few weeks. * * Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tripler have

taken an apartment on Vallejo Street and Van Ness Avenue after a year at the Fairmont. * * Dr. and Mrs. John Harold Philip have rented their home in Burlingame and taken an apartment at 680 Sutter Street. Mrs. Philip will leave April 15 for New York, where she will be the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant and Mrs. William Hutehins. * * Mrs. H. P. Fessenden was hostess at a tea on Sunday afternoon in her home in Berkeley. * * Mr. and Mrs. William Payne (Eileen Boyd of San Carlos) have taken possession of their new home on Walnut Street. * * Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dibble have been passing a few days at Los Gatos. * * Mr. and Mrs. Leroy J. Ryone have returned to their home in this city from a few days' visit at Del Monte. * * Mrs. Carol Devoe presided over a bridge luncheon at Fort Mason in honor of Mrs. C. A. Varnum and Mrs. W. J. Pardee, who will soon leave Fort Mason for the east, where their husbands have been ordered. * * Mrs. George Webster was a recent tea hostess at the Fairmont in honor of her nieces, Mrs. George P. Fuller and Mrs. William C. Talbot, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Painter of Alameda. These young matrons have recently returned to California from the east.

Palace of Fine Arts

The third programme in the series of seven conferences on the "Co-relation of the Seven Arts," being held on successive Sundays in connection with the annual exhibition of American art in the Palace of Fine Arts, will be devoted to an exposition of music by American composers. As in the previous two conferences, there will be a discussion of the subject of the day, which will be led by Mrs. Sofia Neustadt, president of the California Music Teachers' Association, who will speak on "American Music." This discussion will be further participated in by Mr. Willard Huntington Wright, who will deliver a brief talk on the "Music of Leo Ornstein." The musical part of the programme opens with a group of pianoforte compositions by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach and Arthur Foote, performed by Mr. Raymond White, who will be followed by Mrs. M. E. Blanchard in a group of songs by Edward MacDowell with Mr. Frederic Biggerstaff at the piano. Such contemporary composers as Harriet Ware, Henry Hadley, Edward F. Schneider, and Uda Waldorp will be represented by songs sung by Mr. Charles Bultott, while the aria of "Madame Butterfly" from the Pilgrim's Progress of Edgar Stillman Kelley, and the "Song of the Bird Woman," from the opera "Shanewis," by Charles Wakefield-

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AFTERNOON TEA, WITH RUDY SEIGER'S
ORCHESTRA, DAILY, 4:30 to 6

Cadman, will be interpreted by Mrs. Orrin Kip McMurray, with Mrs. M. S. West at the piano; and a group of pianoforte compositions by John Alden Carpenter and Raymond White. The programme will conclude with songs by E. T. Schneider, John Alden Carpenter, Frederick Jacob, and Edward Horsman, sung by Mrs. M. E. Blanchard. Preceding the programme, which begins promptly at 2:30 o'clock, in the recital hall of the Palace of Fine Arts, a breakfast will be held in the tea room at 12:30 o'clock, participated in by the artists and their friends.

Fairmont Follies

The new offering of the Fairmont Follies in Rainbow Lane in the hotel at the top of the town is serving to crowd that popular place to the doors, every evening except Sunday. Tourists and other visitors now in San Francisco pronounce the entertainment novel and attractive. Vanda Hoff, the premier danseuse of the Follies, is presenting, among other numbers, a dainty Columbine fantasy, in which she displays wonderful proficiency as a toe dancer. The "Revue d'Espagne," in which all of the Follies participate, is full of color and is but a portion of a varied and interesting programme. Dancing, to the music of the instrumental soloists assembled by Rudy Seiger, the musical and entertainment director for the Linnard hotels, is as popular as ever, and is enjoyed, with intervals of the Follies, from seven o'clock until one. Emilie Lancel, an operatic soprano, will be the vocal soloist at the Fairmont lobby concert this Sunday evening. The instrumental portion of the programme, under Seiger's direction, promises to be unusually interesting.

At the Cecil

Several informal luncheons took place at the Cecil Wednesday. Miss Gussie Ames gave a luncheon of eight covers and the decorations were spring flowers, charmingly set in one of the attractive private dining rooms. Mrs. Edward Geary was also a luncheon hostess. Mrs. A. W. Burns dispensed her charming hospitality Thursday. The nature of the affair was a dinner. One of the delightful entertainments of the week was the card party given in the lounge Monday evening. Among those who enjoyed the evening of bridge were General and Mrs. Edward McClelland, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walker, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Kenyon, Mr. and Mrs. Dorinni, Mr. and Mrs. William Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Wyche,

Mmes. Eugene Davis, Elizabeth Pratt, B. F. Keith, Worrall, Beall, Ellert. Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson Clark and the latter's mother, Mrs. Harrison, were hosts at dinner Thursday. Mrs. Rowley gave a dinner Tuesday in honor of her son's birthday, and covers were arranged for ten. After a delightful winter spent at the Cecil, Mr. and Mrs. Downin returned Tuesday to their home in Mill Valley. Mrs. R. Renjes of Honolulu was the honor guest at the luncheon over which Mrs. Dora Ahlborn presided Monday. Most of the guests were former residents of Honolulu.

Merced to El Portal

At last we have city, state and nation sincerely bound in a single project—that of a good road from Merced to El Portal of the Yosemite. This is a distance of seventy miles. It will cost \$1,700,000, a million dollars of which is to be raised by the automobile people of California. The plan is to sell auto tickets for \$5, the regular government price for admission to the park. In order to stimulate the purchase of these tickets, the government has consented to honor them at any time within twenty years. A plan of education has been put into effect, so that all California towns will recognize the beauties of the valley and the desirability of the boulevard. Last week at the St. Francis, seven reels of motion pictures were run for about 1500 guests invited by Senator James J. Phelan, Rudolph Spreckels, A. B. C. Dohrman, William Magee and Chester Weaver. The pictures were taken by Arthur C. Pillsbury, who has spent four years, off and on, in filming the best known and some hitherto unknown beauties of the national park. Some of his cloud effects are without equal in motion pictures. Pillsbury also spent a week at a time photographing wild

flowers in growth, his screen showing the complete expansion from bud to falling petals in about forty seconds. The reels, which leave no spectacular spot of Yosemite unrevealed, are considered the main asset in the Highway Association educational campaign. They will soon be exhibited at the Civic Auditorium, where a fifty-foot screen will be found necessary to give those in the remoter parts of the building a good view. The largest motion-picture screen now in San Francisco has a width of twenty-six feet. This is the first time that the United States government has undertaken any fund-raising for work outside the limits of the park. The drive for funds will continue until June 22.

Strangers Delighted with Techau Tavern

If you have friends visiting the city, do not fail to invite them to an evening at Techau Tavern. This famous cafe is a San Francisco institution. Visitors find it unique and altogether fascinating. The arrangements for dancing are perfect, the floor being above criticism, and the jazz orchestra such as few cafes in the country can boast. Costly dance favors are presented to the ladies during the special dances at the dinner hour and again after the theatre. These, at the present time, are large, silk-gowned Kewpie dolls with real hair elaborately dressed. Favors for the gentlemen are large boxes of Melachrino cigarettes. In the dance intervals the Show Girl Revue Corps sings all the most popular songs in a highly finished manner.

Piper Mac—The verra best music I ever heard whateffer was doon at Jamie Macclachlan's. Tre was fifteen o' us pipers in the wee back parlor, all playing different chunes. I thoct I was floatin' about in heaven!



ETHEL LEGINSKA,

The Pianistic Marvel, Columbia Theatre, Sunday Afternoons, April 20 and 27; Oakland Auditorium Theatre, April 24; Wheeler Hall, Berkeley, April 25; Assembly Hall, Stanford, in April.

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The Stage

Return of the Foys

Eddie Foy says that one of the Seven Little Foys is a big Foy in the military service (hough tyme flize!) and that if the war had kept up much longer, he would have to raise another family; also and moreover, that he himself is too old for the service, but not too old—and the funny little Foy mouth goes up at the corners. Just think, when the seven little Foys are middle-aged and celebrated comedians, and each Foy has seven other little Foys, there will be fifty-seven Foys, including the great progenitor of them all, touring the country; and in the succeeding generation, there will be four hundred and fifty-six Foys making laughter in every state of the union. Vaudeville will be called Foydeville, and there will be so much good humor in the world that nobody will ever wrangle about anything. There will be no war; not even arbitration. Instead of arguing the matter, people will all go to hear the Foys and laugh it off. Another hilarious troupe is Martha Hamilton and Company, in a skit that lets us into the sunny side of buying clothes and furniture on the installment plan. Coakley and Dunlevy, in blackface, conduct an explosion of soldier jokes, over there. Jean Barrios, in a somewhat sensational costume, offers a novelty in song impressions, at the finale of which, a peculiar accident, conventional in such cases, happens to the singer's hat and hair. Ethel Natalie and Company, consisting of soprano, pianist, and a baritone, entitle their act, "Mighty Like a Lark." The lark is Ethel, no doubt, and not the gentleman who sings with her; no larks that we know of sing baritone. The Flemings supply the muscular part of the programme with their "Artistic Creations in Alabaster," a series of poses, followed by strong-arm work. Held over for the week are the marvellous Kosloff Troupe of Russian Dancers and the De Marest-Collette couple. These two comedy musicians, clever both in a serious and a farcical way, have become pets with the Orpheum audiences, and San Francisco will be anxious to see them again.

—L. J.

Another Alda Triumph

A brilliantly composed programme, superbly executed by a magnetic artiste made another glad festival of song when Mme. Frances Alda gave her second concert last Sunday. There was the largest house of the present concert season and more enthusiasm than has been in evidence for several recital seasons. Mme. Alda does more than make a strong appeal to the musical intelligence of her hearers—she reaches their hearts and searches their souls with her golden toned dramatic interpretations. When she sings of love, the listener believes: "Love is life's end (an end, but never ending); All joys, all sweets, all happiness, awaiting; Love is life's wealth (ne'er spent, but ever spending; More rich by giving, taking by discarding; Love's life's reward, rewarded in rewarding."

When of patriotism, "He who loves not his country, can love nothing." To paraphrase Bryant, when she ventures into the fields of gaiety, she has a smile and eloquence of beauty that glides into our darker musings and steals away our sadness ere we are aware.

The charming singer gave added evidence of her vocal skill and breath control by dextrous manipulation of tonal phrases to conceal a

slight temporary throat irritation. Miss Erin Ballard again proved herself worthy of her distinguished company by her brilliantly executed, sympathetic accompaniments. It is a tribute to Mme. Alda's magnetic appeal that she can attract the eyes of her audience from the glorious burnished auburn hair of the pretty young pianiste.

—H. M. B.

Vale, Symphony

The San Francisco Symphony season ended in a blaze of glory and left a trail of unforgettable melodic memories in its wake. Each year there is a void in the musical world when the superb organization ceases to play for us; but the increasing understanding of symphonic music, for which the players are responsible in our community, adds zest to the anticipation of harmonic joys next season.

—H. M. B.

The Curran

Following "The Man Who Came Back," which closes its engagement at the Curran on Saturday night, come the two men who may be always depended upon to come back, Kolb and Dill, who will offer again the piece in which they recently played for five capacity weeks at the Curran, termed "As You Were." The Kolb and Dill engagement opens Sunday night, April 6. "As You Were," which is described as a "military, dramatic farce with music," was written by Max M. Dill, the small, rotund member of the team, with lyrics by Harry Williams and music of the catchy variety by Leo Flanders. It makes the cheeriest kind of a vehicle for the familiar and much-liked comedy methods of the "long and short" funmakers. In the opinion of the majority of admirers and critics, "As You Were" touches high-water mark among the plays in which the team has appeared. A production of uncommon attractiveness, a group of stunning girls ravishingly gowned and many novelty song numbers are features of the performance. C. William Kolb plays a doctor and Max Dill an undertaker in the small town of Liberty, State of Democracy, "Somewhere in the United States." It is an excruciatingly funny plot, dotted with ingeniously contrived situations. The same excellent supporting cast will be seen next Sunday, including Julia Blanc, Marie Rich, May Cloy, Ethel Martelle, George W. Banta, Jr., Max Steinle, Jack Rollins and Frank Bonner.

Alcazar

This is the last week of "Yes or No," so brilliantly acted by the New Alcazar Company that it stands out as the distinguished novelty of the season. Laughter, tears, tense melodrama, blend like rainbow hues in this wonderful humanity drama. Commencing next Sunday matinee, for one week only, comes "The 13th Chair," a mystery play by Bayard Veiller, author of "Within the Law," which held New York through summer and winter, for nearly two years. It is tremendously exciting and so adroitly constructed that its audiences are kept guessing from the first rise of the curtain until its final fall. A spiritualistic demonstration is given for the guests at a fashionable society function. Within the hand clasped circle of skeptically curious folk a crime is committed. Suspicion involves every person present before the mystery is solved at the very last moment. Two surprising new tests of versatility are im-

posed upon Belle Bennett, who personates the quaint, whimsical little Irish medium calling herself "Rosalie La Grange," and Walter P. Richardson, who, as the keen, incisive police inspector, Tim Donahue, engages her in a royal battle of wits to his own discomfiture. There is much joyous Celtic humor in this fascinating melodrama. In preparation is "The Road to Happiness," the famous comedy of optimism and glad suggestion which helped to make William Hodge, creator of "The Man from Home," the richest comedian in America. It is another of the eastern successes that the Alcazar Company acts for the first time in San Francisco.

The Stunning Ethel Leginska

Ethel Leginska, the remarkably gifted young pianist, who by virtue of her unique gifts and exceptionally interesting personality, is one of the most strikingly successful of the concert artists, will be Frank W. Healy's next star, Miss Leginska being booked by Mr. Healy for recitals at the Columbia Theatre, Sunday afternoons, April 20 and 27; Oakland Auditorium Theatre, April 24; Wheeler Hall, University of California, April 25. Miss Leginska was booked for a recital at Assembly Hall, Stanford University, April 17, but wishing at least three days rest after her arrival here April 16 from New York, the Stanford date will be re-arranged. Miss Leginska, who declares modern clothes a hideous handicap to women, has designed her own clothes since she was twelve; that was fifteen years ago. This season she is appearing before the public in a long, black velvet coat in redingote style, slit to the waist in the back. With this she wears a narrow, ankle-length skirt of black silk and a white silk blouse which she calls a "shirt" and which shows softly at the neck and wrists. Patent leather pumps with colonial silver buckles complete what Miss Leginska thinks is the handsomest costume on the concert stage. While Miss Leginska's clothes and bobbed brownish hair that flops against her boyish face make of her a distinct personality, she is not alone a personality but a virtuoso of the pianoforte in every sense of the phrase. The following programme has been arranged for Leginska's first appearance here, Sunday afternoon, April 20: 1, (a) Sonata, Op. 53 (Allegro con brio, Molto adagio, Rondo), Beethoven; (b) Two Etudes, Op. 10, No. 8 and Op. 25, No. 7, Chopin; (c) Polonaise, Op. 53, Chopin. 2, (a) To the Sea, MacDowell; (b) Witches Dance, MacDowell; (c) Hungarian, MacDowell; (d) Etude in F sharp major, Arensky; (e) Prelude in G minor, Rachmaninoff; (f) Rhapsodie No. XIII, Liszt. Tickets for the Leginska recitals are now on sale at the usual places.

Orpheum

There will be seven new acts and one hold-over in next week's Orpheum bill. Paul Dickey, who will head the show, has made himself a prominent factor in contemporaneous drama. As leading man with various stars and at the head of his own company, he has invariably given performances deserving of the highest praise. As a stage director he takes his place among the best producers of the day and as author he has three successful plays to his credit and a number of playlets. These plays are "The Ghost Breakers," "The Misleading Lady," and "The Wrong Way Out." The most

important of his playlets is "The Lincoln Highwayman," a fascinating little modern western romance in which he himself is appearing. "The Lincoln Highwayman" is the story of a modern road agent and the still more modern sheriff. The road agent does his work in a high-powered automobile and the sheriff is a sweet young thing disguised as a society reporter. Appearing with Mr. Dickey is Miss Inez Plummer, who was with Henrietta Crosman in "Sham" and more recently was co-starred with Frank Craven in "Too Many Cooks." The Six Kirk-Smith Girls are charmingly handsome young women, each a skilled musician. They have obtained supremacy in the world of music by their extraordinary achievements, both vocal and instrumental. A music lesson as played by Sam Adams and J. P. Griffith is a humorous idea of what a vocal instructor has to contend with. Mr. Griffith appears as the music teacher and is given a chance to use his own fine voice to the very best advantage. Mr. Adams has a dual role—the first the vocal aspirant who should be shoveling coal, and the second a temperamental prima donna whose vocation should be shoveling wheat cakes. In Girls of the Altitude, a daring and sensational aerial act will be presented by four fearless maidens who perform a series of novel and dangerous feats. Charles Wilson, "The Loose Nut," is described as the nuttiest of nut comedians and the most droll. Florence Hobson and Eileen Beatty entitle their act "Two Different Girls and a Piano." Miss Hobson is a contralto and Miss Beatty a soprano. With the assistance of a piano they give a delightful song recital. H. C. McIntyre, American premier rifle shot, and Rose McIntyre, "The Human Target," furnish a thrilling and sensational act. None of the object at which he fires are over an inch in diameter, and probably the most sensational shot ever attempted by a marksman is the one he concludes with. A target a quarter of an inch in circumference is placed upon his partner's chest. He fires at it and never misses his mark. Eddie Foy and the Younger Foys will repeat their great comedy hit, "Slumwhere in New York."

AT THE COURT OF KING CLAUDIUS

(Continued from Page 5)

elucidating for them the passages which proved perplexing. He also made various comments to the Chamberlain's daughter, and was quick to apprehend the slightest play of feature, gesture, or intonation which struck him as being successful and true.

The Chamberlain's daughter was listless throughout and seemed to take no interest in the play, and her father was too enfeebled in mind to catch the drift of it at all, but the manifest interest which the Prince took in it seemed, nevertheless, to cause him uneasiness, and he never ceased furtively to glance at the King and Queen. The Queen, on the other hand, seemed much pleased, and indeed they say that she has ever been fond of spectacles and stage playing. By the time the play had reached its climax, with the entry of Lucianus who spoke the lines which had been inserted by the Prince, the King, who had been growing more and more fretful (for he has no taste for letters) rose from his seat and gave the signal for departure, and the Chamberlain immediately gave orders that the play should cease. The King remarked that the heat in the hall was oppressive and he withdrew, followed by the Court, and the Prince, who was in an ecstasy of joy, clapped his hands loudly and congratulated us warmly, saying that he had seldom enjoyed a play so much.

So tedious is the routine at these courts that this little incident was much discussed and debated, and the Prince's conduct in so loudly applauding a play after His Majesty had signified that the performance was tedious has been severely commented on. Tomorrow we sail for Hamburg.

JACK SHEPPARD

(Continued from Page 6)

that in the crowd a constable broke his leg. Even in the Condemned Hole he was unreconciled. If he had broken the castle, why should he not also evade the gallows? Wherefore he resolved to carry a knife to Tyburn that he might cut the rope, and so, losing himself in the crowd, ensure escape. But the knife was discovered by his warder's vigilance, and taken from him after a desperate struggle. At the scaffold he behaved with admirable gravity: confessing the wickedness of his robberies, and asking pardon for his enormous crimes. "Of two virtues," he boasted at the self-same moment that the cart left him dancing without the music, "I have ever cherished an honest pride: never have I stooped to friendship with Jonathan Wild, or with any of his detestable thief-takers; and, though an undutiful son, I never damned my mother's eyes."

Thus died Jack Sheppard, intrepid burglar and incomparable artist, who, in his own separate

ambition of prison-breaking, remains, and will ever remain, unrivaled. His most brilliant efforts were the result neither of strength nor of cunning; for so slight was he of build, so deficient in muscle, that both Edgworth Bess and Mistress Maggot were wont to bang him to their own mind and purpose. And an escape so magnificently planned, so bravely executed as was his from the strong room, is far greater than a mere effect of cunning. Those mysterious gifts which enable mankind to batter the stone walls of a prison, or to bend the iron bars of a cage, were pre-eminently his. It is also certain that he could not have employed his gifts in a more reputable profession.

THE HISTORY OF DICE

(Continued from Page 4)

either be on the water, or have dealings with those belonging to it, to your advantage; eighteen, a great profit, rise in life, or some desirable good will happen almost immediately, for the answers to the dice are said to be fulfilled within nine days. To throw the same number twice at one trial shows news from abroad, be the number what it may. If the dice roll over the circle, the number thrown goes for nothing, but the occurrence shows sharp words impending; and if they fall on the floor it is blows. In throwing the dice if one remain on the top of the other, 'it is a present of which you must take care, 'namely, 'a little stranger' at hand.

Two singular facts throw light on the kind of dice used some 100 and 150 years ago. In an old cribbage card box, curiously ornamented, there was found a die with one end fashioned to a point, evidently for the purpose of spinning—similar to the modern tectotum. With the same lot at the sale where it was bought, was a pack of cards made of ivory, about an inch and a half in length and one inch in width—in other respects exactly like the cards of the period.

Again, it is stated that in taking up the floors of the Middle Temple Hall, about the year 1764, nearly 100 pairs of dice were found, which had dropped, on different occasions, through the chinks or joints of the boards. They were very small, at least one-third less than those now in use. Certainly the benchers of those times did not keep the floor of their magnificent hall in a very decent condition.

A curious fact relating to dice may here be pointed out. Each of the six sides of a die is so dotted or numbered that the top and bottom of every die (taken together) make 7; for if the top or uppermost side is 5, the bottom or opposite side will be 2; and the same holds through every face; therefore, let the number of dice be what it may, their top and bottom faces, added together, must be equal to the number of dice multiplied by 7. In throwing three dice, if 2, 3, and 4 are thrown, making 9, their corresponding bottom faces will be 5, 4, and 3, making 12, which together are 21—equal to the three dice multiplied by 7.

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The Mirror

By Max Beerbohm

In the north, on the bank of the Niemen, appeared one day a little creole, fifteen years of age, pink and white as the blossoms of the almond tree. She had come from the land of humming birds, and a breath of love wafted her hither. Truc, the people of her island had said to her, "Do not go. It is cold on the continent. When winter comes it will kill you." But the little creole did not believe there was such a thing as winter, and she did not know what cold was except as she had tasted it in sherbets; besides, she was in love, and had no fear of death. And so it happened that she landed northward, among the fogs of the Niemen, with her fans, her hammock, mosquito nettings, and a gilded, latticed cage, filled with the birds of her country.

When old Father North saw this island flower the south had sent him in a sunbeam, his heart stirred within him for pity; and as he thought that the cold would make but a single mouthful of the maiden and her humming birds, he quickly lighted his great yellow sun, and disguised himself in summer's garments to receive the strangers. And so the creole was deceived, and she mistook this northern heat, so harsh and oppressive, for constant warmth, and its dark evergreens for the verdure of spring time, and hanging her hammock in the park between two fir trees she swung and fanned herself all day long.

"It is very warm in the north," she said with a smile. But one thing troubled her. Why in this strange country have the houses no verandas? Why those thick walls, those carpets and heavy hangings? Those great porcelain stoves, and huge piles of wood heaped up in the yards, those blue fox skins, lined cloaks, and furs laid away at the bottom of wardrobes—what are all these things for? Poor child, she will soon learn.

One morning, on awakening, the little creole feels a sudden chill pass through her. The sun has disappeared, and from the darkened overhanging sky, which seems to have descended upon the earth during the preceding night, flakes are falling, forming a wooly covering, white and silent as that which falls from the cotton tree. Winter is come! Winter is come! The wind whistles, the stoves roar. In their big cage with its gilded lattice, the humming birds chirp no longer. Their tiny wings, blue, rose-hued, ruby-red, and sea-green, are motionless now. It is pitiful to see them huddling against each other, their bodies benumbed and swollen with the cold—such slender beaks, and eyes like pin heads. Yonder, in the park, frost has eaten into the hammock, and it, too, shivers with the cold. The branches of the pine tree are sheathed in a covering that looks like spun glass. The little creole feels the cold, and does not care to venture out of doors.

Curled up snugly beside the fire, like one of her birds, she whiles away the hours making sunshine of her memories. In the great fireplace a bright fire burns, and in its flames she seems to see all the scenes of her native land, the great quays basking in the sunshine, the dripping sugar cane, and the floating, golden dust of grains of maize; then the afternoon siesta, the light blinds and straw mattings—and those starlit evenings, with fireflies, and millions of tiny wings buzzing among the flowers, and the tulle meshes of mosquito netting.

And while she dreams at the fireside, the

winter days follow each other, growing shorter and gloomier. Every morning a dead humming bird is picked up in the cage; soon there are but two of them left, two tufted bits of green plumage that lean, bristling, against each other in a corner of the cage. That morning the little creole herself was unable to rise. Like a Turkish felucca lodged fast in northern ice fields, she is gripped and paralyzed by the cold. The day is sombre, the chamber dreary. The frost has curtained the window panes with a heavy covering, like lustreless silk; the city itself seems dead, and through the silent streets the steam snow plow wheezes dolefully. The creole, lying in bed, tries to divert herself by watching the flash from the spangles of her fan, and passes hours gazing at herself in the mirrors of her native land, fringed with tall Indian plumes.

Growing ever shorter, ever gloomier, the winter days follow each other. Surrounded by her lace curtains, the little creole droops, is wretched. What saddens her most of all is to find that from her bed she can not see the fire. It seems to her that she has lost her country a second time. From time to time she asks, "Is there a fire in the room?" "Why, of course there is, little one. The fireplace is aflame! Don't you hear the logs crackling, the fir cones bursting? Oh, look, look!" But though she leans forward, the flames are too far away for her; she can not see them, and the thought renders her disconsolate. But one evening, as she lies there, pensive and pale, her head barely touching her pillow, and her eyes ceaselessly directed towards that beautiful invisible flame, her beloved approaches her bedside, and lifts one of the mirrors lying upon the bed: "You want to see the flame, mignonne? Well, then, wait a moment," and kneeling before the fire, he tries to hold the mirror so that she shall receive a reflection of the magic flame. "Can you see it?" "No! I see nothing."



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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market moved in an irregular way the past week. Profit taking was quite general in those issues that have been active and higher of late, and while there was some recession in prices, it was lost sight of in view of the general strength in other stocks. Above par for United States Steel, there seemed to be plenty of stock for sale, but prices held well a fraction below, with sentiment still very bullish amongst commission houses. The professional element seems to be against the market at present, and has either sold its stocks or is waiting a more favorable level to begin operations. Pool operations in the food stocks kept these issues well to the front, and prices were generally higher. The oils were inclined to lag. The coppers held up fairly well. In the last named group there is a marked feeling that adverse conditions in the producing and selling departments of the red metal industry have been abundantly discounted in the low security prices, and lower levels are being resisted stubbornly. The only new development came to the surface in the form of a more or less vague suggestion that the Redfield Board will take up the stabilizing of the metal prices. The prices can't not go much lower than current prices, around 15 cents per pound, and there is a growing belief that if the board would give some sort of an assurance that present prices would be maintained for a year, the long delayed buying movement would probably set in and work off the crushing weight of the copper metal stocks. Another significant development rivaling the movement of the steel stocks, was the unpegging of Sterling exchange. This came in an announcement that the British government had instructed its representatives here to discontinue purchasing bills at the old fixed rate. This caused quite a drop, not only in sterling, but in lire and francs. One view was that the British and Italian governments were willing to have exchange released to find its normal level free from the expensive system of pegging. The other and the one most generally accepted as the controlling motive, was that England and Italy desired to put a penalty upon foreign purchases by their own merchants, in order to divert their buying into home markets, the theory being that this would keep money resources at home, and thus encourage domestic industry. This had very little effect on sentiment in Wall Street, although sooner or later it is bound to have its effect, or as soon as bullish enthusiasm that is now so pronounced takes a rest. Outside of these two major events, the week's market was a record of back and forth swings in specialties, actuated by influences surrounding the issues individually. The rails were again backward, hanging around their old

levels, and moving only fractionally. We have had a full market for more than two months, and it is about time to look for some good reaction to take place, which will put the market in a better condition technically.

Cotton—The cotton market showed a little more life the past week, with prices generally on the upgrade. Reactions took place from time to time, but the indications were firm, with best prices at the close of the week. Spot markets were more active, and the demand for low grades was much improved, and it was assumed that most of the buying is already in progress, against the signing of peace. The general situation was favorable to the bull side. The weekly statistics were more bearish than otherwise, but the figures were not of sufficient importance to have an effect on the market. They show a decrease in mill takings as compared with the same week last year, but the current limited buying by the domestic mills was discounted long ago. The demand from foreign sources continued a feature, and renewed activity in the domestic field is expected to follow a final adjustment of prices for goods under the plans of the Department of Commerce stabilizing scheme. The short crops in the countries which produce low grade cotton, are expected to offset whatever surplus might be found to exist after all cotton has been brought into sight. Those who predict the failure of the holding movement in the south, are less sure than they were a few weeks ago, and are beginning to feel that the voluntary reduction in the crop might be much greater than anticipated.

The start of the new crop is slow, owing to cold, wet weather, retarding the preparation of the soil. One of the local crop experts was out with an estimate of a reduction in acreage

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF CITY TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY of San Francisco, in the State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1918, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California, pursuant to law.

Assets	
Mortgages and collateral loans.....	\$146,300.00
Bonds and stocks	9,050.00
Cash in company's office and in banks.....	10,066.78
Premiums in course of collection.....	856.00
Bills receivable	1,753.50
Other ledger assets	130,764.49
Ledger assets	\$298,790.77
NON LEDGER ASSETS:	
Other non-ledger assets.....	\$ 9,729.38
Total gross assets	\$289,061.39
Total admitted assets.....	\$289,061.39
Liabilities	
All other liabilities	\$ 14,123.59
Total liabilities (except capital and surplus....)	\$ 14,123.59
Capital	\$250,000.00
Surplus	24,937.80
Total liabilities, capital and surplus....	\$289,061.39
H. W. DIMOND, President.	
J. H. HUMPHREY, Secretary.	
3-22-5	

of 16 per cent, and a reduction in fertilizer of 26 per cent, as compared with last year. This looks like a very bullish condition, and would indicate a crop of not more than 11,500,000, with all its troubles ahead. No doubt there will be a fair carry-over from last year's crop, estimated to be about 4,000,000 bales, but with peace in the near future and bad crop reports to come as they always do, cotton will no doubt be a purchase on every setback, as about all the bear news has been thoroughly digested.

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Capital Actually Paid Up.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,336,411.92
Employees' Pension Fund.....	295,618.00

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At Covent Garden

By Alphonse Daudet

I am quite indifferent to serious music, and I should not suffer from any sense of loss if all the scores of all the operas that have ever been written, and all the persons who might be able to reconstruct them from memory, were to perish in a sudden holocaust tomorrow. And yet I like going to Covent Garden. In June and July it is not the least pleasant mode of whiling away the half-hour between dinner and supper. With its cool vestibules and colonnades and foyers, Covent Garden, despite its humble site and comparatively mean proportions, is an ideal place for a cigarette. Merely to wander behind the Grand Tier and read the illustrious names printed on the doors of the boxes—printed in mere black and white, just as my name will be printed on the label of this article—is an experience to thrill hearts that are far less snobbishly impressionable than my heart is. I seem to breathe, at every step I take in that circuit, the tart ozone of distinction. The sultriness of no night in summer can rob me of the exhilaration which fills my being in that most high and rarefied and buoyant atmosphere. I seem to tread the circuit with very light feet. Soon I am of a mood for the auditorium. As I pass down one of the narrow stairways leading to that sea of sleek heads and jeweled and feathered coiffures, the stalls, a stout gentleman unconsciously obstructs my path. As he makes way for me, I recognize in him, from an old drawing in Punch, an hereditary legislator who was once in one of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinets. En passant, I tread upon his foot, that I may have the honor of apologizing to him. He bows courteously. I am happy. On the vast and cavernous stage, behind low-burning footlights, some opera or other is proceeding. The fiddlers are fiddling in a quiet monotone, not loud enough to drown the chatter in the stalls and boxes. All around me the people are chattering to one another like so many smart apes. Snatches of discussion here, and of flirtation there, are wafted past me, gaily, ceaselessly. I see the flash of eager gestures in white kid; I see white shoulders, white gardenias, rouge under lurid oeilids, the quivering of aigrettes, the light on high collars highly-polished, and the sheen of innumerable diamonds, and the rhythmic sway of a thousand and one fans. Row upon row, the little dull-red boxes, receptacles of bravery and beauty, are sparkling, also, with ceaseless animation. To me they are like an exquisite panorama of Punch and Judy shows.

Every lady, I think, should bring her lap dog and set it on the ledge of her box, to consummate the illusion. Just above me, to my right, stretches an omnibus box. Olympian! It is empty, save for one of whom nothing can be seen but a large lorgnon upheld by a pair of small, fat, tight-gloved hands. Who is it? A great man, doubtless. Great; else he were not hidden. A virtuoso, too; else he were less rapt. Perhaps an Ambassador; for his cuffs are cut in a foreign mode. Yes, I am sure those are the cuffs of an old diplomat, and that their wearer has sat, just so, hidden behind the curtain, in all the opera houses of Europe—the Ring Theatre, the Théâtre de la Monnaie, La Scala, and the rest. So will he yet be sitting next year, here or in some other city.

And the music, the incidental music, is being played all this while. I do not think it is Wagner's. Wagner is usually rather obtrusive and apt to forget his place. He forgets the deference due to the stalls and boxes, forcing their occupants to shout at the tops of their voices if they would be heard, and has a vulgar trick of playing to the Amphitheatre and its dowdy freight of listeners. But he has done undeniably good work in humbling the singers. Thanks to him, the audience no longer spends its evening in prostration before a prima donna. Bouquets do not hurtle through the air, and the poor singers, with their diamonds, and their diet, and their rivalries, and their roudades, are not the cynosure they were in the 'seventies. Yet, there they still are, those tiny, inadequate puppets on that mammoth stage, mere dots like the human figures on one of Turner's widest canvases; here he still is, this fat little man in trunk hose, with yellow hair down his back, strutting, storming, spurning, suppliant, passionate, aspiring, desperate—all for the sake of a little lady in white, with her hands clasped across her breast and her face upturned to the property stars. These little marionettes with big voices, making so gigantic a pothor about something or other, have keen pathos in my sight—types of our poor estate, of our vanity, our pompous endeavoring, our insignificance, on the world's stage. See! The wee tenor is going to kill himself with a dagger. No! The wee soprano prevents him. Tiny, intelligent, full of purpose, performing with all their might tasks for which I see no reason, they seem to me—these two—like a pair of ants on a pathway: "Hi motus animorum atque haec certamina tanta Pulveris exiqui jactu compressa quiescant."

Hark! They are in the midst of a stormy duet. I vow the little creatures fascinate me! Here comes a whole army of ants in attitudes of surprise. The wee tenor beats his breast, the wee soprano dashes down a cup of wine. I would not throw dust on them for all the world! But some one, less kind than I, rolls down a great curtain, and the ants are hidden. The audience stops talking for a few moments of rather languid applause. Men in the stalls stand up and stare around, sidle their way through the crush in Fops' Alley, and seek the Tiers. The Ambassador in the omnibus box has dropped his lorgnon and is quite invisible now. And I reflect that, after all, the ants were rather absurd, and that, really, the house in rather hot, and that, on the whole, I will not stay for the last act.

Real Sympathy

A party of Scotsmen had been having a little celebration, and unsteady were the steps of the home-goers in the morning. One fell by the wayside, and called for help from another wayfarer. The would-be good Samaritan tried to steady himself as he looked down upon the fallen one, and then settled matters by saying—"I canna help ye up, but I'll lie down aside ye."

How the Bulldog Died

A certain Irishman was very proud of a huge bulldog he possessed, and which was his constant companion. One day a friend met him without the dog, and looking very disconsolate. "Well," he asked, "and how is that dog of yours doing?"

"Oh, be jabbers, he's dead! The illigant laste wint an awallowed a tape-measure!"

"Oh, I see. He died by inches, then?"

"No, shure, he didn't. He went round to the back of the house an' died by the yard!"

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Letters

The English Village

If "The English Village, a Literary Study, 1750-1850," by Julia Patton, does nothing more it will most certainly send some readers back to delve among the " quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore," and should these be unattainable there are Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot, Eden Philpotts, Thomas Hardy and Galsworthy all under our hands. The writer goes back to that era when English villages were communities carrying on life in common, when cottagers were almost a caste, and fields and pasture lands were theirs by a long established custom if not right. Then came the system of "enclosure," by which the squire acquired estates and the cottages were destroyed, the independent small farmers being scattered, the few who remained becoming dependents and the self-respect and independence of the peasants destroyed. But it is not the social condition of the villagers which primarily interests Miss Patton, though she is too sympathetic a writer to ignore their condition. It is not a socialistic but a literary study which she presents—the manner in which individual authors have depicted village life as well as the attitude of the literary cult at various periods. The tendency to treat of country life as though it were an idyllic festival the year round, and to picture the farmers and dairy maids and nymphs and dryads is not so unlike the recent "back to the land" and "simple life" fads though perhaps the more recent experience in "war-gardening" in the back yard may have disclosed a few of the practical difficulties in the way of picturesque garb, dances on the green and crops taking care of themselves. There is not much sentiment about the hoe-handle. There is also the period in which it was regarded as a misuse of literature to write about country life and country people who could not be worthy of the attention of readers, but, considering the

period treated of and the general backwardness of education, it would not be expected that many writers would know village life, at its best or at its worst, from their own experience. Knowing something of the causes of the poverty and decay of the villages, the economic difficulties that beset a class once comfortably placed, comparatively speaking, one has a better appreciation of the "poems of poverty" of the early years of the last century and of the causes that led to old "gaffers and gamblers," long past the scriptural three score years and ten, who still eked out a miserable existence by their own labor. The book, which is provided with an excellent index, of both references and bibliography, as well as copious footnotes, is not only interesting as a study, but a valuable reference book to any library. From the Macmillan Company.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of CARMELITA J. MACDONALD, ELODIE C. MACDONALD, WILLIAM A. MACDONALD, RAMON R. MACDONALD, NORMAN R. MACDONALD and FRANCIS J. MACDONALD, Minors.

It appearing to the court from the petition this day presented and filed by D. B. MacDonald, guardian of the person and estate of Francis J. MacDonald, one of the above named minors, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to said minor, that it is necessary and beneficial to said minor that such real estate should be sold,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of said minor and all persons interested in said estate appear before this court on Monday, the 21st day of April, 1919, at 10 o'clock A. M., in the courtroom of the above-entitled court, Department 10, thereof, situate in the City Hall, 400 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such real estate.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks before said day of hearing, in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that no other or further notice be required.

Done in Open Court this 18th day of March, 1919.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN AND THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attorneys for Guardian,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

4-5-3

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 95286.
Dept. No. 10.

JENNIE GAZZOLA, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN GAZZOLA, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOHN GAZZOLA, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's intemperance, non-support and cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of February, A. D. 1919.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By J. F. DUNSWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
4 Columbus Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

3-29-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY APPLICATION FOR LEAVE TO SELL REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23504.
Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of MARY O'NEILL BAKER, an Incompetent. ETHEL FRANCES DONOVAN, the Guardian of the Person and Estate of MARY O'NEILL BAKER, above-named incompetent, having presented to this Court this day and filed herein her petition, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of certain real property, belonging to the said incompetent and estate, for the causes and reasons therein set forth; and it appearing to this Court from said petition that it is necessary, and would be beneficial to said incompetent, that said real property described in said petition be sold,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, That the next of kin of said incompetent and all persons interested in said estate or in said real property appear before this Court, in the court room thereof, situate in the City Hall, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Wednesday, the 23rd day of April, 1919, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real property, as prayed for in said petition, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars.

AND IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED, That a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: March 15th, A. D. 1919.

Endorsed: Filed Mar 15, 1919. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.

By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

FREDERICK W. CRAWFORD,
Attorney for Guardian and Petitioner,
Bank of Italy Building,
Montgomery and Clay Streets,
San Francisco, Cal.

3-22-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNIE COOPER, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ANNIE COOPER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Frank J. Fallon, Room 615, Merchants National Bank Building, 625 Market Street, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNIE COOPER, deceased.

JENNIE SIMON,

Administratrix of the estate of Annie Cooper, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, March 15, 1919.
FRANK J. FALLON,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 615 Merchants National Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

3-15-5

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Perplexing Predicaments

Only those unconvinced optimists, who refuse to see anything except through lenses tinted with the rosiest of hues, can possibly fail to marvel at the present deplorable predicament into which the Paris conference has diplomaticized itself. Who would have thought that in spite of its unconditional surrender; in spite of its internal political conflagrations; in spite of the fact that she was denied representation in the peace conference, Germany could have emerged from the acrimonious mess having much the best of it? And yet there would appear to be no doubt of it in view of the latest advices from Central Europe. Everything seemed to be coming her way from the eastward, and she curtly notified Paris that she would sign no agreement or treaty which recognized the independence of the smaller nations at her expense. On top of this comes the appalling tidings that the Bolsheviks have occupied Budapest, and that a free Poland is already another unfulfilled dream. A mistake which had already played into Germany's hands was the denial to Poland of Danzig, which would have given her an outlet to the sea, and their recognition of the rights of Rumania had brought the Bolsheviks into Budapest. In spite of the just plea of the new Jugo-Slav nation that she should have a port on the Adriatic, the conferees laid down their hands to Italy's bluff that she would withdraw from the conference unless she was permitted to retain all of the territory at present occupied by her. Japan has apparently already withdrawn, for nothing has been heard from her since the demand for unrestricted recognition. Germany declares that if the peace treaty is to enforce its demands upon her, it must do likewise with the Bolsheviks who are now menacing her in dangerous strides. The most amazing and unbelievable feature of this sudden panic that seems to have seized the conference, is

its remarkable decision with reference to the military protection of the French border, which is, on the very face of it, almost a concession to Germany. France bore most of the brunt of the war, almost beggared herself and lost a million and a half of her best men. But her indemnity is to be paid during a term of years, according to the ability of Germany to pay, and she is not to be guaranteed against further German invasion of her border. President Wilson and his colleagues have assured France that such a guarantee will be given, but certainly such is not the sentiment of the conference at the latest advices. England is satisfied. She has the German navy in her pocket with no fear of further commercial opposition from her old rival. Italy is satisfied because both England and America have supported her claims to the Adriatic coast. France, however, is not satisfied, for her people are beginning to grumble, and the Clemenceau government may fall at any time. It may also be said that the world is not satisfied at the impotent treatment accorded to the Bolshevik invasion, and is asking "What are you going to do about that?"

* * *

Will Bolshevism Be Recognized?

There would appear to be in Versailles a growing sentiment to the effect that, in order to bring about any treaty of peace that will hold water, the Lenine-Trotsky government must be reckoned with in some way, either by cunning temporizing or through absolute recognition. As, however, the peace conference—or whatever it should be called—has shown neither cunning nor cleverness in anything it has done so far, while Lenine has already demonstrated that he is something of an adept in both, recognition of his government seems very probable indeed. This recognition may be tentative, in that it may be tinged with conditions in the shape of diplomatic and military ifs and buts, but disquieting rumors that it is sure to come are indicated by the panic inspired by the Bolshevik advances westward. At all events, General Mangin, who for some time has been conferring with the Hungarian Bolsheviks, is now recalled and General Smuts has been sent to Budapest with almost plenary powers. General Mangin is nothing if not a soldier, while General Smuts is much more of a diplomat than a soldier, and it is believed that he can argue both the Hungarian and Russian Bolsheviks into coming to terms, while

Mangin's method seems to have been to beat it out of them by force of arms. The fall of the Ebert government in Germany would of course further halt the peace treaty, and it surely has been endangered by Ebert's inability to even "throw a scare" into Bolshevism, or Spartacism, which is only another sour apple off the same tree. The peace delegates are of course fully aware of this danger and are anxious to bring about peace before the deliberations become more hopelessly muddled. Now, if rumor is to be believed, and this one seems well founded, Lenine is flirting with the peace conference in the suggestion that Russia will guarantee the security of the French loans to her, in return for positive recognition of the Lenine government, the reason being that Russia also desires to make reparation demands from Germany, thereby making herself a fully accredited ally. This is a most interesting juncture in the peace proceedings with the bookmaking chances slightly favoring Mr. Lenine.

* * *

Frilled Sentiment

Simple words are best for the expression of deep feeling. The frustraneous phraseology that adorns the Victory Monument at the Civic Center can not fail to remind us that there is danger in trying to say too much. The four inscriptions did not "come with the plaster," as some fancied; nor did an underling of the board of public works try his prentice hand at prose composition. The sentences are from the pen of an ex-mayor and ex-poet, Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, who for a number of years has enjoyed the prerogative of engraving his sentiments around the City Hall, Public Library and other odds and ends of places as required by municipal architecture. No doubt Dr. Taylor's heart was full, and therefore his brain could not put a stop to the riot of words. Sweet and simple should have been the phrases to greet the boys of the 363rd. Although the column and surmounting figure are of perishable stuff, there was yet opportunity for an imperishable phrase upon it. That four sides of the column were given inscriptions is evidence that the perpetrators did not understand their duty. To invent four imperishable phrases in one celebration would be a task too great for a genius, and Dr. Taylor was never that. A hoosier widow may crowd the stone with tributes to the departed soul; but the epitaph of the greatest French thinker was the single

word "Voltaire." To those who knew Voltaire it was enough. To those who feel the heroism of the returning soldiers, a few words would have been nearer the heart's desire, because, in such an outburst of joy, the more one says the further he strays from truth and the less ardent makes himself appear. Grandiloquent phrases are bad taste when grandeur is in the deed itself. One of the four struggling sentences is as follows: "San Francisco with conscious pride that greatens with her growth erects this monument in honor of the soldiers, sailors and marines who, enlaureled, are returning to her from camp and battlefield." Any local school teacher could have blue-penciled those words to advantage, to something more dignified and in the spirit of those who returned and may read the inscriptions. If there be serious intention of engraving these words on a marble monument, later to be erected, it is time for a referendum and recall in revision of a too hasty initiative.

* * *

Baker Talks Back

The continued attacks of Senator Chamberlain in respect to the shocking miscarriages of justice in military trials, have brought Secretary Baker to his feet to defend himself against the "intemperate remarks" of Senator Chamberlain against the war department in general and the judge advocate's office in particular. He defends his part of any connection with the decisions of that office with the air of a man who has been sorely wronged, and claims that if there have been any wrongdoings there he was not responsible for them. He also vigorously contradicts Senator Chamberlain's assertion that many times he called Mr. Baker's attention to abuses in the trials of soldiers, and says that at no time whatever were such abuses reported to him by the senator, or suggestions made as to how to correct them. Something said in the secretary's defense must have greatly peeved Judge Advocate General Ansell, for he flies to public correspondence in a letter to a New York paper, which declares that he did nothing at all except under the advice of his superiors, and more especially General Crowder, his superior officer. When criticism of the

judge advocate general's office began to appear, Ansell bluntly asserted that responsibility for any maladministration in his office must be first laid at the door of the secretary of war, and General Crowder agreed with him with considerable emphasis. He charges in his letter that General Crowder first agreed with him in regard to the administration of his office, but after being taken to task for it by Mr. Baker, came to him and said: "Ansell, I had to go back on you. I'm sorry for you, but it was necessary to do it to save my official reputation." Mr. Ansell is now attempting to save his own official reputation, alone and unaided, since Mr. Baker is defending himself, and the general has "gone back on him." This will not be an easy thing to do, for he has as yet secured no revision of the unjust military laws, and the soldier is still in danger of long terms in the penitentiary for offences which in a civil court would entail brief sentences in a county jail.

* * *

The Remedy

The police of two cities have been unable to find any clue that could possibly lead to the arrest and conviction of the perpetrator of the dastardly murder at Lake Merritt. Mr. Greenwood's offer of \$10,000 for any information that will lead to the arrest of the murderer or murderers, may have its influence on the cupidity of some member of one of these destructive elements, but that is not likely. It is palpably a warning that an organized uprising is now preparing, and the root of the evil itself should be torn away by the deportation of all men, more especially foreigners, whose trades and associations are unknown, and the absolute sequestration of their leaders. Pending this, the bill to suspend all immigration for four years should be re-introduced and passed, and after that it should be rigidly restricted only to such immigrants as are skilled and peaceful mechanics or able to provide for themselves.

* * *

Government Ownership or Not?

The taking over of the railroads by the government was manifestly a war necessity, but, now that the war is said to

be over, there are a great many sound business minds in our strictly business country, who fail to see why the government should continue to manage a great public necessity for which it has proven itself manifestly unfitted. After the first year of its management the government management under the astute supervision of Mr. McAdoo—now no longer a potentiality—reported a loss of, if memory is not at fault, the enormous sum of nearly \$300,000,000! At the close of the second year, after sweeping reductions in the personnel of railway management, a shutting up of hitherto necessary offices, and an unbelievable shortening of equipment that produced the most notoriously shocking service the transportation world has ever known, a profit figuring well up into the millions was shown. Then the governmental Jack Horner, with a great flourish of trumpets, amazed a disgusted public with, "Lo, what good boys are we!" Now the government is asked to appropriate seven billion dollars so that the railroads may be placed in a condition to meet the demands of travel. It has been shown that this condition is most deplorable; that the roads are in a most dilapidated shape, and that the enormous sum necessary properly to repair them is too colossal to be secured through any other agency than the government itself. This is all well and good so far as it goes, but how much further is it to go? How about the future? Who is to benefit most in after years through the expenditure—squandering is a better word—of this vast sum of money? It is a serious problem, this question of whether there shall be public or private ownership of railroads. Arguments of equal force have been adduced in support of both sides of it, and the great majority of the public is sorely confused, quite as much so, in point of fact, as those who write about it. The vital question is, however, whether or no, after advancing this seven billions of dollars, the railroads are going back to the companies, and as pointedly put by Charles Edward Russell in a recent article on this very question: "Come, genii of capitol hill, what's the answer? Pipe up and say something."

Innocents

By E. N. Curtis

In a land of too much sorrow,
Lives a lonely little girl;
War has robbed her of tomorrow,
Blighted every golden curl.

Her little eyes have seen the last
Of sunset's golden glow;
A sacrifice to war's red blast;
God curse the fiendish foe.

They suffer most who least offend;
'Twas ever so with war;
This prayer of ours to heaven ascends
To Thee, our guiding Star.

Lord God, who rules this universe,
To Whom we mortals bow,
Forever banish strife on earth,
Let peace reign here below.

How San Francisco Resented the Assassination of Lincoln

April 15, 1865

By Clay M. Greene

Some time during the early morning hours the fire bell rang. An elder half brother was assistant foreman of Young America Engine Company, No. 13, located on Sixteenth Street, above Valencia, and I awakened him. It was in the days of the old volunteer fire department when there was no electrical alarm system, but from the roof of the house we could plainly see that the Sugar Refinery on Brannan Street, between Sixth and Seventh, was on fire and lighting the eastern sky with great shafts of angry flame. We dressed hurriedly and in return for awakening him, my brother reluctantly consented to take me to the fire. As we reached the street a general alarm sounded from the City Hall down town, and its mournful clang was answered by an excited chorus from the bells of all the engine houses. We met the Young America "machine" about half way between our home and Sixteenth Street. It was one of the old fashioned hand engines and perhaps thirty or forty men were manning the ropes that furnished its only motive power, while, close behind, was the little two wheeled hose cart drawn mostly by boys, several of whom were my own age. The progress made toward the fire was slow, as the machines had to be dragged through sand for part of the way, and when we reached the Sugar Refinery it was a mass of flames. After much trouble Young America managed to make a connection and get a stream on the fire, which continued with several relays at the brakes until long after daylight, when nothing was left of the refinery but a mass of smoking ruins.

The hose was reeled in and all hands turned to in dragging engine and hose cart homeward. On Howard Street, near Tenth, a street car passed us and a man shouted from the platform:

"Boys, Abe Lincoln was shot last night in a Washington theatre!"

Forty-four years have elapsed since that fateful morning, and yet I can hear the awful words as plainly now as though they had been uttered only yesterday. The effect of them upon the tired firemen was most electrical. Engine and hose cart came to a stop, and the ropes fell from trembling hands to the roadway. The sympathies of the men were about evenly divided between the North and the South, and there were exclamations both of horror and congratulation. Many angry disputes arose and there were one or two personal clashes in which some blows were struck. The angry command of Foreman Dennison to take up the ropes and haul the machine home was disregarded. As I remember it now, he was a strong Southern sympathizer, but thought only of his duty then, and began to fine the men for disobedience. Passengers on the next Mission bound street car verified the first news, and shouted as they passed that the death of Mr. Lincoln was now certain. Probably half of the firemen boarded a car bound cityward and many of the boys followed, I among them. The streets were full of groups of grief stricken men, and flags were being half masted everywhere. The news had come that Abraham Lincoln was dead and the city was ablaze with excitement, the rapidly increasing crowds determined upon some sort of reprisal, they knew not what. At the corner of Washington and Montgomery streets, a man

whose name I remember as Miles, was addressing an angry crowd from a wagon. He reminded his hearers that California had been able to do but little in support of the theories of the martyred Lincoln, and she could do nothing now to avenge his death other than to express her disapproval of his dastardly murder by destroying the establishments of the newspapers that had been villifying him throughout the war. The papers mentioned were the News Letter, the Democratic Press, the Courier de San Francisco, and the Monitor, a Catholic paper with strong Confederate proclivities. The suggestion was adopted with angry and vindictive yells of approval, followed by wild cheers for the Union, and the crowd surged down Washington Street. If I remember correctly, the News Letter was first attacked, its office being nearest. Presses and furniture were smashed, forms "pied," and type cases thrown from the windows into the street, where some of them were burned. The Democratic Press within a few minutes had suffered a similar fate, when a riot call sounded from the City Hall, and the rioters saw that they must complete their work quickly, or an armed police force would soon be upon them with loaded muskets. The Monitor office was visited next with less disastrous results, and then the crowd hurried to the French paper on Clay Street. But the Alta California, a stalwartly loyal daily, was in the same building and the iron doors of the street entrance were closed. A timber was brought to batter it down, when Frederick MacCrellish, the Alta editor, appeared on a second floor balcony. He assured the excited crowd that he was in entire sympathy with it, but could not admit it to the building, for the reason that so many angry men bent on destruction could not discriminate between his office and that of the Courier above him. But the crowd refused to listen to his earnest exhortations, the door was smashed in, and the men halted as they found themselves faced by a dozen muskets pointed at them from the stairway. At the same time a company of armed police came down the street and cleared it. The spirit of revenge, however, was still with the avengers of the martyred president, and that afternoon the church of Dr. Scott on Bush Street, near Montgomery, was attacked. This noted clergyman had been a strong Southern sympathizer, and the first impulse of the crowd was the destruction of the edifice. Less violent minds prevailed, however, so the church was heavily decorated with flags and mourning, and after a few of its windows were broken, a rush was made toward the Methodist Church South, on the corner of First and Folsom streets. The pastor of this church had been particularly vindictive in his sermons against the Union cause—more particularly Lincoln—and his holy edifice was soon badly wrecked, pelted with brickbats and balls of mud, and then hung with flags, while he was notified that if the flags were removed the church would be burned. By that time the militia had been called out, and the rioters dispersed again, to continue their propaganda of sympathy for the death of Mr. Lincoln, in a manner more in keeping with the dignity of a civilized city.

The next day nearly every house in San Francisco was draped in mourning. Those buildings not so decorated were held to be tenanted by

Southern sympathizers glad of the death of Lincoln, and the occupants were ordered to drape them forthwith. Most of the people so notified obeyed the demand of the committee, but there were others so determined not to express a sorrow they did not feel, that they locked their houses and left the city.

These deserted homes were immediately decorated with very large white and black rosettes, quite distinctive from the marks of mourning on more loyal homes, and there they remained, protected by threats of dire results, until after the great mock funeral, held on the day of the Lincoln obsequies in Washington. Meanwhile, the demonstrations of loyal fervor forcibly expressed, were confined mostly to the juveniles, who, full of the inspirations gleaned from the overwrought disturbances of the 15th and 16th, either informed the decoration committee as to the whereabouts of undraped homes, or held diminutive riots on their own account.

It is remembered that a playmate belonging to a family whose home had been so reported, unguardedly remarked that he was glad the "nasty old rail splitter" had been killed. Thereupon he was seized roughly and the suggestion made that he be hanged to a lamp post. Wiser council prevailed, however, and he was bound to the post and left there yelling for help, until an angry sister, armed with a club, dispersed us and unbound the little rebel who had talked neither wisely nor well.

The mock funeral was perhaps the greatest pageant that had ever been given in the city up to that time, and it is more deeply impressed upon my memory than any other incident of those stirring days, for the reason that a juvenile "soldier company" in which I was an officer, was made the escort of the great catafalque, or, in other words, we were the pallbearers.

I have heard many of the facts above enumerated, disputed by men whose Southern sympathies have deceived them into trying to remember that the death of Lincoln occasioned no such violent excitement. But their statements are quite as inaccurate as those entirely imaginative ones to the effect that California nearly seceded from the Union, an action which can not be justly remembered as having been among the most remote of possibilities.

A curious co-incidence, which vividly recalled the most stirring scenes of that excitable 15th of April, happened within the past few months. As the mob hurried out of Washington Street, I had filled my pockets with some of the "pied" type that had been thrown from the window of the News Letter office. Out of these I had constructed my name in bold faced "12-point Italic caps" with which I stamped by notice of ownership in my school and other books. A few months since, my friend Philip Beckett, who is a well known collector of Californiana, showed me the photograph of a print representing the great fire in Sacramento, which had been reproduced from a page in a scrapbook presented to the Park Museum. My name was stamped across the face of the photograph in those "bold faced Italic caps," and this fact is mentioned as being the only documentary evidence in my possession that I was on the tail end of that historical mob and shared in the loot.

The History of Cards

From a rare volume by an officer instructor in musketry, the queen's own light infantry militia, 1870. The history of dice published in Town Talk last week was from the same work.

The origin of cards is as doubtful as that of dice. All that we know for certain is that they were first used in the east. Some think that the figures at first used on them were of moral import: the Hindoo and Chinese cards are certainly emblematic in a very high degree; the former illustrate the ten avatars, or incarnations of the deity Vishnu; and the so-called "paper tickets" of the Chinese typify the stars, the human virtues, and, indeed, every variety of subject. Sir William Jones was convinced that the Hindoo game of Chaturaji—that is "the Four Rajahs or Kings"—a species of highly complicated chess—was the first germ of that parti-colored pasteboard, which has been the ruin of so many modern fortunes. A pack of Hindoostani cards, in the possession of the Royal Asiatic Society, and presented to Captain Cromline Smith in 1815, by a high caste Brahman, was declared by the donor to be actually 1000 years old: "Nor," said the Brahman, "can any of us now play at them, for they are not like our modern cards at all." Neither, indeed, do they bear any remarkable resemblance to our own—the pack consisting of no less than eight sorts of divers colors, the kings being mounted upon elephants, and viziers, or second honors, upon horses, tigers, and bulls. Moreover, there are other marks distinguishing the respective value of the common cards, which would puzzle our club quidnuncs not a little—such as "a pineapple in a shallow cup," and a something like a parasol without a handle, and with two broken ribs sticking through the top. The Chinese cards have the advantage over those of Hindoostan by being oblong instead of circular.

It was not before the end of the 14th century that cards became known in Europe; and it is a curious fact that the French clergy took greatly to card playing about that time—their favorite game being the rather ungenteel "All Fours," as now reputed; for they were specially forbidden that pastime by the Synod of Langres in 1404.

The ancient cards of both Spain and France, particularly the "court cards," exhibit strong marks of the age of chivalry; but here we may observe that the word is written by some ancient writers, "coate cards," evidently signifying no more than figures in particular dresses. The giving pre-eminence or victory to a certain suit, by the name of "trump," which is only a corruption of the word "triumph," is a strong trait of the martial ideas of the inventors of these games. So that, if the Chinese started the idea, it seems clear that the French and Spanish improved upon it and gave it a plain significance; and there is no reason to doubt that cards were actually employed to amuse Charles VI. in his melancholy and dejection.

The four suits of cards are supposed to represent the four estates of a kingdom: 1, the nobility and gentry; 2, the ecclesiastics or priesthood; 3, the citizens or commercial men; 4, the peasantry or husbandmen. The nobility are represented in the old Spanish cards by the espada, or sword, corrupted by us into "spades"—by the French with piques, "pikes or spears." The ecclesiastical order is pointed out by copas, or sacramental cups, which are painted in one of the suits of old Spanish cards, and by coeurs, or "hearts," on French cards, as in our own—thereby signifying choir-men, gens de choeur,

or ecclesiastics—from choeur de l'église, "the choir of the church," that being esteemed the most important part of the heart of the church.

The Spaniards depicted their citizens or commercial men under dineros, a small coin, an emblem very well adapted to the productive classes; the French by carreaux, squares or lozenges—importing, perhaps, unity of interest, equality of condition, regularity of manners, and the indispensable duty of this class of men to deal with one another "on the square." The Spaniards made bastos, or knotty clubs, the emblem of the "bold peasantry," taken probably from the custom that the plebeians were permitted to challenge or fight each other with sticks and quarter-staves only, but not with the sword, or any arms carried by a gentleman; while the French peasantry were pointed out under the ideas of husbandry, namely, by the crescent, trefoil or clover grass. So much for the suits.

With regard to the depicted figures of cards, each nation likewise followed its own inventions, though grounded in both on those ideas of chivalry which then strongly prevailed. The Spanish cards were made to carry the insignia and accoutrements of the king of Spain, the ace of dineros being emblazoned with the royal arms, supported by an eagle. The French ornamented their cards with fleurs de lis, their royal emblem. The Spanish kings, in conformity to the martial spirit of the times when cards were introduced, were all mounted on horseback, as befitted generals and commanders-in-chief; but their next in command (among the cards) was el caballo, the knight errant on horseback—for the old Spanish cards had no queens; and the third in order was the soto, or attendant, that is, the esquire, or armor bearer of the knight—all which was exactly conformable to those ideas of chivalry which ruled the age. It is said that David (king of spades), tormented by a rebellious son, is the emblem of Charles VII, menaced by his son (Louis XI), and that Argine (queen of clubs) is the anagram of Regina, and the emblem of Marie d'Anjou, the wife of that prince; that Pallas (queen of spades) represents Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans; that Rachel (queen of diamonds) is Agnes Sorel; lastly, that Judith (queen of hearts) is the Queen Isebeau. The French call the queens at cards dames.

The four knaves (called in French, valets or varlets) are four valiant captains—Ogier and Laneclot, the companions of Charlemagne, Hector de Gallard, and Lahire, the generals of Charles VII. The remainder of the pack equally present a sort of martial allegory; the heart is bravery; the spade (espada, "sword") and the diamond (cerreau, that is, a square or shield) are the arms of war; the club (in French trefle, "trefoil") is the emblem of provisions; and the ace in (French as, from the Latin aes, "coin") is the emblem of money—the sinews of war.

In accordance with this allegorical meaning, the function of the ace is most significant. It leads captive every other card, queen and king included—thus indicating the omnipotence of gold or mammon!

"To the mighty god of this nether world—
To the spirit that roams with banner unfurled—
O'er the earth and the rolling sea—
And hath conquer'd all to his thralldom dread,

Where his eye hath glanced or his footstep sped—
Who hath power alike o'er the living and dead—
Mammon! I sing to thee."

Some say that the four kings represent those famous champions of antiquity—David, Alexander, Julius Caesar, and Charlemagne; and that the four queens, Argine, Pallas, Esther, and Judith, are the respective symbols of majesty, wisdom, piety, and fortitude; and there can be no doubt, if you look attentively on the queens of a pack of cards, you will easily discern the appropriate expressions of all these attributes in the faces of the grotesque ladies therein depicted. The valets, or attendants, whom we call knaves, are not necessarily "rascals," but simply servants royal; at first they were knights, as appears from the names of some of the famous French knights being formerly painted on the cards.

Thus a pack of cards is truly a monument of the olden time—the days of chivalry and its numberless associations.

In addition to the details I have given in the previous chapter (p. 244) respecting the probability of holding certain cards, there are a few other curious facts concerning them, which it may be interesting to know.

There is a difference in the eyes of two of the knaves—those of diamonds and hearts, more apparent in the old patterns, suggesting the inference that they are blind. This has been made the basis of a card trick, as to which two of the four knaves representing themselves would be selected as servants. Of course the blind ones would be rejected. A bet is sometimes proposed to the unwary, at Whist, but one of the party will have in his hand, after the deal, only one of a suit, or none of a suit. The bet should not be taken, as this result very frequently happens.

Lastly, there is an arithmetical puzzle of the most startling effect to be contrived with a pack of cards, as follows. Let a party make up parcels of cards, beginning with a number of pips on any card, and then counting up to twelve with individual cards. In the first part of the trick it must be understood that the court cards count as ten, all others according to the pips. Thus, a king put down will require only two cards to make up 12, whereas the ace will require 11, and so on. Now, when all the parcels are completed, the performer of the trick requires to know only the number of parcels thus made, and the remainder, if any, to declare after a momentary calculation, the exact number of pips on the first cards laid down—to the astonishment of those not in the secret. In fact, there is no possible arrangement of the cards, according to this method, which can prevent an adept from declaring the number of pips required, after being informed of the number of parcels, and the remainder, if any. This startling performance will be explained in a subsequent chapter—amusing card tricks.

(To be continued next week)

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Journal of a Lady of Fashion

By the Countess of Blessington

Monday.—Awoke with a headache, the certain effect of being bored all the evening before by the never-dying strain at the Countess of Leyden's. Nothing ever was half so tiresome as musical parties: no one gives them except those who can exhibit themselves, and fancy they excel. If you speak, during the performance of one of their endless pieces, they look cross and affronted: except that all the world of fashion is there, I never would go to another; for, positively, it is ten times more fatiguing than staying at home. To be compelled to look charmed, and to applaud, when you are half-dead from suppressing yawns, and to see half a dozen very tolerable men, with whom one could have a very pleasant chat, except for the stupid music, is really too bad. Let me see, what have I done this day? Oh! I remember everything went wrong, as it always does when I have a headache. Flounce, more than usually stupid, tortured my hair; and I flushed my face by scolding her. I wish people could scold without getting red, for it disfigures one for the whole day; and the consciousness of this always makes me more angry, as I think it doubly provoking in Flounce to discompose me, when she must know it spoils my looks.

Dressing from twelve to three. Madame Tornure sent me a most unbecoming cap: mem. I shall leave her off when I have paid her bill. Heigh-ho! when will that be? Tormented by duns, jewelers, mercers, milliners: I think they always fix on Mondays for dunning: I suppose it is because they know one is sure to be horribly vapored after a Sunday evening's party, and they like to increase one's miseries.

Just as I was stepping into my carriage, fancying that I had got over the *déagréments* of the day, a letter arrives to say that my mother is very ill and wants to see me; drove to Grosvenor Square in no very good humor for nursing, and, as I expected, found that Madame *Mé*re fancies herself much worse than she really is. Advised her to have dear Dr. Emulsion, who always tells people they are not in danger, and who never disturbs his patient's mind with the idea of death until the moment of its arrival: found my sister supporting mamma's head on her bosom, and heard that she had sat up all night with her: by-the-by, she did not look half so fatigued and ennuied as I did. They seemed both a little surprised at my leaving them so soon; but really there is no standing a sick room in May. My sister begged of me to come soon again, and cast a look of alarm (meant only for my eye) at my mother; I really think she helps to make her hippish, for she is always fancying her in danger. Made two or three calls: drove in the Park: saw Belmont, who looked as if he expected to see me, and who asked if I was to be at the Duchess of Winterton's tonight. I promised to go—he seemed delighted. What would Lady Allendale say, if she saw the pleasure which the assurance of my going gave him?

I long to let her see my triumph. Dined *tete-a-tete*—my lord very sulky—abused my friend Lady Winstanley, purposely to pique me—he wished me not to go out; said it was shameful, and mamma so ill; just as if my staying at home would make her any better. Found a letter from madame the governess, saying that the children want frocks and socks—they are always wanting—I do really believe they wear out their things purposely to plague me. Dressed for the Duchess of Winterton's; wore my new

Parisian robe of blonde lace, trimmed, in the most divine way, with lilies of the valley. Flounce said I looked myself, and I believe there was some truth in it; for the little discussion with my Caro had given an animation and luster to my eyes. I gave Flounce my puce-colored satin pelisse as a peace-offering for the morning scold. The party literally full almost to suffocation. Belmont was hovering near the door of the anteroom, as if waiting my approach: he said I never looked so resplendent. Lady Allendale appeared ready to die with envy—very few handsome women in the room—and still fewer well dressed. Looked in at Lady Calderwood's and Mrs. Burnet's. Belmont followed me to each. Came home at half-past three o'clock, tired to death, and had my lovely dress torn past all chance of repair, by coming in contact with the button of one of the footmen in Mrs. B.'s hall. This is very provoking, for I dare say Madame Tornuc will charge abominably high for it.

Tuesday.—Awoke in good spirits, having had delightful dreams: sent to know how mama felt, and heard she had a bad night: must call there, if I can: wrote madame a lecture, for letting the children wear out their clothes so fast: Flounce says they wear out twice as many things as Lady Woodland's children. Read a few pages of "Amelia Mansfield": very affecting: put it by for fear of making my eyes red. Lady Mortimer came to see me, and told me a great deal of scandal chit-chat: she is very amusing. I did not get out until past five: too late to go and see mamma. Drove in the park and saw Lady Litchfield walking: got out and joined her: the people stared a good deal. Belmont left his horse and came to us: he admired my walking dress very much. Dined alone, and so escaped a lecture: had not nerves sufficient to see the children—they make such a noise and spoil one's clothes. Went to the opera: wore my tissue turban, which has a good effect. Belmont came to my box and sat every other visitor out. My lord came in and looked, as usual, sulky. Wanted me to go away without waiting for the dear delightful squeeze of the round room. My lord scolded the whole way home, and said I should have been by the sick bed of my mother instead of being at the opera. I hummed a tune, which I find is the best mode of silencing him, and he muttered something about my being unfeeling and incorrigible.

Wednesday.—Did not rise till past one o'clock, and from three to five was occupied in trying on dresses and examining new trimmings. Determined on not calling to see mamma this day, because, if I found her much worse, I might be prevented from going to Almack's, which I have set my heart on: drove out shopping, and bought some lovely things: met Belmont, who gave me a note which he begged me to read at my leisure: had half a mind to refuse taking it, but felt confused, and he went away before I recovered my self-possession: almost determined on returning it without breaking the seal, and put it into my reticule with this intention; but somehow or other my curiosity prevailed, and I opened it. Found it filled with hearts, and darts, and declarations: felt very angry at first; for really it is very provoking that one can't have a comfortable little flirtation half a dozen times with a man, but that he fancies he may declare his passion, and so bring on a *dénouement*; for one must either cut the creature, which, if he is amusing, is disagreeable, or else

he thinks himself privileged to repeat his love on every occasion. How very silly men are in acting thus; for if they continued their assiduities without a positive declaration, one might affect to misunderstand their attentions, however marked; but those decided declarations leave nothing to the imagination; and offended modesty, with all the guards of female propriety, are indispensably up in arms.

I remember reading in some book that "A man has seldom an offer of kindness to make to a woman, that she has not a presentiment of it some moments before"; and I think it was in the same book that I read that a continuation of quiet attentions, leaving their meaning to the imagination, is the best mode of gaining a female heart. My own experience has proved the truth of this: I wish Belmont had not written to me: I don't know what to do: how shocked my mother and sister would be if they knew it! I have promised to dance with him at Almack's too: how disagreeable! I shall take the note and return it to him, and desire that he will not address me again in that style. I have read the note again, and I really believe he loves me very much: poor fellow, I pity him: how vexed Lady Winstanley would be if she knew it! I must not be very angry with him: I'll look grave and dignified, and so awe him, but not be too severe. I have looked over the billet again, and don't find it so presumptuous as I first thought it: after all, there is nothing to be angry about, for fifty women of rank have had the same sort of thing happen to them without any mischief following it. Belmont says I am a great prude, and I believe I am; for I frequently find myself recurring to the sage maxims of mamma and my sister, and asking myself what would they think of so-and-so. Lady Winstanley laughs at them and calls them a couple of precise quizzes; but still I have remarked how much more lenient they are to a fault than she is. Heigh-ho, I am afraid they have been too lenient to mine: but I must banish melancholy reflections, and dress for Almack's. Flounce told me, on finishing my toilette, that I was armed for conquest; and that I never looked so beautiful. Mamma would not much approve of Flounce's familiar mode of expressing her admiration; but, poor soul, she only says what she thinks. I have observed that my lord dislikes Flounce very much; but so he does every one that I like.

Never was there such a delightful hall: though I am fatigued beyond measure, I must note down this night's adventures: I found the rooms quite filled, and narrowly escaped being locked out by the inexorable regulations of the Lady Patronesses, for it only wanted a quarter to twelve when I entered. By-the-by, I have often wondered why people submit to the haughty sway of those ladies; but I suppose it is that most persons dislike trouble, and so prefer yielding to their imperious dictates to incurring a displeasure, which would be too warmly and too loudly expressed, not to alarm the generality of quiet people. There is a quackery in fashion, as in all other things, and any one who has courage enough (I was going to write impudence), rank enough, and wealth enough, may be a leader. But here am I moralizing on the requisites of a leader of fashion, when I should be noting down the delicious scene of this night in her favorite and favored temple. I tried to look very grave at poor Belmont,

(Continued on Page 15)

Twelfth Sonnet

Shakespeare

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sink in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silvered o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of Time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow.
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defense
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

The Spectator

The Clockwinder on the 363rd

"We promised them glory," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. "Did we mean they would get it by picking up souvenirs on the battlefield; I dunno? Tell me just what kind of glory we have to offer the boys of the 363rd when they arrive in the Land of Sunshine. We all worship the boys, don't we?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Milton T. Clark of the bureau of architecture. He is decorating San Francisco for the welcome.

"By the great horn spoon, I'll be hornswoggled," exclaimed the Clockwinder; "hornswoggled at your enthusiasm."

"My 'yes, indeed' was official and purposely calm," returned the other.

"All right, then. I understand that you come with the atmosphere of the City Hall thick upon you. I did not want to talk to a City Hall man in this matter; but they told me you are the official banner-and-bunting boy, and that while you work in proximity to the mayor and board of supervisors, you have thoughts on the side. Now, I want to know as a sort of preamble, wouldn't it have been better to invest the whole of this welcome-home fund in sandwiches instead of bunting and flowers?"

"You must remember," said Clark, "that the 363rd is the mayor's pet regiment. He adopted it at Camp Lewis. And the Goddess of Victory also adopted what was left of this regiment in France. That is why we are so gay with flags; that is why we jubilate with bunting; that is why sandwiches without banners would fall short of this joyous occasion, when every heartbeat—"

"Hold on, lad; you are using the slang of the City Hall. Just what I was afraid of. What I want to know is the definition of g-l-o-r-y, not showered with confetti and wound with serpentine of many colors, but glory be to goodness and to some purpose—with the coupons attached. Get me?"

"I get you, Steve, and I hereby make application for a permit to open my mouth. While I believe in bunting and evergreens and placards and all sorts of decorations, I also believe that a man's enthusiasm should have headquarters in his common sense."

"You can't be too common-sensible for me, Mr. Clark."

"Then the question is, Mr. Clockwinder, are we to take these veterans to the Civic Center,

spout our speeches and poetry, shoot off a little music, and then say to them, 'Now, boys, we are rejoiced to have done our duty. We are proud of you and of ourselves. The ceremonies are now finished. Please do not loiter in the doorway. The war is over, and the reception committees are exhausted with their work of the last few days. Be kind enough to go to the devil, and may Billy Sunday have mercy on your souls.'"

Parade of the Committees

"Um! I knew those committees would work too hard."

"Yes; San Francisco certainly knows how to appoint committees. Many of the committeemen are so high and mighty that they think they have performed a public duty by allowing us the use of their names."

"Let me see your list," requested the Clockwinder. "Ah, you have the citizen's welcome committee in general, with the mayor at the head—fair enough, and three ex-mayors to see that he does his duty: there we have the Hon. P. H. McCarthy, who made us the Paris of America; and Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, who made us as virtuous as Los Angeles, for a while; and Eugene E. Schmitz, the forget-me-not; but you forgot to give him the 'Hon.' or the 'Dr.' to which an ex-mayor is entitled. The executive committee includes that chandelier-shaker, Ralph McLeran, who usually gets his name spelled wrong among the supervisors. Subcommittee of sixty on finance and memorials includes Senator Hiram Johnson, who told us that a man must eat. Subcommittee on memorial services, consisting of a most reverend, two right reverends and a rabbi, is headed by Gavin McNab; don't remember him as a rabbi or a clergyman at all. Subcommittee on programmes and parades includes Supervisor Andrew Gallagher, a parade in himself. Subcommittee on decorations, includes your honorable self, Supervisor McLeran, with his name spelled wrong again, and Park Superintendent John McLaren, innocent cause of the error. Subcommittee on refreshments (a man must eat) includes J. Emmet Hayden, who ought to know something about the subject. Then follow the gorgeous, guiltless, ungullible guardians of civic righteousness, the supervisors. Next the county council of defense, including a sheriff, a chief of police,

a district attorney, a noted divorce judge and a host of other celebrities too numerous to mention. War Camp Community Service includes Paul T. Carroll, a public servant if ever there was one. Next in order, the draft boards and forty-five committeemen at large. What do these latter ones do?"

"I don't know. They are still at large."

"I fear that this glorious phalanx is too much honor. The municipality has been too generous with its citizenship. I still cling to the sandwich idea. There ought to be, among all those enumerated, a committee on eats—not refreshments, but eats from day to day. This would more aptly come under the head of an employment committee. A hero's a man for all that, and a man must eat. A soldier can't go through

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life hollering, 'Powder River! Let 'er buck! Ye-e-e-ip! Whoopce!'"

"Let me give you an instance," said Clark. "I had charge of the placards for the recent Salvation Army drive. For this job, I employed eight soldiers. Shortly before noon, I found that four of them had been working all morning without breakfast. I gave them lunch money or I don't know how long they would have gone without following Hiram Johnson's advice. It wasn't the Salvation Army's fault. The four boys simply went about putting up the signs, and said nothing about decorating their stomachs. The Salvationists are doing all that has been said of them. At present they are feeding about fifty soldiers a day. Guess how many they will entertain when this glorious welcome is over."

"Well, how about the star-spangled bankers on the finance committee? Can't they remove some of the barbed-wire entanglements about the soldiers' old jobs?"

"I don't mind saying that some of those bankers lost my admiration at the time of the Camp Fremont affair. If they haven't learned much about fund-collecting since then, the Municipal Band will have to play louder and the mayor will have to make a longer speech to keep people from looking at the decorations."

Heroes and Taxes

"Mr. Clockwinder, I see, by your insinuation against the supervisors, that you are inclined to Bolshevism. For shame! Be so good as to note that the supervisors have allowed us to use their names on all printed matter got out by the sub-committee on programmes and parades. The city charter says nothing about welcoming soldiers. The board's first duty is to the city. In that connection, the return of the 363rd is almost a source of irritation."

"How can we welcome the soldiers without raising the tax rate, eh?"

"That awful budget, you know."

"I hear there will be a terrific squash trying to keep the tax rate under \$3."

"Mr. Clockwinder, permit me to call you a child. The supervisors are trying to throw a scare into the public. The rate won't go to \$3. And that is why I claim that the board should devote a certain percentage of the tax rate to public works, upon which we could employ the soldiers when the parade is over and the decorations are down. The supervisors haven't appropriated a nickel for the soldiers. They are busy educating the people into a belief that the tax rate will be high, so that it will astonish us the other way. Right now, the board is setting the stage for the great rescue act. The Bogey Man with the \$3 rate tattooed on his chest pushes the blue-cyed and innocent budget into the icy waters of finance, which will be heated to about the temperature of the Lurline Baths. The budget disappears beneath the waves. Wild shrieks from the newspapers. Then the thrilling rescue by eighteen supervisors in a high-diving act unparalleled in the annals of civic dare-deviltry. They kick the \$3 tax rate in the slats and then hand out election cards to the awe-stricken spectators."

The Clockwinder gazed out the window, observing, "How beautiful is the sunlight on the seagulls!"

Not Enough Police

A resident of Oakland, the wife of a well known writer, told, a few days ago, a remarkable story of a burglary in her own house, which came very near being a criminal success, because there were not police enough to re-

spond to a quick call. The lady referred to was alone in her house, sewing in her nursery, when a neighbor called her on the telephone and conveyed the alarming intelligence that a burglar was entering her home by the back parlor window and she must warn him away. She was too stricken with terror, however, but finally summoned sufficient courage to telephone to the nearest police station, informing it that a burglar was in the house. She received a curt reply to the effect that the police were very busy with other matters, there was no one to send, and it was up to her to drive the burglar away. This she telephoned to her neighbor and then fainted away. The neighbor, becoming alarmed, called up her husband in his place of business, he took measures to make sure that sufficient police were immediately summoned, and then the browbeaten chief overdid the matter in the usual fashion of police captains suddenly called to terms. There was great excitement about the station, and six policemen were sent to capture a single unsuspecting burglar, which they effected with great eclat, each one of course receiving another credit mark on his record. The telling of this story has in it a speculative motive, in that it arises from the question as to whether Oakland has sufficient police to apprehend properly the criminals who were responsible for a more important crime.

"There's a long, long trail a winding through the land of my dreams," has been sung for a long time now by the numerous sleuths who have been detailed to run down the murderers of Inez Reed and Mrs. Greenwood. To their great credit be it said that some hopeful advancement has been made in the case of the misguided nurse whose body was found on the Spring Valley road, which revives the disposition to praise, which apparent inactivity has caused to relax during the past two or three weeks. At last there seems to be a definite tangibility in the more recent clues that have

been unearthed. The arrest of Dr. Northcutt, and the holding of his nurse and her policeman fiancée as valuable witnesses, apparently shows the finger of justice pointing in the right direction. But no good reason is assigned why the nurse, Frances Cronin, is permitted to remain comfortably at home nursing a sprained ankle, while some mysterious nurse or other, said to have been engaged by Dr. Northcutt to attend Miss Reed during the operation, seems to have been permitted to slip away. At one time Miss Cronin was reported to have disappeared, but it afterwards developed that she had been put through the gruelling experiences of the third degree in the house of Policewoman Eisenhart, and had revealed nothing of importance. Several news and, it is alleged, gravely important witnesses have been found, and Lieutenant Goff has expressed himself as positively certain to make out a clear case before the close of the present week. With reference to the Greenwood mystery, nothing whatever has been done toward the solution of it, beyond the sending of the well known dynamiter Rominsky to Angel Island to prepare for deportation, all efforts to connect him directly with the case having failed. Warning letters, however, continue to be received by wealthy residents of Oakland, the purport of each of which is the same, "your money or your life." Some of these letters have been obvious fakes, sent by practical jokers with a peculiarly mischievous sense of humor. Most of them, however, are bona fide, and the residents of the neighborhood are in a panic of terror, for to detect and put away the writers of secret letters is the most baffling trail to which detectives can possibly be assigned. In the east, Black Hand letter blackmailers have been caught through responding to the demand for money and watching the appointed site until the culprit came for it. Perhaps there are good reasons why the Oakland detectives do not attempt a similar ruse, but it is at least one well worth trying, if it has not been tried already. At all

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events, the Greenwood crime is just as much of a mystery now as it was the day it was committed, and no wonder the neighbors of that grief stricken home are growing more and more impatient.

Words of Great Men Oft Remind Us

While clothes are so expensive, I shall not buy a new overcoat just because a fool shot a few holes in my old one.—Clemenceau.

It is to the best interests of the world that the age-long controversy between Ireland and England be settled at the Versailles Conference.—N. Y. Supreme Court Justice Daniel F. Co-halan.

The Peace Congress is working for the benefit of future generations; let us not criticize our delegates for being slow.—Harry Lauder.

The California legislature will soon tell me I can not wear B. V. D.'s but must stick to red flannels all the year round.—Assemblyman Hurley of Alameda.

We should have a league of churches as well as a league of nations.—Rev. Josiah Sibley.

The Japanese, paganistic and under an imperialistic government, are overthrowing the peace of the Orient and insinuating themselves against the peace of the world.—Bishop William T. McMurray, St. Louis.

Japan has a population of 294 to the square mile; the United States has 23.—Kotaro Mochizuki, member Japanese Parliament.

We are not too proud to fight.—Baron Maki-no, Japanese peace delegate.

There's nobody home in America.—Senator Hiram Johnson.

Reconstruction after the war means, among other things, loving our husbands and caring for our children in a better way than we ever did before.—Dr. Cora Sutton Castle.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst is the noblest woman we have in California.—Mayor Rolph.

La Jeunesse

The adage, "A man is as old as he feels, a woman as old as she looks," sometimes needs reversal or combination. Take the case of Julius Calman, the popular notary, for example. The other day he said to a man of fifty-three complaining that old age had crept upon him. "Nothing of the kind. You are not yet in your prime. I am sixty-seven and I consider myself young." Yet if Mr. Calman had given his age as forty-eight and the other man had acknowledged to sixty-three winters, there would be no occasion for doubt in the impartial spectator's eye. Mr. Calman looks vigorous, well nourished, well groomed and serene. His complexion is innocent of wrinkles, his frequent smile reveals strong white teeth, his head is thickly covered with fine aggressive looking hair, independently worn in the style popularized by Jim Corbett in his hey-day. There ensued a conversation about how Mr. Calman retains his youthful appearance. "I never study food values in their relation to the human body. I do not exercise. I sit at my desk hours daily. And these" (daintily lighting a cigarette with his silver igniter) "are conducive to good health. I smoke forty a day. I never worry—I simply won't; though, in common with the rest of civilized humans, I have often cause to do so. I've never had a severe illness and I never lose my temper. As I am married there arise occasions for domestic lectures, which happen even to the happiest married people, but I just listen and laugh." The genial notary, unlike many men who look much younger than their numerous years, glories in being an ancestor to a third generation and

exhibits with pardonable pride the pictures of his beautiful grandchildren.

San Franciscans in Gotham

A San Francisco journalist visiting in New York writes us: Understand that Gertrude Boyle Kanno is not yet divorced from the poet, though she talks of marrying the affinity. Kanno is here, a sort of protege of Edwin Markham's. Among the old San Francisco musicians here I have met Max Hirschfeld, formerly of the Tivoli. He is directing the orchestra of the Princess Theatre and is finishing a revision of a grand opera which is promised a production at the Metropolitan next season. Tom Leary is out on the road with a musical comedy company under the management of Comstock & Elliott. Arthur Cunningham and his wife, Lilian Raymond, are out on the road with a musical comedy, and James Stevens, the baritone, is singing at the Park Theatre in a revival of old comic operas. Gertrude Hopkins, formerly at the Tivoli and organist at Sacred Heart Church, is married to Dr. Joseph Byrne, a prominent consulting physician. Freddie Hoff, formerly Kolb & Dill's musical director, is teaming with his wife in vaudeville. Mrs. Hoff is a lyric soprano.

Blossom Time

It is indeed strange how completely travel will, in the minds of some people, entirely obliterate any conception of the value or beauty of what may exist in their own country. They are controlled entirely by environment, without permitting the thought that their own country offers any environment worth more than the merest passing notice, and they will adore everything foreign because it is so, and for no other reason. The writer remembers the unspeakable surprise of a friend of this stripe, who accidentally discovered that one of the greatest art museums in the world was situated in New York, and shortly thereafter he was equally amazed to find the autumn colorings on the upper Hudson quite equal to those to be found in Japan. There are thousands of people in San Francisco at the present moment, who will plunge into a condition of blissful ecstasy on the mere mention of cherry blossom season in Japan, utterly oblivious of the fact that a motor ride into Santa Clara valley just now will furnish a spectacle of bloom that will throw into the shade the best of the blossom masses of Japan. Here there will not be the interesting and poetical quiet of the tea gardens with their gaily costumed maidens, and there may not be the same care exercised as to form and arrangement of trees. But the color is there, the blossoms are there in great seas of gorgeous splendor, spreading over hill and valley in fragrant waves of amazing magnificence. From Sunnyvale westward to the foothills, the valley is an almost unbroken sea of snow white plum blossoms, interspersed here and there with patches of the slightly tinted apricot blooms and the brilliant pink of the peach trees which are quite the equal of the Japanese cherry at its best. From the valley up almost to the summits of the foothills, save where there are vineyards, this same riot of bloom continues southward to Saratoga and further on to Los Gatos.

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pation is the "hold-up" man of the human system. The food waste it holds up in your lower intestines decays and generates poisons. A poisoned system is the result.

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It is the best to order enough for a full treatment if it is a case of long standing, or if it to be used as a family laxative. Six boxes only cost five dollars—but they are worth to the sufferer a million times as much. One dollar will bring you one box. Send money order or registered letter in plain letters. Address the Laxcarin, Products Co., Dept. E-6, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Advt.

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A Notable Double Event

On Saturday last Mr. Leland Stanford Ramsdell, who has of late been most conspicuous in unusual social functions, gave at his fine Burlingame residence an elaborate "stag" to a group of American airmen who have become famous overseas. Among them were Captain Ernest Norberg and Lieutenants Wendell Hauch, Benjamin Manning, Douglas Farqua, George Bramer, Norman Hall and Francis Davis, Jr. Lieutenant Farqua will be remembered as having been the only American who gained the rank of ace in Italy, with fifteen enemy kills to his credit, for which he was decorated by the King of Italy in person. While there was no other ace among these distinguished young officers, all of them had won varying degrees of distinction, and the narratives of adventure supplied by them were both interesting and exciting. The details of this "stag" were not furnished, further than that it had the somewhat unusual distinction of having been strictly "dry." On Sunday afternoon a number of civil guests, accompanied by many of the fair sex, arrived in automobiles for tea and dancing, while those not terpsichorically inclined divided into couples and gathered wild flowers from the hillsides. The civil guests included Mr. and Mrs. George Uhl, Mr. and Mrs. Clay Greene, Miss Pearl Dunton, Mrs. Stella Thomas Deshon, Miss Cecilia Babcock, Miss Constance Uhl and Miss Ernestine Norberg. The dancing continued until six o'clock, when the civils went their separate ways, leaving the distinguished heroes of the air ready for the perpetration of another stag, to continue, no doubt, until business hours on Monday morning.

Social Notes

One of the jolliest theatre and supper parties of the season was that given by Miss Marion Zeile. After enjoying the Orpheum show the

guests repaired to Rainbow Lane. The affair was in honor of Captain Frederick Wichman, who has been overseas for the past year and is now on his way to his home in Honolulu. Miss Zeile's guests were Messrs. and Mmes. Frederick McNear, William H. Taylor, Mrs. Samuel Hopkins and Stewart Lowery. * * Lieutenant Samuel Hopkins will soon return from overseas and join his family at the Fairmont. * * Lieutenant and Mrs. George Perkins, who since their marriage have been residing in the Philippines, returned to the city ten days ago and have been the guests of Mrs. Raymond's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones, at their home on Buchanan Street. Lieutenant Raymond has been mustered out of the service and will leave this week for Santa Barbara, where this charming couple will reside permanently. Mrs. Raymond was formerly Helen Jones. * * Mrs. Effingham Sutton was hostess during the week at an informal tea in honor of Mrs. Ralston Page, a recent bride. Ralston Page is a grandson of the late William C. Ralston, Sr. * * One of the largest luncheons of the week was that over which Mrs. James A. Black presided at the Woman's Athletic Club in honor of Mrs. Mathew Armstrong of Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong and her sister, Mrs. Horace Pillsburg, leave the latter part of this week for Santa Barbara. * * Mrs. Thomas Hawkins of Hollister arrived during the week with her little son. She is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Wright, at the Hotel Monroe, where she will remain two weeks. * * Mrs. J. J. Speiker was extensively entertained previous to her departure for a lengthy tour of the Orient. One of the last hostesses in her honor was Miss Fannie Davenport, who gave a tea at her home on Broadway the day before Mrs. Speiker sailed. Among those present were Mmes. John S. Drum, Warren Speiker, William Moore, W. W. Plummer, William Klink, Horace Howard, Clarence Oddie, Adolph Graupner, Howard Holmes, J. O. Harron, and Miss Edith Treanor. * * Mrs. Samuel Boardman and her daughter Miss Kate left a few days ago for southern California, where they will remain several weeks. * * Miss Minnie Houghton will spend the summer in the east with her sister, Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley of Hartford, Conn. She will remain until late in the fall. * * Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ely, who have been enjoying a visit at the Palace, where they have been informally entertained by many old friends, sailed on April 10 for Yokohama, their future home. Mrs. Ely will be remembered as Lorraine Plum. * * Mrs. Oliver Wyman recently left for the east, where she went to welcome Lieutenant Wyman, who has been in France for the past year. He will soon be mustered out of the service. Upon their return to this city Mr. and Mrs. Wyman will be the guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, on Broadway, until they take possession of their own home on Fillmore Street. * * Miss Betty George was hostess during the week at a dinner at her home, Stanford Court. Later the guests enjoyed dancing in Rainbow Lane. Among Miss George's guests were the Misses Mary Frances Jay, Anne Peters, Betty and Elena Folger, Messrs. Walter Hush, Wendell Kuhn, Robert

Rathbun, Walter Thompson, Howard Spreckels and Robert Hinckley. Mr. Hinckley and Mr. Thompson are eastern visitors who have been extensively entertained by our smart set during their brief visit in this city. They will leave the latter part of this week for Vancouver, from whence they will sail for Japan. * * One of the most entertaining dinner parties of the week was that given by Mr. and Mrs. James Otis at their home on Broadway in honor of Major Dehelley of the Carol Mission to Rumania. Among others present were Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman and Dr. C. A. Hoeder. * * The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh will be glad to know that Master Gordon, who has been desperately ill for several weeks, has now been pronounced out of danger. Mrs. McIntosh was formerly Miss Eileen Goad, one of the bevy of beautiful Goad girls; her sisters are Mrs. Osgood Hooker (Ella Goad) of Burlingame, and Mrs. Robinson Rielley (Genevieve Goad) of Paris. * * Miss Helen Dean will leave in the near future for the northern part of the state, where she will remain several weeks in order to recuperate from her recent influenza attack. Whitman Symmes, the fiance of Miss Dean, has been visiting here from Nevada and will soon return to the mining district. * * Mrs. Horace Bradford Clifton has entirely recovered from her recent severe illness and has gone to Dixon, where she will visit her brother and sister-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Otto T. Schulze. On her return Mrs. Clifton will leave for San Mateo, where the Cliftons have taken a house for the summer. * * On Tuesday at her attractive home on Sacramento Street, Mrs. Cleveland Forbes gave an informal luncheon. Among the guests were Mmes. Arthur Page, Ralston Page and Schuyler Jackson, the latter a charming matron visiting here from New York. * * Russian Hill, the attractive home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warren Hunt, was the setting of a pretty informal dinner party a few evenings ago, when the host and hostess entertained Messrs. and Mmes. Paul Fagan, Hough Porter, Newbold Lawrence of New York, Miss May Kenneth Crowell of Baltimore and Henry Crocker. * * Mrs. S. F. B. Morse entertained her old schoolmate, Sophia Charlebois (Mrs. Fortune Gallo) informally at tea at the Fairmont Hotel during the week. Mrs. Gallo leaves on Wednesday for St. Louis, where she will join her husband. Mrs. Gallo has recently been ill and came to this city on a visit to her grandmother, Mrs. I. Kashow, for rest and recuperation. She has entirely recovered and has been quietly entertained by many old schoolmates the past week. * *

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Robert Hine has gone to Palo Alto, where he will spend the summer with his aunt, Mrs. M. T. Thompson. * * Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Matson entertained a merry house party at their home in Redwood City over the week end, all motored to the Matson home on Friday evening. Those in the party were Messrs. and Mmes. Lewis Bruce, Frank Wayland Lucas, and Dr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Griffith. * * Mr. and Mrs. William Breeze (Evelyn Norwood) and Mrs. E. Norwood will spend the summer in Palo Alto, where they have taken a house. * * Mr. and Mrs. Louis H. Mooser will spend the month of June in the Yosemite Valley. * * Mmes. William Mayor Newhall, Sr., Mountford Wilson, Gerald Rathbone and Miss Ethel Cooper made a congenial party which left by motor a few days ago for Grand Canyon. * * William Mayo Newhall, Jr., who has been in France for the past year, returned to his home a few days ago. Mr. and Mrs. Newhall and two children will spend the summer at Menlo Park, where they have taken a home for the season. * * Mr. and Mrs. Athol McBean have rented Mrs. James Robinson's house in Redwood City for the summer. They will close their home in this city the latter part of June. * * Edward A. Dunne will leave the latter part of this week for Salto, Mexico, on business. While in Mexico he will be the guest of his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Blas Narro (Mae Dunne). Mrs. F. H. Dunne and Miss Rae Dunne, who are at present in Mexico, will remain several months longer as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Narro. * * Mrs. Stuart S. Wright of Stockton and Mrs. John Gillis of St. Paul, Minn., have arrived in this city on a visit to relatives. They will be the guests of Mrs. Selden S. Wright at her home on Lombard Street during their stay. Mrs. Gillis will be remembered as pretty Louise Wright, niece of Dr. Edward and Dr. William Hopkins of this city, granddaughter of the late Commodore and Mrs. Hopkins, U. S. N., and of the late Judge Selden S. Wright, the able jurist. * * Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Oyster, who have been living in the south since their marriage, have moved to this city and taken an apartment at 1925 Pacific Avenue. Mrs. Oyster was former attractive Ruth Perkins. * * Friends from both sides of the bay in army and navy circles will be interested in the recently announced engagement made in Washington, D. C., and the approaching marriage of Miss Helen Clark and Major Layson E. Aikens, corps of engineers, U. S. A. Miss Clark is the daughter of E. E. Clark of the Interstate Commerce Commission, an extremely popular girl in Washington's exclusive set. Major Aikens is a son of Mrs. Louise Aikens of Berkeley. He is a graduate of West Point, class of 1915. He was sent to France at the beginning of the war and has since seen considerable service abroad. He is now stationed near El Paso in command of the 9th Engineer (mounted), being chief of the El Paso military district. The wedding will be a brilliant event of May in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Crellin in New York

Mrs. E. W. Crellin left a fortnight ago for New York, where she will soon be joined by Mr. Crellin. She has large numbers of dear friends in the big metropolis, where as Camille D'Arville she was famous as an opera comique queen. Even during a short absence she will be greatly missed in San Francisco for her warm heart, tireless energy and fascinating originality have endeared her to a wide circle of admiring friends. As president of the San Francisco unit of the Stage Women's War Relief, Mrs.

Crellin rendered valiant service during the war besides being a faithful attendant at the Red Cross canteens as well as an indefatigable liberty bond campaigner.

Fairmont Tea Club

The Saturday Afternoon Tea Club, which has formed for the purpose of combining dancing with a social chat around the tea table, met for the first time at the Fairmont Hotel last week and bids fair to become a very popular organization among the younger set. Every Saturday afternoon, from four o'clock until six, the members and their friends will meet in the gold and red room, better known as the dining room, of the hotel at the top of the town, and dance to the inspiring music of Rudy Seiger's orchestra. Among the members are the Misses Cornelia Gwynn, Lucy Hanchett, Louise Gerstle, Evelyn S. Evans, Ruth M. Prior, Margaret Cheney, Lenore Morrissey, Edelmira Duenas, Coralie de Duenas, Maria Duenas, Coralie Duenas, Ursula Hooper, Katherine Stoncy, Adele Chevalier, Carmen Stolp, Elizabeth George, Anne Peters, Maye Coburn, Muriel Boxton, Pauline Magruder, Estelle Jacobs, Elizabeth C. Wilson, Alta Nolan and Angela Coyle; Mmes. Eleanor Martin, Marcus Koshland, Mark Gerstle, Clay Greene, Louis Sloss, Jr., Gustave A. Boyer, George Uhl, Oliver Dibble, George Starr, Marie Partridge Price, E. H. Furman, Earl Anthony and Harold Cook; Messrs. Henry Crocker, Charles Crocker, Everett Bee, Arthur M. Brown, Edward Lloyd Lomax, George W. McNear, Jr., Louis Coe, Alexander Young, Paul Young, Ralph W. Atkinson, Lawrence H. Gray, Grey Skipworth, Rodolfo Jauregin, Fernando J. Herrerias, Bertram E. Alanson, Lionel M. Rlanson, Samuel M. Shortridge, Jr., Lieutenant Fred C. Saville, Fernando Maldonado, Jr., C. S. Tripler, Thornton L. High, Charles Anderson, Randall Abbott, Jr., and George Filmer, Jr.

An Interesting Theatre Party

On Thursday evening last Mr. and Mrs. Victor Thrane of New York, San Francisco, Seattle and other places where lumber kings gather their profits, gave a small but interesting function in which Stella Thomas Deshon was the guest of honor. At 8:15 the party gathered at the Casino to gaze upon the glittering nudity, comedy and other lively stunts of "Let's Go," after which Tait's was invaded, where an elaborate spread was awaiting them. This was despatched with the usual intermittent pauses for dancing, which continued until the lady jazz band had consumed its allotted time, when the merry party bade a regretful farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Thrane, who on the following day were to depart from the city to remain for some months. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Victor Thrane, Mr. and Mrs. S. Myrtle, Mr. and Mrs. Clay Greene, Stella Thomas Deshon, Leland Stanford Ramsdell, and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Birmingham.

Macdowell Club's Exhibition

The exhibition of paintings held by the Macdowell Club of New York includes many notable canvases that are attracting more than the usual crowds of visitors to 108 West 155th Street. The exhibitors are Frederick C. Friescke, Jonas Lie, A. M. Hudnut, Carl Anderson, William J. Baer, Lionel Walden, Jane Peterson, Jane Poupelet and Janet Scudder. There are forty-nine entries, among which the five of A. M. Hudnut have been the recipient of much favorable comment. The Macdowell Club exhibitions are organized by the artists themselves; there is

no jury, the aim being to make the gallery an open field for the various movements in art, old and new.

Rainbow Lane Entertainers

Good Friday will be observed at the Fairmont Hotel by closing Rainbow Lane, but all the rest of the week, excepting Sunday, the Follies will hold forth in their attractive home on the Norman floor. On Easter Monday every entertainer's face will be new, Rudy Seiger, the director of music and entertainment for the Linnard hotels, having secured an entirely new aggregation of talent, direct from Chicago. In the meantime Vanda Hoff and her fellow merry-makers will offer the best they have in their extensive repertoires and Rainbow Lane will doubtless be crowded during their remaining appearances. Mme. Stella Jelica, the popular coloratura soprano, will be the vocalist of the Fairmont lobby concert this Sunday evening, at 8:45.

At the Cecil

Francis J. Heney arrived from Santa Monica and will be at the Cecil for several weeks. Mrs. Heney may join him within several days. Mrs. Arthur Thane entertained fourteen of the guests at the Cecil with an Orphcum party Monday. They included Mmes. A. M. Burns, B. F. Keith, Elizabeth Pratt, M. M. Wilcy, Frederick Mead, Charles Kenyon, W. L. Clapp, George Henry, Eugene Davis, M. E. Rowley, H. M. Bcall, George Ives and Howard Turner. Mrs. Walter Wright has been entertaining her son, Mr. A. R. Rule of New York. Colonel Wright is still in France and during his absence his wife will remain at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mighell (Elinor Tay) were the complimented guests at the dinner given Sunday by Mrs. O. V. Walker. Mr. J. B. Davis is visiting his sister, Miss Davis, and brother, W. G. Davis. Mrs. Frink was a luncheon hostess Monday. Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Carlson of Pocatello, Idaho, are sojourning. Mrs. J. R. Folsom and her sister, Miss Edith Shearman, are receiving a warm welcome from their San Francisco friends. The former will remain at the Cecil for about three months.

Perennial Lure of Techau Tavern

One never tires of Techau Tavern. Many of its patrons may be seen there almost every evening and frequently with friends whom they have brought there as to the most entertaining place in the city. The famous jazz orchestra never fails to keep the dancers on their feet whenever it plays. The dance favors, large elegantly gowned Kewpie dolls with real hair elaborately dressed, are always acceptable to the ladies to whom they are presented. The gentlemen always like the large packages of Melarchrino cigarettes which fall to their portion. And everybody delights in the singing of the Show Girl Revue Corps.

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The Stage

Many Girls in Orpheum Bill

Florence Hobson, of the contralto and soprano firm of Hobson & Beatty, had a furious vacation on the farm, where she sat on the fence and watched the snails go whizzing by. Florence need not turn her back to prevent Kitty Gordon from capturing all the beauty honors. Girls are the main theme at the Orpheum this week. Whoever doubts woman's versatility should gaze carefully at the Kirksmith girl who plays the trombone. All of the Kirksmith Girls are what might be called musically inclined. Laying down a grand piano to take up a drum, leaping from a fiddle to a grand operatic delivery, booming a saxophone, tooting a cornet and caressing a violin, are simple matters for this talented sextette. More girls: that quartette "of the altitude" (not referring to their height but their mid-air performance) convert themselves into a windmill and quickly win a place in the affections (by threatening to fall into the laps) of the spectators. Hanging by their teeth from a whirling contraption, they go through a series of foolhardy stunts that culminate in an aerial skirt dance, and continue to culminate in a mad whirligig of femininity, still hanging with bulldog tenacity by their teeth. A lady who is on the programme by no other name than The Human Target allows things to be shot off her by Mr. H. C. McIntyre, whose marksmanship looks too good to be true; yet as far as can be seen it is always true to the mark. Charlie Wilson, "The Loose Nut," will have to become a little looser and nuttier before placing himself at the head of those who have made idiocy a study; he is close to the best of them, however. Sam Adams and J. P. Griffith are the laugh-extractors of the show in "A Music Lesson," which is just as admirable from the standpoint of serious song. Eddie Foy and the younger Foy's are in their second week. The young ones thoroughly justify their father's pride in them. Eddie's voice is not quite as resonant as it was a few days ago. The years are telling on this magnificent vocal organ. Paul Dickey & Co.'s playlet is the big idea this week, Dickey being a clever actor, stage manager and playwright. The act features a mysterious stranger in a high-powered, thundering automobile, a darkie garage helper, two cops and a society reporter (Inez Plummer), who attempts to capture the highwayman. While the denouement is not as brilliant as other passages, the playlet is thrilling beyond most trials of drama on the vaudeville stage. The films furnished a treat with the arrival scenes of the 363rd regiment in New York and numerous views of our mayor welcoming the boys and adopting "Powder River," feline daughter of the regiment.

—L. J.

Belle Bennett's Triumph

No better performance has ever been given by the now notable Alcazar company, than that of last week when "The Thirteenth Chair" was given an elaborate production, which in almost every material feature equalled the New York one with a record of over a year's run. It has become needless to say that the cast was an excellent one, for the capable members of this company have grown accustomed to see to that, but there was one member of it who shone resplendently above all the rest. This for the reason that so remarkable a portraiture was not expected of her, by reason of her youth, which has to simulate decrepit old age, and

a beauty which must of a necessity be obliterated under a white wig and coats of grease paint. This refers to Belle Bennett, who, at least as far as the auditor was concerned, had been unexpectedly cast in the exacting role of Madame LeGrange, the bent and aged spirit medium. To say that in conception, appearance, voice, manner and the sure grasp of dramatic values, her performance was a remarkable one is to put it altogether too mildly. With the successes attained by Margaret Wycherly and Annie Russell strong in adverting memory, it is no superogation to say that Belle Bennett was quite the equal of either of them, and to go a little further, if she had been the creator of the role she would long ago have been acclaimed as having been one of the most convincing young dramatic actresses who has ever appeared on Broadway. There was no one of the many exacting scenes when she relaxed her grip on her role and in the final scene, where, after the ten minutes given her by the detective to clear her daughter of the charge of murder, she really rose almost to the pinnacle of greatness. Walter Richardson was splendid as the detective, and Tom Chatterton, as the murderer, excited thunders of applause when driven to his thrilling confession. But Belle Bennett, as has been stated in these columns with reference to another production, again put the whole show in her pocket and walked away with it.

—C. M. G.

McCormack Concerts

John McCormack gives two concerts at the Civic Auditorium, May 11 and 18. A noted New York critic recently said of him: "He is unquestionably the chosen favorite of the great music loving public of America; and it is indeed as one of our ablest critics has so well expressed it, 'fortunate for the sake of artistry in music that a man of popularity so great as his, should be so great an artist.' As a singer he is a perfect artist. As an artist he is an inspiration and an uplift. He deserves the wealth and fame his art has brought him; because it is such as he who make the world a better place to live in." The first programme will be: 1, Aria, Il mio Tesoro from "Don Giovanni," Mozart—Mr. McCormack. 2, (a) Sans sa Fenetre, Hubay; (b) Humoresque, Tordulin—Mr. McBeath. 3 (a) La Procession, Franck; (b) The Last Hour, Kramer; (c) Love's Secret, Bantock; (d) The Star, Saint-Saens—Mr. McCormack. Intermission. 4, Irish Folk Songs: (a) Go Where Glory Waits Thee, Arr. by Schneider; (b) The Light o' the Moon, Arr. by Hughes; (c) The Fanad Grove, Arr. by Hughes; (d) Pastheen Fionn, Milligan-Fox—Mr. McCormack. 5 (a) Romance, Wilhelmj (b) Mazurka, Wieniawski—Mr. McBeath. 6 (a) Thine Eyes Still Shined, Edwin Schneider; (b) She Rested by the Broken Brook, Coleridge-Taylor; (c) Roses of Picardy, Hadyn Wood; (d) The Americans Come, Fay Foster—Mr. McCormack. At the second concert the great tenor will sing numbers by Handel, Rachmaninoff, Tosti, Scott, Liza Lehman and of course Irish folk-songs sung as only McCormack can sing them. Tickets are now on sale at the music stores and it is advisable to make early reservations.

At the Curran

Kolb and Dill continue in high favor at the Curran, where the popular comedians enter upon the second week of their successful re-

turn engagement Sunday night, April 13. "As You Were," which undoubtedly discloses the stars at their funniest, does not cloy with frequent seeing, with the result that many theatre-goers are attracted to the performance several times. The play unquestionably displays the stars at their funniest. "As You Were" possesses a most novel and humorous book, the work of Max M. Dill, who has told an unconventional story in an unusual way. The lyrics are the work of Harry Williams and the music, which is of the catchy, whistleable sort, was written by Leo Flanders. The sup-

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porting cast embraces such well known players as Julia Blanc, Marie Rich, May Cloy, Ethel Martelle, George W. Banta, Jr., Max Steinle, Jack Rollins and Frank Bonner. No Kolb and Dill production would be complete without a bevy of the prettiest girls procurable, and "As You Were" is no exception.

Alcazar

"The greatest thing a human being can do is—to do his duty." That is the key note sounded in the emotional gamut of "The Road to Happiness," another famous play of national repute that will be acted for the first time in San Francisco by the pliant and artistic New Alcazar Company, commencing at next Sunday's matinee. While it is called a comedy, there are moments in the four acts when melodrama looms large just around the bend of the road. Walter P. Richardson will have the role created in New York by the author-actor, William Hodge. Belle Bennett, the beauteous, has one of the most fascinating parts that has fallen to her and the big cast is fully of distinctive character types. For Easter week comes the New York, Boston and Chicago laughing success, "Sick a-Bed," which, despite its title, is full of contagious fun and ardent sentiment. It is a Klaw & Erlanger production, also new to San Francisco.

Orpheum

There will be seven new acts and only one holdover in next week's Orpheum bill. Sam Mann has a vehicle that totally eclipses his previous efforts and that aided by an excellent company he furnishes delightful entertainment. The Mosconi Brothers, who have been honorably discharged from the army, have returned to vaudeville. They will be seen in what they call "Dancing Odds and Ends." Polly Moran, who a few years ago left the two a day for pictures and became generally known as "The Female Charlie Chaplin," and as "Sheriff Nell" of Mack Sennett's comedies, is back again in

vaudeville, funnier and more popular than ever. Agnes Berrie and Irene Jonani will render an enjoyable programme of song. Helen Scholder, an eminent 'cellist, will be heard in favorite numbers. The Fantino Troupe of acrobats combine skill, grace and agility. They present a number of new and hazardous aerial feats in rapid succession. Paul Dickey and Company will repeat "The Lincoln Highwayman," which has scored a tremendous hit. Charles Irwin, who served with distinction with the Royal Inniskillion Fusiliers some years ago, and who made for himself quite a reputation in camp theatricals, has been for some time one of the most popular "single" entertainers in vaudeville. He styles his act "Comin' Through the Rye," and every moment of it is well worth while.

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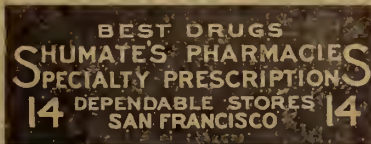
The natural condition of a child is to be happy and carefree. When the girl mopes and is indifferent to school and study, or the boy is sullen and refuses to go out and play, the child needs a laxative to empty the bowel and stir up the liver.

But something should be given that will produce the result in as simple and natural a way as possible. Harsh cathartics and physics are neither necessary nor desirable.

Many mothers have found that the combination of simple herbs produces a free movement of the bowels without gripping. This combination is sold in tablet form under the name of Laxcarin—and is universally being used. Only a few laxcarins are required and it is very pleasant to take—in fact it is a doctor in candy form. That is why children like it so much. A few hours after its use the child will be its happy self again. It works like a clock.

It is an excellent remedy for the mother herself, and for the other members of the family, in obstinate or occasional constipation, for the relief of sick headaches and an aid to colds and fevers, minor skin eruptions and all disorders where the basis of the trouble is constipation. It aids digestion, relieves fermentation, neutralizes over acidity, stops the bloating of gas, aids sour stomach.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—In the main, the Stock Exchange came to the week end with unimportant net price changes, although during the period it experienced several setbacks notably during the first half. From mid-week on, trading assumed broad proportions, and generally values were on the upturn. The early declines were due to a reaction influenced by the over enthusiasm of purchases late in the previous week, when, for several days, Steel Common led a spectacular wave of speculation. This mass of hastily taken long lines called for adjustment and correction of the inside situation. Speculative and investment buying, however, continued without regard to any special developments, either of a favorable or unfavorable character. This forces the conviction on many minds that the movement to higher prices is to be regarded as part of a steady appreciation of values, which had been repressed by the restrictive measures in force during the greater part of last year and into the present year, until after the declaration of the January dividend of U. S. Steel. The point is made by some that those companies accumulated immense surplus accounts in their period of war time prosperity, and are in a position now to weather the period of unprofitable dullness which many of them are passing through, and later to start a new period of activity in which their business efforts will be required to the utmost to supply the requirements of our nation alone. There are many who think that the turn in the situation in the copper trade means a broadening and more substantial business in all lines of industry, as the large part of the business world has regarded copper as the real barometer of trade in recent years, instead of steel. Most of the traders, however, did not seem to care for any definite news, but based their operations on the fact that all the action in the market is on the buying side, and that purchases of stocks of all kinds have so universally showed profits, that each deal closed means more new deals on the long side to be opened. With this increasing demand, the supply of stocks has not been enlarged in the slightest degree. Instead of becoming greater, the floating supply, according to those in a position to form accurate judgment, is being still further diminished by odd lot speculative buying investment purchases, and by the large speculative demand which is taking securities away from Wall Street steadily, leaving the market peculiarly sensitive to bullish influence, and easily affected by concentrated buying in any group. However, some of the best posted people in the trade are inclined to accept profits at this level, and they point to the new loan, which will begin shortly, as it will probably mean tight money for a period, owing to the general opinion that the banks will be called upon to take most of it, and they will not care to finance a bull speculative market.

The market has had such a good general advance that it is due for a fair setback from present levels.

Cotton—The cotton market continued its upward swing at the start of the week, and barring a few reactions from time to time, the advance continued right up to the close of the week. Favorable developments in the world's political situation were the outstanding features. Bad weather in the cotton belt, which is expected to further interfere with planting, was reported, and was a factor in the advance. The buying was general, and included English and Japanese interests, as well as Wall Street and trade bulls. The market was more active than for several weeks. The demand was greatest in the new July and October contracts. Trading in the old contracts was restricted by the rules governing the liquidation of contracts, and all of the new interest was centered in the new contracts. The Liverpool market was strong and higher, and was a factor in the restoration of confidence in our market. The improved labor situation reported as the result of the announcement of an agreement between English mine employers and the workers was a bullish development of considerable importance. The strength at Liverpool was also attributed to improvement in the prospects of an early peace. The reported spread of Bolshevism that was disclosed, has been magnified by German propaganda, and there was a decided better feeling in the market on that account, as it had been feared that the activity of the anarchists would delay shipments of low grades to Central Europe. The progress of the Peace Conference was also a bullish card, and it was felt that the prospects for peace, before the end of the month, were bright. The new crop is just beginning to make itself felt as an argument for higher prices. The crop is getting a late start, and the acreage is expected to be reduced ten per cent, and with a reduction in the use of fertilizer, the weather, from now on, is going to be a very important factor. We believe cotton should be bought on all reactions, and if anything happens to the crop, prices can go very high from this level.

Keeping Up Prices

The other day an old gentleman asked a small boy if he would direct him to the bank.

"I will for a shilling."

"But that's rather high pay, isn't it?" asked the gentleman.

"Not at all," replied the youngster. "Bank directors always get high pay."

Bess—That's Mrs. Grabbit—she's a great war worker.

Bob—Indeed!

Bess—Yes; she married four of her daughters to soldiers.

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THE JOURNAL OF A LADY OF FASHION

(Continued from Page 6)

but the lights, the music, and the gaiety of the scene around me, with the consciousness of my looking more than usually well, gave such an exhilaration to my spirits, that I could not contract my brows into anything like a frown, and without a frown, or something approaching it, it is impossible to look grave. Belmont took advantage of my good spirits to claim my hand and pressed it very much.

I determined to postpone my lecture to him until the next good opportunity, for a ball room is the worst place in the world to act the moral or sentimental. Appropos of Belmont, what have I done with his note? My God, what a scrape have I got into! I left my reticule, into which I had put the note, on my sofa, and the note bears the evident marks of having been opened by some one who could not fold it again: it must have been Flounce. I have often observed her curiosity—and now I am completely in her power. What shall I do? After serious consideration, I think it the wisest plan to appear not to suspect her, and part with her the first good opportunity. I feel all over in a tremor, and can write no more.

Thursday.—Could not close my eyes for three hours after I got to bed; and when I did, dreamed of nothing but detections, duels, and exposures: awoke terrified: I feel nervous and wretched: Flounce looks more than usually important and familiar—or is it conscience that alarms me? Would to heaven I had never received that horrid note—or that I had recollected to take it to Almack's and give it back to him. I really felt quite ill. Madame requested an audience, and has told be she can no longer remain in my family, as she finds it impossible to do my children justice unassisted by me. I tried to persuade her to stay another quarter, but she firmly, but civilly, declined. This is very provoking, for the children are fond of and obedient to madame, and I have had no trouble since she has been with them; besides, my mother recommended her, and will be annoyed at her going. I must write to madame and offer to double her salary; all governesses, at least all that I have tried, like money. I must lie down, I feel so fatigued and languid: mamma is worse, and really I am unable to go to her; for I am so nervous that I could be of no use.

Friday.—I am summoned to my mother, and my lord says she is in the utmost danger. Madame, to add to my discomforts, has declined my offers: I feel a strong presentment of evil, and dread I know not what . . .

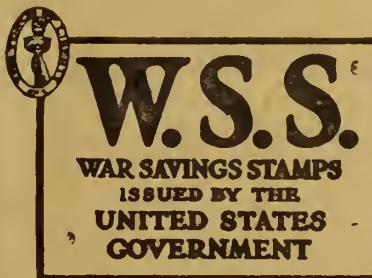
Good heavens! what a scene have I witnessed—my dear and excellent mother was insensible when I got to her, and died without seeing or blessing me. Oh! what would I not give to recall the past, or to bring back even the last fleeting week, that I might atone, in some degree, for my folly—my worse than folly—my selfish and cruel neglect of the best of mothers! Never shall I cease to abhor myself for it. Never till I saw the sainted form forever insensible did I feel my guilt. From day to day I have deceived myself with the idea that her illness was not dangerous, and silenced all the whispers of affection and duty, to pursue my selfish and heartless pleasures. How different are the resignation and fortitude of my sister, from my frantic grief! she has nothing to accuse herself of, and knows that her care and attention soothed the bed of death. But how differently was I employed!

distraction is in the thought; I can write no more, for my tears efface the words.

Saturday.—My dear and estimable sister has been with me, and has spoken comfort to my afflicted soul. She conveyed to me a letter from my sainted parent, written a few hours before her death, which possibly this exertion accelerated. The veil which has so long shrouded my reason is forever removed, and all my selfishness and misconduct are laid bare to my view. Oh! my mother—you whose pure counsel and bright example in life could not preserve your unworthy child—from the bed of death your last effort has been to save her. As a daughter, a wife, and a mother, how have I blighted your hopes and wounded your affections!

My sister says that my mother blessed me with her last words, and expressed her hopes that her dying advice would snatch me from the paths of error. Those dying hopes, and the last blessing, shall be my preservatives. I will from this hour devote myself to the performance of those duties that I have so shamefully, so cruelly neglected. My husband, my children—with you will I retire from those scenes of dissipation and folly, so fatal to my repose and virtue; and in retirement commune with my own heart, correct its faults, and endeavor to emulate the excellencies of my lamented mother.

Oh! may my future conduct atone for the past—but never, never let the remembrance of my errors be effaced from my mind.



NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNIE COOPER, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of ANNIE COOPER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Frank J. Fallon, Room 615, Merchants National Bank Building, 625 Market Street, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNIE COOPER, deceased.

JENNIE SIMON,
Administratrix of the estate of Annie Cooper, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 15, 1919.
FRANK J. FALLON,
Attorney for Administratrix,
Room 615 Merchants National Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-15-5

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF CITY TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY OF San Francisco, in the State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1918, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California, pursuant to law.

Assets	
Mortgages and collateral loans.....	\$146,300.00
Bonds and stocks	9,050.00
Cash in company's office and in banks.....	10,066.78
Premiums in course of collection.....	856.00
Bills receivable	1,753.50
Other ledger assets	130,764.49
Ledger assets	\$298,790.77
NON LEDGER ASSETS:	
Other non-ledger assets.....	\$ 9,729.38
Total gross assets	\$298,061.39
Total admitted assets.....	\$289,061.39
Liabilities	
All other liabilities	\$ 14,123.59
Total liabilities (except capital and surplus).....	\$ 14,123.59
Capital	\$250,000.00
Surplus	24,937.80
Total liabilities, capital and surplus.....	\$289,061.39
H. W. DIMOND, President. J. H. HUMPHREY, Secretary.	
3-22-5	

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 95286. Deft. No. 10.

JENNIE GAZZOLA, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN GAZZOLA, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOHN GAZZOLA, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's intemperance, non-support and cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint, on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of February, A. D. 1919.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNSWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
4 Columbus Avenue, San Francisco, Cal. 3-29-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY APPLICATION FOR LEAVE TO SELL REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 23504. Deft. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of MARY O'NEILL BAKER, an Incompetent. ETHEL FRANCES DONOVAN, the Guardian of the Person and Estate of MARY O'NEILL BAKER, above-named incompetent, having presented to this Court this day and filed herein her petition, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of certain real property, belonging to the said incompetent and estate, for the causes and reasons therein set forth; and it appearing to this Court from said petition that it is necessary, and would be beneficial to said incompetent, that said real property described in said petition be sold,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, That he next of kin of said incompetent and all persons interested in said estate or in said real property appear before this Court, in the court room thereof, situate in the City Hall, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Wednesday, the 23rd day of April, 1919, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real property, as prayed for in said petition, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars.

AND IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED, That a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: March 15th, A. D. 1919.
Endorsed: Filed Mar 15, 1919. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.
FREDERICK W. CRAWFORD,
Attorney for Guardian and Petitioner,
Bank of Italy Building,
Montgomery and Clay Streets,
San Francisco, Cal. 3-22-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of CARMELITA J. MACDONALD, ELODIE C. MACDONALD, WILLIAM A. MACDONALD, RAMON B. MACDONALD, NORMAN R. MACDONALD and FRANCIS J. MACDONALD, Minors.

It appearing to the court from the petition this day presented and filed by D. B. MacDonald, guardian of the person and estate of Francis J. MacDonald, one of the above named minors, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to said minor, that it is necessary and beneficial to said minor that such real estate should be sold,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of said minor and all persons interested in said estate appear before this court on Monday, the 21st day of April, 1919, at 10 o'clock A. M., in the courtroom of the above-entitled court, Department 10 thereof, situate in the City Hall, 400 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such real estate.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks before said day of hearing, in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that no other or further notice be required.

Done in Open Court this 18th day of March, 1919.
THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.
SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attorneys for Guardian,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-5-3



Attend the Sixth National Foreign Trade Convention in Chicago, April 24, 25 and 26, and help bring to our city the Seventh National Foreign Trade Convention of 2500 or more delegates representing one-half the invested capital of the United States.
—San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, Foreign Trade Department.

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we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXIV. No. 1391

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, APRIL 19, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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Raise the Teachers' Pay

Good Bye James V. Coleman

Philosophy of the Happy Ending

The Grand Old Lady of California

The Clock Winder Meets Len Harris

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FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIV.

San Francisco-Oakland, April 19, 1919

No. 1391

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Impending Doom

Unless all present indications fail; unless the able writings of men whose business it is to report all conditions as they find them are based purely upon political bias; unless the minds of supposedly great men are blunted by jealous spleen, the League of Nations, as far as its application to peaceful democratic government is concerned, is doomed to pass into history as having been the most luminous diplomatic failure of all times. Such newspapers as have all along foreseen that it must eventually fail because of its own cumbrous and platitudinous weight—and Town Talk is among them—have been taken to task for their unpatriotic criticism of "the greatest president since Lincoln," may now congratulate themselves that they have not been so far off the trail after all. Frank Simonds has already announced its demise in a headline, and then followed an obituary which embodies an elaborate diagnosis of the many phases of the several confusing maladies that destroyed it. To the credit of its illustrious creator, however, it should be said that this announcement is somewhat premature. It is all too obvious that the poor thing has been shot to pieces, but its wise attendant surgeons are still gathered about its bedside, drawing its numerous rents together and sewing them up with the ethical precision of practised diplomacy. But is this whole business not another example of the wisdom that lies in the homely adage, "Preaching and practise won't gee"? Is it not an indication that ideality has seldom, if indeed ever, preserved its original form in the final application of it? Comparisons are not always odious any more than precedent is, and it might be considered politically blasphemous to compare the impending fate of the League of Nations with so small a matter as a mere local issue, which flourished for a brief period and then died of

its own weight of overwrought idealism. Once upon a time public spirited citizens suddenly developed a serious attack of dreamy estheticism and decided that San Francisco was ugly. It had been laid out with an utter disregard of its artistic possibilities, and this stupid oversight had prevented it from being known as the most gorgeous city on earth. Accordingly Architect Burnham was encouraged to plan a scheme for a "San Francisco Beautiful." Elaborate drawings and specifications were made and the idealists already saw the model city looming up before them. But the application of the ideal, when put into figures, proved impossible, on account of its many antagonistic features, and the scheme was abandoned. So it seems likely to be with the League of Nations. Its conception was the inspiration of a mind schooled to lofty ideals, and its purpose was an altruistic determination to secure for posterity a world's democracy that could never be destroyed. But when it came to the practical application of those ideals, there were too many diametrically opposed interests to be subserved, so there came chaos and entanglement with no present hope of extrication that would be permanent.

* * *

Still Unhatched

In spite of the cabled assurances that surely by the end of last week the Ally-Germanic peace treaty would be signed, League of Nations rider and all, that long pecking chick is still struggling within its thick and rebellious shell. To the credit of the American conferees, it may be said with becoming satisfaction that their apparently unpalatable pill, the Monroe Doctrine, has been jammed down the throats of their colleagues at the peace table, which that cumbersome and unsmoothed piece of furniture must still be called, although it seems to be for the most part dealing with wars and rumors of wars. It is also strongly reminiscent of the old time minstrel first part, although this one has an unusual distinction, in that all of its members are in turn end men and interlocutors, and each of them continues to propound conundrums to which the answers are not forthcoming, with a result that is both unsatisfactory and confusing. What is the difference between the Bolshevik and the Russ? Why is the American soldier fighting in Siberia like a schoolboy who has not learned his lessons? Why is a Spartan? Why is the Rhine such a wide, wide river to cross?

Why is the French press like a bunch of firecrackers? Why is Mr. Clemenceau not at all like a tiger? What is the difference between arrogance and Japan? Answers to all of these conundrums would seem to be simple enough and yet none are forthcoming. In the old minstrel days the stage manager would have called the first part for "rehearsal of gags tomorrow at ten thirty." It is true that a tentative attempt has been made to solve the Japanese problem. Why were there at first five great powers, and how are we going to increase the present big four in the olio and make it a quintette again? There would appear to be a dominant sentiment in the conference to the effect that Japan, being an indisputable great power, must be recognized without imposing humiliating conditions upon her. In concordance with this notion, Mr. Wilson made a wise move in causing Mr. Lansing to telegraph the California legislature that such a sweeping aggressive move as the proposed Inman bill would be most unfortunate at the present time. It would be little short of a calamity for the prejudices of a single state to obstruct the long delayed birth of the treaty of peace and its twin brother the League of Nations. We of California contemplate with alarm the enormous accretion of Japanese in our agricultural districts, but this is not the time to interrupt it. If this be indeed an endangering epidemic, it can be stamped out, just as a way was found to abate the influenza. At present, however, there is a matter of much greater moment before the world. What they are trying to bring about in Paris must be assisted, not obstructed, and until that apparently baffling problem has been figured into a solution, and endowed with an existence whose inborn hope is eternal peace, mere local selfishness should be seriously discouraged.

* * *

Crime and Curiosity

San Francisco and vicinity have recently suffered an onslaught of crime in various guises, among which were what newspaper editors, in their cynical mood, hailed as three first-class mysteries. A woman of distinction was blasted from life by the maniacal bomb-planter. Another woman, one of less note in the eyes of society, was found dead at the bottom of a ravine. A little girl, dressing at her window, fell in the path of a fatal bullet. Magnetic as were these tragedies upon public attention, full measure of comment has been lavished

on the lady who is suing a millionaire for \$100,000 to assuage the insult on that mysterious organ where lie the emotions of virgin and divorcee alike—the heart of woman. Will the "orchid lady" win her hundred thousand or a goodly part of it? Was she girlishly imprudent or coquettishly wise in trusting herself to midnight courtship "in a garden flooded with enchantment"? Was she wronged exactly as she describes? Did her subsequent conduct ratify this wrong? These are questions that have engrossed a multitude of readers, especially the maidens to whom a romance of this sort is more fascinating than the evidence of a detective story; for crime, like fiction, must have a love interest to make universal appeal. Some of the unsympathetic have found cause for jest in that the plaintiff is writing a novel. Advertising comes higher every day, they repeat, and what chance has a poor, struggling novelist with a serious theme when an "orchid lady" submits her manuscript with newspaper clippings of a sensational damage suit and accompanied by photographs of herself bowered in orchids and beauty roses? There is another potent charm to the story: and this for the masculine mind. How often can a man summon up courage to declare the supreme love of a lifetime, in view of the fact that he has a suburban chateau for the purpose? The alleged wooing of the defendant is in words that reflect love-making of the hitherto variety. Such hard and fast propensities make every flirtation resound like the love of all loves. Those are the words of one whose summer months are filled with grand passions: "Queen of the fairies"; "happy for the first time in my life"; "spellbound by the magic of your presence"; "quaff this fairy drink, which I brewed for our love, and quaff alone, sweet fairy—I had mine in the kitchen." The latter bit appears to be the only innovation in this familiar song. As for the better known part, one can not refrain from wondering how oft the gayest libertine could chant it to a new fairy without dulling his lines, as they say on the stage. Only accomplished actors can go through performance after performance without loss of spontaneity. Perhaps this wooer even retained the quiver in his voice, for the lady was entirely credulous. She even believed him she declares when he said that a divorcee who quaffs fairy cocktails and finds she has taken an anesthetic, is not under the law in the same position as an innocent girl. Ignorance of the law excuses no man; yet the penetrable innocence of a divorcee has some legal rights; and this the plaintiff discovered after three years. She has also a moral in her published statements—a moral for young and unsophisticated women, but not, we trust, pointed at those who are

seeking literary material in millionaire's gardens; for of what use is a moral that lies at the bottom of a moonlit pool flooded with enchantment and twinkling with \$100,000?

* * *

After Thirteen Years

It seemed unbelievable, a fantastic distortion of the truth, and ludicrously impossible, that a city of the size and importance of San Francisco could be destroyed and become a ghastly waste of hopeless ruin with a single sweep of the hand of fate. And yet such was the import of a cablegram passed from the wicket of the post office at Ponta Delgada on the Azores Islands on the nineteenth of April, 1906. The first inclination was to laugh at the absurdity of the news, but a cable communication with Lisbon verified it and even added to its unspeakable horrors. "San Francisco totally destroyed by earthquake and the wreck completed by fire, involving a loss of \$300,000,000 in money and 100,000 lives," the first cable read, and with the verification came the added intelligence that a tidal wave had engulfed the city. It was not until twenty days later, upon arrival in New York, that the accurate details were received, and these made the calamity even worse, except that the first reported loss of life proved to have been grossly exaggerated. Now, after the lapse of thirteen busy years of valiant struggle, indomitable will and dauntless courage, the new San Francisco that has reared its splendors from its broad acres of tangled ruin, seems as unbelievable as was the first news of its almost inconceivable destruction that day in the far off Azores. The old city of obsolete structures and dusty streets is no more, but in its stead there is builded the stateliness and massiveness of a monumental modern city of striking beauty and enduring power. Only the super-sentimental and selfishly opinionated can frown upon the stiff newness of this city of today and mourn for the dinginess and crumbling beauties of the old one. The artistic instinct that finds true beauty only in age dismantled architecture, squalid homes and tattered apparel, may sigh for the sordidness, secretiveness and filth of the old Chinatown, and the creaky stairways and uneven floors of the purlieus of old Bohemian San Francisco. The seeker of unusual pleasures and the gatherers of forbidden fruit are ever grumbling over the taking away of interesting haunts of unbridled revel where the lid was ever off, and visitors from restricted centers are disappointed because there is nothing unusual left for them to see, excepting only scenery, and they are tired of that. But neither art, nor revelry, nor lawlessness, nor sight-seeing exert any influence in the unbuilding of a metropolis or

the encouragement of its progress. Only thrift, courage, patience and business wisdom can do that, and these alone have been the elements which in thirteen short years have reared above the ashes of San Francisco destroyed, a city that through the generations beyond us, shall become greater and greater, an enduring monument to the knights of progress who led the way, and the hardy sons of toil who followed to gain, against fearful odds, the splendid victory that ensured the supremacy of the queen city of the west.

* * *

By Special Messenger

Correspondent William Irwin, than whom there has been no more dependable or newsy correspondent representing the American press, is in San Francisco on a brief visit, and may be said to have constituted himself a special messenger from the seat of war, to answer the earnest questions of numerous friends who are anxious to "get things straight" with reference to the Paris conference. This he declares himself incompetent to do, for the reason that the supposedly skilled diplomats concerned have not up to the present time quite straightened out the matter in their own minds. The different struts, bearings, supports and angles of the ponderous machine are still more or less bent and tangled, and it may be some time yet before the propelling power can be turned on. Press censorship is still in vogue, for very often great white gaps appear in the columns of the newspapers, where what the public wants most to know has been deleted. Consequently the street only half knows what the peace table is doing, it distorts the garbled news into all sorts of wild rumors, often untraceable, and there is dissatisfaction everywhere. President Wilson is still regarded as the most prominent figure in the conference, which was to have been expected, since his country must be looked to to provide food and money. In Mr. Irwin's opinion—and he bases his belief upon almost official information—Germany will not accept the onerous terms of peace apparently almost definitely agreed upon, war will be declared on again, and the possible results are entirely matters of speculation, with one opinion as good as the other. Certain it is, however, that Germany can not resume a belligerency at all proportionate with its former concrete organization, but it could give much trouble. There still exists the menace of alliances with the inflammable countries to the eastward, and he declares it to be the belief of many diplomatic experts that Bolshevism must be seriously reckoned with, which means that eventual recognition would appear to be inevitable. Town Talk said just this months ago.

Philosophy of the Happy Ending

By Lionel Josaphare

Good acting, witty dialogue, superb scene painting, but unfortunately the play has a happy ending. This remark is a never-failing puzzle to some theatre goers. From what flower on the tree of knowledge does the critic smell his right to say that happiness is not the end of a perfect play? Are we not superior to the Bolsheviks and the Czecho-Slovaks, the Chinese and the Persians. Let them have catastrophes on the stage, but give us the play with milady in migentleman's arms at the finale, or prove to us it is poor art.

Very well. We must first settle ourselves into a cozy, logical mood, and renounce the popular notion that the manager who wears the most jewelry knows most about the drama. Until we do so, all investigation is at a standstill. This is important, and the point must be argued. Suppose we should imagine that the woman with the most diamonds has the greatest knowledge of human nature. Our study of the heart and soul would be limited. We need only assume that she specialized in that part of human nature which yields necklaces and tiaras. But that she coupled happy endings with high art throughout her life is not to be inferred. So too, with the theatrical manager. He gives the public the drama that blows up in kisses; the fraud is not detected until the last act.

Now for the technic of it. The technic of the drama is the technic of its enjoyment; it is not the machination of a disordered or a too orderly mind. True art is not a thing to be forced upon a kicking, squealing world, as a wreath on a pig, but is drawn from the very pig-squeals of sorrow and the grunts of joy that make life as we see it. The science of emotion was received by us from the Greeks—a statement that ought not prejudice anybody. We must be reminded of the Greeks as often as we forget them, and we forget them whenever we forget ourselves. Unless we have in us some of the Greek idea, we might as well cease thinking about the drama or any art.

Unto both ancient and modern man, drama consists of action, a display of passion, a movement from one episode or situation to another. The chief consideration is that the action progress from Act I to Act II in a straight line, as it were, and not a circle that returns to the place where it began. That is the essential part of action: that it change continuously, as long as the play continues. And such is the propriety of the happy ending. It is appropriate only when it comes as an achievement and not as a reversion to the state of being at the beginning of the play. Thus, when a married woman,

weary of her husband, takes to amusement with another man, moves close to temptation, and then returns to husband, there is no action, no drama. The play seems to move, but did not. The playwright warmed us into a state of expectancy, and then said: "I was only fooling. I do not think (or my manager does not think) that your minds are strong enough to follow this plot to its natural conclusion. Behold the two leading actors embrace; then go home." This is the secret cause of the sympathy that sometimes follows the villain in stead of hero. A happy ending is the villain's tragedy, and as tragedy (or drama)—is the attractive part of the play, we are naturally fascinated by the person who bears it, despite his wickedness.

These principles remove at once from the boards most of the dramas of reconciliation. But, it may be asked, is not reconciliation a dramatic situation? It is, but not at the end of a play when it reduces the whole play to naught. It is not worth the price of admission, even though we have been interested for a while in the making of a possible co-respondent. What we carry away with us is the memory of a married couple making up after a quarrel, which links the first and last acts in a trivial incident, whatever may have been the emotion between; that is: the intermediate emotion was spent to no dramatic purpose, if it leave the actors in the same position as before. Or, to put it more concisely, drama consists of the difference between the beginning and the end of a play. The end is the important thing—that which is worth telling.

Such is the happy ending when out of place, when we should be ashamed to witness it knowingly, or, having witnessed it, possess the legal and dramatic right to ask our money back. When is the happy ending justifiable? In the ordinary melodrama, when the action is a fair and square contest between good and evil, there is no great objection to a victory of righteousness. Of course, too many such virtuous triumphs would be out of proportion with the realities. The chances of a hopeful, soft-collar hero against a clubman with an automobile are not bright in that realm where the bill collector is a power behind the sugar bowl, and the spotlight director has no wires. In this cruel domain, happy endings come frequently to the hardest-hearted survivors of the hard-hearted fittest, and the handsome hero must content himself with a leftover girl, whom he marries upon the conclusion that he had better take the best he can get on his salary.

After all, the glad-hand finish of a play is a frivolous affair, based on a rise in the stock market, the winning of a horse race, the conviction of a criminal or the flourishing of stage money, which even though more or less true of life, are not related to the noblest part of it. The religion of the stage is, be good and you will get the money, while in the bill collector's world we have a motto to the effect that virtue is its own reward—surely a more dramatic motive, for two reasons: money is not a noble dramatic theme, and the inevitable fact that follows fact impervious to a fairy wand is what makes life a tragedy and fairy tales musical comedy.

He who approves the conventional happy ending does not know how much better he would enjoy a better play. It would be like drinking rare wine after a life of sarsaparilla.

If one reflect upon memory's collection of theatre programmes, the tragic plays will be found looming grandly and sweetly above the squirming others like a bunch of roses in a bowl of spaghetti. The tragic plays are the ones he would see again—and again. For who would not revisit the garden of the soul rather than the parlor of gossip and good morals? The test of time is an ordeal which few besides unhappy endings can pass, if the theme be a serious one. Who would care to see "Romco and Juliet" a second time if their wondrous emotions were gradually harvested into a general jollification hugging and kissing at the close?

Our drama has been influenced largely by the person who dotes on seeing Cinderella in an opera cloak at the final curtain, and is likely to know the cost of it besides. We all desire happiness. Therefore, as we can not have it during the day, why not fill the stage with it at night? That is the dramatic philosophy of the costly opera cloak. It is the big idea of the American stage today. At the end of a year one may behold fifty opera cloaks, fifty happy endings and have his morals improved fifty times. The theatre becomes a sort of anodyne; the scenery, an opium dream; the footlights, illumination of a brighter world. We are supposed to take this anodyne, or pain-killer, while the surgical operation is performed on the moral sense. When the fumes of the ether are out, the rehabilitated optimist is under the necessity of returning to the workaday world, saddened by comparison with the brilliant folk of the footlights. When his sweetheart marries a richer fellow, a trip to the theatre will prove how much more entertaining would have been the other way about. This is a roundabout and ethereal way of acquiring happiness on the stage. Would it not be better to go to the footlights for a more poignant expression of sorrow, a more thrilling tragedy than is possible in the bill collector's world, and then go home or to a cafe feeling how much better one is off than are the persons of the drama. This is what Sophocles did for the Greeks and what Shakespeare did for those who are faithful to him. Such moral sublimity is not sold at the theatre today, even at the price of \$2 a seat. We attended a performance that has been approved by the national board of optimists; we wait patiently until the lady is in the gentleman's arms; we drop our programmes and reach for hats while the curtain calls and congratulations all round close the show; and then we fall into the exit march, not actually rejoicing, for we realize that the moral forces which conducted the plot will be of little service at the after-theatre supper.

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A Game of Billiards

By Alphonse Daudet

Even soldiers are exhausted after two days' fighting, especially if they have passed the night, knapsacks upon their backs, torrents of rain descending upon them. And yet for three mortal hours they had been left to wait in the puddles along the highway, in the mire of fields soaked with rain.

Heavy with fatigue, weakened by the effects of previous nights, their uniforms drenched, they pressed closer together for warmth and support. Here and there, leaning upon a neighbor's knapsack, a man had fallen asleep standing; and upon the relaxed faces of these men, overcome by sleep, might be read more plainly than before the traces which weariness and privations had made. In the mud and rain, without fire, without food, overhead a sky heavy and lowering—around them, on every side, the enemy! Dismal indeed!

What are they doing yonder? What is going on?

The guns, their mouths turned towards the woods, seem to be lying in wait. The mitrailleuses from their hiding places stare fixedly at the horizon. All is ready for an attack. Why is none made? For what are they waiting?

They await orders from headquarters, but none come.

And yet it is only a short distance to headquarters, to that beautiful Louis XIII chateau whose red-brick walls, washed by the rain, are seen halfway up the hill, glistening through the thickets. Truly a princely dwelling, well worthy of bearing the fanion of a Marshal of France. Separated from the main road by a big trench and a ramp of stone, are green, smooth-shaven lawns extending even to the stone steps of the chateau, and bordered with vases of flowers. On the side of the house farthest away from the road, the daylight darts through the leafage of the arbors, making bright openings in them. Upon an artificial pond which sparkles like a mirror, swans are swimming, and under the pagoda-shaped roof of a large aviary peacocks and golden pheasants strut about, spreading their wings and sending their shrill cries through the foliage. Though the owners of the house have departed, there is nowhere a perceptible sign of that ruin and utter desolation which war brings in its train. Under the oriflamme of the chief of the army not the smallest flower dotting the lawn has been destroyed, and it is indescribably charming to discover, so near the field of battle, that calm and opulence that result from systematic care—to observe such evenly trimmed shrubberies, such silent avenues of shade. The rain, which in its descent elsewhere has rutted the roads and heaped them with mire, in this quarter has been nothing more than an aristocratic shower. Nothing vulgar about it. It has revived the red tints of the bricks, the verdure of the lawns, it has added fresh lustre to the leaves of the orange trees, to the swans' white plumage. Everything glistens. The scene is peaceful. In fact, were it not for the flag floating from the top of the roof, and the sight of two sentinels before the gate, one would never believe headquarters were here.

The horses are resting in the stables; here and there officers' servants are seen, and orderlies in undress, lounging about the kitchens of the chateau, and now and then a gardener tranquilly dragging his rake through the sand of the grounds.

In the dining room, whose windows front the entrance of the chateau, is seen a table partly cleared, bottles uncorked, glasses tarnished, empty and dimmed, resting upon the wrinkled cloth—in short, every indication that the repast is ended. The guests have departed, but in a side room loud voices are heard, peals of laughter, the rolling of billiard balls, and the clinking of glasses. The marshal has just started upon his game, and that is why the army is waiting for orders. Once the marshal has begun, the heavens might fall, but nothing on earth would hinder him from finishing his game.

For if the mighty soldier has a single weakness, it is his fondness for billiards. There he stands, as grave as though a battle had begun; he is in full uniform, his breast covered with decorations; his repast, the grog he has drunken, and the excitement of the game animate him. His eyes sparkle, and his cheek-bones are flushed. About him gather his aides-de-camp, most assiduous in their attentions, deferential, and overcome with admiration at each of his shots. When the marshal makes a point, they rush towards the mark. Is the marshal thirsty? Each one desires to prepare his grog! Such a rustling of epaulettes and panaches, such a rattling of crosses and aiguillettes! How they bow and smile, these courtiers! What elegance and charm of manner! And then to see such embroideries, so many new uniforms, in this lofty chamber carved in oak, opening upon parks and courts of honor! It reminds one of those autumns of Compiègne, and makes him forget for a moment those figures in muddied cloaks, gathered yonder in the roads, making such sombre groups, as they wait in the rain.

The marshal's adversary is an officer of his staff, a little captain who curls and laces and wears light gloves; he is an excellent shot at billiards, and could beat all the marshals on earth, but he understands how to keep at a respectful distance from his chief, and exercises all his skill in playing so that he shall neither win, nor seem to lose, too readily. Evidently an officer with an eye for the future.

Attention, young man, look out! The marshal is five points ahead. If you can end the game as you have begun it, your promotion is surer than it would be, were you standing outside with the others, beneath those torrents of water that darken the horizon. It would be a pity, too, to soil that fine uniform, and tarnish the gold of its aiguillettes, waiting for orders that never come.

The game is extremely interesting. The balls roll, graze each other, and pass; they rebound. Every moment the play grows more exciting. But suddenly a flash of light is seen in the sky and the report of a cannon is heard. A heavy rumbling sound shakes the windows. Every one starts and casts an uneasy glance about him. The marshal alone remains unmoved. He sees nothing, hears nothing, for, leaning over the table, he is about to make a magnificent draw-shot. Draw-shots are his forte!

But again that flash, and again! From the cannon fresh reports, and nearer together now. The aides-de-camp run to the window. Can it be that the Prussians are attacking?

"Let them!" says the marshal, chalking his cue. "Your turn, captain!"

The staff thrills with admiration. Turenne asleep upon a gun carriage was nothing com-

pared to this marshal, so calmly absorbed in his game at the moment of action! But all this time the tumult increases. With the shock of the cannon mingles the rattling of the mitrailleuses, and the rumbling of volley upon volley; a reddish cloud dark at the edges rises from the further end of the lawn. All the rear of the park is on fire. Frightened peacocks and pheasants clamor in the aviary, Arabian horses, away in the stables, scent the powder and rear in their stalls. At headquarters a general commotion begins. Despatch follows despatch. Messengers arrive at a gallop. Everywhere they are asking for the marshal.

But the marshal is unapproachable. Have I not told you that nothing in the world could hinder him from finishing a game once begun?

"You play, captain—"

But the captain is distracted. Ah! Youth is youth. He loses his head, forgets what he is about, and makes two successive runs which almost win the game for him. And now the marshal is furious. Surprise and indignation are visible upon his manly features. At this very moment a horse rushes into the courtyard at full speed and drops exhausted. An aide-de-camp, covered with mud, forces the sentry, makes one bound over the stone steps, crying, "Marshal, marshal!" And this is his reception: the marshal, red as a cock, and swelling with anger, appears at the window, cue in hand.

"Who is there, What is it? Is there no sentry here?"

"But, marshal—"

"Oh, yes, yes—later—let them wait for my orders—in God's name!"

And the window closes with a bang.

Let them wait for his orders! And that is exactly what they are doing, these poor fellows. The wind drives rain and grapeshot in their faces. Whole battalions are slaughtered, whilst others, perfectly useless, stand bearing arms, unable to understand why they remain inactive. Nothing else to do. They wait for orders. But men may die without word of command, and these men die in hundreds, falling behind bushes, dropping in trenches in front of that great silent chateau. And even after death, the grapeshot continues to lacerate their bodies, and from those gaping wounds flows a silent stream—the generous blood of France. And above, yonder, in the billiard room, all is as excited as upon the battle field, for the marshal has regained his advantage, and the little captain is playing like a lion.

Seventeen! eighteen! nineteen! Scarcely time to mark the points. The sound of battle grows nearer and nearer. The marshal has but one more point to play for. Already shells are falling in the park. One has burst in the pond. Its glassy sheet reddens, and a terrified swan is seen swimming amid a whirl of bloody plumage. And now the last shot.

And then—deep silence. Only the sound of rain falling upon the leafage of the arbors, only an indistinct rumbling noise at the foot of the hill, and along the muddy roads a sound like the tramping of hurrying herds. The army is utterly routed. The marshal has won his game.

Had Been Noticed

"My motto is: 'Never give up.'"

"I noticed that when the Red Cross came around."—Town Crier.

Love

By D. H. Lawrence

Love is the happiness of the world. But happiness is not the whole of fulfillment.

Love is a coming together. But there can be no coming together without an equivalent going asunder. In love, all things unite in a oneness of joy and praise. But they could not unite unless they were previously apart. And having united in a whole circle of unity, they can go no further in love. The motion of love, like a tide, is fulfilled in this instance; there must be an ebb.

So that the coming together depends on the going apart; the systole depends on the diastole; the flow depends upon the ebb. There can never be love universal and unbroken. The sea can never rise to high tide over all the globe at once. The undisputed reign of love can never be.

Because love is strictly a traveling. "It is better to travel than to arrive," somebody has said. This is the essence of unbelief. It is a belief in absolute love, when love is by nature relative. It is a belief in the means, but not in the end. It is strictly a belief in force, for love is a unifying force.

How shall we believe in force? Force is instrumental and functional; it is neither a beginning nor an end. We travel in order to arrive; we do not travel in order to travel. At least, such traveling is mere futility. We travel in order to arrive.

And love is a traveling, a motion, a speed of coming together. Love is the force of creation. But all force, spiritual or physical, has its polarity, its positive and its negative. All things that fall, fall by gravitation to the earth. But has not the earth, in the opposite of gravitation, cast off the moon and held her at bay in our heavens during all the aeons of time?

So with love. Love is the hastening gravitation of spirit towards spirit, and body towards body, in the joy of creation. But if all be united in one bond of love, then there is no more love. The triumph of love is the end of love. And therefore, for those who are in love with love, to travel is better than to arrive. For in arriving one passes beyond love, or rather, one encompasses love in a new transcendence. To arrive is the supreme joy after all our traveling.

The bond of love! What worse bondage can we conceive than the bond of love? It is an attempt to wall in the high tide! It is a will to arrest the spring, never to let May dissolve into June, never to let the hawthorn petal fall for the berrying.

This has been our idea of immortality, this infinite of love, love universal and triumphant. And what is this but a prison and a bondage? What is eternity but the endless passage of time? What is infinity but an endless progression through space? Eternity, infinity, our great ideas of rest and arrival, what are they but ideas of endless traveling? Eternity is the endless traveling through time, infinity is the endless traveling through space; no more, however we try to argue it. And immortality, what is it, in our idea, but an endless continuing in the same sort. A continuing, a living for ever, a lasting and enduring for ever—what is this but traveling? An assumption into heaven, a becoming one with God—what is this, likewise, but a projection into the infinite? And how is the infinite an arrival? The infinite is no

arrival. When we come to find exactly what we mean by God, by the infinite, by our immortality, it is a meaning of endless continuing in the same line and in the same sort, endless traveling in one direction. This is infinity, endless traveling in one direction. And the God of Love is our idea of progression ad infinitum of the force of love. Infinity is no arrival. It is as much a cul de sac as is the bottomless pit. And what is the infinity of love but a cul de sac or a bottomless pit?

Love is a progression towards one goal. Therefore it is a progression away from the opposite goal. Love travels heavenwards. What then does love depart from? Hellwards, what is there? Love is at last a positive infinite. What then is the negative infinite? Positive and negative infinite are the same, since there is only one infinite. How then will it matter whether we travel heavenwards, ad infinitum, or in the opposite direction, hellwards, to infinity? Since the infinity obtained is the same in either case, the infinite of pure homogeneity, which is nothingness, or everythingness, it does not matter which.

Infinity, the infinite, is no goal. It is a cul de sac, or, in another sense, it is the bottomless pit. To fall down the bottomless pit is to travel for ever. And a pleasant-walled cul de sac may be a perfect heaven. But to arrive in a sheltered, paradisaic cul de sac of peace and unblemished happiness, this will not satisfy us. And to fall for ever down the bottomless pit of progression, this will not do either.

Love is not a goal; it is only a traveling. Likewise death is not a goal; it is a traveling asunder into elemental chaos. And from the elemental chaos all is cast forth again into creation. Therefore death also is but a cul de sac, a melting pot.

There is a goal, but the goal is neither love nor death. It is a goal neither infinite nor eternal. It is the realm of calm delight, it is the other-kingdom of bliss. We are like a rose, which is a miracle of pure centrality, pure absolved equilibrium. Balanced in perfection in the midst of time and space, the rose is perfect in the reel of perfection, neither temporal nor spatial, but absolved by the quality of perfection, pure immanence of absolution.

We are creatures of time and space. But we are like a rose; we accomplish perfection, we arrive in the absolute. We are creatures of time and space. And we are at once creatures of pure transcendence, absolved from time and space, perfected in the realm of the absolute, the other world of bliss.

And love, love is encompassed and surpassed. Love always has been encompassed and surpassed by the fine lovers. We are like a rose, a perfect arrival.

Love is manifold, it is not of one sort only. There is the love between man and woman, sacred and profane. There is Christian love, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And there is the love of God. But always love is a joining together.

Only in the conjunction of man and woman has love kept a duality of meaning. Sacred love and profane love, they are opposed and yet they are both love. The love between man and woman is the greatest and most complete passion the world will ever see, because it is dual, because it is of two opposing kinds. The love

between man and woman is the perfect heart-beat of life, systole, diastole.

Sacred love is selfless, seeking not its own. The lover serves his beloved and seeks perfect communion of oneness with her. But whole love between man and woman is sacred and profane together. Profane love seeks its own. I seek my own in the beloved, I wrestle with her to wrest it from her. We are not clear, we are mixed and mingled. I am in the beloved also, and she is in me. Which should not be, for this is confusion and chaos. Therefore I will gather myself complete and free from the beloved, she shall single herself out in utter contradiction to me. There is twilight in our souls, neither light nor dark. The light must draw itself together in purity, the dark must stand on the other hand; they must be two complete in opposition, neither one partaking of the other, but each single in its own stead.

We are like a rose. In the pure passion for oneness, in the pure passion for distinctness and separateness, a dual passion of unutterable separation and lovely conjunction of the two, the new configuration takes place, the transcendence, the two in their perfect singleness transported into one surpassing heaven of a rose-blossom.

But the love between a man and a woman, when it is whole, is dual. It is the melting into pure communion, and it is the friction of sheer sensuality, both. In pure communion I become whole in love. And in pure, fierce passion of sensuality I am burned into essentiality, I am driven from the matrix into sheer, separate distinction. I become my single self, inviolable and unique, as the gems were perhaps once driven into themselves out of the confusion of earths. The woman and I, we are the confusion of earths. Then in the fire of their extreme sensual love, in the friction of intense, destructive flames, I am destroyed and reduced to essentiality; she is destroyed and reduced to her essential otherness. It is a destructive fire, this profane love. But it is the only fire that will purify us into singleness, fuse us from the chaos into our own unique gem-like separateness of being.

All whole love between man and woman is thus dual, a love which is the motion of melting, fusing together into oneness, and a love which is the intense, frictional, and sensual gratification of being burnt down, burnt apart into separate clarity of being, unthinkable otherness and separateness. But not all love between man and woman is whole. It may be all gentle, the merging into oneness, like St. Francis and St. Clare, or Mary of Bethany and Jesus. There may be no separateness discovered, no singleness won, no unique otherness admitted. This is a half love, which is called sacred love. And this is the love which knows the purest happiness. On the other hand, the love may be all a lovely battle of sensual gratification, the beautiful but deadly counterposing of male

(Continued on Page 15)

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The History of Cards

From a rare volume by an officer instructor in musketry, the queen's own light infantry militia, 1870.
(Continued from last week)

Cards must soon have made their way among our countrymen, from the great intercourse that subsisted between England and France about the time of the first introduction of cards into the latter kingdom. If the din of arms in the reign of our fifth Henry should seem unfavorable to the imitation of an enemy's private diversions, it must be remembered that France was at that period under the dominion of England, that the English lived much in that country, and consequently joined in the amusements of the private hour, as well as in the public dangers of the field.

Very soon, however, the evil consequences of their introduction became apparent. One would have thought that in such a tumultuous reign at home as that of the sixth Henry, there could not have been so much use made of cards as to have rendered them an object of public apprehension and governmental solicitude; but a record appears in the beginning of the reign of Edward IV, after the deposition of the unfortunate Henry, by which playing cards, as well as dice, tennis balls, and chess men, were forbidden to be imported.

If this tended to check their use for a time, the subsequent Spanish connection with the court of England renewed an acquaintance with cards and a love for them. The marriage of Prince Arthur with the Infanta Catherine of Aragon, brought on an intimacy between the two nations, which probably increased card playing in England—it being a diversion to which the Spaniards were extremely addicted at that period.

Cards were certainly much in use, and all ideas concerning them very familiar to the minds of the English, during the reign of Henry VIII, as may be inferred from a remarkable sermon of the good bishop Latimer. This sermon was preached in St. Edward's Church, Cambridge, on the Sunday before Christmas Day, 1527, and in this discourse he may be said to have "dealt" out an exposition of the precepts of Christianity according to the terms of card playing. "Now ye have heard what is meant by this 'first card,' and how you ought to 'play' with it, I purpose again to 'deal' unto you 'another card almost of the same suite,' for they be of so nigh affinity that one can not be well 'played' without the other, etc." "It seems," says Fuller, "that he suited his sermon rather to the time—being about Christmas, when cards were much used—than to the text, which was the Baptist's question to our Lord—'Who art thou?'—taking thereby occasion to conform his discourse to the 'playing at cards,' making the 'heart triumph.'" This blunt preaching was in those days admirably effectual, but it would be considered ridiculous in ours—except from the lips of such original geniuses as Mr. Spurgeon, who hit upon this vein and made a fortune of souls as well as money. He is, however, imitable, and any attempt at entering into his domain would probably have the same result as that which attended an imitation of Latimer by a country minister, mentioned by Fuller. "I remember," he says, "in my time (about the middle of the seventeenth century), a country minister preached at St. Mary's, from Rom. xii. 8—"As God has dealt to every man the measure of faith." In a fond imitation of Latimer's sermon he followed up the metaphor of dealing—that men should play above-board, that is, avoid all dissembling—should not pocket cards, but improve their gifts and graces

—should follow suit, that is, wear the surplice, etc.—all which produced nothing but laughter in the audience. Thus the same actions by several persons at several times are made not the same actions, yea, differenced from commendable discretion to ridiculous absurdity. And thus he will make but bad music who hath the instrument and fiddlesticks, but none of the 'resin' of Latimer."

The habit of card playing must have been much confirmed and extended by the marriage of Philip of Spain with our Queen Mary, whose numerous and splendid retinue could not but bring with them that passionate love of cards which prevailed in the Spanish court.

It seems also probable that the cards then used (whatever they might have been before) were of Spanish form and figure, in compliment to the imperious Philip; since even to this day the name of two Spanish suits are retained on English cards, though without any reference to their present figure. Thus, we call one suit spades, from the Spanish espada, "sword," although we retain no similitude of the sword in the figure—and another clubs, in Spanish bastos, but without regard to the figure also.

Old Roger Ascham, the tutor of Queen Elizabeth, gives us a picture of the gambling arts of his day, as follows: "How will they use these shuffles when they get a plaine man that can not skill of them! How they will go about, if they perceive an honest man have moneye, which list not playe, to provoke him to playe! They will seek his companye; they will let him pay noughtea, yea, and as I hearde a man once saye that he did, they will send for him to some house, and spend perchance a crowne on him, and, at last, will one begin to saye: 'What, my masters, what shall we do? Shall every man playe his twelve-pence while an apple roste in the fire, and then we will drinke and departe?' 'Naye,' will another saye (as false as he), 'you can not leave when you begin, and therefore I will not playe: but if you will gage, that every man as he hath lost his twelve-pence, shall sit downe, I am contente, for surelye I would winne no manne's moneye here, but even as much as woulde pay for my supper.' Then speaketh the thirde to the honeste man that thought not to play: 'What? Will you play your twelve-pence?' If he excuse him: 'Tush! man!' will the other saye, 'sticke not in honeste company for twelve-pence; I will beare your halfe, and here is my moneye.' Nowe all this is to make him to beginne, for they knowe if he be once in, and be a loser, that he will not sticke at his twelve-pence, but hopeth ever to get it againe, whiles perhappes he will lose all. Then every one of them setteth his shifte abroache, some with false dyse, some with settling of dyse, some with having outlandish silver coynes gilded, to put awaye at a time for good golde. Then, if there come a thing in controversye, must you be judged by the table, and then farewell the honeste man's parte, for he is borne downe on every syde."

It is evident from this graphic description of the process, that the villany of sharpers has been ever the same; for old Roger's account of the matter in his day exactly tallies with daily experience at the present time.

The love of card playing was continued through the reign of Elizabeth and James I, and in the reign of the latter it had reached so high a pitch that the audiences used to amuse

themselves with cards at the play house, while they were waiting for the beginning of the play. The same practice existed at Florence. If the thing be not done at the present day, something analogous prevails in our railway carriages throughout the kingdom. It is said that professed card sharpers take season tickets on all the lines, and that a great deal of money is made by the gentry by duping unwary travelers into a game or by betting.

There is no reason to suppose that that fondness for this diversion abated, except during the short "trump or triumph of the fanatic suit"—in the hard times of Old Oliver—when undoubtedly cards were styled "the devil's books." But indeed, by that time they had become an engine of much fraud and destruction; so that one of the early acts of Charles II's reign inflicted large penalties on those who should use cards for fraudulent purposes.

"Primerio was the fashionable game at the court of England during the Tudor dynasty. Shakespeare represents Henry VIII playing at it with the duke of Suffolk; and Falstaff says: 'I never prospered since I foreswore myself at Primerio.' In the earl of Northumberland's letters about the gunpowder plot, it is noticed that Joscelin Percy was playing at this game on Sunday, when his uncle, the conspirator, called on him at Essex House. In the Sidney papers, there is an account of a desperate quarrel between Lord Southampton, the patron of Shakespeare, and one Ambrose Willoughby. Lord Southampton was then 'Squire of the Body' to Queen Elizabeth, and the quarrel was occasioned by Willoughby persisting to play with Sir Walter Raleigh and another at Primerio, in the Presence Chamber, after the queen had retired to rest, a course of proceeding which Southampton would not permit. Primerio, originally a Spanish game, is said to have been made fashionable in England by Philip of Spain, after his marriage with Queen Mary.

Maw succeeded Primerio as the fashionable game at the English court, and was the favorite game of James I, who appears to have played at cards, just as he played with affairs of state, in an indolent manner; requiring in both cases some one to hold his cards, if not to prompt him what to play. Weldom, alluding to the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, in his "Court and Character of King James," says: "The next that came on the stage was Sir Thomas Monson, but the night before he was to come to his trial, the king being at the game of Maw, said, 'Tomorrow comes Thomas Monson to his trial.' 'Yea,' said the king's cardholder, 'where, if he do not play his master's prize, your majesty shall never trust me.' This so ran in the king's mind, that at the next game he said he was sleepy, and would play out that set the next night.

"It is evident that Maw differed very slightly from Five Cards, the most popular game in Ireland at the present day. As early as 1674 this game was popular in Ireland, as we learn from Cotton's "Compleat Gamester,"

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Notres Freres de France

"Our brothers of France," presumably was the first French phrase which the soldiers of the tri-color insisted upon teaching the boys of our expeditionary forces immediately upon their arrival at the port of debarkation. For a long time the impression gained ground over here that the phrase meant something; that it was a sincere ebullition from the sentimental Gallic soul to show its gratitude for the assistance about to be rendered its almost exhausted armies. For a long time this sentiment seemed to continue, and in fact through the writings of correspondents, as well as by word of mouth, voiced by the repatriated, we gained the impression that it was totally sincere. Then there came a change. We heard that the Yankees had in some way worn out their welcome; that they did not mix amiably with the French population; that they were being insulted in the streets and mercilessly gouged by hucksters, cafe proprietors and their waiters; that they were an altogether undesirable element, and had grown to be thoroughly detested by their "freres francaises." Stories to this effect were published on the testimony of returned soldiers, many of them officers, and several "over there" flew to print to voice their indignation. Just as many followed in contradiction of these stories, and they were denounced as untrue by speakers in pulpits and on platforms. Visiting senators personally investigated the rumors and found them true. Others, with less biased initiative, also investigated them and expressed themselves as being convinced that they were largely the result of intemperate rumor. So, naturally, we "don't know where we are at" with reference be of much assistance in establishing a truth that such adverse sentiments toward Americans has existed in the Paris streets and cafes long before the war was ever thought of, and while many of its generals were in swaddling clothes. Truth to say, in almost every case the American himself has been at fault. The writer recalls an occasion where a wealthy American, in a French dining car, kicked a dish of stewed potatoes from his table, because the waiter was using it to serve another table from, and there followed a chorus from the other passengers in French: "Ah! Encore l'Americain bourgeois!" He once saw a "cocher" punched in the face for impudently persisting in being paid an extortionate fare, and the magistrate who fined him sighed, "Ah ceux Americains!" There was a sculptor friend in the Latin Quarter, who celebrated the receipt of a considerable income from America by a wild and extravagant spree, which invariably ended in a fight of some kind. It is recalled that on one occasion, during one of these sprees, the sculptor, resplendently "lit up," entered a cabaret and cried at the top of his voice: "The French are all pigs—hurrah for Germany!" Immediately the place became a prize ring, in which the sculptor stood along against a dozen angry Frenchmen until finally compelled to cry out in desperation, "For God's sake, are there no Americans here?" Some Americans at once took part in the melee, the gendarmes entered and haled us all before a sitting magistrate. This dignitary imposed a fine not at all proportionate with the excitement that had brought about its imposition, and dismissed us with: "Mon Dieu! Je ne sais pas que je puis faire avec vous Americains!" So these recently reported rumors touch-

ing upon the ill treatment of Americans in Paris are not incidents growing out of any feeling engendered by the war. Feeling has always existed to a greater or less degree, and it is only fair to say that in most cases the Americans are themselves principally to blame. As to cafe extortions, they have always existed, and many cases might be recalled where there has been one price for the resident and another for the traveler. As to clashes that bring about ill feeling, one who has seen them has based his opinion upon actual experiences and not rumor, so the less said about them the better.

Now Americans Mutiny

"In my long service," said General March, "I don't recall another instance where American soldiers did not want to go into a fight. They have always said 'Lead us to it!'" This was the remark made by the chief of staff of the American armies, upon hearing of the refusal of Company I of the 363rd Infantry to proceed to an attack upon the Bolshevik front. Some such action as this on the part of our troops in North Russia, or Siberia, has been impending for some time. Several letters have been published, and others have been displayed by their receivers, to the effect that the men in and about Archangel are dissatisfied, tired and indifferent. One of these letters asked the person to whom it was written to "please communicate with some one who would be supposed to know what the — we are fighting for over here, and how long are we to be kept in this God-forsaken wilderness?" Such information goes a long way toward establishing the morale of the forces in the Archangel district, and, as discovered by the commanding officers upon investigation, they were easily made willing listeners to, and readers of, Bolshevik propaganda. This is not to be wondered at, for no soldier can be expected to fight well unless he knows precisely the reasons for sending him out to be shot at, and evidently the commanders thought so too. For, instead of being lined up before a battery of machine guns and mowed down, as would have been the case if they had been German troops, they were asked to appoint a committee of their own selection, which would state the reasons for the insubordination. Singularly enough, the questions propounded by this committee of soldiers were identically the same as had been asked in printed Bolshevik circulars, and cleverly distributed. The officers evidently answered the questions satisfactorily enough to induce the soldiers to advance to the fighting line, but whether they did this cheerfully or under protest has not yet been made a matter of news. The incident, however, is of sufficient gravity for those not entirely in the know to again ask, "Why Siberia?" and no doubt the Paris conference will supply the information when it gets good and ready.

Death of F. W. Woolworth

The death a fortnight ago of the world famous creator of the five and ten cent store idea, revives a conversation with him a couple of years ago, which furnished a notable object lesson in financial economics, and created an acquaintance with perhaps the most famous self-made man of his generation, if not indeed of all time. Being asked how it happened that a boy, almost without education, and schooled

only in such methods of the business world as could be gained in a small clerkship, could, in a comparatively short space of years, have attained such prominence, he laughingly replied that "any one can do the same thing who has the nerve to stick to his original idea until it shows something." In the first place, of course, a man must have a taste for business with no combative tastes or outside associations that might breed distractions. There must be no parties, clubs, fads or "isms" to stand in the way of what you set out to do, until your aims are accomplished, and then when you have attained success, you can get at the clubs and "isms" and hire good men who you have learned to trust to do the slaving for you. Mr. Woolworth in manner or appearance did not convey the idea of a man who had suffered any of the hard knocks of life, and lack of education was not at all noticeable, except perhaps to the man of much culture who might be so impertinent as to place him in the crucible of the real collegiate quiz. His inborn theory that any man of grit can accomplish what he sets out to do, stood him in good stead after his fortune came in mighty strides, and then he set about the self-education that would give him the polish to be expected in men of affairs. His education had been entirely rudimentary, except for a short term in a business college, and he surrounded himself with a great library, and, unlike most rich men with libraries, familiarized himself with the contents of the books on its many shelves. Biography and history were his favorite studies, and he made himself almost an expert in both branches. He had a natural taste for art, knew nothing about pictures, except the kind of which he sold millions in his 800 stores, so he set about learning what good

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pictures are, how to recognize them, and the respective values of work of art in different epochs. The result was that his magnificent residence in Fifth Avenue contained hundreds of examples of the best art, and the best judges of pictures often came to him to consult him as to the values of projected purchases. Born on a farm near the small village of Rodman, Jefferson County, New York, he had a taste for husbandry, which during his years of wealth he gratified on his large and lavishly equipped estate at Glen Cove, Long Island. But it must not be supposed that at any time Mr. Woolworth aimed to be regarded as one of the idle rich. He had his regular days for visits to his magnificent offices in his fifty-one-story Woolworth Building in Broadway, and was as punctilious in his attendance there, as he was when he started his first five and ten cent store with \$50 of capital and a small credit. Those of us who complain of non-success in life, if we are honest with ourselves, can not but acknowledge to our inner consciences that, unlike Mr. Woolworth, "we didn't keep sticking to what we set out to do until it showed something."

The Clockwinder Meets Len Harris

It was five o'clock all over town, and especially in the reception room of the mayor's office. Women kinsfolk of the 363rd Infantry and the 37th Field Artillery had been registering their names for several days. At five o'clock the crowds were departing, without doubt. Near the window stood a huge little man with a seafaring air, his clothes of ancient hue, his neck ponderous as an elephant's leg, his hair and beard Scotch-like as the banks and braes of bonny Doon.

"And who are you?" inquired Sergeant Walsh.

"I'm the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock."

"You are. Well, you can't get me wound up. I'm out of politics."

The Clockwinder turned his glowing beard to Len Harris, that gallant little diplomat who acts as usher to Mayor Rolph.

Len threw up his hands. "Voting is all I know about politics; I don't know anything more than that."

The visitor from the Ferry Tower grunted himself into a chair and bit off a piece of navy twist. Then said he, "I don't want to hurt anybody's feelings; but tell me, do you sell cigars in the mayor's office?"

"Huh! I guess you don't know about our wooden Indian. That's the mayor's father-in-law—"

"Many times removed," added the sergeant.

"The mayor, you know, is descended from John Rolfe—Rolfe of the old Virginia Colony," continued Len.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised."

"Maybe you wouldn't be surprised to know that John Rolfe married Pocahontas."

"It's a long time ago; and am I to understand that that's the old gentleman?"

"Yes, sir, a solid cherry-wood replica of King Powhatan, the greatest Indian that ever slew a buffalo. And John Rolfe, as history tells us, was 'a gentleman of approved conduct and honest carriage.' That's how we stand here. We don't sell cigars; no, sir."

"We don't even give them away," remarked Walsh.

"Well, drawled the Clockwinder, in juicy, tobacco tones, "I didn't come to the mayor's office for free cigars. I'm under state control. I get mine from Governor Stephens. What I came here for was to get a look at the kinsfolk. Who's the soldier with the decorations?"

"That's Sergeant Major Sager. He's helping the mayor get the kinsfolk together."

"Major—uh, hum!" called the Clockwinder. "What kind of a parade are we to have? A hell-popping, sky-shooting affair, eh?"

"Well, I should proudly say so," replied the major, from the number of badges I have been issuing, I judge that everybody in San Francisco wants to march. In some cases as many as thirty kinsfolk have shown up to one

soldier. And the spirit of them—O, my stars and stripes!"

"He ought to know. He used to be a moving picture man," whispered Len.

"Registration of the kinsfolk will proceed strictly on military principles," the major went on. "Our headquarters staff is complete. Our commandant is General Helen Pulis, a marvel of efficiency and discipline. In civilian life she is attached to the mayoralty office. Next in order is Brigadier General William F. Benedict. You know him. Used to be the tallest newspaper reporter in town; was on the Chronicle before the mayor made him assistant secretary."

"Say," interposed Len, "I don't know if Benny will stand for being a brigadier general, if this is to come out in print."

"Aw, gwan!" exclaimed the major.

"Major, is that the way you pronounce Argonne?"

"Lieutenant, you may pronounce a little silence in French while I continue the list. We also avail ourselves of Captain Smith's good services. Noble doughboy! Next on our list is Lieutenant Len Harris himself. In civilian life he is widely known as the civic center."

"Who, me? I'm not in politics. Why should I get my name in print? I'm not—"

Walsh leaned toward the Clockwinder. "Did you ever hear of Len Harris, the great railroad detective? This lad was named after him. Isn't that so, Len?"

"That's surely the case, Mr. Clockwinder. I was born in Sacramento, right next door to Len Harris, whom we all admired as the greatest railroad detective in the country. So I was named after him. He was my godfather."

"Didn't I tell you? That's how we stand here."

Sergeant Walsh Joins the Army

"Our next number," continued the major, "is Private Allen of the kitchen police. He is busy with potatoes or something or he would be glad to come out and shoe himself. Lastly, as an added attraction, we have the noblest Roman of them all—Observer Tom Walsh."

"Hey, there. I'm out of politics, too. I've been twenty-nine years in the police department, and I'm too old for military appointments. Me an observer? Mr. Clockwinder, if you have to put me down, remember that my full name is Thomas Pinkerton Walsh. Sure, my middle name is Pinkerton—nephew of William Pink. There's my eard: Thomas P. Walsh. 'P.' stands for Pinkerton. And they make me only an observer."

"Sure you're an observer," said Len. "Haven't you been observing me do most of the hard work for the kinsfolk?"

"Jazz up, jazz up, lieutenant. You've been asleep if you say I'm only an observer. Sort of innocent bystander, eh? Haven't I been raided every day for nearly a week—what?"

"Never mind, Observer Walsh, I was killed and wounded several times by the kinsfolk; that's why I'm promoted to lieutenant."

"Yes; and you were reported missing at a critical moment of the fighting."

"I was right over there in that corner. The kinsfolk had me captured. They took away all the information I ever had. I must have had a great deal at one time."

"Back up, lieutenant."

"Dim your headlights, Observer Walsh."

"You will excuse the lack of military discipline," said Major Sager to the Clockwinder. "The boys are a little nervous from overwork."

"Anyhow, the major is always in good humor," said Len. "Look at all the medals and picture-

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cord he has, and he didn't do a thing in the war except get wounded eleven times."

"Cited for bravery eighteen times by the French," observed Walsh.

"What did he do?" asked the Clockwinder.

"Open your shirt, major, and show how they necked you over there," Walsh requested.

After considerable coaxing all round, Sager pulled aside his coat and shirt, exposing near the center of his chest his decoration on the field, the almost fatal red spot of courage, where the foe's bullet had pierced him. "With the same shipment, I received seven bullets in the leg," he remarked flippantly, took a cigarette and departed.

"Chateau Thierry," said Walsh. "And Beilleau Woods and the Argonne Forest, where 2800 men went out and 200 returned. He was also at the great bayonet battle in Grimpy Woods, where not a shot was fired. Croix de Guerre, Legion of Honor medal and the Distinguished Service medal, and to hear him talk, you'd think he just spent a little time kidding in the barracks. Those boys deserve everything in the world. Remember, Len—excuse me, Lieutenant Harris—if you see any gold-star women come in here, you know what to do."

"What do I do?"

"You send them in to Brigadier General Benedict, and he will give each an order on Shreve's for a gold star. Say, Mr. Clockwinder, that was all josh about Pinkerton. My middle name is 'Pierce.' They used to kid me in the department with the Pinkerton stuff."

"So long," said the Clockwinder. "Remember me to the Pocahontas family."

A Most Confusing Mess

The present status in the world excites the risibilities of any one who figures out just what they ought to be; for chance would seem to offer all the requisite facilities, for many to mark the numberless intricacies to see, and turn about to straighten out the nebulous debris. The troubles not alone with governments empirical, for there is just as much confusion in this land of ours; and it excites the thinking mind to homolies satirical, when trying to comment upon the impotence of powers, and how the cream of minds supreme incontinently sours. The Hun was being overpowered by strategy superior; starvation and artillery made his alignments thin; in forces and munitions he was infinitely inferior, and in all military minds it was a shocking sin, when with most shallow artifice, they granted him an armistice, instead of letting Foch drive on and march into Berlin. Then there was called in Paris a convention diplomatical, to specify the terms of peace and send the soldiers home. But there ensued a

wordy war of selfishness fanatical, with every orator possessed of malice in his dome, then came the League of Nations, a pact of irritations, delaying peace and filling up the world with doubt and gloam. Five months have passed in argument, no nation is satisfied; the Jugo-Slav, Czecho-Slovak, and Pole, where are they at? Japan is pouting, Belgium frowns, France is quite far from gratified, and every other country holds a proletariat, all crying to be free, did not fell anarchy, continue spilling all the beans in Bolshevistic fat. Its little better over here. An atmosphere tempetuous, keeps capital innocuous and labor on a strike; returning troops are out of work, yet politics incestuous, permit the greedy profiteers to do just as they like. Absurd appropriations, propagandis irritations, keep progressiveness surrounded by a hope destroying dyke. There would seem to be a remedy somewhere in possibility, perhaps the trouble after all is human selfishness; and after all where is the use, the wisdom or utility, attempting to control it, when we might all nations bless, in relieving all this dizziness, by minding our own business, and let the other fellows solves this most confusing mess?

Words of Great Men Oft Remind Us

The state of California can not be made a football by anybody.—State Senator Inman.

I am satisfied that President Wilson will never yield to the Japanese demands.—Senator Phelan.

So must follow, and some command, though all are made of clay.—Longfellow.

The time for theorizing is past. We must do something practicable for the large number of soldiers returning to civil life.—Supervisor McLeran.

The hearts of Americans beat in sympathy with Irish hearts across the sea.—Archbishop Hanna.

It is unfeasible, perhaps legally impossible, at this time to raise the tax rate.—Governor Stephens.

Home to my own land, thank God!—Samuel Gompers.

The story of our boys in Russia makes an American hang his head with shame.—Senator Johnson.

A certain quantum of powder must always exist in the community, in some hands and under some appellation.—Burke.

Sacramento must not interfere with the arrangements I have made for the welcome of the regiments.—Mayor Rolph.

There are 300 Sacramento boys in the regiment, and they will have a stopover in Sacramento, if we have to open the drawbridge to do it.—Mayor Carmichael.

As a school boy I was a poor student; all that I know I learned after thirty.—Premier Clemenceau.

The destinies of the human race were staked on the same cast with the English people.—Macauley.

The salvation of the world is being worked out in our own glorious country. They who imperil it should be deported, imprisoned, exterminated.—Mayor Ole Hansen.

The interest of the present day, on and off the stage, is mainly piffle.—Wilton Lackaye.

You bring up your girls as if they were side-board ornaments, and then complain of their frivolity.—Ruskin.

Not a day passes over the earth, but men and women of no renown do great deeds, speak great words and suffer noble sorrows.—Charles Reade.

Raise Teachers' Pay

The schools of this city are facing a crisis never before experienced in the history of San Francisco. At this time, when the whole world feels so strongly the necessity of the right education, when those countries rent by Bolshevism know, to their sorrow, and too late, that worthy education is the only thing that can save them from this red peril—now the public schools are in danger of collapse. This may sound an extravagant statement, but let us investigate. Our best teaching force comes from the normal schools throughout the state. Statistics show that the enrollment in 1918 was 38 per cent below that of 1917. In the San Francisco Normal, the 1917 enrollment was 660; in 1918 360, a falling off of 300—a decrease of 45 per cent. The superintendents of these schools tell us that it is not only the quantity of pupils that shows a great falling off, but the quality is not up to what it was three or four years ago. Is the cause of this hard to find? A graduate from grammar school can take a year's course in business college and secure a position at from \$80 to \$90 with a chance of quick advancement. Is it worth her while to take four years at high school and two at normal, or four at college, and then start her life work—a profession that has no equal in its effect upon the community—at \$70? At the end of ten years, she has advanced to the munificent salary of \$108 monthly—and there she stays, irrespective of her ability, her application or her energy. One teacher said: "If I had my life to live over again, I would peddle peanuts on the water front rather than teach school, where one gives her best years and best efforts with never an extra dollar, living a life almost as circumscribed as that of a nun, and when old age overtakes you—out for younger blood—alias new martyrs." Another writes: "Savings, nothing. I have been in the San Francisco school department five years, and have not yet been able to finish paying out on a debt which was incurred in preparing myself for the work in which I am now engaged."

Normal Graduation Decreases

Mr. Von Matre, president of the Humboldt Normal School, states: "Next year's normal graduation will only be about 25 per cent of the number required to keep the schools of California in session." We will not be able to secure teachers from the east. There is a great shortage there. Last year New York City was 1800 teachers short and was obliged to have pupils of the seventh and eighth grades teach the lowest classes. Would you wish your chil-

(Continued on Page 14)



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Grand Old Lady of California

The whole state paused to pay homage to her when Phoebe Apperson Hearst left this sphere in the arms of the angel of death. The world loves strength and courage and sweetness and Mrs. Hearst possessed all these. Nature endowed her with health, beauty and brains; the world gave her education, friends, wealth, social position. She rendered faithful account of all these gifts. In her long life she had few sorrows, but her heart warmed to those who suffered and her little hand smoothed away the pains of others. She knew the magic of gold to help up rugged heights, across well nigh impassable chasms, and she gave of it lavishly, joyously, where she knew it was needed. The circumstances of her life placed her on a pinnacle. She did not pause there in a self-sufficient attitude, but looked beyond to an ever-widening horizon and flung out the treasures of her beautiful nature wherever she could perceive that she could serve. A valuable lesson to women of "the leisure class" was that to the end of her seventy-six years she lived her own life. Her energies were never absorbed in those of her kin, her friends, her dependents, while at the same time she never faltered or failed in her obligation to them. The result was a beautiful old age, attracting love and kindness and inspiring the blooming youth flocking about her to emulation. This modest, sweet southern woman was like "the little pink flower that grows in the wheat"; but the perfume, the beauty of her noble life will always intensify the atmosphere of California.

"Her tale of life was told for happiness,
For comfort of the people and the flock;
Her jeweled hand was lifted but to bless,
Her lips smiled to encourage, not to mock."

Good-Bye, James V. Coleman

Another notable personality of our state disappeared forever from among us last week—James V. Coleman. He was a man of brilliant education, who, much as he enjoyed the frivolities of life, found his principal happiness in intellectual pursuits. Had he remained poor as he was until twenty, when his uncle, William S. O'Brien, bonanza king, sent for him to come to California and share in his fortune, he would have made his mark in literature. He wrote a number of beautiful poems, many of which were from time to time published in this paper. He was proud of the fact that after graduating from Georgetown University, he taught French there for a while. After the first month the president raised his salary from 75 to 85 dollars. Coleman protested, but the wise priest said: "The laborer is worthy of his hire." After the young teacher became a millionaire he said that he never expected again to appreciate any sum of money as he did that precious ten, because of the words that accompanied it. Those who knew him well can bear testimony that whatever work he undertook, he labored hard to earn by honest effort. Coleman had unfathomable depths of sentiment in his complex nature and a vein of generosity which prompted him to make countless gifts to those of his friends who pleased his fancy. He supported several "good fellows" who had not the faculty of earning the almighty dollar, and not a few children of such improvident fathers owe their

education to his generosity. He was the never failing patron of the poet and the artist, whose frequent ingratitude he attributed to artistic temperament. He took a profound patriotic interest in good government and if he had concentrated upon this line of endeavor, he would have given the country valuable service. He was twice married. His first wife, who died many years ago, was Carmelita McNutt. His widow, whom he married eleven years ago, was Miss Minnie H. Hennessey, and he leaves one son of ten, to whom he was passionately devoted. His sisters are Mrs. Henry May of Baltimore and Mme. Louise A. d'Andinier of Paris.

Social Notes

Mrs. William Hutchings, formerly Eunice Phillip, arrived unexpectedly a few days ago from New York and is the guest of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. John Harrold Phillip. Mrs. Hutchings is the wife of Lieutenant Hutchings, U. S. A., who is traveling over the east on government work. A great deal of entertaining will take place during the few weeks of Mrs. Hutchings' visit here. When she returns to New York her mother will accompany her and divide her time between New York and Detroit, where young Phillip is on government duty. * * Osear Beatty, son of Chief Justice W. H. Beatty, was recently married in Paris to Miss Gladys Hollingsworth. He and his bride were both active in Red Cross work in France. Mr. Beatty was decorated by the French government. * * Mrs. S. Morley Jackson (née Marie Williams, who has been a guest at the St. Francis for the past two months, left on Monday for her home in Tacoma, where her husband is president of the Bank of California. * * Mr. and Mrs. Preston Locke of New York have been recent guests at the Fairmont, but have left for Seattle. They were extensively entertained in San Francisco. Mrs. Locke was formerly Mildred Eckles of the metropolis, daughter of a wealthy and prominent mining man, manager of the Guggenheim interests of South America. * * Mrs. William C. Lyon entertained informally on Sunday afternoon in honor of her cousin, Mrs. John Gillis of St. Paul, and her mother, Mrs. Stuart Selden Wright of Stockton. Mrs. Gillis will leave this week for her eastern home, stopping en route at Fresno, where she will be the guest of Miss Margaret Harrell for a week. * * Mrs. August Bryant will leave on Friday for Napa to visit friends during Easter week. * * The recent arrival of Richard Tobin from France was hailed with delight by his many friends, especially in the peninsular set. He was on duty for some time in Washington, where he was connected with the United States intelligence department. He is an authority in musical circles; his concerts at his home in Burlingame were noted musical treats. His friends are hoping he will decide to remain here, although it is said he is contemplating a return to Paris at an early date. * * A pleasing surprise of the week was the marriage of Miss Mable Hogg to Edgar T. Wallace of New York. Although one of the most attractive girls in her set, she has been considered by her most intimate friends a confirmed bachelor girl. The wedding

took place in San Jose and was witnessed by relatives only. The bride is a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Hogg, from whom she inherited a fortune. She was educated here and abroad. She is a clever equestrian and has often ridden in horse shows here for charity. Wallace is a mining man, a cousin of Ambassador Hugh Wallace and also of Mrs. John Williams of this city. He owns extensive interests in California and Mexico. Their future home will be in New York. * * Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa and their attractive daughters, the Misses Alice and Amy, are enjoying a visit in New York, guests at the Connecticut Hotel. * * From Sacramento comes the news of the engagement of Miss Elinor Simmons, charming daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Simmons of the capital city, to Ensign Vincent La Barge, U. S. N., on duty in the Caribbean Sea. Miss Simmons is a frequent visitor in this city, where her mother, who was formerly Gertrude Miller, was prominent in the exclusive set here. * * A delightful picnic was given by Mr. and Mrs. William Penn Humphrey last Sunday, guests motoring down the valley. Among those entertained were Messrs. and Meses. Carl Wolff, Alexander Keyes, Countess Eric Lewenhaupt (Azela Keyes), Misses Susanne Throop, Matilda Humphrey, Mr. R. N. Fitzsimmons and Colonel H. A. Wood, U. S. A. After luncheon the guests motored over Santa Clara Valley to enjoy the blossoms. * * The charming Miss Mary Frances Joy, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Kuhn at Menlo Park for the past six months, left on Sunday for her home in St. Louis. * * Mrs. Jessie Hooper Beatty has rented her attractive summer home at Woodside for the season to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Harris. * * Mrs. George Baker left a few days ago for Atlantic City, where she will be the guest of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Baker (formerly Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt). Mrs. Baker will be away the greater part of the summer. The legion of Ray's California friends will rejoice to learn that he and his charming wife are extremely happy, which is not surprising, as Ray was always a "nice boy," with whom it was

ONE PAIR OF GLASSES FOR READING AND DISTANCE

Optical science has finally succeeded in producing double vision glasses which can be worn in comfort by people requiring two pairs of glasses—one for reading and one for distance. These wonderful new lenses are called "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals and have the appearance of regular glasses. One of the many advantages of "Caltex" is the extra large reading portion which is not found in the old style double vision glasses.

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easy to get along. * * Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Baker Spaulding (née Mamie Polhemus) left this week for a motor trip to Santa Barbara. * * Lieutenant Clinton Jones passed the weekend as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre at their home in Burlingame. Young Jones visited a canteen here recently when he had the pleasure of meeting several of the soldiers he had been associated with while over the seas. He gave an interesting talk during the afternoon. * * Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt are enjoying a motor trip through southern California. * * Harvey La Boyteaux, who has been visiting his old home in this city, left a few days ago for New York, where he will join his parents, who took up their residence in the east a few years ago. The Boyteaux family sold their home to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Steut, who have made it one of the most attractive places on Pacific Avenue. Recently Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Eddy gave a dinner in honor of Mr. Boyteaux in Rainbow Lane. The guests were Messrs. and Mmes. Horace Pillsburg, Frank King, Edwin Eddy, and Miss Edith Bull. Among others present were: Mmes. Frank Winchester, Warren Dearborn Clark, Benjamin Dibblee, Seward B. McNear and Frank Cheatham. * * Miss Hannah Hobart was the guest of honor at a smart luncheon recently presided over by Miss Mary Eyre at the Town and Country Club. Among those present were Misses Jean Wheeler, Cornelia Clappett, Elena Eyre and Elizabeth Adams. Miss Hobart is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Alexander Lilly of San Rafael. Miss Hobart has been making her home in Philadelphia with her mother, Mrs. William Wheeler, since the latter's second marriage a few years ago. * * Recent letters received from Major Betram L. Cadwallader by his family here tell of his arrival in Paris, where he is taking a three months' course at the law school. His sister, Mrs. Lorenzo Avaneli, has just returned to New York from Baltimore, where she has been visiting relatives. * * Mrs. J. Langdon Ewing and Mrs. Arthur Lord left a few days ago for Los Angeles. Mrs. Lord will go direct to New York, where she will join her son, Andre Lord. Mrs. Ewing will be the guest in the metropolis of her sister, Mrs. Rutherford Kearney. Mrs. Ewing and Mrs. Kearney are daughters of the late Mrs. George Crocker. Their father was the late Alexander Rutherford of this city. * * Mrs. Maconday Moore has gone to Santa Barbara, where she will visit Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Kaime. * * Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Hinkley, who have been living at their ranch, Beowawe, Nevada, since their marriage, are visiting this city, guests of Mrs. Hinkley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Egbert B. Stone, on Jackson Street. Another daughter, Mrs. Howard Barnard of Sacramento, has also arrived on a visit. These attractive matrons will be the motif of much entertaining during their stay. Later they will go to the Stone place on Russian River, where the Stones are noted for their jolly house parties. * * Byrne Marconnier sailed for the orient during the week. He will remain indefinitely. * * Mrs. S. C. Hovey will close her city home this week and go to Woodside, where she will spend the summer at her country home. * * After an absence of many years, Mrs. Percy M. Kessler, wife of Colonel Kessler, U. S. A., has arrived in this city and is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Robert B. Cunningham. Mrs. Kessler has been living in the east for several years. This is her first visit since her marriage to the then young lieutenant. * * One of the largest teas of Easter week will be the reception given

at the Sorosis Club by the members of the Tea Club on Wednesday afternoon, April 23, from 4 to 6 p. m. * * Miss Margaret Foster was a recent hostess in honor of Mrs. Raymond Sherman, who has returned to her old home after ten years' residence abroad and is now the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. L. Moody, on Clay St. * * The Town and Country Club was the setting for a small informal luncheon this week given by Mrs. Charles Farquharson for Mrs. Raymond Sherman. * * Mrs. Julian Thorne, who has been visiting in San Joaquin Valley during the past week, will return today to her home on Broadway. * * Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher have taken rooms at the Belvedere, Santa Barbara, for the polo season.

Bridal Luncheon

Mrs. Virginia Ford entertained a group of intimate friends at the Francesca Club on Tuesday to greet her new daughter-in-law, Mrs. Courtney Ford, who has returned from her honeymoon and looks radiantly happy.

A Studio High Jinks

An interesting entertainment was given by Lucille Joullin, the well known and socially prominent artist, on the twelfth of the month, at her daintily artistic workshop on Sutter Street, which was attended by a large company of merry makers. As a prelude to the set programme, George Douglas read the lengthy and exceedingly high-brow specimen of humor known as "The Literati," and immediately thereafter came an amusing skit by George Douglas, entitled "Reform in Turkey," which set forth what the results of prohibition of a plurality of wives might lead to. The characters were well played by George Douglas, Raine Bennett, William Alexander, Dorothy Fife, Mrs. Douglas and Lucille Joullin, and the pleasing bit of somewhat "intimate" bit of satire was pronounced a success. After a brief intermission for supper, Judge Melvin, Harry Perry and Stella Thomas Deshon sang, Clay Greene gave two or three of his love poems, and William Davenport developed the possession of a surprisingly clever pantomimic versatility, as a dope fiend, a centenarian and an oriental dancer. These numbers were interspersed with dancing and this very interesting chapter in the life of refined Bohemia continued until 2 a. m. Among those present were: Judge and Mrs. Henry A. Melvin, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto, Mr. and Mrs. George Uhl, Mr. and Mrs. Clay M. Greene, Stella Thomas Deshon, Mr. and Mrs. E. Courtney Ford, Mrs. Fred Zeile, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Myrtle, E. H. Benjamin, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Eddy, George Douglas, Raine Bennett, William Davenport, Harry Perry, Mr. Beigersdorff, the pianist, Dorothy Fife and Mrs. Douglas.

Rainbow Lane

The second edition of the Fairmont Follies will be presented in Rainbow Lane at the Fairmont Hotel on Easter Monday evening, after weeks of careful preparation. Every face, song, dance, specialty and costume will be new and director Rudy Seiger feels confident that his second offering will surpass in every way the first, which has proven so successful since the middle of last December. The new soubrette, Charlotte Balzer, a dainty Dresden doll in face, figure and manner, is expected to prove a revelation, and another of the newcomers who is bound to make a hit is Perqueta Courtney, whose specialty is "Vamping." Lucita Hall and Alice Blake promise some Hawaiian dances and this quartette of joymakers will be supported by a beauty chorus of eight, all costumed in the

latest creations of Fanchon. Among the other entertainers of note will be Lloyd and Wells, the eccentric dancers. The wonderful jazz orchestra will, of course, remain and play for the Follies as well as dancing every night except Sunday. Hana Shimozumi, the dainty Japanese sorpano, will be the soloist of the lobby concert at the Fairmont this Sunday evening at 8:45 o'clock.

Superior Programme at Teehau Tavern

San Francisco offers to its pleasure-loving citizens more high class places of entertainment than any other city of its size in this country. Providers of entertainment have educated their public to exercise a nice discrimination and to demand the best. And it is on this basis of keen and elaborate competition that Teehau Tavern has built up and holds its enviable reputation as the cafe where this phase of the city's life may be seen at its best. The jazz orchestra is noted far and wide for its dance music. The dance favors presented by the management to lady patrons are both costly and elegant. The voices of the Show Girl Revue Corps are superb and their repertoire includes all the best of the popular songs of the day. Menu and service are unrivaled.

At the Cecil

Mrs. George Ives was a dinner hostess Monday. Concluding a delightful visit at the Cecil, Mrs. Cosmo Morgan returned to her home at the peninsular Monday. Miss Oliva Long of Santa Barbara is spending part of the Easter holiday season with her mother, Mrs. A. M. Burns. Miss Gertrude Hunt has returned from Washington and has joined her parents, Judge and Mrs. Hunt. The latter have been spending the winter at the hotel. Mrs. M. M. Worrall of New York will return to the Cecil shortly after Easter. She has been spending a few weeks at Los Gatos. Mrs. R. S. Pollister of Seattle will sojourn for several months. After a month's visit with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Evans and two children left Thursday for Chico. Mr. Fred Holden entertained with an informal luncheon Tuesday.

The War Is Not Over for Harry

Jane Willis—You look as if you had lost your last friend. What is wrong?

Marie Gillis—I've just discovered that Harry is false to me. He wrote me from France that he wasn't even looking at any other girl and now I see in the paper that he has just been decorated for gallantry.—Chicago News.

A school teacher, meeting one of her former pupils, said: "Well, Johnnie, are you still working for the automobile company?" "No," he replied, "I am with a casualty company now." "Splendid! What is a casualty company, Johnnie?" "I don't know exactly," he answered, "but, leave it to me, I'll soon find out—I've only worked there three days so far."

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The Adventures of Mr. Caruso

By Grenville Vernon

The Tenor's Début

Mr. Caruso made his début in a forgotten opera by a forgotten composer, "L'Amico Francesco," by one Morelli. The opera received four performances in a theatre in Naples, and Caruso received 50 lire, or \$10, for the four performances. Morelli was a young composer who hired the theatre and engaged the company, so that his work might receive a public hearing. A friend approached Caruso and told him that he could have the tenor part if he would take the 50 lire. Vergine, Caruso's teacher, who also had him under contract, believed that it would be an excellent opportunity for the young tenor to gain public recognition, and the bargain was closed. Both the opera and the tenor made an excellent impression, and on the strength of his appearance Caruso was offered an engagement at Caserta for \$2 a night.

The engagement was short lived, but during it he sang in "Faust," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and a new opera, "Camoens." Despite the fact that the tenor was earning the sum of only 10 lire a performance, and the rest of the company was paid likewise, the venture collapsed and Caruso returned to Naples with but 12 cents in his pocket.

It was, however, evident that the Neapolitan managers had heard him sing at Caserta, for he was engaged for the autumn season at the Teatro Bellini, where he sang his repertory with more or less success. Then came the engagement at the municipal opera in Trepano, Sicily, an engagement in some respects the most extraordinary of the great tenor's career. Let Mr. Caruso tell it in his own words:

Youthful Poverty

"My moderate success at the Bellini having become known, I accepted an engagement as the lyric tenor at the opera in Trepano. I was poor, but young, strong and hopeful. On my arrival at Trepano I engaged a room with meals included at 5 lire a day. The chief baritone of the company, however, invited me to his house, saying that he could give me board and an excellent room for only 3 lire. In an evil moment I accepted, changed my lodgings and my luck. At first things went smoothly, the rehearsals of 'Lucia,' in which I was to make my début, were soon in full swing, and every one was satisfied. Then came the day of the dress rehearsal, and my trouble began.

"A dress rehearsal in the small Italian cities is exactly like a performance, except that the audience is invited, and a singer must do his best or her will find himself 'protested' by the municipal board, which controls the theatre. If a singer is 'protested' it means that his engagement is ended. I was, however, unafraid. I knew my voice, and I knew what I could do—only I did not count upon the wine of Trepano. I was never a drinker, though, like every Neapolitan, I always had my glass at dinner. The wine of Naples is, however, light, and, though I did not know it, the wine of Trepano heavy.

"With my host, the baritone, I sat down to dinner, and on the table were two bottles of wine, one red and one white. I chose the white, and of it I drank two large tumblers, as I would of the wine of my native city. Attempting to rise, I found that I could hardly stand. My host realized the situation, and thinking that the air would do me good, he led

me onto the quay. But the salt air only made me worse and I stumbled from one side to the other in truly glorious fashion. Suddenly a man passed up—it was our impresario. My host now lost his head completely. My impresario had seen me drunk and he would blame my host for it.

"I was dragged into a cafe and then my host insisted on pouring down my throat a stiff glass of hot grog. He had gone crazy with fear and had taken this method of sobering me up. The result was, of course, that I became dead to the world and had to be carried home and put to bed. This was at 2 o'clock—the dress rehearsal was at 8. Meanwhile I slumbered on. Eight o'clock arrived and the public with it, but I arrived not. Eight fifteen, 8:30—still no Caruso. Despair, tears, the impresario making explanation, the baritone questioned, confessing. Five minutes later I was pulled out of bed, dressed and hurried to the theatre—but, alas, the wine was still with me.

"The Fox of Scotland"

"The performance nearly an hour late, the audience angry, I was hustled onto the stage. I knew my music, but I could not pronounce my words. Suddenly I came to the words 'Sorti della Scottia,' and what I sang was 'Volpe della Scottia'; instead of singing 'Coming from Scotland,' I sang 'Fox of Scotland.' Then pandemonium broke. 'He's drunk, this fox of Scotland!' roared the audience. I stumbled off the stage. The impresario tried to explain that 'Signor Caruso was suffering from a sea voyage.' (Yells of derision.) I went home and to bed, and the dress rehearsal continued without a tenor. The newspapers the next morning referred to my indisposition, and remarked sarcastically that 'it is to be hoped that Signor Caruso will take no more sea voyages.' But at the first performance I was sober, but the audience had not forgotten. On my entrance I was greeted with yells of 'Fox of Scotland!' Then there were counter yells of encouragement. I battled through the tumult, but couldn't finish the last act. My nerve was gone.

"I was awakened early the next morning by a pounding on my door. I opened it. It was the dramatic tenor of the company. He was very excited and explained that he had been told that he would have to sing Edgardo that night. Why was I not singing it? If he sang it he would make a terrible fiasco. He was desperate, and begged me on his knees to sing. I explained that I was only too willing to sing, and that I didn't understand. But later in the day I did. The impresario's secretary met me in the street and handed me a letter. It was from the municipal council.

"I was 'protested.' I was penniless and my career was ended. I was truly in despair. But how should I get back to Naples? I hadn't enough money to take the train or the regular steamer, so I searched the docks. At length I found a sailing vessel which was leaving and which agreed to take me for 50 lire. But as it was against the law to take passengers on a sailing vessel, the boat would have to leave at night. This was what saved me.

His Luck Changes

"At 9 o'clock that night I was sitting down to dinner in the cabin, when I heard some one shouting my name on the quay above. I han-

up on deck and met the impresario's secretary, and from him I heard some extraordinary news. The new tenor had, as he feared, made a disastrous appearance, the audience was in revolt, and was yelling madly for the 'Fox della Scottia.' I was tumbled into a cab, to the theatre and onto the stage. By the time I arrived I had grown immensely popular. I was a triumph.

"But my troubles were not yet ended. The impresario had already sent for another tenor, one Udo, to whom he paid in advance 750 lire. Udo arrived, appeared two nights later and was met by an audience yelling for the 'Fox della Scottia!' Again I was summoned and again I was a triumph. To this day Trepano remembers me as the 'Fox of Scotland.' I don't really know whether it was my voice or my drunkenness which 'appealed to them. Sicilian audiences have a sense of humor. From that day on my career went smoothly. I appeared at the new opera house in Palermo, and went from these to all the Italian opera houses, to Russia, to England, and finally to America."

From Mr. Caruso's account of opera in Sicily it is easy to see that it lacks neither color nor incident. It is no doubt a hard school, perhaps a cruel one, but one which has its virtues. To sing before an audience so terribly alive as the one in Trepano is to bring it home to the singer that opera is not a thing for the museum, but a throbbing, vital force. Such audiences do not exist in America, or if they did would speedily be suppressed by the police. Indeed, a book might be written upon the influence of police powers on artistic history, with several chapters devoted to the United States. Freedom of speech in opera our police interpret as freedom of applause. Silence is our only means of showing displeasure, and the claque takes good care that that weapon shall be rendered harmless. It takes a thorough-going democracy to prove the veritable autocrat in art.

Stage

"The Road to Happiness"

Unquestionably, the very large number of people who attended the Alcazar last week were sent very merrily along the road to happiness by the play presented there and the excellent company which presented it. There were laughter and applause unstinted throughout the entire performance, the curtain was applauded up and down at the climax of each act, and that inspirer of the actor's delight, the "scene call," was frequent. At the same time he who had come to sit in judgment must feel compelled to admit that "The Road to Happiness" was the least satisfactory of any of its predecessors during the past two or three months, primarily because it is not a good stock play, having been written by William Hodge to provide him with just such a part as he wanted to play, and in this he succeeded exceedingly well. Jim Whitman, the leading character, is essentially a Hodge part, but that admirable actor Walter P. Richardson is not a Hodge, and here we come to a question of type, something which it is difficult to provide in a stock company where the leading man must play the leading role, no matter what its physical requirements may be. This is no criticism of Richardson's acting, which was excellent all through, but his hand-

some presence does not idealize the "ugly and skinny" person described in the lines, because the author of them is ugly and skinny, and was having a little fling at his personal appearance when he wrote them. Then, too, Belle Bennett, who had risen to positive stardom last week, was buried in a colorless juvenile role which offered no scope for her admirable talents. The supporting company was excellent, as usual, Henry Shumer standing easily at the head as the flinty hearted and irreconcilable old frump of a father. Emily Pinter was simply stupendous as the hired girl, and Herbert Farjeon gave a delightful portraiture in the "small bit" of Phil Hunt. Ida Lewis and Mattie Hyde were very good indeed as the two mothers, and Tom Chatterton was much better than his colorless role. But the audience evidently liked the performance, which perhaps was all that could have been expected of even this excellent company in a more or less insipid play, written by a star to fit his own peculiar mannerisms and temperament.

C. M. G.

A Wide Variety at the Orpheum

Seldom has the word "variety" meant so much as the last few weeks at the Orpheum. Everything from serious drama to circus has been represented, and this week has proved one of the great efforts of the vaudeville programmer. In "The Question," Sam Mann and company offer what is called a philosophic farce, a performance that is at once weird, witty, solemn, instructive and anything you like in the way of dialogue. It is a morality play, somewhat suggestive of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," which it rivals in some ways and burlesques in others. In fact, the attitude of the audience indicated that "The Question" possesses all the virtues of the modern morality play without the undue seriousness which mars more than one of these efforts to instill reason into the theatregoer. There is oft a tendency to laugh at the strained plot of the morality play, and this vaudeville production catches the idea, bringing humor just where needed. Charles Irwin's monologue, "Coming Through the Rye," proves itself well worth the big capital letters of an added attraction. There has been no diminution of Polly Moran's popularity. The Mosconi Brothers give an exhibition of dancing odds and ends, the like of which we have not had for some time, and informing us once more that this sort of entertainment is never a doubtful success. Thrills without end are supplied by the Fantino Troupe in an aerial exhibition which somehow manages to insert novelty in this arduous branch of vaudeville. The musical numbers maintain a high standard through the work of Agnes Berri and Irene Jonani, from the Chicago and Boston Grand Opera Companies, and Helen Sholder, the American 'cellist. "The Lincoln Highwayman" plays over, its clever and captivating situations being one of the season's hits at the Orpheum.

—L. J.

The Turning Point in John McCormack's Career

Genius overrides the obstacles which time presents and accomplishes within the brief space of a few years what could not be accomplished in a lifetime without it. A notable instance of this is furnished in the career of John McCormack, the great tenor, who will be heard at the Exposition Auditorium on Sunday afternoons, May 11 and 18, at 2:30 sharp. When McCormack returned to London from Italy, where he had been studying under a great Italian master, Sabbatini, and found in the vast

metropolis that he was only one of thousands of young singers striving to battle their way to recognition—he was not even a name in the musical world—he called upon a certain manager and offered to work for \$25 a week. The manager shook his head. Prior to the outbreak of the war, the same manager offered McCormack \$1250 a concert for a series of twenty concerts in the British Islands, just fifty times as much as the figure which was turned down seven years before. Chance, luck or opportunity—call it what you will—came to the aid of McCormack when a person of great influence happened to hear him sing. The person became interested in him, and obtained for him an engagement to appear at a ballad concert in London. It was the big concert of the season. On the programme were the names of some of the world's best known singers. The name of McCormack meant nothing to any one in the audience except to a few of his friends. He was down for only one number. The others on the programme had two appearances. "The house was like an icicle when I stepped out on the platform," says McCormack, "but the ice quickly melted. The other artists got the usual single encore, but the young Irish boy was called out five times. The next day every paper in London spoke of the remarkable young tenor who had created such a sensation at the concert in Albert Hall. Like Lord Byron, he had become famous over night. After that single concert there was no question as to McCormack's standing in the artistic world. The next season he was engaged to sing in Covent Garden. Realizing that every San Franciscan wants to hear John McCormack, "the man who always fills the auditorium," and in order to avoid the usual last minute confusion, Frank W. Healy, under whose direction Mr. McCormack will give his San Francisco concerts, has already opened the McCormack sale at his box offices at Sherman, Clay's, and Kohler & Chase's.

Alcazar

"Sick a-Bed," a buoyantly joyous farcical comedy, full of irresistibly funny situations and sparkling with contagious merriment, is the glad Easter week offering at the Alcazar commencing Easter Sunday matinee. This feverish frivolity provides much food for easy laughter and is a sure killer for any grouchy germs that linger in the system. It is the work of Ethel Watts Mumford, prolific and popular novelist, short story writer, illustrator and suffragette worker. It is now given in San Francisco for the first time by special arrangement with Klaw and Erlanger, its original producers. "Sick a-Bed" involves the screamingly absurd perplexities of a dashing young globe trotter who feigns nervous prostration, with the aid of a couple of medical fakirs, so that he may avoid going on the witness stand in a divorce suit against his philandering uncle. He falls desperately in love with his amazingly pretty and winsome nurse; comic complications follow in fast and furious succession. New York dramatic critics were enthusiastic over "Sick a-Bed." Ashton Stevens in Chicago wrote: "Rarely have I seen on one stage at one time such a wealth and variety of spontaneous comic acting." In preparation is "The Gypsy Trail," a delightful comedy of ardent youth and romance.

Orpheum

The Orpheum announces a great new Easter bill for next week composed of a number of the most talented and popular artists in vaudeville. Clara Morton, one of the family of the famous Four Mortons, will present a "songa-

logue" in a manner which is essentially her own and is both clever and captivating. Harriet Rempel, who has won fame both as an actress and playwright, will appear in a new vehicle written for her by Tom Barry, entitled "Tarrytown." "The Miracle?" is the title of an act which introduces a modern Svengali and his Trilby and is the most remarkable of its kind in the world illustrating and proving beyond question the existence of the power of transmission of thought. "The Miracle?" passes into the audience and songs new and old, classical and popular, may be whispered to him. Without a word he will transmit to his Trilby, who will sing and play the selection called for. Ethel Davis and Freddie Rich style their offering

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Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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A Fever of Farcical Fun

Running Up to High Temperature in
Ethel Watts Mumford's Contagious Comedy

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New York, Boston, Chicago Laughing Hit
First Time in San Francisco

SUN., APR. 20—First Time Here

"THE GYPSY TRAIL"

Ardent Comedy of Youthful Romance
Every Night Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00
Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

"Songs à la Carte." Miss Davis sings with sweetness and wonderful expression and Mr. Kell is the author of many popular song successes. Paul La Varre and his brother will introduce a balancing routine that apparently has no limit. Their feats are original and performed with ease and grace. The remaining acts in this attractive bill will be Pelly Moran, the "Stern Nell" of the movies, Mosconi Brothers, in "Dancing Odds and Ends," and Sam Mann and his company in Aaron Hoffman's philosophic farce, "The Question."

At the Curran

Now and then continue to attract large and merry audiences to the Curran Theatre through the medium of their military dramatic farce with music, "As You Were." This unique play by Max Dill with lyrics by Harry Williams and music by Leo Flanery, enjoys high favor with Kell and Dill admirers, many of whom consider it the lightest and most heartily-provoking in the whole series of entertainments offered San Francisco amusement lovers by the popular comedians. The stars are ideally cast as the doctor and undertaker, respectively, in the town of Liberty, State of Democracy. They bear no resemblance to the name of Moller, but they are not related. And though they were born in Germany, a country to which they sail hurried after their teens, the play discloses them as staunch, patriotic Americans. From which it will be seen that "As You Were" calls for some legitimate acting, but the keynote of the play is essentially laughter. The comedians are given worthy support by Irma Blum, Marie Robt, May Clay, Edith Martelle, George W. Harris, Jr., Max Struble, Jack Rollins and Frank Hammer. The "lashion girls" show to particular advantage in the ensemble musical numbers.

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Spectator

(Continued on Page 9)

aren't taught by untrained teachers? There is but one solution to the problem before us. We must offer inducements if we want the most intelligent, the most wide-awake, the flower of our young people to enter the teaching profession. The future welfare of our city and of our country depends upon the education of today. "Worthy education can only be secured by the employment of the best teaching force—and only inferior teaching can be secured where inferior pay is offered. That nation which, after the war, employs the best teachers under the highest pay and in the best system of schools, will be the best governed and therefore the greatest nation." Can we afford not to heed this prophetic warning? The teachers have been the last municipal employees to ask for a raise. Because they have been patient and modest and long-suffering, should they then not be treated at least as well as the stenographers in our City Hall, the tax collectors, the police and fire departments, the street sweepers and the sewer cleaners? The smallest raise in the building trades from 1914 to 1918 is \$2 per day. The teachers are asking for but 66 2-3 cents a day. Is there one citizen in this city, taxpayer or not, who will not agree that this demand is not only moderate, long deferred and just, but also an absolute necessity for the safety and prosperity of our beloved city?

ARE YOU SICK? ARE YOU A SUFFERER?
READ THIS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD

Read What Pittsburgh Man Has to Say:

Gentlemen

I have received your box of Laxcarin a few weeks ago, and while to tell you the truth, I did not have much faith in it, as I have tried so many of these advertised medicines, I have followed your directions most carefully. How can I ever thank you for doing me so much good? Yes, I know how I will thank you. I am going to tell all my friends about your wonderful medicine. Because I want them to get just as good relief as I have received. God bless you for it. It is really a wonderful thing for constipation, and I have suffered so much, that I really believed that the only relief I would get would be in the other world. Please send me immediately two dozen boxes, one dozen for me and one dozen for my brother, who is living in Colorado. Rest assured, sir, I will do my part for the good you have done for me.

Please send the twenty-four boxes at once, as I am all out of the tablets.

Yours very truly,

A. Varad.

512 N. 5th St., 3rd Floor, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Your health depends very much upon the ability of your system to get rid of the poisonous toxins which accumulate in the intestines, in the stomach and in the liver and kidneys. With these poisons in your system, you can not possibly live. And while you can live with it in your system for a number of years—it is nothing else but a miserable wretched existence, full of worries, cares and troubles. If it is in your power to get relief—why don't you do it. Try Laxcarin if you are suffering with indigestion, dizziness, sour stomach, sick headache, belching of gasses, heartburn, sleeplessness, constipation, yellowness of the skin or the white of the eyes, which are usually the signs of a bad working liver. Also if you have no desire to

eat, and if you eat well and the meals stay in your stomach through overacidity. Laxcarin will gently cleanse your stomach, bowels, stimulate your liver and kidneys into action and thereby, not only cleanse your entire inside, but will gradually clean your blood as well. Six boxes, usually enough for a full treatment, cost but five dollars, or one box will be sent for a dollar post paid upon receipt of remittance by the Laxcarin Products Co., Dept. E-6, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Note: Laxcarin is not sold in drug stores—therefore, you will have to write to the Company direct to get it.—Adv.

The Difference

The small daughter of a certain officer who has gained considerable distinction in the war was showing a visitor the family photographs. There were two of the gallant officer himself, one in uniform and one in plain clothes. "This," she said, showing the military one, "this is my daddy! And the other was my daddy when he was a gentleman!"

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For All Stomach Misery

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Prompt results in cases of long standing, when everything else you have tried has failed. One box will convince you of its merits.

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Price One Dollar per Box

Full Treatment, Six Boxes, \$5.00

Dept. E

Pittsburgh, Pa.

LOVE

(Continued from Page 5)

against female, as Tristan and Isolde. These are the lovers that top the summit of pride, they go with the grandest banners, they are the gem-like beings, he pure male singled and separated out in superb jewel-like isolation of arrogant manhood, she purely woman, a lily balanced in rocking pride of beauty and perfume of womanhood. This is the profane love, that ends in flamboyant and lacerating tragedy when the two which are so singled out are torn finally apart by death. But if profane love ends in piercing tragedy, none the less the sacred love ends in a poignant yearning and exquisite submissive grief. St. Francis dies and leaves St. Clare to her pure sorrow.

There must be two in one, always two in one—the sweet love of communion and the fierce, proud love of sensual fulfillment, both together in one love. And then we are like a rose. We surpass even love, love is encompassed and surpassed. We are two who have a pure conjunction. We are two, isolated like gems in our unthinkable otherness. But the rose contains and transcends us, we are one rose, beyond.

The Christian love, the brotherly love, this is always sacred. I love my neighbor as myself. What then? I am enlarged, I surpass myself, I become whole in mankind. In the whole of perfect humanity I am whole. I am the microcosm, the epitome of the great macrocosm. I speak of the perfectibility of man. Man can be made perfect in love, he can become a creature of love alone. Then humanity shall be one whole of love. This is the perfect future for those who love their neighbors as themselves.

But, alas! however much I may be the microcosm, the exemplar of brotherly love, there is in me this necessity to separate and distinguish myself into gem-like singleness, distinct and apart from all the rest, proud as a lion, isolated as a star. This is a necessity within me. And as this necessity is unfulfilled, it becomes stronger and stronger until it becomes dominant.

Then I shall hate the self that I am, powerfully and profoundly shall I hate this microcosm that I have become, this epitome of mankind. I shall hate myself with madness the more I persist in adhering to my achieved self of brotherly love. Still I shall persist in representing a whole loving humanity, until the unfulfilled passion for singleness drives me into action. Then I shall hate my neighbor as I hate myself. And then, woe betide my neighbor and me! Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad. And this is how we become mad, by being impelled into activity by the subconscious reaction against the self we maintain, without ever ceasing to maintain this detested self. We are bewildered, dazed. In the name of brotherly love we rush into stupendous blind activities of brotherly hate. We are made mad by the split, the duality in ourselves. The gods wish to destroy us because we serve them too well. Which is the end of brotherly love, liberté, fraternité, égalité. How can there be liberty when I am not free to be other than fraternal and equal? I must be free to be separate and unequal in the finest sense if I am to be free. Fraternité and égalité, these are tyranny of tyrannies.

There must be brotherly love, a wholeness of humanity. But there must also be pure, separate individuality, separate and proud as a lion or a hawk. There must be both. In the duality lies fulfillment. Man must act in concert with man, creatively and happily. This is greatest

happiness. But man must also act separately and distinctly, apart from every other man, single and self-responsible and proud with unquenchable pride, moving for himself without reference to his neighbor. These two movements are opposite, yet they do not negate each other. We have understanding. And if we understand, then we balance perfectly between the two motions, we are single, isolated individuals, we are a great concordant humanity, both, and then the rose of perfection transcends us, the rose of the world which has never yet blossomed, but which will blossom from us when we begin to understand both sides to live in both directions, freely and without fear, following the inmost desires of our body and spirit, which arrive in us out of the unknown.

Lastly, there is the love of God; we become whole with God. But God as we know Him is either infinite love or infinite pride and power, always one or the other, Christ or Jehovah, always one half excluding the other half. Therefore, God is forever jealous. If we love one God, we must hate this one sooner or later, and choose the other. This is the tragedy of religious experience. But the Holy Spirit, the unknowable, is single and perfect for us.

There is that which we can not love, because it surpasses either love or hate. There is the unknown and the unknowable which propounds all creation. This we can not love, we can only accept it as a term of our own limitation and ratification. We can only know that from the unknown profound desires enter in upon us, and that the fulfilling of these desires is the fulfilling of creation. We know that the rose comes to blossom. We know that we are incipient with blossom. It is our business to go as we are impelled, with faith and pure spontaneous morality, knowing that the rose blossoms, and taking that knowledge for sufficient.

THE HISTORY OF CARDS

(Continued from Page 6)

which says: 'Five Cards is an Irish game, and is much played in that kingdom for considerable sums of money, as All-fours is played in Kent, and Post-and-pair in the west of England.'

"Noddy was one of the old English court games. This has been supposed to have been a children's game, and it was certainly nothing of the kind. Its nature is thus fully described in a curious satirical poem, entitled "Batt upon Batt," published in 1694:

'Show me a man can turn up Noddy still,
And deal himself three fives too, when he will;
Conclude with one-and-thirty, and a pair,
Never fail ten in Stock, and yet play fair,
If Batt be not that wight, I lose my aim.'

"From these lines, there can be no doubt that the ancient Noddy was the modern cribbage—the Nod of today, rejoicing in the name of Noddy, and the modern Crib, being termed the Stock.

"Ombre was most probably introduced into this country by Catherine of Portugal, the queen of Charles II; Waller, the court poet, has a poem on a card torn at Ombre by the queen. This royal lady also introduced to the English court the reprehensible practice of playing cards on Sunday. Pepys, in 1667, writes: 'This evening, going to the queen's side to see the ladies, I did find the queen, the duchess of York, and another at cards, with the room full of ladies and great men; which I was amazed to see on a Sunday, having not believed, but contrarily flatly denied the same, a little while since, to my cousin.'

"In a passage from Evelyn's Memoirs, the writer impressively describes another Sunday evening scene at Whitehall, a few days before the death of Charles II, in which a profligate assemblage of courtiers is represented as deeply engaged in the game of Basset. This was an Italian game, brought by Cardinal Mazarin to France; Louis XIV is said to have lost large sums at it; and it was most likely brought to England by some of the French ladies of the court. It did not stand its ground, however, in this country; Ombre continuing the fashionable game in England, down till after the expiration of the first quarter of the last century.

"Quadrille succeeded Ombre, but for a curious reason did not reign so long as its predecessor. From the peculiar nature of Quadrille, an unfair confederacy might be readily established, by any two persons, by which the other players could be cheated.

"While the preceding games were in vogue the magnificent temple of Whist, destined to outshine and overshadow them, was in course of erection.

(To be continued next week)

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Indigestion Pain, Food Souring, Acidity, Gas and Heartburn Go Instantly. Pleasant Relief.

Wonder what you ate to upset your stomach?

Don't bother! Here's relief!

One hour after a Laxcarin tablet reaches your unsettled stomach all the lumps of indigestion pain, sourness, gases, acidity, headache and dyspepsia go.

Costs so little—and it is worth millions to the sufferer. Works like a clock.

It is best to order enough for a full treatment in cases of long standing; six boxes cost only five dollars—worth a million times more. One box costs just one dollar and will be sent upon receipt of cash or money order by the Laxcarin Products Co., Dept. E-*, Pittsburgh, Pa. You may suffer from substitutes, therefore do not take anything else. Not sold in drug stores.—Advt.

Unusual Sparrow

The native minister was telling the missionary in charge of his district that a sparrow had built a nest on the roof of his house.

"Is there anything in the nest yet?" asked the missionary.

"Yes," said the Indian brother, proud of his English, "the sparrow has pups."—The World Outlook.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Prices advanced most of the week and sold off fractionally at the end, but the dominant influence was the increasing spirit of financial cheerfulness, and that was helped along in about equal measure by the evidence of a comfortable money situation, and by the growing confidence in the full success of the Victory Loan and by the very extraordinary forecast of the winter wheat crop. The last named influence superseded them in immediate importance. The harvest prospect may, in a sense, be the key to the loan campaign. It can not be said, however, that the character of the week's movement in stocks was entirely wholesome. Except for an occasional unward movement in the steel shares, the great activity was almost exclusively in a dozen or so of the highly speculative industrial shares whose actual earning power and prospects are conjectural. They were undoubtedly bid up on the market for exactly that reason. As a group, the railroad shares were neglected all week, and sold off at the last when there was also a reaction, perfectly natural, in the active stocks. The event of foremost importance in the week's news, bearing on industry, was the government's first report of the season the winter wheat crop. That the forecast would be for a yield of unprecedented magnitude, every one was aware. The prediction by the grain trade had ranged around 825,000,000 bushels for the indicated yield, but the department's figures went beyond this, putting the expected yield around 900,000,000 bushels, and probably the largest yield ever forecasted at this season of the year. In normal years this would have been commented on quite freely, and no doubt would have been the incentive for putting stocks on a higher level, but nowadays we have come to regard the wheat crop as somewhat tangled up with government guaranteed prices. The essential fact, so far as concerns the American producer, is that he will get a sure \$2.26 per bushel for this enormous crop. This in itself is the basis on which our prosperity can be founded, and while the farmer gets his first, he will no doubt distribute it, and every line of business will feel its effect. The implement stocks and the motor stocks are already beginning to discount the future business expected. Advances in the leading motor company stocks continued throughout the week, and were in good demand. The oil stocks were active, and stronger, getting their share of the buying on the same theory that, what helps the motor stocks is bound to be reflected in the oils. The steel and copper shares seem to be the target for the bears, and they take advantage of anything bearish to hammer these issues, but seem to make very little headway. While the bears are exploiting the setback to the price stabilizing plan, the short interest is restrained from aggressive action, let the difference between the industrial board and the gov-

ernment departments be somehow patched up and they be caught napping. The situation certainly fosters caution in short commitments, since the government shows every inclination to co-operate with business.

Cotton—Bullish sentiment again dominated in the trading last week. Under the continued demand of spot and trade interests, the market advanced a hundred to a hundred and fifty points, holding all of its gain at the close of the week. Reports from the south showing the extent of the acreage reduction, were largely responsible for the advance. The reports from the south indicated that the reduction in the acreage would amount to fully one-third, and the strong probability that in some sections even that radical cut would be exceeded. The trade interests, both on this side of the Atlantic and in the English markets, were brought into the market on these reports. There was also some speculative buying on the assumption that the strength in the Liverpool market was indicative of an early settlement of the peace terms. Spot sales at Liverpool were quite large, and indicated that the English mills were taking the actual cotton against their actual needs, notwithstanding reports that they were closing their mills on account of accumulation. The general speculative buying proceeds on the theory that as soon as the embargo on cotton to Central Europe is lifted, an immediate demand for cotton goods and raw cotton will spring up. This factor seems to have been discounted some time ago, but the general feeling seems to be that cotton will go much higher than the present comparatively high level. Reports from domestic mills were conflicting, but on the whole the outlook was more favorable, as a number of the mills that have been closed down will resume operations. The weather reports for the week were mixed, but generally unfavorable. Cold, wet weather in the south-eastern part of the belt is delaying preparation, but it is just a little too early to use the weather as an argument, for there is plenty of time to overcome an early setback. We believe cotton at the present price is not too high, and look for much higher prices later on, when the crop killer gets on the job. Spot prices are quoted so much above the near futures, that it looks as if there is very little risk in buying the futures at the prevailing discount.

Arthur, aged ten, announced to his mother that he wished immediately to join some church where they confirm the children. "Because," he explained, "George Brown took a middle name, Paul, the name of his favorite saint. I want to take the middle name of James. I haven't any favorite saint, but I intend to take the name of James Bennett when I become a movie star because nobody would bother going to see an actor named Arthur Middleton."

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DECEMBER 31st, 1918

Assets	\$58,893,078.42
Deposits	54,358,496.50
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,336,411.92
Employees' Pension Fund	295,618.00

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Wully Forgot

"Wully," said Mrs. MacHigh to her little son as they emerged from the station at Saltham-by-the-Sea, "noo that we are at the coast, mind and ca' your faither 'papa' when he comes doon for the week-end. Ye'll no' forget, wull ye?"

"Wully," nearing the big sea, felt graciously inclined to promise anything; and told his mother he would na forget.

On Saturday morning Mrs. MacHigh was sitting on the sands beside some "swell" seaside acquaintances watching the children playing.



W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF CITY TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY OF San Francisco, in the State of California, on the 31st day of December, 1918, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California, pursuant to law.

Assets	
Mortgages and collateral loans.....	\$146,300.00
Bonds and stocks	9,050.00
Cash in company's office and in banks.....	10,066.78
Premiums in course of collection.....	856.00
Bills receivable	1,753.50
Other ledger assets	130,764.49

Ledger assets	\$298,790.77
NON LEDGER ASSETS:	
Other non-ledger assets.....	\$ 9,729.38

Total gross assets	\$289,061.39
Total admitted assets.....	\$289,061.39

Liabilities	
All other liabilities	\$ 14,123.59
Total liabilities (except capital and surplus....)	\$ 14,123.59
Capital	\$250,000.00
Surplus	24,937.80

Total liabilities, capital and surplus....	\$289,061.39
H. W. DIMOND, President.	
J. H. HUMPHREY, Secretary.	
3-22-5	

Thinking to impress her neighbor, she called out in her best society voice: "Weelie, your papa is coming doon the day."

"Oh, is he?" answered "Weelie," busily engaged at a sand castle, and quite forgetful of Monday's promise. "An, wull ma faither be wi' him?"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, California, for April 1, 1919.

State of California
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Helen M. Bonnet, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Managing Editor of Town Talk, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; managing editor, Helen M. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; business manager, John J. Dwyer, 88 First street, San Francisco.

2. That the owners are: Owner, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; stockholders, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; Helen M. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds or other securities than as so stated by her.

HELEN M. BONNET,
Managing Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of April, 1919.

(Seal)

JULIUS CALMANN.

(My commission expires May 29, 1921.)

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 95286. Dept. No. 10.

JENNIE GAZZOLA, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN GAZZOLA, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco; and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOHN GAZZOLA, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's intemperance, non-support and cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of February, A. D. 1919.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By J. F. DUNSWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
4 Columbus Avenue., San Francisco, Cal.

3-29-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY APPLICATION FOR LEAVE TO SELL REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23504. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of MARY O'NEILL BAKER, an Incompetent.

ETHEL FRANCES DONOVAN, the Guardian of the Person and Estate of MARY O'NEILL BAKER, above-named incompetent, having presented to this Court this day and filed herein her petition, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of certain real property, belonging to the said incompetent and estate, for the causes and reasons therein set forth; and it appearing to this Court from said petition that it is necessary, and would be beneficial to said incompetent, that said real property described in said petition be sold,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, That he next of kin of said incompetent and all persons interested in said estate or in said real property appear before this Court, in the court room thereof, situate in the City Hall, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Wednesday, the 23rd day of April, 1919, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real property, as prayed for in said petition, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars.

AND IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED, That a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: March 15th, A. D. 1919.

Endorsed: Filed Mar 15, 1919. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.

By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

FREDERICK W. CRAWFORD,
Attorney for Guardian and Petitioner,
Bank of Italy Building,
Montgomery and Clay Streets,
San Francisco, Cal.

3-22-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of CARMELITA J. MACDONALD, ELODIE C. MACDONALD, WILLIAM A. MACDONALD, RAMON B. MACDONALD, NORMAN R. MACDONALD and FRANCIS J. MACDONALD, Minors.

It appearing to the court from the petition this day presented and filed by D. B. MacDonald, guardian of the person and estate of Francis J. MacDonald, one of the above named minors, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to said minor, that it is necessary and beneficial to said minor that such real estate should be sold.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of said minor and all persons interested in said estate appear before this court on Monday, the 21st day of April, 1919, at 10 o'clock A. M., in the courtroom of the above-entitled court, Department 10 thereof, situate in the City Hall, 400 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such real estate.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks before said day of hearing, in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that no other or further notice be required.

Done in Open Court this 18th day of March, 1919.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN AND THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attorneys for Guardian,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

4-5-3

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXIV. No. 1392

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, APRIL 26, 1919

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TOWN TALK

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Vol. XXXIV.

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Governor Stephens' Opportunity

That there would appear to be an organized onslaught on the state's resources as indicated by treasury reports, and a more or less speculative foresight into what may turn up in the future, is something which only those who are personally interested will presume to deny. That there have been many appropriations pushed through without consideration for future necessities, goes without saying. One correspondent has written: "Anything in six figures or more is sure to pass." Having exhausted about all of the state's obvious fund from which appropriations can be made, it is learned that the probable surplus funds are in danger, and people are beginning to wonder whether Governor Stephens is going to interpose his power of veto and leave at least enough of this surplus to do business with. Here are some of the figures as furnished by those whose business it is to look into such matters and report upon them: The needed appropriations for the maintenance of the various state departments for two years total about \$48,000,000, leaving the somewhat small surplus of \$4,600,000 made up from the state's biennial income. It has been pointed out by one of these ingenious figurers that "as against this the legislature has appropriated, or threatened to approve, special appropriations totaling about \$7,000,000, and \$4,000,000 to come out of future resources." Now then, if the governor signs only the bills giving \$1,000,000 to the orphans, and \$2,000,000 in salaries to the public school teachers, the surplus would be reduced to a trifle over \$1,500,000. The governor has already announced in a special message to the legislature that it would be highly dangerous to the state's credit to reduce the surplus below \$2,000,000, and it will be interesting to note what he will do with regard to certain pet appropriations that have already been arranged in committee and will soon be put to vote. Already the

governor's veto is foreseen for some of these appropriations, but it seems to be the policy of the solons to pass all suggested ones, anyway, and leave to the governor the somewhat unpleasant duty of selecting what shall escape the vetoing power. This would of course relieve the legislature from any blame whatever, when the constituents of any particular district shall take its representatives to task for failing to pass promised appropriations. Then he can safely say: "I done the best I could. Stephens spilled the beans, not me!" This is an interesting juncture in the proceedings of our expiring legislative body, and many of us are wondering to what extent the governor will take advantage of the opportunity further to gain the public gratitude.

* * *

Something New in Russia

There is a new "ik" or "iki" in Russia, or else its activities have been so insignificant, and they have been so submerged in the swirling maelstrom of Bolshevism as to have passed unnoticed. Now it seems to come to the front as a party which promises to be something of a menace to the hitherto dominant factor in terrorism, and is known as the Menshevik. This party is supposed to represent the moderates, or those classes of people who hope to effect a compromise between a panic stricken autocracy and the panic striking Bolshevik. It will be remembered that some months ago Premier Lenine was arrested and thrown into jail by his minister of war Trotsky, because of his alleged dealing with one of the numerous Russian oppositions, then subsequently released and restored to such power as he may have possessed. Now again they are reported to be on the verge of a split because of an indecision as to how far to go in dealing with these same Menshevik. If such information as has leaked through the network of contradictory information can be believed, both Lenine and Trotsky are making overtures to this now rapidly strengthening element, because their power, based as it was only on unbridled license free love, robbery and murder, is beginning to wane, and they must combine with the moderates or lose it altogether. We have heard that they have had plenty of money to spend on propaganda in other countries, which in their own country could buy nothing since there is nothing left there to buy, so the Bolshevik forces and their sympathizers are hungry and naked and must be clothed

and fed. The Bolsheviks believe in unrestricted freedom in everything, and want to be handsomely paid without giving any labor in return. On the other hand, the Mensheviks represent the laboring peasant classes, who are willing to work for their living as they have always done, and they could be depended upon, with financial backing that would provide machinery and seed, to feed the starving masses. It is not difficult to outline a prediction as to the future of such a combination. It is the beginning of the end as far as Bolshevism. Lenine and Trotsky are concerned. They will be supplanted by new men appointed by the Mensheviks; these will prove incapable of retaining control of the masses by reason of ignorance; then they will look higher and higher up, until they have found somewhere nearer the upper classes, men who are versed in the necessities of sensible government, and then there will be a new Russia.

* * *

Filipino Independence

Every now and then, ever since Mr. William Jennings Bryan almost equalled his famous "Cross of Gold" speech with his almost equally high sounding effort on the subject of Philippine imperialism, and the consent of the governed, with the Nebraskan "R" in splendid evidence, we have heard about independence for the Filipino. It was then sawed and planed by Democratic orators into a plank for their platform, for there was no other new one, and the old ones were becoming foot worn and creaky. The gentlemen on the other side paid but little attention to it, however, no doubt thinking that it would soon either wear itself away or be supplanted by a new one with more tensile strength to it. Now however, the facts seem to have developed it so, that it is still among the well preserved planks of the aforesaid platform, and it is bearing the weight, not only of the favorable assertions of Governor General Harrison, but of President Wilson himself and pretty much all of his cabinet. Postmaster General Burleson, however, may be eliminated from this approving majority, for the reason that he is too busy trying to explain why the president should not respond to the popular demand for his removal. Anyway Filipino independence is to the fore again, and apparently strengthened with more serious backing than it has ever had before. Such comment as has been published with reference to it has been made strictly along

party lines. The Republican papers are a little stronger in condemning it than the democratic ones are wildly in favor of it, and the preponderance of logical argument is largely on the side of the former. The democrats insist that the Filipinos must be free because they have been promised it, while the republican argument that they are not yet ready for it, seems to be borne out by precedent if not existing facts, despite the declarations of Governor General Harrison to the contrary. In view of the present discussions upon the subject, neither side of which presents arguments strong enough to sway the purely independent mind, might it not be reasonable to ask, what more do the Filipinos want or need than they at present enjoy? Except that they have a governor general appointed by the United States, they have already as much freedom as it is safe to entrust to a people with only twenty-one years of experience in governmental matters, except those they learned through revolutionary attempts that were not successful. They have a legislature which is almost entirely native; they make their own laws, control their own affairs; hold nearly all of the public offices, and collect all moneys except what it is just that they shall pay to the United States, for freeing them from Spain and teaching them how to prosper in their freedom. If, however, they shall insist on the independence which has been promised them, that promise must be kept of course. Then these speculative queries are unavoidable: Must the United States furnish them with an army and munitions to keep covetous Japan away from them, and will we be expected to interfere and quell the certain revolution that will occur when one of the numerous Aguinaldos decides to apply his own ideas of independent government? The mandatory government suggested by the League of Nations is not a bad idea, Mr. Filipino, why not try that first when the league comes through?

* * *

The Small Investor Pays Most

The general public are great sufferers but the greatest sufferers are the investors of the country, who have put their savings in the securities of these different properties. Do not make the mistake of thinking,

when we use the word "investor" that this applies only to the wealthy class. It applies to rich and poor alike. By far the greatest number of the investors in the corporations of this country are poor people who have used their savings to buy shares in these different companies. All of these people are seeing the values of their small investments shrink and the dividends passed, or reduced. This emphasizes the general poverty of people at this time. People of the United States are poorer today than they have been in a great many years. They have been called upon to buy Liberty bonds which have steadily gone down in price showing all purchasers a serious loss. They have seen all of their investments shrink in value. They have seen their income cut down by the abominably bad business throughout the United States, by the reduction and passing of dividends, and by the innumerable calls which have been made upon them for contributions to war and other charities. If there has ever been a time in the history of the United States when every effort should have been made on the part of the government to foster and encourage business, and to adopt methods for improving and helping business, that time is now, and for the year passed. But the very opposite policy has been pursued. Every kind of a handicap and obstruction has been put in the way of business when there was not the least necessity for so doing. And the greater the inroads made upon the opportunities of business men to make their business prosperous the greater have been the demands upon the purses of our people.

* * *

Bolsheviki Will Not Succeed in U. S. A.

We must constantly keep in mind the fact that enemies of law and order are very numerous in the United States. Our government measures to cope with anarchy and socialism have been very lax. I have no fear that anarchy will ever make any effective headway in the United States. The pampered laboring classes in this country are not so ignorant as they are in other countries. They know very well on which side their bread is buttered, and this laboring class will not give up a good thing which they already have and allow their interests to be trampled upon by a

worthless crowd of anarchists and socialists. We have a very large Bolshevik propaganda to cope with in the United States, but this absolutely worthless element will be unable to make much headway although they may make a great deal of noise. What we need is some red-hot legislation from Congress backed up and aided by military authority to crush every semblance of Bolshevism which appears in the United States. And, the punishment for this crime should be extremely severe.

* * *

Bungling by Inexperienced Men

We recognize the necessity for bringing out large issues of government bonds, but we can not excuse the entire lack of effort on the part of the administration to protect and hold up the price of these government issues. There has been no effort on the part of the government to stabilize prices of government bonds. We recognize the necessities of the Red Cross and all other war charities, but we deplore the fact that such inroads have been made upon peoples' incomes, and upon their earning capacity, which makes all of these war burdens doubly hard. If there had been any necessity for all this, it would be a different matter, but we consider that the restraints and handicaps which have been placed upon business are entirely unnecessary. They are simply amateurish experiments of inexperienced men. Politics has cut a very large figure in these blunders. If the government had fixed maximum prices for all materials and foodstuffs during the period of the war and had fixed maximum prices for labor it would have in my judgment solved the entire question. The worst blunder which the administration made was in simply fixing the prices of a few things, and letting other prices soar to unheard of heights. Why should the price be fixed on wheat and copper and steel when no such price was fixed on butter and eggs and bread and all the innumerable things which people have to buy every day? Why should the price of labor be left without any restriction upon it whatever, except to jack up the prices to an unheard of figure, and leave the control in the hands of labor unions and politicians who were angling for the labor vote?

Perspective Impressions

Lady asks: "Have children of divorcees no rights?" Cherchez l'histoire, ma chérie! Il faut respond—jamais!

Mexico gets 2,000,000 cartridges from United States. This time "Once bitten, twice shy," doesn't seem to go, does it?

May peace day now talked of in Paris instead of Easter one. Why not make sure of it and have it on next Thanksgiving Day?

Hoover says \$50,000,000 monthly will be required to feed Russia. Must be going to give them canvasback ducks and terrapin.

Michigan wets are demanding a recount of the vote which gave 119,000 majority against them. They must be seeing a lot more than double.

Governor Stephens put brakes on state appropriations. How inconsiderate! For what else have we legislators?

Oregon man sees red, white and blue lizard in Hood River. Thought Oregon was bone dry.

United States army strength reduced to two millions. Verily, there is something that grinds slower than the mills of the gods.

Suggestion for new song: There are styles past understanding, How can furs keep people cool? Why obey the stern commanding, Of this autocratic rule?

The Quest of the Hetch Hetchy

By Lionel Josaphare

Once upon a time (fairy tale) in a city of golden roofs and silver minarets lived the Princess Poppypetal. Her parents, the king and queen respectively, owned their own home, and a first-class palace it was, with a thousand or more glittering rooms, chambers, antechambers, reception halls, etc. Now, when it came unto the time that the Princess Poppypetal should marry, the king and queen set up a wild hullabaloo throughout the kingdom, and the town-crier went among the citizens proclaiming: "Hear ye, hear ye, honest people all, it is royally decreed that the Princess Poppypetal should wed and is therefore like to take unto herself a husband. In consideration whereof, we promise you many and sumptuous contests and games, jousts and tourneys, whereby many princely suitors are to come and disport themselves in active rivalry; from which number will arise one fit to become the husband of our illustrious princess; for he will be the best of a goodly lot, and the best is none too good for our Princess Poppypetal."

And so forth and so on, when it was nearly time for the contests, there came to the Princess Poppypetal her fairy godmother, who spoke strangely: "Alackaday, your royal highness, my precious little duckydaddles, you are a fool if you permit a few joustings and that sort of trumpery to decide your affections. There be other means, by which a husband of supreme wisdom and agility could be contrived for you."

"Heaven 'a mercy, my good dame," quoth the princess, "what would you of me?"

"Far away is the Hetch Hetchy," whispered the fairy godmother. "Tell your suitors that you will marry him who brings it to you. That will be prowess beyond compare, and advantageous beside. He who doth fetch it hither will be a prince of the first magnitude. You will never regret it."

Then the princess: "Your words do you full credit. But tell me, I prithee, sweet beldam, what is this Hetch Hetchy of which you speak? Hath it two legs or four? Doth it feed upon beast or wild flower? Doth it fly, crawl, or gallop? Much I long to know, since you have aroused my curiosity."

"I have done 'my duty, and must away," crooned the fairy, swung her wand, and impolitely vanished.

"Why, you old daughter of Belial," exclaimed the princess with right good royal wrath. "You have done me and my curiosity a pretty turn. I must now have this Hetch Hetchy at all costs. What ho, sirrah! And she summoned a page that he might beg audience of the king."

"Sire," she began, after the ceremonies of greeting were over, "you will rate me as a quidnunc, I fear, and much my mind misgives me that I shall be gossipped over the kingdom for a damsel without prudence; yet I beseech thee to change the procedure toward my marriage. Even now hath my fairy godmother popped in upon me unannounced. She advises me to procure a husband on the test of a certain utilitarian heroism, to wit: that he bring me the famous Hetch Hetchy. Such a husband will I have, and so said, I vow that I will have none other."

"Have caution, daughter," admonished the king. "This may be too great a task for your world of suitors. Venturesome spirits there be; but to fetch the Hetch Hetchy—That is beyond

reason." He turned to the queen: "Is that not so, my dear?"

"Sure," said the queen.

"Have mercy," pleaded the Princess Poppypetal, "or I die."

"Hark," said the king, "when I was a young and stalwart prince, courting your noble mother, many the long and arduous adventure I made into the mountains to vaunt myself as a mighty hunter in your mother's eyes."

"And that ain't no lie," murmured the queen.

The king bowed as profoundly as he could on the throne. "And be it further known that one day I roamed many omegs into the mountains and in a seemingly miraculous moment was confronted by this Hetch Hetchy in its—but that is neither here nor there. Sufficeth it to say we now possess no Hetch Hetchy that I know of. If not, why not? Is that not so, my dear?"

"Sure," said the queen.

"Such being the case, most of the peers of my realm have forgotten this once-popular ideal. It was an old saying in my young days that you can lead a Hetch Hetchy to the water, but you can't make it drink. Now and then I find some of the old gaffers talking about the Hetch; but I doubt that any of them ever saw a very hetchy one, while the one of my own experience was the Hetch Hetchiest of them all. To revive the search today I consider would be impossible."

"But, sire," quoth the Princess Poppypetal, elevating and straightening her eyebrows, "it is impossible for me to live without it. How do you account for that?"

"Oh, my darling daughter Poppypetal, first tell me why you think necessary to life that which you can not ever comprehend?"

"That is just it, sire. I have always bemoaned possession of everything in the world save that mysterious whispering something I know not what. I have said so many times. Life is insupportable, happiness impossible, without that I know not what it is."

"That," said the king, "puts another complexion on the matter. Two impossibilities, each counteracting the other. I see your point. Having it and not having—both impossible. Most interesting; and yet, is it not most discouraging, my dear?"

"It's the limit," said the queen, helping herself to a bon bon from the salver held by a gigantic black.

"Have a bon bon," smiled the gigantic black to the princess.

"To the whipping post with you!" snapped the princess. "Prate me of bon bons when I crave Hetch Hetchies. Out upon you!"

"Why not a bon bon first and Hetch Hetchy afterwards?" queried the queen.

The king took a pinch of snuff. Said he: "That's the way we lost track of Hetch Hetchy in the first place."

"Have a heart," said the queen, whom he was forcing out of the perpendicular by leaning toward the candy box.

"Have you any with pink sugar on the outside and pineapple inside?" asked the king.

"Beshrew me!" wailed the princess, and immediately mounted into a towering rage. "Beshrew me!"

"Beshrew me eye!" retorted the queen, with a contemptuous twist of her nose. "What are we all coming to?"

It was too true. The audience, charmingly begun, was well nigh breaking into disorder, when the king, most amiable of monarchs, arose upon his throne and said: "Hear ye, hear ye. Be it known, etc., that this day I have put into my heart a wish for the sake of our daughter, the Princess Poppypetal, that whosoever among you shall go forth and capture a Hetch while it is still hetchy, and bring same to us, shall receive for his valor the hand and heart of said daughter, etc., in marriage, lawful wedlock, which same is the dearest wish of my heart; and moreover, unto the same purpose, by my halidom, unto whomsoever is so fortunate as aforesaid, I will therunto award one half of my kingdom divided from north to south."

"A square deal and no bull," added the queen, with a nod.

Now, among the princes who had met and loved the Princess Poppypetal, there was none more charming than the young Prince Confetticus. Well educated and astute, Confetticus hid himself to the grand vizier, an aged philosopher with a beard three yards long, and whose head was as full of wisdom as his beard full of years. "O, sir vizier," accosted the prince, "I know next to nothing about Hetch Hetchies. Be so good as to tell me what they are and where I can find one."

"Most noble prince," answered the vizier, undulating his beard with every word, "in the days of my youth I hunted the Hetch Hetchy with some success."

"Heaven be praised! Tell me what it is like."

The vizier's manner changed suddenly to the terrific. "Rememberest thou not the tribute of a great eadi, that words fail to describe Hetch Hetchy?"

"Yes—but—"

"I can not add to that powerful description."

The prince flung the folds of his cloak about him, and rushed away. When he entered the public plaza, everybody in the world knew that Prince Confetticus was on the trail of the Hetch Hetchy, and everybody in the world was laughing. "Looking for the Hetch Hetchy, eh? Ha ha! They ain't no such animal, we can tell yer. Don't you know that? We guess you must be Prince Fetch Fetchy—ha ha!"

Exasperated beyond measure, the prince went into the wilderness and sat at the edge of a large mountain to cool off. "Am I not the most unfortunate of princes?" he exclaimed half aloud. "Yesterday I hoped to marry the most beauteous Princess Poppypetal; today I find myself in pursuit of the unknown, and the worst of it is I have nowhere to look. Then, as if this were not misery enough, I am told that what I seek has no existence. Verily was I born under an unlucky star."

"Cut out the sob stuff," same distinctly to his ears. He turned and desried the most dazzling fairy you might ever wish to see.

"Fancy meeting you," he muttered.

"Bless your blue eyes, you now see me in my true form. Cute, isn't it?" said the fairy. "Yes, indeed, I am the queen mother of the Princess Poppypetal. Doomed am I to wander on earth for centuries, owing to a grievous fault in my youth. 'Twas I who guided your footsteps hither. Behold yon lake silver-plated by the elegant sun. Pipe the ripples of it."

"Superb spirit, I quenched my thirst there five times today."

(Continued on Page 15)

Youth

From the Atlantic Monthly

(The writer of this letter, printed just as it was written, is a boy of nineteen, who at the time was making his third flight without guidance.)

January 3, 1918.

Dear Aunt Lot:

Where on earth do you think I am? To tell you the honest truth, I'm not on earth at all. I am 5000 feet in the air! All alone. The engine is making such a noise that I can't hear myself think, but it is very smooth up here at 5000 feet, so I can run the 'bus with my left hand and write to you with my right! I am beginning to think that I am some aviator now, because I can go up and write letters in the air. I received your Page & Shaw's chocolates today. They have followed me all over England, and finally got here. There is a little box on the instrument board of this plane, and in it are six or seven chocolate gum-drops which I shall eat.

The flight commander sent me up and said, 'Fly around for an hour'; so here I am, with a board on one knee to write on. Isn't this a novel letter? I see another machine over the town doing circles. I guess it's Tom —. We were told to meet at 2000 feet over the town and fly around together. I'm at 5000, and I'm going to dive to 2000 and wave at him. Whee! Motor off, stick forward, and down we go! Gad, it's bumpy down here at 2000! It's Tom all right, because I know the number of his machine. He waved—I waved. I shall climb.

I hate this bumpy strata of air I'm in now. Smooth again. I'm now at 6000 feet, still climbing. Tom is about 5000 feet, but passing directly under me. It's colder than all get out up here now. So I'll have to put on my glove

again and write with my left hand and drive with my right. This can't be done, so I'll stop writing for a minute or so.

I'm now at 8500, and have completely lost sight of the aerodrome. I've lost sight of Tom also. Engine off, nose down, spiral, look all over the sky for Tom. I see him going down. I'll let him go, because it's too wonderful up here. I guess Tom has had engine trouble or run out of petrol. He sees me and is waving with both hands. Down I go after him, over 100 miles an hour. I'm now at 3000 again. Tom has landed in a field about half a mile from the aerodrome. A lot of people are running to his machine from some little farmhouses. No, he hasn't crashed. I can see him getting out of his machine. Out of petrol, I guess. They must have forgotten to fill his tank up before he went. I hope he has had sense enough to telephone to the aerodrome for some petrol. He's now sitting calmly on top of his 'bus.

I've been up half an hour. I shall climb to 10,000 feet and spiral to the aerodrome, just for practice. On the way up there I shall eat the chocolate gum-drops.

I've lost the aerodrome again! I'm now at 9000 feet, and am getting very cold, so I'll turn around and glide in. I'll stall first, just for the sinking sensation. Going only 30 miles an hour, motor off, and about to sink—sinking, nose level. Controls have very little effect at this speed. I'm merely dropping, nose down, and get up speed—50, 70, 90, 110 miles an hour. Flatten out, 90, 80, 70, 65, motor on again, and away we go—7000 feet now. All chocolate gum-drops eaten!

Ah, I see the aerodrome again. Tom's machine is just leaving the ground; it's getting

further and further away from its shadow. I'm all alone in this aeroplane, with one empty seat in front. I wish you were in it; I'd give you some wonderful thrills that would make 70 miles an hour down a crowded street in an automobile seem like riding in a baby carriage!

Do I dare try a loop? I believe not—not yet anyway. I'm right over the 'drome at 6000 feet, so I'll try a spin. Whee! Three times wing over wing was all I did, but what a sensation—dropping all the time! There are three other machines trying to get into the aerodrome, and they are all below me, so have the right of way. They're in now, so down I glide—need right hand for landing, and so I must stop.

Now at 1000 feet. Bumpy again and can't make the aerodrome from here, so must fly around it and try again.

Well, I've got to do the rest with my right hand! Much love, and how I miss my dear old aunt!

Your loving nephew,

(200 feet from ground)

—Johnnie.

P. S.—I'm now on terra firm, engine stopped (my fault), and calmly stranded in the middle of the field, waiting for some one to come out and swing my propeller again, so I can 'taxi' back to the sheds. Had a great flight—1 hour and 10 minutes, with a very good landing, except for letting the engine stop. Well anyway this is some letter. My poor hand is cold as ice, but I had a great time. Only four more hours to do in the air, before I transfer from 'C' flight into 'A' flight, where we learn to do stunts.

—Johnnie.

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The History of Cards

From a rare volume by an officer instructor in musketry, the queen's own light infantry militia, 1870.
(Continued from last week)

"Let India vaunt her children's vast address,
Let nice Piquette the boast of France remain,
And studious Ombre be the pride of Spain;
Invention's praise shall England yield to none,
When she can call delightful Whist her own."

"All great inventions and discoveries are works of time, and Whist is no exception to the rule; it did not come into the world perfect at all points, as Minerva emerged from the head of Jupiter. Nor were its wonderful merits early recognized. Under the vulgar appellations of Whisk and Swobbers, it long lingered in the servants' hall ere it could ascend to the drawing room. At length, some gentlemen, who met at the Crown coffee house, in Bedford Row, studied the game, gave it rules, established its principles, and then Edward Hoyle, in 1743, blazoned forth its fame to all the world.

"Many attempts have been made, at various times, to turn playing cards to a very different use from that for which they were originally intended. Thus, in 1815, a learned Franciscan friar, named Murner, published a *Logica Memorativa*, a mode of teaching logic by a pack of cards; and, subsequently, he attempted to teach a summary of civil law in the same manner. In 1656, an Englishman, named Jackson, published a work, entitled the *Scholar's Scintal Cards*, in which he proposed to teach reading, spelling, grammar, writing, and arithmetic, with various arts and sciences, by playing cards; premising that the learner was well grounded in all the games played at the period. And later still, about the close of the seventeenth century, there was published the *Genteel House-keeper's Pastime*; or the *Mode of Carving at Table* represented in a *Pack of Playing Cards*, by which any one of Ordinary Capacity may learn how to Carve, in Mode, all the most usual Dishes of Flesh, Fish, Fowl, and Baked Meats, with the several Sauces and Garnishes proper to Every Dish of Meat. In this system, flesh was represented by hearts, fish by clubs, fowl by diamonds, and baked meat by spades. The king of hearts ruled a noble sirloin of roast beef; the monarch of clubs presided over a pickled herring; and the king of diamonds reared his battle ax over a turkey; while his brother of spades smiled benignantly on a well baked venison pasty.

"The kind of advertisements, now called circulars, were often, formerly, printed on the backs of playing cards. Visiting cards, too, were improvised, by writing the name on the back of playing cards. About twenty years ago, when a house in Dean Street, Soho, was under repair, several visiting cards of this description were found behind a marble chimney piece, one of them bearing the name of Isaac Newton. Cards of invitation were written in

a similar manner. In the fourth picture, in Hogarth's series of *'Marriage à la Mode,'* several are seen lying on the floor, upon one of which is inscribed: 'Count Basset begs to no how Lade Squander sleapt last nite.' Hogarth, when he painted this inscription, was most probably thinking of Mrs. Centlivre's play, *'The Basset Table,'* which a critic describes as containing a great deal of plot and business, without much sentiment or delicacy.

"A curious and undoubtedly authentic historical anecdote is told of a pack of cards. Towards the end of the persecuting reign of Queen Mary, a commission was granted to a Dr. Cole to go over to Ireland, and commence a fiery crusade against the Protestants of that country. On coming to Chester, on his way, the doctor was waited on by the mayor, to whom he showed his commission, exclaiming with premature triumph, 'Here is what shall lash the heretics of Ireland.' Mrs. Edmonds, the landlady of the inn, having a brother in Dublin, was much disturbed by overhearing these words; so, when the doctor accompanied the mayor down stairs, she hastened into his room, opened his box, took out the commission, and put a pack of cards in its place. When the doctor returned to his apartment, he put the box into his portmanteau without suspicion, and the next morning sailed for Dublin. On his arrival he waited on the lord lieutenant and privy council, to whom he made a speech on the subject of his mission, and then presented the box to his lordship; but on opening it, there appeared only a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost. The doctor was petrified, and assured the council that he had had a commission, but what was become of it he could not tell. The lord lieutenant answered, 'Let us have another commission, and, in the mean while, we can shuffle the cards.' Before the doctor could get his commission renewed Queen Mary died, and thus the persecution was prevented. We are further informed that, when Queen Elizabeth was made acquainted with the circumstances, she settled a pension of £40 per annum on Mrs. Edmonds, for having saved her Protestant subjects in Ireland."

All the pursuits of life, all the trades and occupations of men, have, in all times, lent expressions to the languages of nations, and those resulting from the propensity of gaming are among those which perpetually recur in daily conversation, and with the greatest emphasis. Thus we have: "He has played his cards well or ill," applied to the management of fortune or one's interest; *jacta est alea*, "the die is cast," as exclaimed Julius Caesar before crossing the Rubicon; "he has run his race—reached the goal," a turn adage applied to consummate success or disastrous failure; "a lucky throw or hit"; "within an ace," meaning one point of gaining a thing; "he hazards everything"; "chances are for and against"; "he has piqued," from the game of piquet, meaning, angry at losing something; "left in the lurch," from the French game *l'ourche*, wherein on certain points happening the stake is to be paid double, and meaning "under circumstances unexpected and peculiarly unfavorable"; "to save your bacon or gammon," from the game of Backgammon; "a blot is hit," from the same; "checked in his career," that is, stopped in his designs, from the game of chess.

The fabrication of cards is a most important

manufacture of France; and Paris and Nancy are the two places where most cards are made. The annual consumption of cards in France amounts to 1,500,000 francs, or £62,500; but France also supplies foreigners with the article, especial the Spanish, American, Portuguese, and English colonies, to the value of 1,000,000 francs, or £41,666. The government derives from this branch of French industry not much less than £25,000 annual revenue, that is, from 20 to 25 per cent of the product. The duty on cards is secured and enforced by severe penalties.

English cards are about a third larger than the French. The double headed cards are an English invention, and they are being adopted by the French. Their advantage is obvious, in securing the secrecy of the hand, for by observing a party in arranging his cards after the deal, the act of turning up a card plainly shows that it must be at least a face card, and the oftener this is done the stronger the hand, in general. In Germany, a fourth face card is sometimes added to the pack, called the knight, or chevalier. The Italians have also in use long cards, called tarots, which, however, must not be confounded with the French cards called tarotés, with odd figures on them, and used by fortune tellers.

The method of making playing cards seems to have given the first hint to the invention of printing, as appears from the first specimens of printing at Haerlem, and those in the Bodleian Library.

"The manufacture of playing cards comprises many interesting processes. The cardboard employed for this purpose is formed of several thicknesses of paper pasted together; there are usually four such thicknesses; and the paper is so selected as to take paste, paint, and polish equally well. The sheets of paper are pasted with a brush, and are united by successive processes of cold drying, hot drying, and hydraulic pressure. Each sheet is large enough for forty cards. The outer surfaces of the outer sheets are prepared with a kind of flinty coating, which gives sharpness to the outline of the various colored devices. Most packs of cards are now made with colored backs. The ground tint is laid on with a brush, and consists of distemper color, or pigments mixed with warm melted size. The device impressed on this ground tint is often very beautiful. Messrs. De la Rue, the leading firm in the manufacture, employ tasteful artists, and invest a large amount of capital in the introduction of new patterns. On cards sold at moderate prices, the colors at the back are generally two—one for the ground, and one for the device; but some of the choicer specimens display several colors; and many of the designs are due to the pencil of Mr. Owen Jones. The printing of the design is done on the sheets of paper, before the pasting to form cardboard. The pips or spots on the faces of playing cards are now spades, clubs, hearts, and diamonds; but

(Continued on Page 13)

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The Spectator

Andy Gallagher and the Clockwinder

"It must be great to be a supervisor," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. "Your day's work consists of being everybody's friend. In your idle moments, you dash off laws for the city."

"Yes," nodded Supervisor Andrew J. Gallagher. "It is truly ideal; not only ideal but romantic. Hero today and tramp tomorrow."

"You must have some interesting experiences between those two conditions."

"True again," said Andy, "especially if you take delight in being the subject matter of polite and impolite conversation. The supervisor, you understand, is a more interesting bug than the ant, the bee or the grasshopper, upon which volumes of enjoyable information have been written. Let us assume you are elected supervisor. You immediately become a topic of small talk and big talk at cafes, clubs, picnics and even newspaper offices. Your private life is converted into public ownership. This is good for the nerves. You become immune to nervous prostration, and that is something worth while. You learn to feel happy when blamed for being in some places too often and in other places not enough. The public censures you for such human frailties as drinking too much or wife-beating to excess. If accused of being a prohibitionist, you must not resent it. Some people will say that you are a prude; others will say that you are irreligious. Some will accuse you of being a Catholic; others, of being an A. P. A. They will say that you are crooked, or that your honesty is too good to be true. At first you are peeved by this overwhelming fund of discoveries in and about your character. Subsequently you learn to use that charming bit of French repartee known as shrugging the shoulders. When you have achieved this, you are master of the situation."

"Well, Andy, I suspected something like that. But what I envy in the life of the supervisor is the carefree way in which he hops from public to private life and back again. Forget the scandal, would be my motto. I think I'd enjoy finishing my black coffee on Monday noon and riding in a luxurious automobile to the City Hall in the interests of the people."

"Nay, not so," said Andy. One duty of being a proud city father is that you are up at all hours of the night walking your child to sleep. Your home is open house to the chance visitor with a pet scheme on his hands. If you object, you are accused of aristocratic exclusiveness. If you seek rest at a cafe, your table is immediately approached by a busy-looking stranger. He may be soused; yet he is part of your constituency, and you dare not have him removed by a cop. Or, worse than that, he may be so darned sober that you feel criminal in possession of a sense of humor. You may be at church or theatre. Some one pulls you aside to start a little discussion on public affairs. You must not show uneasiness, or he will tell his brother-in-law that you are a blot on the charter."

"It begins to look to me that you men on the board are public servants. Hum! The downtrodden supervisor. At this rate, an eight-hour day for supervisors is what we need in San Francisco."

"No, my boy. What we need is an eight-hour day for critics of the supervisors. If we dress well, we are considered swell-heads and

quite likely grafters. If we dress poorly, we are trying to conceal the amount of our revenue. If we ride in an auto, some corporation has presented it to us. By the way, a supervisor's automobile is the common property of mankind. Anybody can hail it and ride where-soever he pleases. If you refuse to extend this courtesy, you are called a skunk—a term not likely to help your reputation. Your money is also at the mob's beck and call. If you enter some cool, crystalline habitat, and drink to a friend's health, a crowd of cheap skates will slide up to assist you, and then skate away. If you neglect anybody who is selling tickets for a benefit, he will neglect your whole political record, and vote for the guy he frightened into buying tickets for the whole family. We have many other duties you might not dream of. For instance, a model, up-to-date supervisor must be ready to attend the funerals of all highly respected citizens. Yes, Mr. Clockwinder, and he must also be prepared to attend the funerals of many highly respected ideals which he once considered immortal."

"In regard to the public, do you mean?"

Gallagher Analyzes the Dear Public

"Yes; we are surrounded by the public. The public is watchful but not grateful. A supervisor has the ever-present fear that some trivial incident will wreck his career at the very moment when he expects complete success. The public is divided into factions, and, with regard to the supervisors, might be likened to the bulls and bears of the stock market. While one side is boosting your stock, the other is knocking it. Take my own case, for example. At one time I was tremendously popular with the Christian Scientists, because I endeavored to regulate vivisection. This caused my stock to fall several points with the doctors. When the influenza broke out, I introduced the mask ordinance, thus causing the Christian Scientists to change their opinion of me, while some of the physicians returned to my side. Upon raising the carmen's wage fifty cents a day, I became a hero. I opposed the four-track measure, and was hissed as the villain in the plot. That's the way it goes. San Franciscans have no use for a man who speaks as he thinks. They have no desire that he think at all. What they demand is a yes-yes man. In the bright lexicon of some supervisors there is no such word as 'no.'"

"With all that," he continued, "I can say that I am a lover of the people, regarded as human-kind rather than a constituency. I love them, good or bad. One must have faith in mankind; but to do so he must keep his philosophy out of politics. Fifteen years of public life, with eleven years on the board, have convinced me that nobody ever improved on the circus man's remark that the public loves to be fooled. Tell the people a thousand times that they are right, and they honor you. Say to them once that they are wrong, and they depart with contempt. The ideal supervisor is something like a moving picture hero—all smiles and ready to lend a helping hand to every exploit that is having a popular run. Occasionally you see in public life a man who impresses you as being a jackass. And he may be that. Still, one of his long ears is cocked to the music of the band, and the other to whispers along the ground. He gets ahead. Whenever there is violent antagon-

ism, he lets the other fellow make the fight. He never ruffles his temper; never gets into an argument, but is always on the refreshment committee, so to speak; while the poor mutt who takes the oath of office seriously, goes into the dust of battle—and, in the dust gradually disappears. The glad-hander wins. I have seen on the board men who never gave birth to a single idea. They placate and please and are elected again."

He Views the Next Election

"What do I think of the next election? There will be the usual bunk. No doubt we will have a so-called business men's ticket. They have run before and won, and then found themselves frightened to death when face to face with their promises. They are fairly honest at first. They are fascinated by the glamour of public assemblage, the hand-shaking and the invitations, the little privileges that go with the office, and the dignity of being a city father. They are, of course, amateurs; full of the amateur's enthusiasm; happy as boys. In about six months, they begin to recognize certain facts, one of which is that the supervisor is not a perfectly free agent. They pull down their kites from the skies and set their traps for the next election. The amateur politician has become a professional. He has learned to give and take, to strike a balance between his conscience and his job."

"Graft? There is not enough nowadays to worry over. Small peculations occur here and there. My notions have changed considerably in these matters. I have watched. I have not found that men take bribes. There is a certain looseness, to be sure. You must expect that. The people have also watched, and changed. They have no desire for the miraculously virtu-

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ous government you see in the movies. Upheavals are not desired. Vice crusaders are no longer popular. At the same time, Mr. Clockwinder, I don't wish to be understood as saying there is no satisfaction in politics. To know that one is taking part in a great struggle, acting to the best of his ability, not always trying to be saint or a hero, yet moving in the right direction with the hearts of men, loving the battle of words and ideas for the pure pleasure of debate—if a man have enthusiasm for that, the board of supervisors is his opportunity to find it. And—and, if, now and then, he can tell somebody or other (some scamp, of course) to go to hell, his joy is complete."

"After all," said the Clockwinder, "all the world loves a supervisor."

New York Eyes on Pacific Coast Anarchists

The following is an extract from a letter written last week by a Wall Street power: The world seems to be in a whirl of doubt and uncertainty. The government mismanagement of our business affairs has been so terrific that there is no telling how, when or where business can be reclaimed from the slough of despond in which it now is. Politicians are doing their very level best to ruin the country. They are disgustingly socialistic, and are willing to play into the hands of labor, I. W. W. or the Russian Bolshevik. In fact, they are willing to prostitute every important interest of this country in order to get votes to keep them in power. I am told that a short time ago 5000 Russian anarchists were allowed to land at Vancouver and they are now hob-nobbing with the I. W. W. with the idea of curbing the entire force of labor along the Pacific Coast.

A Riot of Welcome

It was not a parade, that welcome home to the 363rd and 347th, nor was it a procession nor a pageant, nor a military review. "There warn't no such animals" in evidence on Tuesday last, for, in spite of the most elaborate preparations, and the printing of a programme complete in every detail, it was not possible to release any of them. San Francisco had awakened at last from its indifference to the fact that the war is over, that the homecoming heroes hitherto received at the Embarcadero had not been properly welcomed, and that they must open their hearts and lungs in true western style and enthuse to the utmost limit. That they did so to an extent that made a mad mess of inextricable and happy confusion of the whole carefully pre-arranged affair, is a congratulatory approval of the manner in which San Francisco welcomed the splendid heroes of the Argonne after it had once decided to really get busy and do something worth while. The preparations industrious and artistically hurried into resplendent being following the mandatory initiative of Mayor Rolph were most elaborate. Market Street was a blaze of bunting tastefully swung from ropes of evergreen and gaily decorated staffs all the way from the Ferry landing to the Civic Center; a giant floral and arboreal arch had sprung into being within a day or two, and the economical possessors of flagstaves along the line of march loosened up at last and displayed their flags unstintingly. All San Francisco as well as most of the denizens of the other bay cities arose early and consulted the morning papers to post themselves as to the programme for the day. It was a genuine time table, evidently as carefully prepared as those of a railroad, so there could be

no mistake. "Arrival at the Embarcadero, 9:30; head of procession moves at 9:45; Examiner Building, 9:55; Chronicle Building, 9:56; Powell Street, 10:10; Jones Street, 10:30; Civic Center, 10:45; Official Reception, 11:00." But for once preparedness had proven itself to be an empty name with a definiteness that must have filled all pacifists with infinite joy, for not one of these well intentioned promises resulted as they had been made. Long before the appointed hour Market Street was a mass of people. Every window along the line of march was black with expectant box parties; boxes, barrels, household furniture and hastily erected stands choked up the sidewalks, forcing the joyous throngs into the street, and soon there was no line of march left, for Market Street from Montgomery to the Ferry was a solid mass of humanity. The siren on the Ferry tower blew off according to schedule; its mighty roar was drowned by the mightier one of a giant steam whistle on the top of the St. Francis Hotel, and the crush bayward became denser and denser, until the police threw up their hands in despair and let it have its own way. Lines of cable had been stretched along the curb all the way, but the crowd pushed through or over them and filled the street chock-a-block, so densely that even the chief of police on a charger could not have pushed through it without a fight. At the appointed hour, evidently under some sort of magical influence, Mayor Rolph managed to emerge from the throng at the Ferry Building, preceded by his band and citizens in carriages, proceeded up town. Then the throng closed in again, surrounded the incoming heroes, and the glorious welcome to them was all that any one at the Embarcadero ever saw of the most gloriously enthusiastic

TAIT'S at the BEACH

2526 Great Highway

We beg to inform our patrons that we have made special arrangements with the **California Taxicab Company**, Telephone Franklin 4500, to take parties of one to five persons, from any part of San Francisco to our new establishment at the Beach for one way fare for **\$2.50** or round trip for **\$4.00**. The return trip can be made at any time to suit your convenience by notifying the Starter at the premises. **JOHN TAIT, Manager**

parade ever given in San Francisco. But that was the best part of it after all. What were lines of men and women in mufti and other garbs, often seen before, in comparison with contemplation of the touching welcomes home accorded most of the boys by fathers, mothers, sisters, wives and little ones. It was particularly affecting to note the joyous pride of young fathers whose little ones were placed in their arms for the first time; I saw a mother sob in an ecstasy of joy as she kissed the bars on her boy's right arm indicating that he had survived his wounds to be returned to her. I saw men kiss men as unreservedly as the women had; military restraint was powerless in the joy of that glorious welcome, and it seemed as though the officers had forgotten their commands to march on in the joy of the moment. It was an utter impossibility to interrupt the welcome of those happy men and women, and the ceremonies at the Civic Center must have been long under way before half the boys had escaped from the barrage of kisses and caresses at the Embarcadero. A father with his arms about his boy asked how he liked it after all and the reply was: "Great! And as soon as I'm discharged I'm going to enlist and go back again." Some of the other boys laughed at him, and one of them said he had gotten all he wanted of it, and if there was another draft they would have to burn the woods and hunt the ashes to find him. It is pleasing to be able to add, however, that the patriotic utterance of the first boy received several approving "me, toos," showing that a goodly number of them are soldiers from the mere love of it. Truly it was a gloriously inspiring scene that was enacted on Tuesday morning at the foot of Market Street, and one that will never be forgotten so long as we have souls whose tender memories are part and parcel of them. Every one of us was full of pride over what those boys of the 363rd and 347th had done for their state and country, and glad that the city had given them such a welcome home as will form one of the brightest pages in its future annals.

The Art Association Prizes

This year's exhibition of paintings at the Palace of Fine Arts is a notable improvement on the show of 1918. In the award of its first prize, the Art Association has likewise made a stronger bid for public approval, instead of bestowing the \$300 upon a member of its own faculty in the association school. This was Henry V. Poor, who received the honor from a jury of five, among whom were three of his fellow instructors. As the 1918 exhibition was extended by the San Francisco Art Association to contemporary American artists, the retention

of its first and second prizes within its own gates was considered a dangerously unethical procedure, especially as both awards were in money. While there were no surprises in the personnel of the jury nor the scope of their awards this year, both have a slightly more open look. A further expansion in policy would be welcomed by local artists and by those who give financial support to art institutions. On this year's jury of awards are Clark Hobart, who in 1918, when second vice-president of the association, captured the \$100 prize; Armin Hansen, director, who took a silver medal; Ralph Staek-pole, then a director, gold medal; Anne Bremer, bronze medal. The other member of this year's jury is Gertrude Partington Albright. They have found the best painting at the 1919 exhibition to be Gottardo Piazzoni's "On the Channel," for which he gets \$300. The silver medal for painting goes to Helena Dunlap's "The Orphan." Henry Poor's lithograph, "Metz Bridge," is given a silver medal. Silver medals were also awarded to Edgar Walter and Marco Zim for their sculpture.

Raisin Wine

With ruin staring them in the face, the owners of the hundreds of thousands of California acres of wine vineyards have been cudgeling their own brains and paying for the ideas of others, to find some use for their enormous crops that otherwise must be left to rot on the vines. Many thousands of acres of wine grapes have been unrooted to be replaced by prunes, apricots and peaches, for which, in a dried condition, the war has created a tremendous demand. But the ending of the war seemed to foreshadow a slump in the dried fruit industry, and some way to make the vines profitable again became an absorbing subject for study on the part of owners and consulting chemists. A promising conclusion was eventually arrived at. Millions of tons of grapes would be required to meet the losses resultant upon the devastation of European vineyards. It would be unlawful to crush the grapes and ship them in casks, fermented or not, and they could not be shipped in a fresh condition. So it was decided that the grapes should be left to dry on the vines, to be shipped in raisin form, and later manufactured into wine after being freshened by the application of water. This new expedient is being employed broadcast, but the wine that has been made so far is feeble in body, dried-fruity in flavor and has an almost entire absence of bouquet. This is, at all events, the opinion of several reputed judges who have tasted it, but the manufacturers declare that it is almost as good as the wine made from fresh grapes, an as soon as more experience has been gained in

the new industry it will be better. Let us hope it may, and that the straw grasped at by a worthy army of men who are drowning in the mighty wave of prohibition may expand into the sustaining strength of a non-sinkable life preserver.

PUT STOMACH IN FINE CONDITION

Says Indigestion Results from an Excess of Hydrochloric Acid in Stomach

Undigested food delayed in the stomach decays, or rather ferments, the same as food left in the open air, says a noted authority. He also tells us that indigestion is caused by hyper-acidity, meaning there is an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach, which prevents complete digestion and starts food fermentation. Thus everything eaten sours in the stomach much like garbage sours in a can, forming acid fluids and gasses which inflate the stomach like a toy balloon. Then we feel a belch up of gas, we eructate sour food or have heartburn, flatulence, water brash or nausea. Coupled with this condition of the stomach a case neglected, and a chronic case of constipation—and you have the worst enemy known to mankind.

In a case of this sort it is best to take a Laxcarin tablet twice a day, morning and night, until the entire condition is remedied. The remedying of a condition of this sort usually depends upon the length of time the person has been suffering from indigestion or constipation. Because one can expect to remedy an abnormal condition which has probably been lasting for years within a few weeks. However, it is safe to say that almost immediate relief is experienced directly after taking Laxcarin for a few days. While relief follows usually the first tablet or two, it is essential to keep up the treatment to neutralize the acidity, remove the gas making mass, start the liver, stimulate the kidneys and thus promote a free flow of pure digestive juices.

Laxcarin is very inexpensive and it is made out of pure vegetable herbs. It is absolutely harmless and it is used by a great many people. Its formula is not a secret to the medical world in general—as a matter of fact it is being used by thousands and thousands of physicians in daily everyday life. This harmless preparation is used by a great many people for stomach trouble and constipation. Laxcarin is sold exclusively by the Laxcarin Products Co., Dept. E-6, Pittsburgh, Pa. Price for full treatment of six boxes only five dollars. One box only costs one dollar, but it is worth a million to sufferers as it relieves them so well, and as it works as a clock.—Adv't.



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By TANTALUS

California Winners at an English Horse Meet

The famous race meet of Great Britain—the National Handicap—was held at Liverpool March 28. An immense assemblage was present, as this was the first time in four years the feature has been held. Incidentally, indicative of the normal reaction of the people after the long siege of war and stress, Colonel and Mrs. Carleton Allen (Bernice D'Evelyn) with a party of officers and ladies went up by special train from London. The old esprit was everywhere present and the event was a great success. Perhaps most interest was centered in the fourth event—flat, 7 furlongs—which secured a liberal field. One of the entries, somewhat of a novice, and by no means a favorite, carried golden poppy colors, and if as complimentary thereto, bore the name "Santa Cruz." Such a combination, a sort of "Home, Sweet Home" talisman, was too much for the Native Daughter of the Golden West, and favorite or no favorite, "Santa Cruz" was chosen for "her money." Patriotism and loyalty proved a happy pair for, contrary to the expectations of the fancy, "Santa Cruz" romped home a winner by two lengths, and as appreciative of his sturdy patron, multiplied very handsomely the dollars that had been placed upon him.

Social Notes

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hill have taken the W. B. Bourne, Sr., house on Webster Street, where they will live until the home which they intend to build is completed. They recently purchased the lot at the corner of Broadway and Webster Street and will erect a magnificent home thereon in the very near future. * * At a small, quiet wedding on Monday, April 21, Miss Gladys D. Rule and Benjamin M. Josephs were married. The ceremony was performed at 10 o'clock a. m. by Judge W. Nicolls of Sonora, uncle of the groom, at the Hotel Clift. Only relatives were present. After an elaborate breakfast, the bride and groom left for a motor tour south in a handsome car, gift of the groom.

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Upon their return they will reside at the Clift Hotel. The bride is the only child of Mrs. C. D. Rule and the late Eduard Rule, a member of a well known pioneer family. * * Mrs. Peter McBean left early in the week for New York, where she will join her daughter, Mrs. Henry Kierstadt (Edith McBean) until July. * * Hart Weaver left for the east a few days ago. Mrs. Weaver will join him the latter part of this month for a motor trip. Mr. and Mrs. Kent Weaver will join them next month. All will attend the motor races in the east and later they will motor back to California. Mrs. Kent Weaver was formerly Gladys Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Jones. Mrs. Hart Weaver was Inez Mooser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Mooser. * * Lieutenant and Mrs. H. T. Hunt, U. S. N., recent arrivals from Washington, D. C., have taken a house in Ross Valley for the summer. * * An enjoyable dinner of the week was that over which Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger presided at their home in Jackson Street. Those present were Messrs. and Meses. William Irwin and Frank Deering, and Senator James D. Phelan. * * Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford have moved to their home on Broadway from the St. Francis. * * Mr. and Mrs. Lorin Pickering (Harriett Alexander) arrived on Sunday from a lengthy stay in Panama and left the next day for the east, where they will remain during the next few weeks. Mrs. Pickering is the daughter of Mrs. Henry Kauffman and niece of Mrs. Mountford Wilson. * * Mrs. William B. Tubbs and daughter Emily left a few days ago for New York, intending to be gone several weeks, visiting many of the principal watering places. * * Francis J. Carolan was a recent dinner host at the St. Francis Hotel. His guests included Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy and R. Y. Taylor of New York. * * Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Bentley have taken the Menzies home in Ross Valley for the summer. * * Mrs. Timothy Hopkins entertained during the week at luncheon, followed by a bridge party, at her home in Menlo Park in honor of Mrs. A. Frausted of England, sister of Mrs. Arthur Eloesser of this city. * * The Misses Tynan will be hostesses at a large dance at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Tynan, on May 10. Many dinner parties will precede the dance. A large dinner will be given by Miss Edna Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, at her home in this city. Later guests will attend the Tynan dance. * * Lieutenant and Mrs. Marshall Arnold, U. S. N., who are at present at Mare Island, will soon leave for the east, where Lieutenant Arnold will be stationed. Mrs. Arnold was formerly Miss Frances Stoney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donzell Stoney. * * Mrs. Charles G. Clinch left this week for New York. She will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. George R. Wells, and her niece, Mrs. Marie Hanna. She will be away several weeks. * * When last heard from, Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon was in England visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George Fernor Hesketh (Florence Breckenridge). She writes glowing letters of her visit, and five interesting grandchildren. * * Mrs. John J. Briece and daughter, Miss Elizabeth, have returned to San Francisco from a six months'

visit to New York. * * Congratulations are being extended to Lieutenant and Mrs. George Dunlap, U. S. N., upon the birth of a son. Mrs. Dunlap was formerly pretty Marie Mcritt, granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Sedgwick. * * Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois left the first of the week for New York, expecting to be away several weeks. * * Mrs. Paul Preutzman of Los Angeles came up from the southern city a few days ago and is at the St. Francis Hospital, where she had an operation upon her throat. Mrs. Preutzman is the wife of a well known oil expert. She will be remembered as Theodosia McKissick, youngest daughter of the late Judge and Mrs. Lewis McKissick.

General Pershing and Mrs. Perry

Extracts from letters written by Mrs. Mary Hooper Perry, widow of Captain Frederick L. Perry, U. S. A., and daughter of the late Major Hooper of San Francisco, to relatives in this city, Mrs. Rose Hooper Lyon and George Kent Hooper.

Well, the famous Pershing dinner is a thing of the past, and not only did the Air Service—who gave the dinner—heap me with honors in asking me to receive with General Pershing mind you, and go into dinner with him, but the next day they sent me lovely flowers and thanked me for doing what I did. Everything went off beautifully; the dinner was small—only 40—and finished off with a ball. Never shall I forget the thrill that came over me when they threw open the doors of the beautiful ball room and simultaneously about 200 people rose to their feet, as our commander-in-chief entered with little "me" on his arm. It reminded me of those paintings of Napoleon at a grand ball. Rose's letter came with clippings of people over here. When I hear of all these women doing such wonders in French hospitals—I smile—you notice it's French and in Paris—and not in the devastated country with its mud knee-deep, and the awful sorrow of it all. I may not be decorated, etc., etc., but, by Heck! I've been with the fighting boys, and have seen what they went through; when they say how

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wonderful for me to be in Paris at this peace time, do they realize that anybody can celebrate and make a noise, but very few were where I was that day in Nancy—bomb-shot, beautiful Nancy? Alone I stood on a balcony listening to a mob singing the "Marseillaise," and realizing to the utmost everything it meant. I have worked here—but I have also had some wonderful moments and they weren't in Paris. I fear that much of the good our pioneer American women did will be overshadowed by the loose life going on there now. It is amusing to read about the French decorations of the many returning. Why, anybody who was connected with a regiment that could wear the aforesaid "Fourgère" could stick one on, and French decorations don't mean much. And when I hear you speak of different women, wives of army officers coming over, they can not come—no wife of any officer has come over since we came into things. Elizabeth Witter and Mildren Johnston, both San Francisco girls, will soon be home. Be sure and call on them. They worked with men in Dijon. They can tell you all about me. I am very fond of both. God bless and keep you all. Lots and loads of love.

Dot.

Another Letter from Mrs. Perry

Dearest Everybody: At last I have a moment to write you, I have neglected you all shamefully, but it has been a case of no time. The social end of the life on the Rhine has become so great a feature that they thought it necessary to appoint a chaperone. I was picked out and it means going somewhere every night in the week; besides this, I do at least six hours' canteen work (all the buying and caring for the stores). I do not care particularly for this every night outing—but I came over here to do as I was told and 'I'll play the game' at anything they put me to. One thing I do not have to stand regular night shifts, and that is a big help, as the shifts change every week and I would just get into one way of sleeping when I'd have to adjust myself to another. We are still billeted around the city. I went to Wiesbaden to see it and hear the opera. It began at 9:30 and ended at 4 o'clock. We had a bite to eat during intermission. We heard the Meister Singer. It was wonderful. Amer-

icans are now occupying the Schloss Namedie, the home of a prince of the Hohenzollern—and they have the prince's servants and table linen and silver; the prince and family are up in the third story! It is really amusing to think of us "vulgar Americans?" using, with the greatest ease the house and belongings of many German nobility, while the owners are occupying the upper stories. The Rhine country is not suffering for food—it is fertile and seems to have plenty, but with inner Germany it is very different and the world is facing one of the biggest problems of the war now. Food will have to be given to these people by the Allies, or all sorts of trouble will result—a starving man will stop at nothing, and bad as these Huns may be, their state is far from bright. I see nothing but sorrow for more of this generation. I don't like them—the pity of it all, when they had such a safe, wonderful future, that they could not have been content! How long our troops will be here nobody knows—but I will wager it will be many months yet. How long I shall stay I also do not know but as long as I can work."

Merry Gatherings at Techau Tavern

Now that Lent is over, Techau Tavern is again the scene of merry gatherings and every evening the famous jazz orchestra lures the dancers from the dinner hour to closing time. The ladies are enthusiastic over the wonderful dance favors, costly Kewpie dolls, which are presented to them at both special dance periods which begin and end the evening. The gentlemen receive large boxes of Malarchirino cigarettes. Singing by the Show Girl Revue Corps enlivens the intermissions of the dance.

A Wooden Wedding

On Tuesday last Mrs. George Bucknall at her home on Presidio Heights gave a reception and tea in honor of the tenth anniversary of the marriage of her daughter Margaret to Frederick S. Myrtle. There was merrymaking in plenty, numerous wooden present of a jocular nature, musical and literary entertainment, and the guests departed at six o'clock, so well pleased at the success of the afternoon, that regrets were expressed as a rebuke to the customs of wedding anniversaries, which did not provide some good name for an eleventh anniversary. The guests included, apart from the ten-year-old bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Thrane, E. H. Benjamin, Mrs. C. T. Deane, Mrs. George W. Young, Mrs. Ralph Guernsey, Mrs. W. A. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Birmingham, Miss Desirée Marriott, Uda Waldrop, Mrs. George Bretherton of Los Angeles, Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Courbisier, Mr. and Mrs. Clay M. Greene, Mrs. Frank Matthieu, and Stella Thomas Deshon.

Rainbow Lane

The second edition of the Fairmont Follies, produced for the first time in Rainbow Lane last Monday night, has, like its predecessor, completely captured the pleasure seekers of San Francisco and the cheerful resort at the top of the town has been crowded with merry makers every evening since the opening. Rudy Seiger, the director of music and entertainment for the Linnard hotels, has gathered together a galaxy of pretty girls, graceful dancers and good singers, while the costumes are marvels of originality and beauty. Little Charlotte Balzer, the dainty soubrette, has won her way into immediate popularity, while Perquita Courtney, the "vampire," Lucita Hall and Alice Blake, the novelty dancers, and Lloyd and Wells are other fa-

vorites who help to while the hours away. Miss Frieda Peycke, will be the vocal soloist of the Fairmont lobby concert this Sunday evening. The afternoon teas, given at the Fairmont every day between half past four and six o'clock, when Rudy Seiger's orchestra plays, are very popular.

At the Cecil

General and Mrs. J. B. McDonald are occupying an attractive suite at the Cecil. They arrived in the city Tuesday. Among the army folk who will entertain at dinner this evening is Colonel Baker. A coterie of friends who resided at the Cecil enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Woods at luncheon Wednesday. They included Mrs. Clapp, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. B. F. Keith, Mrs. William Hamilton and Miss Gussie Ames. Complimenting Mr. and Mrs. George Perine of San Jose, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Saunders gave a delightful Easter dinner. After an enjoyable visit Mrs. William Staats has returned to Pasadena. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Geary were dinner hosts Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. J. Willard Kessler are being extensively entertained. Mrs. E. Waterman, a society woman of Denver, is registered. Lieutenant M. B. Tyler, Jr., gave a dinner Monday. Mrs. L. A. Denerhis has decided to extend her visit indefinitely. Mrs. Worrall will return to the hotel next week.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY AN ORDER FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE
In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23070. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of JAMES W. CLARK (also known as JAMES W. CLARK, JR.), KATHRYN M. CLARK (also known as CATHERINE A. CLARK), and ALVERUS M. CLARK, Minors.

It appearing to this court from the verified petition this day presented and filed by Kathryn M. Clark, the guardian of the estates of James W. Clark, also known as James W. Clark, Jr., Kathryn M. Clark, also known as Catherine A. Clark, and Alverus M. Clark, minors, praying for an order for the sale of certain real property belonging to said minors, and that it is for the best interest of said minors for such real estate to be sold.

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby ordered that the next of kin of these minors and all other persons interested in said estate, appear before this court on the 19th day of May, 1919, at 10 A. M. at the court room of the above entitled court, in the City Hall, City of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 10 of said court, and then and there show cause why an order should not be made for the sale of such estate.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks before said day of hearing in the Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated this 21st day of April, 1919.

C. W. HUMPHREYS,
Attorney for Guardian,
703 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

4-26-4

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The Stage

Weather Forecast at Orpheum

More and more the weather men and women on the Orpheum boards are joining in the prediction that we shall have a dry season beginning July 1. It is Polly Moran or Clara Morton—no matter, as each is a wonder—who says that we got this country from the Indians and that next July we might as well give it back. Both these girls are deucedly strong on the deliciously wicked stuff, and Polly can hardly tell a prohibitionist from the looters of Belgium. Of these two entertainers, one might say that the dotty little Clara is the most deliciously wicked, while Polly is the most stupendous. Clara has a wriggle and a shiver-my-timbers manner that makes the word "naughty" seem like some mysterious French word that is synonymous with innocence. Whatever part of the audience is unfamiliar with the French language must at any rate feel that Clara's singing and frittering about the stage (conducted in English) arouses a French instinct, wherein propriety and impropriety, naughtiness and innocence are all one. There is less French than genuine, good old Nebraska sentiment in "Tarrytown," played by Harriet Rempel and Company. This is a tweety-tweet and sweet-sweet sketch of sentiment, in which a rich guy returns to the home whence he ran away as a boy and whither his imagination has always been running back. It contains also some choice humor, achieved without slang, and is satisfying as a cream puff with a dash of apricot brandy. We never become so up-to-date that we lose power to drop a tear on the old homestead. "The Artistic Pair," Paul Le Varre and Brother, French in name, manner and gilt furniture, are entirely O'Farrell-Street in muscle; their hauling and lifting of each other were enough to excite the plaudits of spectators long accustomed to almsot the maximum of this sort of athletics. In "Songs a la Carte," Ethel Davis at the song-buffet, with Freddie Rich at the piano, do a neat little turn that is neither too old nor too new for winning the audience. Sam Mann and Company repeat their success of "The Question," portraying four cruel, crooked, immoral characters and one honest man, who finally reforms the others, a la "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," with the addition of a farcical element. The reformer, the only reasonable character in the cast, is insane, as all reasonable men are, and is recaptured by the asylum guards. Talking about mysteries, we have at the Orpheum "The Miracle," consisting of a woman with a contralto voice, not miraculous yet mellow enough. The lady opens with Trilby's ditty, and then renders a few measures of any song you please, new or old, classic or ragtime; her Svengali goes through the audience collecting requests, and transmits them to the singer by means of some imperceptible code or wig-wagging. Frequenters of the Orpheum no doubt were surprised when the Mosconi Brothers, in "Dancing Odds and Ends," threatened to show some new steps. The Mosconis carry out their threat, and certainly bring more than a few novelties to eccentric dancing. On Tuesday evening, the Orpheum showed moving pictures of the soldiers' homecoming in the afternoon.

—L. J.

John McCormack and Compulsory Education

"Compulsory education stops with the schools," says John McCormack, the famous tenor, who will give concerts in the Exposition Auditorium, Sunday afternoons, May 11 and 18 at 2:30 sharp,

these being his only two concerts in northern California. "You can't force the public to learn unless the public desires to learn. That's why the so-called 'educational idea' in art is a failure, so far as all forms of entertainment are concerned. The primal requisite is to please. If by pleasing the artist is able to instruct, so much the better. If he fails to please, he can not instruct, except as he may hold himself up to the public as an example to be avoided. A friend of mine once remarked to me: 'As soon as you attempt to make a school of the stage the public begins to play hookey.' Art is in itself an education. It is the most subtle and insidious and delightful form that education takes. The artist who attempts to play the school master is the foe of art; because he robs it of its delightful quality, the very quality which makes it educationally effective. No where is the Divine Providence recorded as telling us 'You must breathe, you must eat, you must drink.' When it gave us being, it gave us the instinct to do all this,



JOHN McCORMACK,
Exposition Auditorium, Sunday Afternoons,
May 11 and May 18, 1919.

and when this same Divine Providence gave us human nature it gave us the instinct to love and seek the things that are pleasing. It is this primal instinct which teaches us to appreciate art. The savage can not appreciate art, you say? True, but he does appreciate the things which are pleasing, and that is the basis upon which all art is built. Human nature in its refinement is human nature just the same." The first McCormack concert is but two weeks distant. Edwin Schneider, that most gifted accompanist, who has played for none but McCormack since their first meeting in 1913, will of course be at the piano and the soldier-violinist and McCormack protege, Lieutenant Donald McBeath, will play violon solos.

Kolb and Dill in Final Week

With the performance of Sunday night, April 27, Kolb and Dill will enter upon the fourth and positively final week of their very successful return engagement at the Curran in their newest musical farce, "As You Were." The final performance is scheduled for Saturday night, May 3. Seats are now on sale for all remaining performances. Kolb and Dill's success in "As You Were" has been greater than any they have achieved in the numerous comedy offerings they have given San Francisco amuse-

ment lovers. Like their last attraction, "The High Cost of Loving," "As You Were" is possessed of a definite plot and the situations are logically introduced and not lugged in, as is the case with the average musical play. The stars themselves were never seen to better advantage, which is equivalent to saying that their presence on the stage makes for excruciatingly funny entertainment. The company, which embraces Julia Blanc, Marie Rich, May Cloy, Ethel Martelle, George W. Banta, Jr., Max Steinle, Jack Rollins and Frank Bonner, gives rattling support, and the stunning "fashion girls" are more than fair to look upon and are heard to advantage in the many atchy musical ensembles. On Sunday, May 4, comes the picturization of "The Better 'Ole," as screened by the original London company which first presented the famous comedy based on the Bairnsfather cartoons.

Marjorie Rambeau at Curran

Good news for lovers of the drama is that Marjorie Rambeau will open on June 29 in "The Eyes of Youth," in which she scored great New York success. Since playing in California she has become a metropolitan sensation and has made a fortune.

Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week may be briefly summed up as the paragon of vaudeville. "The Reckless Eve," a sparkling musical comedy composed by William B. Friedlander with book by Will M. Hough, will be the headline attraction next week. It will be given a magnificent production and a splendid cast, the principal members of which will be Esther Jarrett, Cecil Summers and Dewey and Rogers. Bessie Rempel, famous as a type comedienne, will appear in her latest success, "A Child of Childs," which is described as a mystery farce. Its author is Tom Barry and it tells of a tired and overworked waitress at Childs, who in her eagerness to free herself from the ties that bind her finds herself the accomplice of a pair of crafty crooks. Lester Crawford and Helen Broderick call their act "A Little of This and a Little of That." Florence Merritt and Gaby Bridewell are two pretty girls who are vocalists, song writers and comediennes of ability. Miss Bridewell is a sister of Carrie Bridewell, formerly prima donna contralto of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company. Neta Johnson, who is described as "The Scintillating Comedienne," is one of the most popular of eastern vaudevillians. Her performance is a joy from start to finish, and it is difficult to find a brighter, cleverer or prettier girl. The remaining acts in this excellent bill will be Clara Morton, "The Miracle" and Harriet Rempel and Company in "Tarrytown."

Alcazar

The shrieking absurdities of this week's "Sick-a-Bed," one of the funniest and best acted farcical plays given by the expert New Alcazar Company will be followed next Sunday afternoon by Robert Hosum's romantic comedy, "The Gypsy Trail," also new to San Francisco, and, curiously enough, the greatest New York success of Ernest Glendenning, who graduated from the Alcazar to achieve fame as one of the best light comedians on the American stage. A welcome announcement is the special engagement of Emelie Melville for one of those patrician grande dame roles in which she is so

adorable. A comedy of delightful charm is "The Gypsy Trail," and so is "Daddy Long Legs," to follow, with a farewell revival of only one week.

Who Knows?

A lad in a Chicago school refused to learn to sew, evidently deeming it beneath the dignity of a ten-year-old man.

"George Washington sewed," said the instructor, "he took it for granted that a soldier must. Do you consider yourself better than George Washington?"

"I don't know," said the boy seriously, "time will tell."—Harper's.

ALCAZAR

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Little of That"; CLARA MORTON (of the Four Mor-
tons) in "A Songalogue"; FLORENCE MERRITT &
GABY BRIDEWELL, Bright Bits of Mirth and Melody;
HARRIET REMPEL & CO. in "Tarrytown"; "THE
MIRACLE?" a Modern Svengali assisted by his Trilby;
NETA JOHNSON, "The Scintillating Comedienne";
HEARST WEEKLY; BESSIE REMPEL & CO. in
Tom Barry's Mystery Farce, "A Child of Childs."

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THE HISTORY OF CARDS

(Continued on Page 9)

at different times, and in different countries, there have been leaves, acorns, bells, cups, swords, fruit, heads, parasols, and other objects similarly represented. In English cards the colors are red and black; Messrs. De la Rue once introduced red, black, green, and blue for the four suits; but the novelty was not encouraged by the card players. The same makers also endeavored to supercede the clumsy devices of kings, queens, and knaves, by something more artistic; but this, too, failed commercially; for the old patterns, like the old willow pattern dinner plates, are still preferred—simply because the users have become accustomed to them. Until within the last few years the printing of cards was generally done by stenciling, the color being applied through perforated devices in a stencil plate. The color employed for this purpose is mixed up with a kind of paste. When there is a device at the back, the outline of the device is printed from an engraved wood block, and the rest filled in by stenciling. The stenciling of the front and back can be done either before or after the pasting of the sheets into cardboard. One great improvement in the manufacture has been the substitution of oil color for paste or size color; and another, the substitution of printing for stenciling. Messrs. De la Rue have expended large sums of money on these novelties; for many experiments had to be made, to determine how best to employ oil color so that the spots or pips may be equal tinted, the outline clear and sharp, the pigment well adherent to the surface, and the drying such as to admit of polishing without stickiness. The plates for printing are engraved on copper or brass, or are produced by electrotype, or are built up with small pieces of metal or interlaced wire. The printing is done in the usual way of color printing, with as many plates as there are colors (usually five), and one for the outlines; it is executed on the sheets of paper, before being pasted into cardboard. When the printing, drying, and pasting are all completed, a careful polish is effected by means of brush wheels, pasteboard wheels, heated plates, and heated rollers; in such a way that the polish on the back may differ from that on the face, since it is found that too equally polished surfaces do not slide quite so readily over each other. Formerly, every pack of cards made in England for home use paid a duty of one shilling, which duty was levied on the ace of spades. The maker engraved a plate for twenty aces of spades; the printing was done by the government at Somerset House, and £1 was paid by the maker for every sheet of aces so printed. The law is now altered. Card sellers pay an annual license of 2 s. 6 d., and to each pack of cards is affixed a three-pence stamp, across which the seller must write or stamp his name, under a penalty of £5 for the omission.

The cardboard, when all the printing is finished, is cut up into cards; every card is minutely examined, and placed among the "Moguls," "Harrys," or "Highlanders," as they are technically called, according to the degree in which they may be faultless or slightly specked; and the cards are finally made up into packs.

Machinery has been called into requisition in card playing. In 1815 a case was tried in which part of the debt claimed was for an instrument to cut cards so as to give an unfair advantage to the person using it. The alleged debtor had been most fortunate in play, winning at one time £11,000 from an officer in India. For an exactly opposite reason another machine was

used in 1818 by the Bennet Street Club. It consisted of a box curiously constructed for dealing cards, and was invented by an American officer.

Another curious fact relating to cards is the duty derived from them. In the year 1775 the number of packs stamped was 167,000, amounting to between £3000 and £4000 duty. Lord North put on another sixpence. Of course, a vast number of packs were smuggled in, paying no duty, as in the case of tobacco, in all times since its fiscal regulations. In the time of Pitt, 1789, £9000 were to be raised by an additional duty of sixpence on cards and dice, consequently there must have been no less than 360,000 packs of cards and pairs of dice stamped in the year 1788, to justify the calculation—a proof that gaming in England was not on the decline. In the year 1790, the duty on cards was two shillings per pack, and on dice thirteen shillings per pair.

This duty on cards went on increasing its annual addition to the revenue, so that about the year 1820 the monthly payments of Mr. Hunt alone, the card maker of Piccadilly, for the stamp duty on cards, varied from £800 to £1000, that is, from £9600 to £12,000 per annum. In 1833 the stamp duty on cards was 6 d., and it yielded £15,922, showing a consumption of 640,000 packs per annum. Much of this, however, was sheer waste, on account of the rules of gamblers requiring a fresh pack at every game.

In the Harleian Miscellany will be found a satirical poem entitled "The Royal Gamblers; or, the Odd Cards new shuffled for a Conquering Game," referring to the political events of the years from 1702 to 1706, and concluding with the following lines—

"Thus ends the game which Europe has in view,
Which, by the stars, may happen to be true."

In Vol. IV. of the same work, there is another poem of the kind, entitled "The State Gamblers; or, the Old Cards new packed and shuffled," which characteristically concludes as follows—

"But we this resolution have laid down—
Never to play so high as for a Crown."

Finally, as to allusions to gaming, the reader may remember the famous sarcasm of the late earl of Derby (as Lord Stanley) some thirty years ago, comparing the government to Thimble riggers in operation.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market was irregular the past week, although generally higher, with pool operations in the specialties the feature. Trading was on a large scale, and while there was some heavy profit taking going on at all times, the offerings were easily absorbed. The steel stocks showed a little more snap, but as usual, whenever the market goes above par for the big corporation stock, there was plenty for sale. A number of steps were taken the past week in an effort to eliminate the conditions created by the action of Director General of the Railroads Hines, in rejecting the prices agreed upon for steel rails, but no definite information was obtainable as to what the prospects were for a settlement. There is no doubt that the cost of producing steel rails averages higher for all companies than the price agreed upon, and it is believed considerable stress was laid on this point. Another argument most likely used was that rails could not be sold cheaper unless there was a radical readjustment of the present wage scale, and it is known that the powers in Washington are anxious to keep the pay of the workers unchanged, at least for the time being. The muddle in the steel trade has caused hesitancy in practically all other lines, and it is argued that the best possible thing for the entire country would be to have an early settlement one way or another, so that a natural resumption can begin as soon as possible. The copper shares continue to mark time, advancing a little on the strength in the general list. The price for the metal remains practically unchanged, with very little business being reported. The railroads, with the exception of Southern Pacific, seem to drag, with no special news. Speculators have fought shy of them, for the reason that there is too much money to be made in the more active specialties, and trade has dwindled down to purely an investment demand. Southern Pacific, with its immense oil holdings, is in better demand, as there is always the probability of an extra dividend being declared out of its oil holdings. The motor stocks came in for a good share of activity at higher prices, notwithstanding the poor statement issued by the General Motors Company. The pools in the different motor stocks that seem to have these issues well in hand, are talking much higher prices for them, especially Willys Overland and Pierce Arrow. Both issues are expected to increase their dividend in the near future. The oils continue to back and fill, with some of the minor oil stocks showing a good advance as compared with the previous week. Pierce Oil and Sinclair Oil were the features in the advance. Neither stock pays a dividend at present, but their statements recently issued proved to be so favorable that insiders are predicting dividends for both these issues. On the whole, the oil situation looks

very favorable, and no doubt the oil stocks have a big future ahead speculatively. The floating of the Victory Loan is considered more of a bull card than otherwise, now that the terms are well known, and it is believed that there will be no trouble in disposing of the entire allotment in record breaking time, and these bonds will sell at a premium as soon as they are listed on the Exchange. Sentiment, generally speaking, remains bullish, and the market is recovering very quickly from all minor setbacks, and barring any unfavorable news from abroad, relative to the peace conference, prices will work higher.

Cotton—The cotton market continues strong and active, with higher prices throughout the list, new high levels for the year being reached in the new crop options. The buying was general, coming from Continental, English and Southern speculators. The advance was due to a continuation of the advance at Liverpool, and to what was considered a favorable domestic consumption report. Timidity was still evident in the May option, notwithstanding the lack of improvement in the registered cotton in the market. There seems to be a fear that heavy deliveries will be made on May contracts, and the bulls are apparently afraid to take a chance. Most of the speculators are going into July and October options, with the latter the favorite by the Southern speculators. Heavier buying, the past week, by French, Belgian and English interests, is attributed to the approach of peace. Weather conditions were again unfavorable. Cold weather, with frost, in the eastern belt, during the past week, did not help the prospects. Opposition to the plan favoring a reduction in the acreage grown in the east and west, is having little or no effect on the planters. Appeals to patriotism are being made, but there is no indication that this method of shutting off the attempt of the planters to force higher prices will prove effective. The weather and poor fertilizers are contributing to the plan for a decreased production, and speculators, who believe that the campaign will succeed, are buying the new crop months eagerly. We believe there is only one side to the cotton market, and that is the constructive side. Peace will soon be a reality, and then the demand from the war-stricken territory is bound to make itself felt, to say nothing of the short acreage and the numerous crop scares that always make their appearance at the usual time year after year. We believe October cotton at present prices is cheap, all things considered, and look for much higher prices later on.

Orpheus of old could make a tree or a stone move with his music; but there are piano-players today who have made whole families move.—Boston Transcript.

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Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,336,411.92
Employees' Pension Fund	295,618.00

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THE QUEST OF THE HETCH HETCHY

(Continued from Page 4)

"You did, you innocent and golden-haired boob? And did not your civic manhood feel a thrill?" she laughed tinkle-tinklishly.

"Yes, kind fairy."

"Well then, kiddo; that is Hetch Hetchy. Nay, answer me not. There is nothing to say. Come away. Men do not wish to become better citizens—that is, not suddenly. I am two thousand years old, and I know. Most of the populace have forgotten whether the Hetch is a beast of prey, a song-bird or a buttercup. If the Princess Poppypetal should discover that the Hetch is only a water system, she would never forgive herself for sending you after it; and what is more to the point she would never forgive your going. It is too soon for this boon. In a few generations Hetch Hetchy will come to us gradually, as a matter of evolution. Forcing it abruptly upon the kingdom would be too revolutionary a proceeding. You would not be honored; you might even be decapitated. Don't kid yourself into thinking that people are in a hurry to improve themselves. This I ad-

jure thee: Say nothing about having met me here, or my reputation will be ruined. Tell no one that the Hetch is as hetchy as it is nor that water is watery, or your own reputation will be spoiled beyond repair. In other words, the moral is: Don't go poking after things that nobody wants to understand. So long, kiddo."

With that she vanished, and so did the prince's thoughts about most things. Then he returned to the princess and lived happily ever afterwards.

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American Correspondent (in Berlin, after the war)—Weren't you ever in the danger zone?

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Problem: Which will disappear from the earth first—kings or food?—Life.

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NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Application for Dissolution of MARYLAND GOLD QUARTZ MINING COMPANY, a Corporation.

Notice is hereby given that MARYLAND GOLD QUARTZ MINING COMPANY, a corporation, and a QUARTZ MINING COMPANY, a corporation, and a Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a petition praying for the dissolution of said corporation, and that Wednesday, the 28th day of May, A. D. 1919, at the opening of the court, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the court room of Department No. 1 of this court, have been appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said application.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of said court, the 21st day of April, 1919.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

Endorsed: Filed April 21, 1919.

RUFUS THAYER,
Attorney for Applicant,
Hobart Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

4-26-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 95286. Dept. No. 10.

JENNIE GAZZOLA, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN GAZZOLA, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOHN GAZZOLA, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's intemperance, non-support and cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of February, A. D. 1919.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNSWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
4 Columbus Avenue., San Francisco, Cal.

3-29-10

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, California, for April 1, 1919.

State of California
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Helen M. Bonnet, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Managing Editor of Town Talk, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; managing editor, Helen M. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; business manager, John J. Dwyer, 88 First street, San Francisco.

2. That the owners are: Owner, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; stockholders, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; Helen M. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds or other securities than as so stated by her.

HELEN M. BONNET,
Managing Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of April, 1919.

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(My commission expires May 29, 1921.)

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXIV. No. 1393

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, MAY 3, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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The Etiquette of Success
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Charlie Chaplin in Trouble
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Tamaki Miura's Inspiring Influence
The Clockwinder and Larry Dolan

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIV.

San Francisco-Oakland, May 3, 1919

No. 1393

Published Weekly by
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88 First Street, San Francisco
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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Viva l'America, Viva l'Italia!

This prettily fraternal cry during the past few days has been stirring the street crowds of Italian cities into almost riotous enthusiasm. It would be the harbinger of peaceful tidings to the peoples of both countries, were it not for the deeply to be deplored fact that as a finishing touch to this commendable sentiment there has been at all times shouted the unpeaceful addendum, "Down with Wilson!" Here again does history repeat itself. As in Shakespeare's tragedy, "Julius Caesar," the Roman populace shouts in turn for Marc Antony, then for Brutus, then back to Marc Antony again, so does the Roman populace of today acclaim President Wilson as being the champion of Italy, and then just as lustily condemn him as being its arch enemy. Not so many weeks ago his appearances in Italian cities were given the semblance of genuine triumphal entrances. Flowers were strewn in his path and a street was named for him after impressive ceremonies. Today his name is hooted along the same streets, by the same people, and the name of Via Wilson has been changed to Via Fiume, as a rebuke to his attitude with reference to the future disposition to be made as to the sovereignty of that hotly contested Dalmatian port. Here again are we faced by another of the pitfalls that every now and then appear in the pathway of the League of Nations to vitiate its progress and farther to delay peace. Strangely enough, it is a dispute in which both sides to it are right according to their respective points of view. Here is another instance of the weakness of that glorious ideal which was to ensure the peace of the world for all time. It eloquently provided for all possible contingencies that might arise in future disputes between the powers that were parties to the proposed pact, with one exception and that a vital one. It made no provision for the

control of that ever mercurial element in the soul of man which, for lack of a better word, we call the viewpoint, and which can rise and fall, be created or changed according to existing conditions. President Wilson was Italy's idol so long as he provided her with money, munitions and troops, and promised her dominion over the lost provinces she had regained; he was her hated foe when, true to the promises of his ideal to guard the sovereignty and protect the interests of newer and smaller nations, he declared that the Jugo-Slavs must have the port of Fiume. Italy is right from her viewpoint; President Wilson is equally right from his, and at the present writing it is difficult to foretell who is going to recede so that peace may be formally signed. In a speech before a city club a few days ago, Will Irwin declared that the Italian people were not in accord with the monarchical government; that they were actually republican in sentiment, and that the Italian ministers were bluffing in their threat to withdraw from the Paris Conference. But they have really withdrawn, returned to Rome, and their reception by the "antagonistic" Roman populace was quite as enthusiastic as that accorded so short a time ago to President Wilson. Perhaps this Admirable Crichton of correspondents and most entertaining of talkers may be able to explain all this away, but, just the same, Paris waits while the Italian crowds are yelling "Down with Wilson!"

* * *

Japan's Attitude

Japan, despite efforts of the Paris Conference to conciliate her with reference to the question of the equality of the races, is not yet satisfied, and the rest of the world, or at least that part of it which has no Mongolian sentiment, is not satisfied either. The pros and the cons are reciprocal in their respective attitudes, because to neither of them have the somewhat evasive decisions of the Paris tribunal gone far enough. Japan wants absolute guarantees of equality in all matters, social and political, between the white and yellow races, and the objectors declare this to be impracticable if not inherently impossible. The Japanese newspapers are especially venomous in their declarations that their country will accept nothing short of this, and Prime Minister Hara is being criticized because he has not secured such recognition with accompanying guarantees. The United States seems to be the single

target for Japan's journalistic spleen, while Australia is let off rather lightly, although that country is infinitely stronger in its antagonism to the influx of Japanese into England's most powerful colony. Japan insists that since Brazil has for years been welcoming the Japanese on terms of equality, other countries must do likewise, and is lashing herself into at least a journalistic fury because other countries shrink from emulating the great South American republic. She must have the Carolines and the Marshall Islands, because she has wrested them from Germany, unmindful of the fact that conquest was to form no part of this war. She also seems to lose sight of the fact that all her claims can not be recognized without fomenting discord that must lead to war between England and the United States on one side, and herself on the other, in which case it would surely be "all off with Japan." Should she secure, however, the support of Bolshevik Russia and Germany—but that's another question.

* * *

Mismanagement by Government

Government control of industries is a synonym for mismanagement and inefficiency. If the railroads of the country had been left in the hands of their officers and had been allowed to co-operate, the country would have had an infinitely better service than they have had under government management. There is no need to reiterate the abominable condition of the railroads at the present time any more than briefly to state one or two well known facts. Railroad service in the United States has never been so bad as it is today, and we are paying for it almost double what we used to pay. The train service is poor, and very much cut down. The cars are crowded, and it is a customary experience for travelers going short distances to be compelled to stand all the way. Express and freight are invariably delayed, and as we all know, the government has advanced the price of wages of railroad employees to such a point that the earnings of the roads are showing a heavy deficit. These points demonstrate more eloquently than any words could express, the stupidity of the government management of these properties, and yet the old excuse is put forth, that the taking over of these roads by the government was a war necessity. It seems to me that what we needed in the crisis through which the country has passed was greatly increased efficiency on the part of the railroads, and

not the absurdly decreased efficiency which we see on every hand. This same argument applies to everything else which the government has managed. We have seen the absurd and stupid blundering in the management of the coal industry, and in the case of the express companies. The perfectly childish direction of the telegraph and telephone lines is a joke. We can not see why a great country like this should be held up to ridicule by such performances as we have witnessed on the part of Burleson. Of course nothing better could be expected from a man of his calibre. But all of these things emphasize the monumental blunder of government management.

* * *

Sign That Petition

Now that the juice of the grape is to be put to referendum, let us make up our minds that there will be no more tomfoolery on the subject. Let us place our signatures to a petition as long as the Lincoln Highway, and tell the country that California, at least, is a safe and sane realm having no objection to a glass of claret with dinner or a hot toddy on a cold day. The prohibitionists have had a most adhesive way of arguing on the wrong side of this controversy. They have stuck to the point that wine has been the ruination of us, while we were inclined to think that the world had improved a bit hereabout and that people who indulge in a friendly glass are worth receiving in decent society. What influence the prohibitionists have brought to bear on the various legislatures, we have not yet learned. The suddenness of it all has been so bewildering that few of us realize how great a conspiracy must have been operating to spread this intoxication of reform throughout the legislatures of the country. Intimidation or other form of corruption is not to be denied when we hear that lawmakers with wine in their homes voted for the dry amendment. They had rejected prohibition on many occasions. What was it that caused them to yield recently and render criminal a custom cherished in their own households—a custom that will continue with them as long as well-stocked cellars will hold out? And there is no doubt in this little, vote-getting, law-tossed world that many of the legislators that were

frightened into voting the dry law would like to see the people take the statute into their own hands and wet it up again. The Demon Rum is not an entirely bad demon. It has made the friendly gathering glow with poetry and song. It has sheltered many a feast from the imps and worries of a workaday world. It has painted on memory's walls some of the sweetest pictures of the beauty of long ago. It has revived the weary soul in struggle, and soothed it in despair; cheered the soldier in the muddy trench, and encouraged the hero in the mire of the world's cruelty. It has saved the spark of life in the heart of the weakling babe, and warmed the fumbling hands with which old age clings to the scenes of earthly paradise. No; the Demon Rum is not all demon. Of it may be said, as of woman, sometimes hard to understand and sometimes a ministering angel. Besides, the rum demon is not the spirit of wine. One is potent in a crisis; the other charming in daily intercourse. A few have misused both. Therefore let a few prohibitionists misuse all the rest of mankind? No. Let us sign that petition when it is brought to us; sign it without fear. Save the vines and the fig trees; for prohibition at the worst could not be permanent with us. The vine-clad hills of California must be tended again. Do not sacrifice them for a long or a short time.

* * *

The "Shimmy" Dance

How is it that the little town of Palo Alto can capture so many prizes when something truly important is going on, while metropolitan San Francisco waits patiently to hear its name in the honorable-mention class? Here we have been wondering what in the name of Stella this new "shimmy" dance could be, and Palo Alto forges to the front, lifts the veil of mystery and performs the undulations that have attracted the eyes of the whole Pacific Coast to the dance of all dances. Those who have beheld the shimmering, voluptuous wriggles of the "shimmy" declare that there is nothing like it under the sun or elsewhere. Others avow that the reverse is the case; but they don't say where. The music of it is sensual; but that may be nothing against it. Most dance music is. If there be anything against the "shim-

mee" (as it is sometimes spelled) the accusations have failed to make the case clear. What are the objections of a few prudes to the stamp of approval which the virgins at Stanford University have given? Words fail to describe either the delights or the objections that have arisen with the "shimmy." The dance is said to begin with a sort of legato movement, which gradually involves the whole physical frame in a blissful tremulo, a glide allegretto non troppo, a walk pizzicato, and a final spasm embracing all that is best in the way of modern ballroom pleasure. It is full of shocks and thrills. The dance can go no further. Some of the experts say that you should not move your feet; others, that you may do so if you wish. There are various ways. Howsoever, the honor goes to Palo Alto for her enterprise in exploiting this novelty. What was San Francisco doing, and where was Berkeley? San Francisco naturally leans on the nearer college town for ethical support and experiment in the new forms of art; and at the critical moment, Berkeley failed us. The Teprischorean art flourishes in classic surroundings. The nymphs of the dance rejoice amid shady groves and cool foliage. Spring has come, and Palo Alto's hamadryads gracefully took to the "shimmy" as expressive of their vernal joy. San Francisco, being given over to car tracks, basalt blocks and telegraph poles, could hardly awake the springtime fancies that peep among the boughs and grasses where muses haunt. We cannot leave our work and go to Sutro Forest for the sake of practicing a new dance. But Berkeley has the oak trees and the greenswards where all that is beautiful can be tried out and handed over to San Francisco for general use; and Berkeley left us in the lurch. Perhaps the University of California will now be so good as to tell us why the name of "shimmy." Is this a technical step or a costume? Is the "shimmy" an esthetic or a folk dance? How do you pronounce it? Is the accent on the last syllable or on the penult. Since we have not been quick enough to introduce the "shimmy," we might as well be prepared to criticize it on arrival. Perhaps there is room for improvement in the hands and on the feet of the city that knows how.

Perspective Impressions

Clerical son of General Sherman says his father owes hell an apology for that war remark. Not at all. Germany made it truer than ever.

Wonder if the navy appliance to detect the approach of an enemy might not be used to indicate who is going to run against Rolph for mayor.

Critic says that figure of Victory on mud monument in Civic Center leans too far. That lean is toward the board of supervisors in supplication for permanency in stone.

Pin this in your hat. In a year from now Bolshevism will have been relegated to the land of terrible nightmares. This is no idle dream.

Looks like Poland is going to be sacrificed again, but it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Paderewski will no doubt return to sweeter music.

Moving picture in town which minors are not permitted to see. Why should any one be allowed to see it?

The Etiquette of Success

By Lionel Josaphare

Haven't you ever noticed something queer about the world? Answer, yes, I have. Never knew what it was until one day came the thought that I know more about Julius Caesar than of President Wilson. This is queer. Ancient history was written by historians, who told everything they knew. Modern history is writ by publicity men, who give us what they consider best for all concerned. This publicity of ours abhors a fool, and therefore makes a hero of every man clever enough to get his name in the papers. At election time we do not know the candidates sufficiently to select the best. Our only hope is for knowledge to avoid electing the very worst. Not that this is important; for, public officials rarely perform the duties of their office. An underling does that. Noble reforms are usually the work of a private secretary, who studied epoch-making speeches, together with spelling and punctuation, in a shorthand school.

Thus, fame is, for the most part, a fictitious affair. Reputation is a figment, a newspaper doll, a thing of imagination. The real man does not appear. When he sneaks from his paper fame back to private life, his public career and his public character end like a scrap of paper. That is why Pericles, governing Athens, 450 B. C., is more familiar to us than the governor of our own state. History made Pericles a real man—supreme as a statesman and a moralist and yet a sinner.

As a politician's constituents have little knowledge of him, it must follow that success is achieved through a system of its own. Intellect is no part of the scheme. The politician is not a leader. He is led. He invents no steam engines; his agility consists of scrambling aboard the cow-catcher. The same is true of business concerns. Honesty, diligence, courtesy. These constitute the broad road to the big salary—a road so broad and so filled with adventurers that few are able to make the front. The by-path to success is not advertised. Its rules are divulged to a few. The commercial equivalent of the office holder is the department head. He is not a worker. He signs his name here and there, or lets others do it with a rubber stamp.

How has it happened that so slight a thing as a signature is done with a labor-saving device? The world has obeyed the injunction to be fruitful and multiply; and the multiplication has been so vast that canned fruit has replaced the peck of peaches. As for humanity's fruitfulness, it is a matter of canned ideas. Big business consists of putting the cans on the market and preparing the people for the price. But the head of a meat trust knows naught about slaughtering a pig. The grain merchant could not plow a field. The baker can not leaven a loaf. Corporations have multiplied and divided the small producers. The corporation president is a financier. The orchard is in the hands of a banker. The chief potato grower is a coupon cutter. He is unknown to his customers; his potatoes are unknown to him. That is the queer part of the modern world—a general ignorance of what is going on. The world does not know what it is doing. It is the fly on its own revolving wheel, topsy-turvy in the dust of its own raising. When we come to view the great whip-wielder, the mover of all, the captain of industry, we

find him not at the wheel but at a desk, a fidgety cigar smoker fumbling for a fountain pen and a digestive tablet.

These terrific hordes with their bills of lading and their rubber stamps have made a new world, and anybody who enters it in an old-fashioned spirit would be as much out of place as if clad in doublet and hose. A new etiquette is demanded, a new humility, a subjection to the fountain pen instead of other symbols.

The following precepts are not set forth as the only method of advancing self-interest. They are merely culled from the hitherto unwritten etiquette of those who have already won their places and have set the fashion for newcomers. An independent candidate slips in now and then, to be sure—and more honor to him; but he is not so often now as then. And be it understood that these precepts are not intended in satire. Neither are they Machiavelian. They may be far from ideal; they are universal in fact. Here goes:

To be successful in any large organization, you must first prove yourself to be an organization man. Stand for all that the concern stands for, and condemn what it condemns. You must be a snob intellectually, with the manners of a cavalier.

Do not hesitate at surrendering your individuality for eight hours a day. If you can not be a snob, you have no place in a big enterprise. Other snobs will make this plain to you.

You will hear the \$200 man speak in a \$200 voice to the \$100 fellow. Acquire the tone which your salary demands, proving yourself susceptible to the next improvement.

Do not affiliate with your fellow workers, nor befriend them in any way. This is vital, as you must side with the interests of those who dominate the multitude of workers.

When a dispute arises between employees and a department head, immediately approve the latter. He will thank you for it, and the workers will respect you for it. A tone of authority (the military and successful temperament) is a pass to success.

In most institutions there are feuds between one department and another. Maintain the integrity of your own. This is one concession that must be made to even the humblest worker in your own department. It is traditional with high and low. In large corporations, about a tenth of the time and a tenth of the overhead expense go to this end. Cast all blame on the other department, or some of the odium will attach to yourself. And it is better to remain unnoticed for six months of good work than be made conspicuous for a single minute in error.

Never correct your fellows in prevention of a mistake, regardless of the expense to the corporation or the public, wherever you be employed. A legitimate point in the game of advancement. Make no comment on another's error or inefficiency unless invited by a superior to do so. If you yourself make a mistake, admit it quickly, and rebuke yourself gently.

Do not take anybody into your confidence, concerning matters large or small. This is the invariable custom of department heads.

Never allow an inferior to become acquainted with the details of your work. Study the details of the man above you.

Plead ignorance when requested for information that would assist another in his general

course of conduct. Every point gained, or a lesson learned, by another is a point against your winning.

It is generally considered good policy for an ambitious man to inspire dislike rather than popularity among his equals. In the antagonism between class and class, never let the management have cause to suspect your sympathies. All subordinates, at any rate, should dislike you. If they complain to headquarters, the verdict will be that you are making them work.

If you have the power to discharge help, eliminate those men who have possibilities, faculties, knowledge or resourcefulness likely to endanger your own. Especially in a long line of promotion possibilities, it is your duty toward superiors to remove from the race behind them any contestant whose abilities are too conspicuous. If you have not the power to discharge him, make conditions disagreeable as possible, so that he will resign. Appoint a certain number of incompetents, to ameliorate the strong competition around you. Praise no one.

Among politicians, there is considerable courtesy; but rudeness is a part of business life. It is a theory of most department managers that if you treat an employee with kindness you destroy his efficiency. As in military discipline, you should not thank an inferior for performing his duty.

Keeping in mind that the managerial person may possess the least intellect in the department (as he is a disciplinarian merely) be careful not to contrast your own ability with his. Otherwise you will be eliminated. Declare that your best work is performed on the advice and example of your manager. You are working for him—not the corporation. You may be astonished at the way he will assume credit for work which you have done completely. As soon as he has done this, be assured that you have nothing to expect from him in the form of generosity. Test him in that way, as he will test you in his. We argue with philosophers only. Never make the mistake of honoring a statesman as a philosopher.

If your chief gives an order that something be done in a certain way, and you are absolutely sure that he is wrong, and that disaster will follow his method, pretend to follow it nevertheless, but do the work in your own way. If the result be satisfactory, he will praise you for doing exactly as he said. This is the usual thing in commercial as well as governmental circles, even at the national capital. And there is nothing remarkable about it, for the executive heads can not be supposed to know as much as the workers about official routine. It is well known at Washington that when a cabinet officer leaves the city, the routine of his office goes on all the more smoothly.

Department heads commonly say "I" did this or that, meaning that the department did it. Or, again, "I worked overtime every night last week, meaning that his department did. His "I" is synonymous with the editorial "we." Be careful not to use the personal pronoun if you are a subordinate. Every department has some one to whom etiquette attributes the honor of all the good work.

The successful man is self-centered, meditative, oblivious to his surroundings. When addressed by a visitor or any one of less importance in

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The Uses of Society

By Florence Howe Hall (daughter of Julia Ward Howe)

What is the use of the thing called society? What are the objects for which men come together in social meetings of various sorts? "Empty show and vulgar display, the wish to marry their daughters and to advance their own way in the world," cry the cynics. "Vanitas vanitatum," they say of it all, and deny that it has any real use or gives any real pleasure.

Yet these very same people who so decry what is technically called society in our great cities, usually have a society of their own, a circle of friends whom they enjoy meeting very much. Indeed, these carpers will often go themselves to balls and parties, when they are invited, and will, to all outward appearance, enjoy themselves as much as anybody. If you speak to them on the subject, however, they will say that it was all very great folly and nonsense, etc.; that they only went because So-and-So was kind enough to ask them.

There are comparatively few people who do not really enjoy society of some sort, though they may dislike that which seems to them too showy or too formal. Even the cynic Diogenes himself occasionally attended festive gatherings, and when asked what kind of wine he liked best, replied, "That which is drunk at the expense of others."

Man is eminently a gregarious animal. Is not condemning him to pass his life in solitude the most terrible punishment that can be bestowed on him—a punishment which has often driven its victims into hopeless madness?

It is true that Swift has said, "A wise man is never less alone than when he is alone;" but what a terrible commentary on this saying was the lonely, unhappy life of its author, alone in the midst of crowds! Thackeray says of him, "It is awful to think of the great sufferings of this great man. Through life he always seems alone, somehow. . . . The giants must live apart. The kings can have no company. But this man suffered so, and deserved so to suffer." And again, "He was always alone; alone and gnashing in the darkness, except when Stella's sweet smile came and shone upon him." Swift was alone; not because he did not mingle with other men, but because he had little in common with them. His genius lifted him far above ordinary people, while his unhappy temper and disposition placed him far below them in the moral scale.

Whether society is of any use to us must depend largely on the spirit in which we go into it. If that spirit is purely mercenary or selfish, it is not probable that we shall do ourselves or any one else much good; but if we go into the world in the spirit of goodfellowship, meaning to have a good time and to help others to have a good time, to be amused, instructed, cheered or moved, as the occasion may demand, then society will be both a pleasure and a benefit to us.

If you want to enjoy salt water bathing, you don't go into the ocean clad in a waterproof garment; and if you wish to enjoy society, you mustn't enter it clad in a cast-iron armor warranted sympathy-proof. If you enter it in the spirit which Swift too often showed—the unamiable one of bullying and snubbing men and saying unkind things to women—why, you will enjoy it about as much as he did, and quite as well as you deserve.

Emerson says, "The delight in good company, in pure, brilliant, social atmosphere, the incom-

parable satisfaction of a society in which everything can be safely said, in which every member returns a true echo, in which a wise freedom, an ideal republic of sense, simplicity, knowledge, and thorough good-meaning abide, doubles the value of life; . . . the hunger for company is keen, but it must be discriminating, and must be economized." Would that we could all hope to enjoy often such society as is here described, and that we might be intellectually and morally capable of appreciating it!

One very positive use of society, though not the pleasantest one, is to teach us our own limitations, and to keep down that self-conceit which, like a cork, is forever bobbing up to the surface.

Narcissus met his foolish fate because he stayed alone, his eyes and thoughts fixed on himself; if he had been content to dwell with other men, he would never have been the victim of his own vanity.

Goldsmith says, "People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after."

The chief use of society, it seems to me, is threefold: first, the amusement it affords—the relaxation from care so necessary for every human being to have; second, the good will and good fellowship that it promotes between men and their fellows; and last, but not least, the sharpening of the wits, the intensification of the intellectual powers, which it brings to pass in many people. Even two chips of wood if rubbed together will produce flame; and even two dull wits if brought in contact with one another, will throw out more light than either could do alone. And when you assemble in one company men of brilliant talents instead of dullards, how dazzling is the effect! The electric current of intellectual sympathy runs through the assembly, and flashes of wit—the wit that is wisdom—of brilliant satire, and of sparkling anecdote, delight the lookers-on at such a contest of intellectual giants!

Could we spare from our literature the brilliant things that have been said in this world, and said in society, though not always at court balls? Great as are the delights of the written word, we can not live upon them alone. Deaf and dumb people are proverbially gloomy. All the treasures of literature may lie open before them, but the spoken word of their fellows, the social word, they can never hear nor know save in image and dumb show.

In one of Plato's dialogues we have an exposition of the value of the spoken word that is truly wonderful. Through the mouth of Socrates he shows us how it may leaven the whole world of thought. This would not be an astounding discovery in our day, since the modern world knows that Christianity was taught orally; but that a Greek philosopher of ancient times should have thought it out before the Christian Era, shows how profound was his reasoning, how keen his insight! These wonderful thoughts were worked out largely in solitude, as one prepares for war in time of peace.

Madame de Staël said, "Fine society depraves the frivolous mind and braces the strong one." Those who live for society, to whom it is the end and object of their existence, instead of merely a means of agreeable relaxation, and a pleasant way of meeting their kind—such peo-

ple may fairly be considered frivolous, and may incur the reproach of dissipation.

The poet Cowper says:

"Man in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bed. 'Tis there alone
His faculties expanded in full bloom
Shine out, there only reach their proper use."

Cynics like Byron may contend that society creates neither good feeling nor mutual kindness, but mankind knows better than to believe them.

"Society itself, which should create
Kindness, destroys what little we had got:
To feel for none is the true social art
Of the world's stoics—men without a heart."

These lines express only a half truth, not a whole one.

Even worldlings give us unconsciously a proof that society promotes good will among its members. Do not many of them mingle in it with the avowed purpose of bettering their fortunes or improving their business? Yet how could this be if it only promoted ill will and contempt among its members? Do people help the fortunes of those whom they dislike, or intrust their business to those whom they despise?

The man who affects to despise society, and yet mingles in it to further his own ends, may or may not be a hypocrite, but he lays himself open to the charge of being a designing person, who makes other people his dupes and tools.


It would be foolish to deny that there is a vast amount of humbug and of empty pretence in society; but there is something more, something that we can ill do without.

Every one who has lived for any length of time in the real country understands, as no dweller in towns can understand, what a blessing society is to mankind. Is not suicide especially common among farmers' wives, who can

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CARL SWORD, Manager

The Spectator

The 91st and the 40th

While the papers are now using pages of space in description of the return of the boys of the 91st, it was not so many weeks ago that the first contingent of the now famous "Powder River" lads returned to San Francisco, marched up Market Street and were casually represented as "pill rollers."

The story back of the circumstance seems to lie in the seeming feeling between the enlisted men in the 91st and the men in the 40th, another California and western division. The feeling may have resulted in the gulf that has been created between the men who got into action and the men who did not. And it may have been because the 40th was more press agented than the other western outfits.

However, when the vanguard of the 40th entrained at Camp Merritt it was surprised to find that sixty-seven members of the 91st had climbed aboard. These boys from the Wild West outfit had been wounded, discharged from the base hospital in Bordeaux without any particular instructions as to where to go and what to do and so boarded a transport for home. Reaching New York about the time the 40th was leaving, they divided themselves into small groups and climbed aboard their train.

Once aboard the train the problem of eating was presented. The troop train had only provisions for the personnel of the 40th. When the train started it looked as though the veterans of the 91st were in for a seven day fast. However, the "Powder River, Let Her Buck" cry, the rallying signal of the 91st, was sounded, the sixty-seven assembled from all parts of the train and before an astonished mess force in a kitchen car realized what had happened, the 91st men had taken possession of their car and were solving the "chow" problem in their own way. From that minute the battle started. All the way across the continent the sixty-seven pitted their forces against the 40th.

At division points where the train stopped the 40th men would stage a parade while the 91st men would loiter around baiting the paraders by asking them what battles they had participated in. When the Red Cross provided the 40th men with hot coffee and sandwiches, which are provided the returning troops, the 91st men would show their wound stripes and claim the special ration of cake and other delicacies which the Red Cross provides for the blessés.

When the train reached the Oakland mole there were many blackened eyes and not a few sore noses. However it remained for the 40th to retaliate with a crushing bit of strategy. When the parade was formed on Market Street and the soldiers marched out to the Civic Center, to receive the words of welcome and other things from the city officials, the sixty-seven wounded men brought up the rear.

"Who are those fellows?" asked a reporter of one of the 40th men.

"Huh," retorted the Sunset man—"They're only a bunch of pill rollers we brought along."

The Doughboy's View

Some evening when the routine of theatres, cabarets and clubs becomes monotonous, lay in a stock of cigars and wander out to the fireside of one of the "Y" huts at the demobilization camp at the Presidio and get the "doughboy's" view of the army. It will sur-

prise you—unless you have a son, or brother, or employee, or friend who is wearing or who has worn the O. D. uniform.

"What about our American aviators?" I asked a doughboy the other day.

"They were the bunk," was the answer.

I asked the reason.

"The usual boneheadedness on the part of the war department," he replied. "This country has more real mechanics than any other nation on earth because we have more automobiles and more machinery. Did the government make use of them? No. If a fellow could handle Greek and Latin, he got his commission as an aviator. If he knew gas engines and mixed his verbs, he couldn't qualify. What was the result? Our air service was a joke until they finally began to get wise and let real mechanics like Eddie Reickenbecker get into the game."

Incidentally, we now notice that the government is planning a \$10,000,000 aviation ground school to be located some place in the state where aviators will be given four years' instruction in the mechanics of the gas engine. Apparently the War Department has gotten around to the viewpoint of the "doughboy."

The Clockwinder Visits Larry Dolan

Through the basement door of the City Hall, into room 6, turn to the left, turn to the right, past the third milk can and into the private office of Larry Dolan, the big sealer of weights and measures, went the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. He took a chair, eyed the miscellaneous liquid measures, scales and other testing apparatus, and then mopped his magnificent brow with a gorgeous polka-dot handkerchief.

"This place always makes me feel that I am weighed in the balance and found wanting," said the Clockwinder.

"What is it you're wanting?" asked Larry Dolan. "Man wants but little here below."

"But he wants that little weighed correctly," sighed he of the Ferry Tower. "Why are we all so exacting? It seems to me that we all got more for our money when the grocer short-weighted us. What's the answer, I dunno. Nice quiet place this. Powder River! Let 'er buck! Ye-e-cip!"

"Oh, I see," said the Sealer.

"Yep. Got full measure today. I am taking a course so as to maintain a high average even if prohibition goes into effect—which I think it

will not, Larry. It can not be. It shall not be. But, never-r-r-the-e-e-less, if it should be—O ye suffering bagpipes of Scotland, my average will still be high for the season. After that, the end no man can see. But I just came along to ask you if I ought to paste a revenue stamp on myself for what I contain this afternoon. I'm bottled in bond. Nice, quiet place this. Say, Larry, what I wanted to ask you is—what chance has the average man to be elected to office next November? What's on the market?"

The man of weights and measures answered offhand: "I hardly think there will be any vacancies, this time. Most of the boys are satisfied with their jobs. You haven't heard that anybody intends to do any running for office, have you?"

"That's what I wanted to hear from you. You know all about those things."

"Haven't heard a thing. Of course, there will be a little voting. Just a little formality which Rolph and some of the others must undergo. The election will be quiet—very quiet."

"Where will you hold it? Down here in the basement?"

"We don't do such things nowadays."

"Don't be offended," said the Clockwinder. "I just thought, from the way you spoke, that the election would be held in a pint measure."

"Only for the opposition tickets," remarked Dolan.

Rolph Popular in the City Hall

"You mean to say that there is no public-spirited doubt about Rolph's re-election?"

"I haven't noticed any."

"What else haven't you noticed about next November?" The Clockwinder smacked his lips in memory of what he had taken earlier in the afternoon.

"Well, it is a little early to notice or not to notice anything."

"How about that Business Men's Ticket?"

"O yes; Tired Business Men's Ticket. No excitement there. No pep."

"Say! Trying to get you excited is like trying to be witty with a deaf lady. You're not like the mayor. When I read Rolph's New York speech—'Boys, remember Larry Dolan's at 29th and Mission, and get back to San Francisco soon,' I—"

"That was a little mistake. I have no 'Larry Dolan's.'"

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San Francisco, Cal.

"Don't you own a saloon?"

"No, I do not. My late brother had a saloon out there."

"How did the mayor come to make such a mistake?"

"The best of us make mistakes."

"But the mayor must have had something in mind," insisted the Clockwinder. "However, I'm not trying to wring any secrets between the City Hall and 29th and Mission streets. Nine of the supervisors go to the bat, don't they?"

"Hynes, Hayden, Hocks, Welch, Wolfe, Kortick, Brandon and Lehaney."

"Gee, but you rattled those names off."

"Just happened to remember them. They will have to be re-elected."

"You mean they will have to run?"

"Mere formality. No excitement. No pep. All's quiet."

"Say, Larry, where do you get all this quietude stuff? Suppose somebody said that about you when you ran for office?"

"Well, times were different when I began to dabble in politics; that was about twenty-five years ago. In those days, a man did some running when he ran for office. He hired a rig, and his friends hired rigs, and they decorated their hats and coat lapels, and the horse and the buggy, and they scattered election cards and prosperity along the streets, and they scooted about from saloon to saloon."

"Ah, the saloon—going, going, gone with the noble red man."

"They skipped from saloon to saloon, to show what a good fellow was being offered to the populace. The candidate himself threw a \$5 piece on the bar and called for volunteers. Sometimes the barkeeper would make change; sometimes he would keep the whole five, just to show that he was a good fellow himself. Why, the night before election was like New Year's Eve. Everybody was happy and broke, and a few months of good old office holding was necessary to replenish the victor's fortunes. But there's nothing like that today. The saloon is out of politics."

"Is that why a newcomer has no chance to work his way into the board of supervisors now?"

"Oh, no. Public office is a steadier job now. Less pep and more class. More refinement. Less hurry and worry."

"No worry about grand juries, eh?"

No Kick in the Political Cocktail

"That's it. In the old days a supervisor worked awfully hard. He could hardly stand the

strain of more than one term. The bosses cut out a terrific pace for the swift-footed politician. The people couldn't help noticing it before two years were up; and the newspapers had a deadly curiosity about municipal affairs. There was graft in those days."

"Ah, them was happy days. Here's to them," and the Clockwinder made an empty gesture.

"There were many ordinances that related, for instance, to the gas and water companies. Some ordinances had a queer look. Some were almost confessions for ten years in San Quentin. The people got sore."

"Ah, the people!"

"Today there are no bosses, no graft, nothing for the people to get sore at. Making laws for the city is losing its hold on the popular favor. The City Hall as a place of amusement has no drawing power. Sometimes you find yourself alone in a corridor. It's like some one had stolen the harp from Tara's walls. All's quiet."

"Are there no bosses any more?"

"No. Gavin McNab might be called a boss; but he is high class."

"Why, Larry, a high-class boss isn't a boss."

"McNab wouldn't dictate. He wouldn't tell anybody how to vote or whom to nominate."

"A boss that wouldn't dictate. I bet McNab wouldn't even dictate a letter, eh, Larry? Shades of Shady Pete! It's a shame. What was the cause of this downfall, now?"

"Uplift caused the downfall. Not that I regret it, you know. Civil Service. Formerly a successful candidate had about seventy-five or eighty places to give away. That was something to fight for. All civil service now, except the chief deputies. And that's a good thing. An office-holder needs at least one confidential friend in his office."

"Doesn't Mayor Rolph boss the supervisors a little?"

"Not to frighten anybody. The mayor has a few appointments in his pocket, and that gives him a certain amount of prestige with the board, whose members have a few favors to bestow among the people. That's not bossism. It's all done openly. No scandal. All's quiet."

"I was thinking of running for supervisor or something. You wouldn't advise me to hire a band-wagon?"

"No; the big bass drum doesn't beat up any votes today. Most of the candidates will pass election with their families, play the 'Maiden's Prayer,' if they have a turn for music—go to bed sober, with a clear conscience—and wake up elected."

"What chance has an honest man today among all these honest men?" muttered the Clockwinder, and returned to his tower.

How to Select a Career

Banking.—To succeed as a banker it is first necessary to get a bank. This accomplished the remainder of the work is simple. The only thing left to do is to accept deposits at 4 per cent and loan them out for 6.

Business.—Despite magazine articles to the contrary, business success is not difficult. It is only necessary either to buy or manufacture goods at one figure and unload them to the public at another.

The Movies.—Motion picture work, in comparison with other lines of work, may be said to be a "rookie" industry. Given a preliminary education as an acrobat or strong man, any able bodied man should easily qualify for a star. This new industry also offers unusual opportunities for young women who understand diving and vamping as a fine art.

The Law.—It may occur to the average man that if people were honest there would be little use for lawyers. However, in this connection it may be pointed out that many of our best politicians began their careers as lawyers and the various schools of jurisprudence in the country are turning out larger classes than ever. To the young lawyer we would say: "Success is easy. All you have to do is to forget Blackstone and turn your attention to scaring up clients and cultivating judges."

Medicine.—The young physician with ambition should first equip himself with a Van Dyke, a professional air, a closed car, a mysterious black satchel well stocked with C. C. pills under various names and a copy of Dunn and Bradstreet's well known publication. By judiciously selecting your patients from the latter and eternally sticking to it, the physician need only have one fear in the future—the income tax man.

Architecture.—Clients and designs are the chief source of worry to the young architect. Designs may be said to be the simplest of achievement. For a design the architect may either retire to his private office and think up something original or take a trip to another community and get a few ideas.

The best method of securing clients is to have one client recommend you to another. This can readily be accomplished by adding 10 per cent to the cost of your building in the original estimate and knocking it off when the final bill is paid with a few well chosen words about giving the job your personal supervision, as is your usual practice, and saving money for the owner. If the client can be found in Dunn or Bradstreet, it helps out immensely in the difficult problem of fixing the amount of your fee.

Politics.—As a game politics offers all of the fascination of poker. If you win you may

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walk away with anything in your pocket from the office of town marshal to the president of the United States. As new towns are being founded every day, and as each new town needs a set of politicians, the possibilities in this line of endeavor can readily be seen.

However, politicians are more or less temperamental. Some of them have even been known to recuperate after a hard political battle in a quiet cell in a penitentiary. It may be said, though, that these instances are more in the nature of accidents than of volunteer effort.

Friendship with politicians in the right office also offers a subpolitical career. Many private fortunes have been netted in this way.

For years the political game was considered an exclusively masculine pastime. Of late, however, it has been taken up by the feminine sex. The latest reports, however, indicate that the country is still joggling along in the same old way. Success in politics has been found by many to be absurdly easy. It consists merely of getting more votes than your opponent.

Grouchiness and Rosiness

There are almost as many widely divergent stories of the treatment of soldiers in the war as there were men in it, and the inquirer after real facts finds himself at a loss to determine who has been truthful and who not. After all, "you pays your money and you takes your choice," according to the side of the question you make up your mind to choose, and, whichever it may be, plenty of evidence can be easily found in support of it. Some of these stories are so contradictory of preconceived notions as to be little short of ludicrous. For instance, one officer, who had received a decoration from a British general for extraordinary services, dilated with great indignation upon the scurvy treatment accorded his command upon arrival in England. "Imagine," said he, "after an awful voyage on a transport, with cramped

and unhealthy quarters and insufficient food, to be escorted to a camp by a brass band and with much ceremony invited to the first meal ashore, which consisted of a bowl of weak soup, a chunk of bread and a cup of something called chocolate!" Following the publication of an article "giving fits" to the English for their parsimonious hospitality, another officer in the same command most emphatically took the writer to task. "It was not fair," he said, "to exploit that severe view of the case. We were glad to get what we received, because we knew that we were getting what the whole British army had to satisfy itself with, and that there was nothing else to be had at that particular point." In a club the father of a returned soldier called down all the curses of heaven upon the government for the debasing treatment shown to his son on the transport. "He had to stand at a swinging board on a rolling steamer to eat his miserable food out of a tin can, and they put him to sleep—where do you think?—in a swimming tank on the deck!" A young soldier in the group smiled and said: "There were about 3000 men on that ship who had to feed in the same way, and it has been notorious that the American army was better fed than any other in the entire war. As for sleeping in the swimming tank, I did that myself, and paid money to change places with another fellow who slept below, for the reason that it was not crowded and was in the open air. I'm afraid your son went into the army with a grouch and kept it working all the time." And one of the listeners remarked: "Like father, like son, eh?" We have heard complaints about the cruelty of keeping men upon the firing lines for fifteen hours, and, after a hasty meal, hurrying them back under fire again. That particular grouch had not considered that there were probably 100,000 men who were similarly persecuted because the exigencies of war made it necessary, and a very small percentage of them complained. So will these "knocks"

contradicted by "boosts," be heard with confusing frequency, and so will the history of the war be written, based entirely upon that ephemeral and negligible source of information known as the point of view.

Charlie Chaplin in Trouble

No one who has read the published announcements of the impending bankruptcy of this favorite of all screen favorites, can have done so without a sincere touch of sympathetic regret. His spectacular rise from an obscure position in an imported vaudeville sketch to eminence as yet attained by no one else in the realm of moving pictures, was a source of pleasure to every one because it was deserved. We had witnessed many screen comedians with regret rather than pleasure, because none of them was a comedian from a true comedy point of view, while here was a little man with a distinct personality, a resourceful imagination, and a comedy instinct with an art that knew how to express it. Then when the motion picture audiences had grown accustomed to regard him as the most deservedly wealthy of all screen stars, they learn that he promises to soon become one of the poorest, because, while his services will always be in demand at abnormally high figures, he is reported to be burdened with debts that will consume all of his earnings for years to come. Some knowledge, however, of the career, the business methods, and the extravagances of Mr. Chaplin in the moving picture world, cause the writer to regard his rumored failure with no little skepticism, for it is difficult to imagine a crash so sweeping as that we read of in an enterprise where so much money has been made so easily. If it be indeed true, then it behooves the commentator on public matters to endeavor to assign the reasons why it became so. In the first place, the opinion is expressed that having made so much money for other people, our friend Charley became over ambitious and decided to absorb all

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His Wayward Ambition

Chaplin went from one company to another, impelled by the auction-bidding activities of opposing picture manufacturers, until his salary was said to have reached the enormous figure of nearly \$1,000,000 a year, and these rumors were probably approximately true. Under the mistaken notion that any company which could pay such a salary must earn at least a similar amount for itself, he consulted business friends who encouraged his ambition to make all there was to be made; and these of course gave their advice prompted by the selfish motives which inspire all business gamblers to look after themselves first. He had failed to take into consideration the fact that no one, not possessed of a keen business mind, can hire any human being to transact his business for him, who would be actuated by any motive other than that of utter selfishness under the thin veneer of friendliness, which in the business world is very thin indeed. At all events, this advice seemed to verify his own ambitions and the plunge was made. This advice caused him to build an unnecessarily elaborate studio, when one that would suit all of his purposes could easily have been rented: this advice, leading to the abrogation of signed contracts with other firms, led to heavy suits at law, which in time he must pay. He surrounded himself with a much too large and extravagant company and it never seemed to occur to him that the expenses of this company would soon eat him up unless he counted the spaces of time in the making of his pictures. It is a notorious fact that this he never thought of doing. He would produce the best comedy films ever yet made, no matter how much time would be spent in the making of them, and often four months have been consumed in the making of a film that other firms would have produced in little more than the same number of weeks. His business advisers, now working for extravagant salaries first, and their employer last, encouraged him in the idea of the "million dollar film," apparently oblivious of the fact that such a film was worth no more to the exhibitor than one costing less than a quarter as much. Of course this figuring is entirely relative, since no producer of pictures would be mad enough to expend that amount of money for a comedy picture. But Chaplin insisted upon producing expensive pictures, his salaried advisers cared not how much time was consumed in the making of them, and it is a well known fact that, with tremendous overhead expenses, which must go on whether he worked or not, three or four days, or even a whole week, have been spent in making a single scene such as he had dreamed it out that it ought to be. Many of the extraordinary overhead expenses went on while he was touring the country in the interest of war loans, and since other film stars made extravagant purchases of bonds he must do likewise.

Marriage and a Financial Crash

The comedian's marriage brought him a talented, ambitious moving-picture star, for whom expensive pictures must be made, and some of these pictures were not profitable. Then the crash came which will always be inevitable to the over-extravagant business gambler who blindly takes the advice of other business gamblers, for all business men in the moving picture game are gamblers who profit by the spending of the money of their employers and

that of the stockholders. It is extremely doubtful, however, that Chaplin has lost all, or even nearly all, of the enormous amount of money he has made, for if his employees had knocked him down and taken it from his pockets, it could scarcely have so rapidly disappeared. He has been immensely popular, but his popularity has been gained through personal charm rather than extravagance in personal expenditures. It should also be borne in mind that Charley is not an American, and in spite of a deep interest taken in American matters, for business reasons perhaps, he is British to the backbone, a believer in British traditions, and it is very well known that a very large percentage of his great earnings have been deposited in London banks. So his millions of admirers may make up their minds that when his debts have been discounted or liquidated, and the suits for damages for breach of contract paid, Charley Chaplin will still be far from bankruptcy, and ready to begin business again, let it be hoped, for some reputable established firm instead of for himself.

An Important Engagement

Clay M. Greenc of the Town Talk staff has been selected by John D. Spreckels to collate and edit into book form the log of his yacht "Venetia" during the war, Mr. Spreckels having turned her over to the government as soon as the United States became part of it. The book will be entitled "Venetia, the Avenger of the Lusitania," a truly appropriate one, since Mr. Spreckels has in his possession indisputable proof that it was a depth bomb from his yacht which put the U-53 out of commission and forced her to internment in a Spanish port. The appearance of the book will be awaited with interest, for Mr. Spreckels will spare no expense in making it an enduring model of the book-maker's art.

LIBERTY

By John Hay

What man is there so bold that he should say
"Thus, and thus only, would I have the sea"?
For whether lying calm and beautiful,
Clasping the earth in love, and throwing back
The smile of heaven from waves of amethyst;
Or whether, freshened by the busy winds,
It bears the trade and navies of the world
To ends of use or stern activity;
Or whether, lashed by tempests, it gives way
To elemental fury, howls and roars
At all its rocky barriers, in wild lust
Of ruins drinks the blood of living things,
And strews its wrecks o'er leagues of desolate
shore—

Always it is the sea, and men bow down
Before its vast and varied majesty.

So all in vain will timorous ones essay
To set the metes and bounds of Liberty.
For Freedom is its own eternal law;
It makes its own conditions, and in storm
Or calm alike fulfills the unerring Will.
Let us not then despise it when it lies
Still as a sleeping lion, while a swarm
Of gnat-like evils hover round its head;
Nor doubt it when in mad, disjointed times
It shakes the torch of terror, and its cry
Shrills o'er the quaking earth, and in the flame
Of riot and war we see its awful form
Rise by the scaffold, where the crimson axe
Rings down its grooves the knell of shuddering
kings.

Forever in thine eyes, O Liberty,
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved,
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee!

Luck

A very nervous freshman met Dean Jones of Yale one morning and found himself obliged to walk out of chapel with the dean, who was a friend of the family. Chimes ringing at a church they were passing made him attempt a conversation.

"I think those chimes are wonderful," he said. No answer. "Aren't those chimes exquisite?" he stammered. Still no response. "Those are the most beautiful chimes"—he raised his voice a bit.

"Did you speak?" said the dean. "I can't hear on account of those infernal chimes!"

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By TANTALUS

Social Notes

The wildflower tea dance on Saturday afternoon, May 10, at the Fairmont Hotel, is to be given under the auspices of the California State Wild Flower Convention League. Mmes. George Whittell, Horace Pillsbury, George Pope, George McNear, James R. Laine, C. O. G. Miller, John McNear, Eleanor Martin, William Tevis, William Sesnon, H. M. A. Miller, I. N. Walter and Bertha Welch are among prominent matrons who have taken tables for this occasion. * * Mrs. George Newhall was luncheon hostess at the St. Francis on Tuesday, entertaining Mmes. John S. Drumm, Gerald Rathbone and Mountford Wilson. * * Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, who have been visiting Mr. Haldorn's mother in Monterey for several days, returned on Monday to their home in this city. * * Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear have leased the home of Mrs. William Storey in Ross Valley for the summer. They will take possession on June 1. * * Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden have gone to New York on a six weeks' visit. * * Mrs. William Babcock has left for Washington and Baltimore to visit relatives. * * Mrs. W. S. Porter and Miss Mary Joliffe write enthusiastically of their visit through Canada and the east. They will later be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling at the Ritz-Carlton, New York. * * Mr. and Mrs. George Lent and Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin are motoring through southern California. * * Mr. and Mrs. J. V. De Laveaga will spend the summer at their country place near Cupertino. They are at present motoring in southern California with their children. * * Mrs. William R. Wheeler, who left for the east a few weeks ago with Miss Sidney Burleson, daughter of Postmaster General and Mrs. Albert Burleson, is now the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Burleson in Washington, D. C. * * Dr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Clappett have closed their home in this city and gone to Highlands, Monterey County, for four months. * * Mrs. William W. Woods' pretty luncheon at the St. Francis was in honor of Mrs. A. H. Giannini, who is

leaving for the east, where Dr. Giannini goes to accept a lucrative position in banking circles. Among Mrs. Woods' guests were: Mmes. William Sesnon, Florence Porter Pfingst, Courtney Ford, Warren Quinn, Harold Cook, William Hammer and Miss Maria Ainoa. * * Miss Katherine Crofton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Crofton, and Luis de Laveaga Cebrian, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cebrian, were married during the week in the old Spanish church, La Yglesia de Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe, on Russian Hill. Miss Hortense Garcia was maid of honor; Marcella Cebrian, flower girl; Ralph Cebrian, best man; little Wade Jewell was page. The bride is a member of a distinguished English family, recent residents of this city. J. C. Cebrian, father of the groom, was knighted by the king of Spain for the gift of the Architectural Library to the University of Madrid, said to be the most valuable library of its kind in the world. The couple will reside in this city. * * Miss Mary Donohoe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, has returned from Los Angeles, where she was the guest of the Misses Marion and Louise Winston. * * A bevy of charming matrons and maids bidden by Miss Eleanor Davenport met at the Town and Country Club for a luncheon given in honor of Mrs. James Morwood, formerly Mary Bell. * * On account of the continued illness of Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Sr., her motor trip was cut short and the guests returned to this city. Mrs. Newhall is confined to her home on Scott Street. * * Interesting visitors in the city recently were Colonel and Mrs. James Morwood, from India, on their way east and abroad. Mrs. Morwood was formerly Miss Mary Bell of San Francisco. Is was while on a tour of India several years ago that this charming California girl met Colonel Morwood of the British Army. Colonel and Mrs. Morwood were extensively entertained during their brief visit here. One of the largest affairs was given by the Spinners' Club, of which Mrs. Morwood was one of the founders. * * Miss Elena Eyre entertained during the week at a Town and Country Club luncheon in honor of Miss Jean Miller, whose wedding to Lieutenant Henry White, U. S. N., took place on April 30. Miss Eyre was one of the bridesmaids. The guests were Misses Pricilla White, Flora Miller, Hannah Hobart and Elizabeth Adams. * * The last steamer from Honolulu brought Mrs. Richard Ivers and Mrs. George Carter. They are guests at the St. Francis. Mrs. Ivers is the sister-in-law of Mrs. William Irwin and aunt of Mrs. Templeton Crocker. * * Mrs. Osgood Hooker presided over a prettily appointed luncheon on Thursday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Henry White of Brookline, Mass. Lieutenant White, U. S. N., whose marriage took place on Wednesday, April 30, to Jean Wheeler, is a son of this charming eastern woman, who came to California for the wedding. * * Maurie Hall was dinner host Wednesday evening at the St. Francis Hotel. His guests included Misses Anne Peters and Betty George, Mr. W. S. Tevis and Captain and Mrs. Paul Verdier. * * One of the large dinners of the week was that given by Edward Eyre at the Fairmont. * * Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin left a few days ago for the east, expecting to be

away several weeks. Miss Mary Martin was hostess on Saturday evening at a dance in the home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Horsley Scott. The guests included the belles and beaux of the sub-debutante set. * * Mrs. Mary Thompson Deady has returned to her home in Palo Alto, after an enjoyable visit to friends in Alameda and this city. * * The many friends of Mrs. C. C. H. Thomas will be delighted to know that she will spend the summer in California. Mrs. Thomas will be remembered as Elizabeth Whittle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert M. Whittle, and sister of Mrs. Leslie Symmes. She will be accompanied by her brother-in-law, Paul Thomas, recently returned from France, where he received the cross de guerre. C. C. H. Thomas is an agricultural engineer and manager of the Ponchartrain Orange Grove, New Orleans. * * The Misses Boyd will be hostesses at a dance on Saturday evening, May 17th, at their home in San Carlos. Guests from this city and the peninsula will attend. * * Colonel and Mrs. Matt Bristol and family will spend the months of June and July in Bolinas, where they have taken a cottage. Mrs. Bristol was formerly Genevieve Huffmann. Colonel Bristol recently returned from France, where he was head of the remount service. * * Mrs. George Beveridge of Los Angeles, who has been extensively entertained during her visit in this city, was tea hostess Monday at the Francisca Club. Mrs. Beveridge was formerly Tete Coffin, granddaughter of the late Colonel Coleman Younger of San Jose. Mrs. James W. Edwards of Belvedere (Fannie Coffin) is a sister of Mrs. Beveridge. * * Miss Marion Zeile, who has been spending a few days at Burlingame as guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, has returned to her home in this city. * * Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan were luncheon hosts on Saturday at the Palace Hotel. * * Mrs. William J. Younger entertained at a luncheon during the week. Among the guests were Mmes. George Bates, E. C. Darling, Fanny McCreery, Clemens Horst, M. C. Porter, Charles Houghton, Susie Russell, L. S. Sherman, Joseph Marks, W. C. Campbell, E. Cowell, Misses Nellie Stow and Clara Sher-

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man. * * Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas Sesnon have issued invitations for a dance on Saturday evening, May 17, at their home on Divisadero Street in honor of their daughters and their son, Porter Sesnon. The guests will be the sub-debutante set. * * Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Macondray will leave next month for a tour of the orient. They will be away four months. * * Miss Florence Fisher has returned to her home in Napa from an enjoyable visit with Mrs. William August Bryant in this city. * * Mr. and Mrs. Ward Dwight entertained on Sunday afternoon at a musicale in their home, Sea Cliff. * * Mr. and Mrs. Albert M. Whittle are returning to Mill Valley for the summer. Mr. Whittle has the distinction of being the oldest bank employee in this city, recently celebrating his fortieth year with the Savings Union Bank and Trust Company. * * Colonel and Mrs. George Nelson and children will spend the months of June and July in Bolinas and later go to Miami Lodge, Yosemite. Mrs. Nelson was formerly Mercedes Huffmann. Colonel Nelson has recently returned from France and was recently mustered out. * * Mrs. James Flood has issued invitations for a dance at her home in Menlo Park on Saturday evening, May 10, in honor of Miss Mary Elena Macondray. * * Miss Edna Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, will entertain at a dinner on Saturday evening, May 10; later all guests will attend the Tynan dance.

Passing of Mrs. Mary Barrett

The fine traits of character and the sweet disposition of Mrs. Mary Barrett endeared her to a large circle of friends and relatives who mourn her death. Most of her life was passed in California; the earlier years in the city of Stockton, later in San Francisco, and the past few in San Rafael, when she has been in failing health. Four children, Mrs. M. A. Belden, Mrs. A. Storror, John J. and Frank I. Barrett, the latter two distinguished members of the California bar, survive her. The annals of a noble, dutiful mother are simple, but what grander work can woman perform than to rear her family according to highest ideals as she understands them?

"Womanliness means only motherhood;
All love begins and ends there—rooms enough,
But having run the circle, rests at home."

Mrs. Barrett reaped a mother's richest reward: she lived to see her children loved and honored for their faithful performance of life's duties, to know that they were loyal to the principles according to which she had ever striven to mold their characters. So many mothers try, so many fail, that it is a comfort to all hearts to behold one content with the achievement. An index to the modest estimate

which Mrs. Barrett placed upon the performance of her maternal duties was the remark she often made in acknowledgement of the frequent tributes of her children's affection: "What have I ever done that I should have such loving, attentive children?" Besides the devotion of her daughters, this good woman enjoyed a blessing which ought to be more universal—thoughtful, tender attentiveness from her two sons, who, though she made no demands upon them, delighted not only in surrounding her with all they could think of to make life attractive for her; but, what is far more precious to a mother's heart, allowed no other duties to deprive her of a generous share of their companionship. They showered her with little attentions which too often loving sons thoughtlessly reserve exclusively for sweethearts and wives. Whenever, in their calendar of days, occurred an occasion for rejoicing, mother must be there to rejoice with them. As a rule, men have deeper affection for their mothers than women have, but something in man's nature or habit of self-absorption too often keeps him from withholding until too late the longed-for manifestation of appreciation for the maternal love and care. The son who lets his mother know, as these Barrett men did, that he holds her always close to his heart and highest in his consideration is twice blest—in giving his mother the greatest happiness she can know and in constructing a memory of her over which the shadows of regrets can never pass.

Brother Leo to Lecture

The San Francisco Council of Catholic Women will assemble on May 2 at 3:00 p. m., at Miss Mary Phelan's home, 2150 Washington Street, for the final meeting of the year. Brother Leo of St. Mary's College will talk on "Fitzgerald and the Tent Maker."

Century Club Concert

Stella Thomas Deshon gave an extended and varied programme of songs at the Century Club on Wednesday of last week, which ranged from opera and oratorio to popular modern ballads and negro lullabys, with remarkable success. It was difficult for the audience of two or three hundred women to decide in which class of music her truly unusual mezzo-contralto was most telling, whether in the ultra dramatic aria from "Cavalleria Rusticana" or the plaintive droon of the darky spook song, "Dark River," for, with singular adaptability to the atmospheres of selections, she was equally successful in all of them. At the close of the programme she was warmly congratulated by her truly grateful hostesses and consented to entertain the club again in the near future. On Sunday evening next Mrs. Deshon will sing at the Fairmont.

At the Fairmont

Vanda Hoff, who was the principal attraction of the first edition of the Fairmont Follics, will return to Rainbow Lane this Monday evening, after a well-earned vacation in southern California. This refined and versatile dancer will appear in a series of "Nature Dances," in which she will introduce several unique changes of costume, and her music will be selected with unusual care by Rudy Seiger, director of entertainment for the Linnard hotels. Valentina Zimina, will also accompany herself in songs on the guitar, and C. Balfour Lloyd and J. Gilbert Wells, eccentric dancers, will change their specialty. The rest of the Follics, for which the Fairmont Hotel has become additionally renowned, will show many changes. The

afternoon teas in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont, from half past four until six o'clock, when the orchestra plays, fill that beautiful room every day. The vocalist at the lobby concert this Sunday evening at 8:45 will be Bruce Cameron, the well-known tenor, with Walter F. Wenzel at the piano.

At the Cecil

A dinner was given by General and Mrs. J. B. McDonald Sunday. The private dining room was ablaze with spring flowers and green growing things. Mr. and Mrs. B. X. Smith of Salt Lake are enjoying their visit at the hotel. Colonel Walter Wright, who returned recently from France, has joined his wife, who has been stopping at the hotel for several months. Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Harris of Chicago are being delightfully entertained. Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. J. M. Deem are the incentive for numerous social affairs among the service set. Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Highley gave a dinner Sunday. A half dozen friends were entertained by General and Mrs. Edward McClelland at luncheon Tuesday. Mrs. Cosmo Morgan and her friend, Mrs. Hanson, are sojourning. Mr. and Mrs. Alan MacDonald are registered. Mrs. William Ross and her son, Roland Ross, will remain for another fortnight.

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The Japanese Nightingale

By Helen M. Bonnet

Some day in the not distant future there is going to be a revolution in Japan and the little brown men of that progressive nation will receive a surprise. For it will be the women of their land who will upset the traditions of their country. While the Japanese men have been occidentalizing themselves, the women have not been idle. Always busy little humming bees, their bright, observing eyes have discovered much room for improvement in the life of the Japanese woman and with the genius of industry they set about the matter of reform. Even the oriental woman chats about what's going on and she is wise enough not to tell the masculine part of her world just to what extent she has laid her plans. I happen to know a number of Japanese women and of course they have "told me all about it." I agree with Lefcadio Hearn, the Greek-Irishman, who married a Japanese, that Japanese women are not Japanese. Right in our own city there are Japanese women of large vision who are walking delegates going among their country women enlightening them how to demand and maintain their rights and improve their mental, moral and physical conditions.

Tamaki Miura the Inspiration

One of the strongest forces in this movement was, although she was blissfully unconscious of her potency, Tamaki Miura, the Japanese nightingale. For when her amazed sisters heard her lovely voice and saw with their own keen eyes the homage paid her, the evidences of the fortune she makes, they promptly said: "We, too. In music, maybe—if not, whatever else the American or European woman does." One of them told me after she had seen Miura in "Iris" that the cause of the singer's success was the fact that she has a fine husband, an intelligent man who allows her to have her own way, which most Japanese husbands absolutely won't allow their wives to have.

A Chat With Mme. Miura

A few days before Mme. Miura left San Francisco I asked George Lask who staged "The Geisha" for Miura at the Columbia, to arrange an interview with her for me, which he did. Her apartments at the St. Francis, done in pink, decorated with luxurious orchids and flooded with sunshine, were the appropriate setting for my dainty little hostess blooming in a yellow kimono as radiant as the sunshine. She looked even prettier than on the stage. Her skin has an astonishing fairness, her glossy black hair was softly waved in a loose knot in American fashion. She looks about twenty and talks trippingly in a very entertaining way, revealing a keen sense of humor and a very wide awake attitude toward what's going on in the world. Of course, I asked her where she first studied singing. "In Tokio," she said, "but I don't like to tell you with whom the first year." She smiled roughly and blushed as she added, "Because he was a German. Then I continued with an Italian, pupil of Marchesi. Later I studied with a Norwegian woman teacher, who is now in charge of the conservatory of music in Tokio." Mme. Miura sang on the stage in Japan—Santuzza in Italian. She married a Japanese physician there six years ago. In 1914 she went to Europe to study but

"Where do you think?" she rippled. "In Germany—but with that peerless teacher, Lili Lehmann. But after one month the war broke out and I escaped to London. There I went to Sir Henry Wood to study. The day of my appointment, I sang for him. At once he said, 'Next month there is to be a great concert at Albert Hall, and you must sing there.' There was a superb symphony orchestra and a splendid programme of artists. Twenty-three thousand people attended. Mme. Patti sang 'Voi che sapete,' and 'Home, Sweet Home,' and it was truly her farewell appearance. I sang 'Caro Nome' and two Japanese songs. Afterwards Mme. Patti kissed me and she was the first woman who ever did." "But since then others have?" I inquired. "Yes, everybody," she smiled. "The London and Scotland papers wrote very kindly of me and at once I had numerous offers of engagements which I accepted. I studied for a year with Mme. Albani in London and then sang 'Butterfly,' later coming to America to sing with the Boston Opera Company."

A High-Priced Song-Bird.

She laughed merrily as she told me about her first London salary. "The manager wrote offering me \$300 a night. I consulted my Japanese friends, who told me that Patti received \$15,000 nightly, Caruso and McCormack \$10,000, and so on. 'Ask \$5000,' they advised. So I did. The manager said: 'Very good; but now it is war time and no one, no one, receives \$5000 a night. Take \$300;' so I did. It was a joke, was it not? But I did not know about salaries."

Tamaki and the Artists

The little lady says she is very happy because all the great artists are so nice to her. She spoke of Mr. Caruso as "a very sweet gentleman" and had pretty things to say of all the others of whom I asked. She is studying "Mme. Chrysanthème," first produced in Paris in 1893. She will give it next season with the Boston Company. Messenger, its composer, probably coming over for its American premier. "L'Oracle," which is the operatized version of "The Cat and the Cherut," will also be a new role for her, having thus far been sung only at the Metropolitan. She is absorbed also in the study of "Mimi." I could not refrain from suggesting the roles of Marguerite and Mignon for her. She expects to sing "Mimi" in this country and later in Japan. She speaks English fluently with a charming accent and also French, Italian—and I fancy German. Her husband is at present engaged in research work at Yale. "Is he proud of you?" I asked. "Yes," she said frankly, "he is proud, O yes."

"Geisha"

"Mr. Lask tells me that you sang 'O Mimosen San,' too," she announced. I told her that I did and with his stage direction also, at the Tivoli—nineteen years ago. I added unblushingly that though at the time I had seen no other Minos, I was very well pleased with myself in the role; that later when I saw other American, English and French companies produce the opera I became delighted with my own performance. Pride goeth before a fall, for I was compelled to add candidly, "But when I saw you last night, then I learned that

I knew nothing at all about Mimosa." For Miura put the gay into geisha where a Caucasian could be merely insouciant, or at best merry. I told her, too, what Yone Noguchi, the now famous Japanese poet, had written about my performance. He was very bromidic about the outlook for Japanese vocalists, spoke of a great Tokio singer who made ugly noises and implored his countrymen to come to this country "and fight 1000 years to free the captive song-angel from Japanese throat prisons." His adorable compatriot has realized the poet's dream. Noguchi was probably in London in 1914 and I can fancy his amazement if he happened to be among the 23,000 in Albert Hall when London acclaimed the oriental song bird.

"Butterfly" and "Iris"

In 1916 when I heard her in "Butterfly" at the Curran, I thought her charming and marveled that she had learned so well to make "the music of spring rain," the whispering of mountain winds, the fine, clear high voice of birds" just as Naguchi describes the American voice and predicted it would take the Nipponese ten centuries to emulate. Always look for woman to do the unexpected, even in Japan, dear wise poet. In 1917 Mme. Miura at the Curran electrified crowds of music lovers with her portrayal of "Iris," in which she conveyed the Italian realist's message in terms of oriental symbolism and allegory. In her "Geisha" engagement last week, the witchery of the modern maid of the tea house introduced an entirely contrasting role and proved conclusively that the artiste who has learned to sing with consummate occidental art has rare dramatic instinct and comprehension. Learn, great ladies of the western stage, from Tamaki Miura the art of bodily grace, of pantomimic expression, the vital part that the management of apparel plays in conveying the intention of the artist.

Mme. Ohta

During my visit, the charming wife of our resident Japanese consul general called. Mme. Ohta told me that last year when her husband was consul in the City of Mexico, Mme. Miura created a furore there singing in a company whose personnel was composed of artists from the Metropolitan, Chicago and Boston companies. I asked Mme. Ohta if there are many other singers of note in Japan. "There number is increasing, but here is no one like Mme. Miura." When I left Mme. Miura, I kissed her. Who could help it? She is not like a doll, which I never liked, nor yet like a baby, whom I've always adored, but she seems a sculptured Galatea come to life.

STAGE

"The Gypsy Trail"

The play bearing this title, which was this week's offering at the Alcazar, led the writer into the belief that in the preparation of anything like a real review he was faced by two somewhat discouraging handicaps. First and foremost, this company at the Alcazar—certainly the most carefully selected and balanced one in the country—has been praised so many times that there is little left to say. In the

second place, when there would appear to be something new to write about, the reviewer's thoughts are so cross-wired by the irritating and loudly expressed ones of his neighbors, that they are soon "grounded" and there is nothing left for him but to "listen in" and make the best of it. The curtain rises and the confusion begins: "Why, that's Herbert Farjeon!" . . . "Is he the old man of the company?" . . . "Sure not. He can play anything and he's just fine!" . . . "Who's the old lady?" . . . "She ain't old. That's Emily Pinter. They shove her in for any old kind of a part and she's always there." . . . "Who's the boy? Lemme see the proggram. Connie Fred-

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ericks. Ain't he the fresh kid though?" . . . But if I had a fresh kid brother like that, I'm tellin' you I'd—Ah, there she is! Belle Bennett! Ain't she the cutest thing? I'm bettin' my good money there ain't nobody nowhere can play so many parts great as she can. . . . Now here's where we're gettin' our money's worth. That's Tom Chatterton. I think he's just too swell for anything. You just wait until some New York manager gets some sense and fires him into Broadway." . . . "Who's that on the wheel?" . . . "If it ain't Walter Richardson! Who'd a thought he could ride a wheel like that? Look at him! Ain't he handsome? I'm wise to the plot right now. Tom Chatterton is such an easy goin' slob that Walter's goin' to slide right in and get the girl sure! There's the curtain. I don't see why some o' them authors drop the curtain in a quiet place instead of on a surprise. Sure you can go out. And bring me back a drink o' water. I'm thirsty." Then a brief interim, during which the reviewer decides for himself that "The Gypsy Trail" is a brilliantly written play, with a satirical trend of story that is most interesting. Then the escort returns with the drink of water and the irritating conversations continue. "Thanks! I'd rather it was a Gibson, but it's all right. Why, there's dear old Emilie Melville! I'm always tickled to death when they get her back in a cast, for she's got any other old woman actress beat clean across the board. Look at the way she flirts up to Walter. Ain't she too cunnin' for anything? There, what did I tell yer? Walter threw one o' them classy talks at Belle Bennett, and she fell for him right on the jump." And so it went on through the entire performance, but the irritation of the reviewer had become dissipated by the conviction that these disturbers of concentrated thought are after all the most valuable critics of a performance.

—C. M. G.

Healy Presents McCormack

One week from tomorrow John McCormack, the great Irish tenor, will sing in his first concert at the Exposition Auditorium, on May 11, at 2:30 Osharp. His second concert will be on May 18. According to telegraphic dispatches received by Frank W. Healy from his fellow impresarios in the cities where the famous Irishman is appearing while en route to San Francisco, McCormack is in finest fettle and giving infinite delight to the thousands and thousands who crowd the great auditoriums to hear him. Here is the report of McCormack's Easter Sunday appearance at the New York Hippodrome: "Rarerly, if ever, has McCormack attracted a bigger audience in New York than on last Sunday evening, when the mammoth Hippodrome was filled and an audience of nearly a thousand occupied seats on the stage behind the singer. The great tenor never "drew" better, to use the box-office term, for 5000 people were turned away, all eager to buy tickets to hear him. And listening to him one understood why he aroused in some ten or more thousand persons the desire to hear him. Beauty of tone, style, plus a personality that charms, make John McCormack one of the biggest singers of our time; observe the simplicity of his singing, the complete naturalness with which he phrases, his extraordinary breath control! The skill with which he spins out a tone into a pure pianissimo from a mezzo-forte attack is not matched by any singer before the public. John McCormack has the style and the voice." Tickets for the McCormack concerts are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase music

stores, and early reservation of seats is advised in order to secure the best possible locations.

At the Curran

Beginning with the matinee of Sunday, May 4, the picture version of the world-famous comedy, "The Better 'Ole," as enacted by the original English company which first produced the piece, will be shown at the Curran Theatre. Two performances daily will be given during this engagement. This droll comedy of the war had its inspiration in the famous Bairnsfather cartoons which brought international fame for the soldier-artist. The picture shows the men in the trenches as they were during the great conflict, but it shows them in their lighter moments, when they laughed and made light of one another. There are no heroics, no forced moments. Old Bill, Alf and Bert, whose idiosyncracies are well known to all admirers of the Bairnsfather cartoons, are depicted to the life, and the picture is declared to make for the most delightful entertainment in its entirety. A feature will be the special scenic effects showing the interior of a trench, and the singing and playing of the special "Better 'Ole" music, which will be directed by Vladimir Shavitch.

Orpheum

Annette Kellerman, who opens at the Orpheum next week, comes back to vaudeville with many new laurels. For the last few years Miss Kellerman has devoted her time and talent to films and the New York Hippodrome. Her success as a picture star has carried her name and her fame broadcast throughout the world and her New York engagement developed a new Annette Kellerman—as versatile as she is charming. Here an aquatic spectacle was devised for her in which she found herself called upon to do a great deal of everything and she did it all surprisingly well. A newcomer in vaudeville will be welcomed when Margaret Young appears. Miss Young is a comedienne. She sings dialect songs and she sings them extraordinarily well. The Hickey Brothers are lively and strenuous acrobatic dancers. They open with a number of clever songs and amusing dialogues. They also excel in straight dancing. The great Lester is remarkable ventriloquist who contrives with the aid of a wooden dummy to furnish twenty minutes of most amusing entertainment. Edythe and Eddie Adair will present a highly diverting skit written for them by Stephen G. Champlin, entitled "The Bootshop." Alec and Dot Lamb call their offering "The Act Original." Lester Crawford and Helen Broderick, in their enjoyable skit, "A Little of This and a Little of That," will be the only holdover in this remarkable bill. Gene Greene, the character delineator of popular ditties, also excels as a raconteur. His songs and stories are clever and always in good taste. He is a tower of strength to any bill and with the assistance of Beth Mayor and Harry Hosford, pianist, furnishes most enjoyable entertainment.

Alcazar

"The Gypsy Trail" will be followed Sunday by a farewell revival, for one week only, of "Daddy Long Legs," with Belle Bennett and Walter P. Richardson. Emilie Melville again plays the eccentric old housekeeper, a gem of characterization, and the cast has numerous changes which make it far stronger than when this wonder-romance turned away crowds under adverse conditions, last winter. Mrs. Jules Wieniawski again appears. There has been insistent demand for Alcazar revival of the charming Cinderella story, so dear to book readers and play goers.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The bull market in stocks is still on, and while there are reactions in some specialties at times, others are taken hold of, and the market at the close of each day seems to be gathering force. Bear news, what there is, has no effect except momentarily. Bethlehem Steel cut its usual extra quarterly dividend from $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent, yet the stock advanced. Granby Copper cut its dividend off completely, and Ohio Cities gas reduced its dividend from \$5 to \$4 per share, yet these bearish factors were soon lost sight of. Conservative market authorities again put out their oft repeated awning against too enthusiastic buying. They pointed to the fact that speculative issues now stand from 15 to 25 points above their levels of last January, and the series of million share sessions since that time has created an inside position, which may be assumed to be open to attack—should values come in contact with adverse business influences. But the public paid no more attention to cautious precept than it usually does. The country seems definitely committed to the long side of trading, and will have its way. The equipment stocks were in good demand at higher prices, but the oil shares were really the leaders. Sensational advances in Sinclair and Royal Dutch made for higher prices in the general list of oil stocks, with the possible exception of Mexican Petroleum. The latter, no doubt was affected somewhat by the political news appearing in the newspapers, regarding Mexico's attitude toward the Monroe Doctrine. Several specialties that have been neglected for some time were taken up again, such as the paper stocks, American Hide & Leather, National Enamel, and Westinghouse. The coppers and steels were again neglected, and traders were too busy with the active specialties to bother about this class of stocks. Southern Pacific and Reading were well taken, and this brought about a little better demand for the other rails. The old talk of an expected favorable decision for Southern Pacific, relative to its oil holdings that are in dispute, was again used as an argument for higher prices. Some of the low priced rails were in better demand, especially those that have property in sections that are now producing oil. Stocks like Texas Pacific, Missouri, Kansas & Texas, and Kansas City Southern, were bought freely on expectation of finding oil on their properties. Otherwise it made little difference to the trade what they were buying, if there was any prospect of oil to be had. Oil shares have become so popular of late that speculations in these issues have simply gone wild, and while there is a big future for the better class of oil stocks, some of them are selling for all they are worth. As long as sentiment continues so bullish, it matters not what the intrinsic value really is; stocks go up and reactions will only be temporary. How-

ever, we believe it is time to be a little cautious, as the advance has been too rapid, and if the break comes as it always does, it will afford a good opportunity to get stocks at a reasonable figure.

Cotton—The cotton market continues to advance, although reactions occur from time to time, but they are short lived, and at the close of the week prices were at the best on this upward movement. There was really no change in the general news to warrant the advance, except the growing bullish sentiment regarding the new approach of peace, and the enthusiasm displayed in the stock market. Liverpool prices came higher, and there was a better demand for export. Stocks of cotton in Europe are so small that there is bound to be a big demand sooner or later for all our surplus stocks. Stocks of cotton in this country are large, but it is mostly of a low grade, and while this has always been the bear card, yet with the changing of the grades that can be delivered on contract, it eliminates a good deal of this cotton as a market factor. The new crop is getting a very late start, and in some sections of the belt the ground has been so wet that it will take some time before the crop will get its start. Cotton is up in the southern part of Texas, and doing well, but in the northern portion of the state it has been too cold and wet. A late crop is never considered a big crop prospect, as it is generally held back by weather conditions and insect troubles. The amount of fertilizer to be used this year is below the average, and there is considerable talk from different sections of the belt of a lag cut in acreage. The big prices obtained for food products have induced a number of farmers to change into other crops. Everything taken into consideration, the best we can expect this year is a moderate crop, and should we have a partial failure in any section of the belt, it could mean very high prices for the futures. Cotton is not selling too high, when we take into consideration the prices of everything else that is produced on the farm, and with peace in the near future, a tremendous demand should come from abroad. No doubt the foreigner will be given all the credit he wants, and now that shipping facilities are again becoming more normal, everything points to a good export demand, which makes our stocks of cotton disappear rapidly.

Insurance Adjuster (looking at the remains of the parlor furniture)—Is this all you managed to save out of the fire?

Owner (profusely apologetic)—Yes, sir. I'm awfully sorry, but I kind of felt that I really ought to get my wife and children out of the building first.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY AN ORDER FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE
In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23070. Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of JAMES W. CLARK (also known as JAMES W. CLARK, JR.), KATHRYN M. CLARK (also known as CATHERINE A. CLARK), and ALVERUS M. CLARK, Minors.

It appearing to this court from the verified petition this day presented and filed by Kathryn M. Clark, the guardian of the estates of James W. Clark, also known as James W. Clark, Jr., Kathryn M. Clark, also known as Catherine A. Clark, and Alverus M. Clark, minors, praying for an order for the sale of certain real property belonging to said minors, and that it is for the best interest of said minors for such real estate to be sold.

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby ordered that the next of kin of these minors and all other persons interested in said estate, appear before this court on the 19th day of May, 1919, at 10 A. M. at the court room of the above entitled court, in the City Hall, City of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 10 of said court, and then and there show cause why an order should not be made for the sale of such estate.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks before said day of hearing in the Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated this 21st day of April, 1919.

C. W. HUMPHREYS,
Attorney for Guardian,
703 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

4-26-4

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LAXCARIN

Is a remedy for the permanent relief of all kinds of stomach trouble. Helps digest and assimilate your food, giving you good, rich blood, neutralizes the excessive acids, which causes that miserable, sour, gassy, bloated feeling after eating, nervous indigestion, belching, etc., relieves you of constipation, giving a freedom of action of the nerves, and proper circulation of the blood.

Prompt results in cases of long standing, when everything else you have tried has failed. One box will convince you of its merits.

Sold By The

LAXCARIN PRODUCTS CO.

Price One Dollar per Box

Full Treatment, Six Boxes, \$5.00

Dept. E

Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE USES OF SOCIETY

(Continued from Page 5)

not endure the dreary solitude and endless round of toil in which their lives are spent? Rustics coming to a great city are like men who taste wine for the first time—the crowds, the life, the gayety, all intoxicate them; they seem to be in a dream of fairy enchantment from which, alas! a rude awakening follows only too speedily.

It has been said that great men are born in the country and come to the city to live. This is not altogether true; but most great men, and may I not say all great women, have found their account in social rather than in solitary life, and have preferred for the most part to dwell in cities.

There is "society of representation" and genuine society. The former is entirely a show affair; and the extreme instance of it is found in the ministerial balls in Paris, where the guests are admitted by card, and do not necessarily know their host and hostess, nor need they make the latter's acquaintance. The whole is a grand pageant, but no introductions are given, and no social fusion takes place.

Now, this I call society of representation. It bears about the same relation to genuine society that scene painting bears to a carefully finished picture. People of culture and education enjoy a peep at this spectacular drama of the social stage, but their idea of society would be something very different from this. Where this show society monopolizes the resources of a community, it implies either a dearth of intellectual resources or a great misapprehension of what is really delightful and profitable in social intercourse. . . . No gift can make rich those who are poor in wisdom. The wealth which should build up society will pull it down if its possession lead to fatal luxury and indulgence.

THE ETIQUETTE OF SUCCESS

(Continued from Page 4)

the house, he is studiously slow to respond, but will read a letter or fold some documents in a pretentious manner. When the visitor finally announces his errand, the successful man bids him repeat it. If the visitor should wait too long before calling attention to himself, you can assume that he is nobody, especially if he stand on one foot and then another or look about the office.

Most successful men make it a point to act the part of success throughout the day. They feel this to be necessary as a continuous advertisement of their welfare, even as a business house continues to advertise after attaining all the prosperity it desires. It is also a habit of the prosperous to talk about themselves and maintain a course of anecdote, when convenient, and allow no personal narrative from one of scant importance. This is not considered egotism but rather a personal victory.

Ninety-nine of a hundred men who have succeeded in organized groups have operated the above principles. That they have been able to impress their adherents or constituents with a different philosophy is no concern of the writer. That he precepts herein are foreign to our ideals is accountable on the theory that our ideals are usually foreign to fact.

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO

FOR INDIGESTION TAKE LAXCARIN

Never Known to Fail.

Nearly everybody suffers at times after eating. Especially after a feast of some sort when a large number of different courses are served, and where everybody wishes to show off by eating more than his or her share. Some people call this suffering a plain case of indigestion, some call it dyspepsia, others call it gastritis; but no matter what they may call it, no matter how many remedies you have tried— instant and almost invariable relief may be obtained by taking a Laxcarin tablet three times per day, or if the case is not an acute one, just one or two tablets per day. Laxcarin instantly neutralizes the stomach acids and stops food fermentation, the cause of nine-tenths of stomach trouble, and thus enables the stomach to proceed with digestion in a painless normal manner. Care should be taken that you get the genuine Laxcarin, and therefore it is best to write direct to the distributors, as, owing to the Laxcarin's marvelous properties, many people substitute it.

Laxcarin is also good for bad breath, coated tongue, biliousness, sour stomach, sick headaches, bloating, belching, gas, constipation or other results of indigestion, and no remedy is higher recommended. Laxcarin does not gripe nor nauseate, does its work gently, cleanses the bowels, sweetens the stomach and benefits the liver. In other words, it makes a new man out of you. Never disappoints.

John Lefkovits, 331 West Hampton Boulevard, E. E. Pittsburgh, Pa.: "I can say that Laxcarin tablets are wonderful." Many others.

Do not hesitate to try Laxcarin. It has benefitted others, and no doubt it will do a worldly good for you. Send for it today. Better get enough for a full treatment which is six boxes for five dollars, as on account of the constantly increasing demands and repeat orders we can not guarantee the filling of the many orders we receive every day promptly later on. One box costs one dollar. Send money in registered letter or money order in plain letters. Laxcarin Products Co., Dept. E-6, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Adv't.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 95286. Dept. No. 10.

JENNIE GAZZOLA, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN GAZZOLA, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOHN GAZZOLA, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's intemperance, non-support and cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of February, A. D. 1919.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By J. F. DUNSWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
4 Columbus Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

3-29-10

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXIV. No. 1394

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, MAY 10, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

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Vol. XXXIV.

San Francisco-Oakland, May 10, 1919

No. 1394

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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That Fateful July

At a large round table in a well known club, eight or ten business men were gathered for luncheon. The topic of conversation was the application of the prohibition law to business probabilities after the first of July next, and there were as many differing opinions as to what the result was sure to be as there were men in the circle. Strange to say, the preponderance of opinion was tacitly in favor of the law, and its most earnest supporter was the one person present who had a Scotch highball beside his plate. He was in favor of temperance in the use of alcoholic beverages, but since the wanton cupidity of the saloon keepers had killed the goose that had for so long been laying their golden egg, by abusing their privileges, he favored prohibition rather than license that meant only the destruction of the human race through persistent intemperance. All of the others, with one exception, agreed with this view of the subject as far as the saloon was concerned, but, true to the interests of Californian industry, decried the narrowness of a policy which utterly destroyed the wine industries of the state in which some hundreds of millions of invested capital would be swept away. The one exception mentioned was most eloquent in his tirade against prohibition in any form whatever, backing himself by the argument that the vaunted freedom of the United States was a delusion, a snare, and a sham. He believed that millions of reputable citizens, rich, semi-rich and poor, would emigrate to other countries that would not interfere with their personal liberty, and that many hundreds of millions of dollars would be withdrawn from American circulation. Japan seemed to be the suggested Mecca for the oppressed and downtrodden victims of the cant that had made this country no longer free. Japan was the country for the safe investment of Amer-

ican capital, because there skilled labor could be had for less than a dollar a day, which made that country invincible in manufactures. Being in the knitted goods trade, with hosiery "on the side," he conveyed the amazing intelligence that Japan could manufacture for fifty-one cents a quality of silk stocking which Newark or Paterson, N. J., could not possible produce for less than \$1.67. None of the others considered this a very good reason for emigrating to Japan, and while for a time the country would have to bear a heavy burden of taxation in place of the vast revenues resulting from the manufacture of liquor and beer, it was a burden which would in time lighten itself in some way as yet unforeseen, and in the meantime we would have to make the best of it and assist in the easing of it. A commercial traveler present had just returned from a month's trip in dry states. He reported that business seemed to be going on as usual, that the hotels were full, the restaurants working to full capacity, and people were beginning to enjoy the substitution of soft drinks and ice cream for alcoholic beverages. The pessimist, however, declared that he was already preparing to quit such a country for good, but he stood alone. All the others, even the man with the highball, were just as emphatic in their determination to dry up with a dry country, and keep open for business as usual. Then the majority ruled that all those persons who propose to leave the country because of its prohibition law, were better out of it anyway.

* * *

The Bottled Imp

Caitiff, what new villainy art thou perpetrating? What novelty of sin is to take issue from thy impious bosom? Once directed by the good angel at the evil genius of the drama, such questions are now bothering the kindly souls who have made John Barleycorn stagger to the side scenes and mutter "Foiled!" And everybody else is wondering what will happen when the traffic in "here's how" is no more. On one point the prohibitionists have always insisted: the temptations of the devil which glow in the vapors of wine. Now, may not these temptations become still more potent under the new scheme of things? When the ardent beverage was obtainable by everybody with the price, temptations were almost free as air, so to speak. But fancy the situation when the man with a well-stocked cellar has the world at beck and

call. In friendship he will have more fascination than kings; in statecraft, more power than prime ministers; in love, more magic than Merlin and Lancelot combined. Friends will roll their eyes in the charm of his presence, and enemies roll their heads in the dust at his feet. Great orators, artists of classic and modern schools, poets of new and old rhythms, dreamy musicians, thrilling singers, policemen, stern judges, bearded anarchists, tottering old men and beautiful women will come to him for advice and stimulus. They will confide their hopes in him; ask if he knows anything good for sorrow, blasted ambition, stomach ache, tired feeling, world weariness, general or special pains of the soul, backbone or what not. They will smile, wink, ogle, fawn, whisper, promise, wheedle, cajole. Every wish in the world will be for the lucky dog's asking. He can be a political boss, an office holder, social leader, anything, renowned for his generosity, wit, philosophy, clever stories. Crafty ones will boast of his friendship. There will be a new force for good and evil under the sun. The prohibitionists may not have foreseen this. Their idea may have been that taking liquor away from the many and putting it in the hands of a few would bring about the long-heralded reform; that men and women will have no taste for liquor when they do not see it advertised. They forget the power of mouth-to-mouth advertising. An open secret is the most delightful form of publicity. Nor is it one than can be controlled. It may be enjoyed by many and be a secret still.

* * *

An Unmanned Navy

Those who are versed in naval practice as opposed to naval theory, are much disheartened at the continual shifting of officers and men among the ships of the naval service, occasioned by the blindly wholesale order of Secretary Daniels demobilizing no less than 220,000 officers and men now in the service. This in face of the fact that he has insisted upon a plan of naval construction of much greater magnitude than the country has known before, not even excepting the necessary estimates of the war period. Even now, naval officers emphatically declare that not one of the great number of 1711 vessels now in the navy is in its strict sense properly officered and manned, excepting only a few of the smaller and less important ones. Owing to releases already effected, the total enlisted personnel has been reduced to

a trifle over 220,000 men, which, as is pointed out by naval officers as opposed to civil idealists, is woefully insufficient to man the ships of the navy and bring home the troops from overseas. As pointed out by the Army and Navy Journal, these 1711 vessels now in commission require an enlisted personnel of 165,779 men, composed of 119,497 regulars and 46,282 of the naval reserve force. These "reserves" are bringing every conceivable pressure to bear in order to get out of the service, and the "pull" which their fathers or other sponsors are supposed to have with the elected authorities, is presumed to be a consideration that must take precedence over any such minor one as the good of the service. This unfortunate condition has been brought about by the probably intentional loophole in the enlistment law which reads: "Any enlisted man of the navy or marine corps, who, since April 17, 1918, enlisted for the period of four years, shall, upon application to the secretary of the navy before July 1, 1919, be held and construed to have enlisted for the duration of the war and granted an honorable discharge." Such action, it is declared, would cut the regular force to less than 100,000 men. Of these nearly 70,000 would be required to man the merchants and troop transports, leaving only a little more than 30,000 men to man our great navy! In all fairness to Secretary Daniels, however, it must be said that he is to be blamed to a negligible degree, in comparison with what must attach to a congress which, in the acrimony of party disputes, passed a bill for the building of an unnecessarily tremendous navy and then adjourned without having made any provision for the permanent manning of it. Thus does party politics defeat the purposes of two infinitely greater "p's"—progressiveness and patriotism.

* * *

Dangerous Dickering

Mr. Wilson has again awakened the eloquent ire of Senator Johnson to a pitch of intemperate vituperation that quite out-Herods all of the previous Herodian utterances of that rampant war horse of western republicanism. The occasion of this latest outburst of indignation has been what he considers a downright reversal of Mr. Wilson's policy with reference to Japan's insistent claims to absolute equality with other nations from a racial point of view. The senator insists that the president, finding the Japanese conferees inflexible on this point, began to dicker with them, and succeeded in inducing the conference to grant to Japan supreme sovereignty over the Shantung province of China, thereby, to quote Mr. Johnson, "without the semblance of a contest, delivering forty millions of Chinese into bondage." He then proceeds "to take an-

other fall" out of Mr. Wilson on account of his attitude with reference to Italy's Dalmatian claims, with the asseveration that, in order to placate Italy, he is going to reverse his oft-repeated repugnance to secret treaties, by acceding to the terms of the secret treaty between England and France on the one part, and Italy on the other, giving her entire domination over the Dalmatian coast as a return for her entry into the war. In respect of the latter claim the senator is prophetic rather than accurate, for up to now Mr. Wilson has stolidly refused to consent to the absolute surrender of the port of Fiume to Italy, persisting in the belief that it should be a free port in which the Italians and the Jugo-Slavs might operate on an equality. Whether this prophecy shall meet with fulfillment or no remains to be seen. The gentleman from California may be correct in his belief that, in order further to nourish his rather sickly infant, the League of Nations, Mr. Wilson is bound to dicker with Italy to her profit as he has already dickered with Japan, to retain the Latins as wet nurses of his idealistic progeny. Here again Mr. Wilson is faced by a problem in logics which even his academic mind may be unable to solve. His hitherto unflinching insistence upon self-determination of all peoples would concede Fiume to Italy, since its rather insignificant population of 25,000 is almost entirely Italian. But since it is geographically part and parcel of Dalmatia, which province has a Jugo-Slav population of 600,000 with less than 30,000 Italians, how does the president reach his logical conclusion that Fiume shall be merged into the diplomatic firm of Jugo-Slav-Italia Limited? Perhaps, after all, Senator Johnson is right, and, in order to curb the now rampant Italians, Mr. Wilson will be compelled to kow-tow to them as he has to the Japanese, or his splendidly idealistic plum will wither before it is ripe enough to place upon the governmental tables of the future as written law.

* * *

All or None!

This is merely another and briefer way of putting the well known shibboleth of The Three Musketeers, "One for all and all for one," and is probably the signification intended for it by Dumas when he wrote it. Granting this as a premise, it might be interesting to speculate without bias as to how closely it applies to the League of Nations covenant in its present form, or whether it was intended for a certain group of nations or all nations alike. If not the latter, it is manifestly a league for the simplification of war, instead of one to ensure permanency of peace for all the world. To look at it in another way, unless all nations, old, new, strong or weak,

whether belligerents or neutral, are to be made integral parts of it, then it is nothing more or less than a league for the centralization of power among the victorious Allies. That will mean the upbuilding of an invincible autocracy, so powerful that it can hold any possible other combination in subjection and so enforce peace. It would be interesting to know whether Secretary Daniels had been "tipped off" to this view of the intent and purpose of the covenant, when, during one of the speeches of his foreign junket he said: "If the provisions of the constitution of the League of Nations are to be properly carried out, then the navies of the world must be made stronger than ever." This means organized warfare if it means anything at all, and the nation that keeps itself out of war through fear of an undefeatable power against it, can not be called a peaceful one. Bulwer Lytton wrote a splendid aphorism when in his greatest play he made Cardinal Richelieu say to a faithful servitor, "Take away the sword, boy, states can be saved without it." Doubtless during the fruition of his glorious ideal Mr. Wilson was inspired by some such hope, and believed that he and his country had sufficient moral influence to secure fulfillment of it. This hope has not been fulfilled in the sense that any promise of permanent peace has been secured, for the Paris Conference has created a league of some nations whose manifest purpose it is to dictate the policies of all other nations with fire and sword should pen and counsel fail. This view of the covenant visualizes an incomplete and confusing document, forming the basic law of a mountain of strength which an army of undermining mice may one day destroy. A recent writer in a somewhat radical journal—but even radicals can be conservative sometimes—has said that, "as matters now stand we may find the excluded nations setting up a rival league to throw the whole world back into the chaos of diplomacy, preparedness and war." It may of course be assumed that Mr. Wilson foresaw all this when he sledge-hammered his League of Nations into the peace treaty as a sort of rider. And he may be able eventually to show that the signing of that treaty in itself may place all nations on a happy parity in a universal league for the preservation of peace when Germany and Austria shall have become signatories to it. But the ides of March are now the bi-chlorides of May and the cork is not yet out of the inkwell.

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Dignity of the Beast

By Lionel Josaphare

It is notable that the term, Paradise, has been applied by man to the destination of his soul as well as the launching-place of his earthly career. The possibility of a future world is at once apparent. Heaven becomes little more than a return to the point of beginning. Evolution does not offer the same boon. Now, while the Genesis may not be the most profound look into the heart of the past, the profundity of its claims to the heart of its readers makes Darwin look like a foolish child with a foolish puzzle, searching for the missing link. In religion, the link is super-human, connecting Paradise with Paradise, and that our progenitors made their first appearance in a pleasure park is a more gratifying tale than that some protoplasmic Adam and Eve began life in a mud puddle. In the latter case, return to original conditions is not alluring. The status quo would never be popular, even though the missing link be found and shown to be not so bad a fellow after all. Perhaps we have here a reason for man's repugnance at falling into a mud puddle. Racial memory suggests that he has risen far above the station of the original Mr. Protoplasm, founder of the human family, and that the present estate of man is by no means a security. Worse than the puddle itself is the reminder of what can happen in the best of all possible worlds that evolution can produce. In the orthodox world, created by special act of Providence, man beholds himself the aristocrat of creation, while the theory of evolution renders him something in the nature of an upstart whom eternity may set back to his proper place. There we have a punctilio. They who would go to Heaven must learn to behave before they get there; but reciprocity is not always accorded them; the world does not honor a man merely for his hope in the future life or knowledge of a past one. He must stand upon his own dignity and have good manners as well as good morals. He must refrain from doing anything ridiculous. This is not saying that a comedian will not get to Heaven; but we can not see what he will do when he gets there. Even if, as Longfellow stated, "to dust return," was not spoken of the soul, the dust incarnate has always looked with aversion upon slips into a puddle. Even such emergency as chasing one's hat is viewed with chagrin, as if the winds of Providence were not sufficiently careful of the earthly wanderer, who, at that very moment, might have a very important business appointment. So this man Darwin leaves his readers chasing their hats through eternity, without assuring us that we have the everlasting legs to do the chasing.

The human race, in its entirety, has been paid some neat compliments by various members of the tribe, and there is nothing to indicate that the praise has lacked sincerity. A point for congratulation surely is that man does not go on four legs as a beast of the field; another, that he gazes not stupidly on the ground, but lifts enraptured eyes to the azure, predicts rain and sunshine, carries an umbrella, guarantees to cure freckles, and has a scientific explanation for every bolt from the blue. Man laughs. This distinction is somewhat abridged by the fact that men laugh at one another. Nor is monopoly complete here. Dogs laugh good-humoredly; hyenas, with a show of cynicism, and parrots with a trace of wit. The laughter of dumb animals, though, is not like human merriment,

which can see or read a joke that would be over the head of a giraffe. Man also weeps: another advantage. Of course, the brute creation surpasses man in some ways, as in strength and in the five senses; but man leaves no doubt of his superiority in mental power, protracted effort and social organization.

There is one respect, however, in which the animal excels his human brother, and that is manners—not the courtesy between animal and animal, but personal deportment. The beast is a creature sufficient unto himself; man is not. Sleeping, working, playing, eating, man has improved indeed upon the fashions of the animal kingdom. It is when he is doing none of these things that the biped's inferiority is manifest. Upon his escape from the jungle he lost something. He lost his poise. Primitive man, grasping the branch of a tree to steady himself on his feet, learned to rely on something beyond himself, and has never since rid himself of the habit—is never quite his human self without something in his hand. As a merely picturesque object, the lord of creation cuts a poor figure beside the king of beasts. Supreme he may be in achievement, but not lordly in manner. He lacks the lion's aplomb. The most obvious point in favor of the evolutionary theory is that the human being is still unsteady upon his two legs, and is awkward in repose, whether standing or lying. In action he shows grace; but in quietude must have something within his clutches or his dignity becomes a fizzle. No doubt the palms of his hands were once on the ground, for, outside of his pockets, he has no convenient place for them, unless he resort to folded arms, usually an affectation and not always restful. That is why man is ever reaching for the branch, as a support or as an emblem of authority, a makeshift for striking a pose. Take the scepter from his hand, and, even on the throne, the king is not a pleasant looking object. The quadruped, on the other hand, is graceful without accessory. Striding, skulking, listening, lying, the beast is at once recognizable as the better trained actor, the more accomplished hero on his own stage. Lion, tiger, horse: beside one of these, and in sight of the universe, man is a low comedian. Costume perhaps affects the issue. The naked athlete might appear to perfection alongside the lion, or a Roman toga give excuse for poses which the timid contents of a tuxedo dare not assume. It is no fault of the quadruped.

The ancients, as far as we know, were happier than we in taking the center of the stage. The Roman senator and the Renaissance cavalier were equal to the demands of history and the historic portrait painter. Modern man casts aside the grand manner, ridicules it, if need be, and therefore has lapsed into a neurotic helplessness on such occasions where an animal would be at ease. Recall, at the beginning of the peace conference, premiers of the world grouped for their photograph—weak, embarrassed and uncertain in their big chairs, from which they were to discuss the destinies of the world. What opportunity for the pomp of a Napoleon. Not a premier with any sort of regalia to help him into a statesmanlike pose. Not one of them held a mace, a lily, a spear or a staff of office. Therefore they look like a quartet of department clerks waiting for some one to say good morning—utterly ill at ease, unrelated to their magnificent surroundings, smiling

like one who wishes he had not come.

Observe an animal when he is doing nothing. Placid, graceful, dignified—an honor to his environment. If man evolved into his present muscular harmony through use of his hands, those very hands and arms have acquired incessant nervous impulses to continue the struggle, or the tailless paragon will be out of whack; restless as a child and without a child's courage to liberty of action. The leisure class, with polite code and traditions of gallantry, is almost as bad off. The idler has his own equipment, upon which he leans for mental and physical support. He wields a cane with astonishing skill; snaps a cigarette in approved motion picture style; like a magician makes a cocktail disappear, and suddenly becomes a victim of circumstances; for when his cigarette is gone, his manner is. He crosses his legs. His workless hands work here and there upon himself or chair. The descendant of Adam or the protoplasm is bored with being merely a man. Speech, laughter, upright position distinguishing him from the brute, avail him naught without accessories.

Beyond that, there is a spiritual grace that must be satisfied. Man is ever seeking the intangible, the incomprehensible, and must have a symbol of it in his hand. The use of tobacco is explainable partly on this ground. It is an airy symbolism of what the smoker can not attain. A cigarette is the readiest thing to hand when the world evades our clutches, and the world does so many times a day. And beyond the taste for wine is its drinking to satisfy that which is neither thirst nor hunger.

Much of this mental and physical distress is due to the fact that civilization has not amply provided for the comfort of its members. The dog relaxes on the ground; the savage on a blanket; the old Roman succumbed from the feast to his ceremonial couch. Modern discipline will have none of this, except at the seashore, the only public place where society has found a means to rest itself. Otherwise it is decidedly improper to be comfortable. The old Romans on their couches and roses reveled in a glorious world, undisturbed by aught save the fear of assassination. Our only fear is the thought of being old-fashioned. It is futile to do anything as if we believed in it. There is no longer the fun and the stability of an old-fashioned bow, which, because of its longer and slower movement, was far more adaptable to social needs than the present substitute, that leaves a man nowhere. Loss of the courtly bow was a calamity to mankind, just as the hat-rack was a blow to the country bumpkin, when his only hope of conversational safety lay in clinging to his hat. He felt himself nowhere and couldn't get loose. The country bumpkin believes in Adam and Eve rather than the missing link. If he can not speak well without twisting his hat on earth, he knows that Heaven will be a kinder place, where, in order to strike a graceful attitude, he can finger a harp while talking to the angels, who have trumpets. Without such accessories, Heaven would hardly appeal to the man who trailed from the jungle with a tree branch in his hand.

"I'm troubled with a buzzing sound in my ears all the time."

"Have you any idea as to the cause?"

"Yes, my wife wants an auto."

Lillie

From "Graphics," by Harris Merton Lyon

In a certain part of the swampy country of Southern Missouri we used to gather each November, some ten or twelve of us, because of the excellent shooting there. Duck abounded through the crisp marshes—teal and mallard and canvasback and hood duck—quail, and plenty of cotton-tail rabbits. We were very cozy, with our long tramps by day and our log fires by night. We practically took possession of an old hotel (called Mirror's Rest), brought down our own whiskies and liqueurs and cigars from the city, and gathered every evening around our smoking game dinners for a jovial meal and a long, intimate talk afterward. Every member of this little hunting club was happy. The brisk air, the eagerness of the hunt, the tension of muscles, the clean breeze in our eyes and ears all day out in the open, brought back upon us—we were, mostly, middle-aged men—a sort of boyishness. In the evenings, therefore, we relaxed. Sometimes we drowsed, from having been in the wind. Oftener we chatted about this and that, a whim, an inconsequential affair, a woman or two, a certain vintage, a good shot, a bad shot, . . . a story. Such stories! Sometimes the judge, who wore a neat purple corduroy coat and parted his hair every morning before setting out with his shotgun, would tell of an amusing case tried before him; sometimes the doctor, a loutishly built and dressed man with a heart of gold, gave us glimpses into human life such as physicians alone obtain. Sometimes one, sometimes another spoke, idly, at random, over the cigars.

Well, one night the girl who worked in the hotel brought in our coffee, and as she swung easily out of the door with her tray under her arm, Norrbin looked after her intently. Norrbin is described in a word—ten words. Swede, soldier of fortune, forty-four, swordsman, crack shot, friend of Oom Paul, captain of Obaldia's guard—and so on. Clean-cut, decent . . . and, after all that, bashful!

The doctor noted the keen glance. "That kind is a nice, stupid kind of woman," he said idly, "who moves safely through a stupid girlhood to a stupid marriage. All happy and nice and safe."

"Does she?" asked the Swede, quickly. "Listen to me, then." And he told this story:

This girl reminded me of a girl. Her name was Lillie. That is all I know. No, indeed, I am not digging up one of my own lost romances. But—you said something about this girl here being happy. Happy, you said. And so I am eager to tell you about the girl named Lillie.

This happened when I was investigating sociological conditions—in Massachusetts. I was working then under a state commission on immigration. I have seen some sights there—and that means a great deal; for I have traveled this world thoroughly, and I am a Swede. Swedes, you may not know, are very moody and introspective. They get it from their snow and mountains and frost.

Well, I was in Fall River, where they have cotton mills. Almost everybody there works, works hard, very many, many hours a day, as many hours as the law will let them. The father of a family works in the mills, the mother, the sons, the daughters—every one except the babies. Sometimes it is a great deal of trouble to take care of the babies at home and to work in the mills at the same time. But somehow it is done,

and the world wags on, and you and I go shooting.

Almost all the people there are foreigners—Portuguese, and so on. Oh! A little bit of everything. That's how I came to be there with my sociological census and my fountain pen and my questions. Knock on a door, pry in, ask questions. I was a fascinated busybody. Sometimes I would laugh with these people—generally only an old man or a very young girl tending a baby was about the house—and sometimes I would bite my lip and think hard, very hard, as I came away. It was peculiar work for a man of guns and sabers!

Well, late one afternoon I knocked at the door of a flat. The door was opened slowly and in a very trembling fashion by a broken-down old man. He did not tremble in fear. It was more as if he had lost the direction of his muscles. Except for a baby girl in a chair he was alone. His name was Danielson—Sigurd Danielson. He was a Swede, of course, and we talked in Swedish. How many in his family? His wife, the baby, two little sons, and a daughter. Any dead? No. Any ill with tuberculosis? No. How many wage-earners? All, except himself—and the baby. They worked in "the mills," at one task and another. His daughter Lillie was a weaver who made ten dollars a week. He, too, had worked there . . . but he had broken down and now could do nothing. Fortunately for him and the baby, all were making good wages. Lillie was doing especially well.

It is peculiar, my friends, that the men in these families generally "break down," as they call it, first of all. The mother, in spite of being weakened by child-bearing, seems to be able to endure longer. In fact, these men move in a certain definite line though life. You can figure them mathematically. It is pitiful. It is like plotting a curve in calculus. You can easily plot the curve of the poor man's life! It is ascending in his youth from poverty; when he marries, it climbs still higher, for his wife is always a wage-earner herself, you see. They get so that they can live in comparative comfort. Then comes the first child. The curve in this man's life begins its downward bend there. Gradually, very gently. But the next child, and the next, and the next—they have a regular rabble of children, these people!—carry him farther down into penury. For a while, when his children grow up, they support him and his wife. Then they begin to have troubles of their own—old age, misery, starvation. . . . There you are! And this law, this curve, works steadily. You can get from the tables a grand percentage on it. It is very interesting.

Old Danielson was glad to talk his language with a stranger, and so he invited me in. I call him old. He could not have been more than fifty; yet his back was palsied, his hands were cramped, his eyes as expressionless as an absinthe-drinker's. He looked at me as if he were very weary, and dreaming and sad. When I spoke of Stockholm, the boat from Hull, the mountains up in the Lapland country, he smiled, but he smiled as if somebody had said a very bitter thing to him which could no longer hurt him.

"I am quite content here," he said very hesitatingly, "if things go on as they are and we all stay well. But if any one should get sick! These doctor bills!"

It was Lillie this and Lillie that in that house. So I found out, in fifteen minutes. The meals, the mending, the boys' lessons . . . you know. One of these lads was fourteen; the other twelve. One earned four dollars a week; the other two and a half. You would have smiled if you had sat and listened. Mention the name of a Danielson, and in the next breath you got the wages he made! Well, it was a very important point to the old man with the broken back. I assure you, I did not smile.

That was on a Saturday night, when they all brought their wages home. I was introduced around. It is an odd sight, these Saturday nights of the poor.

The mother sat the table, with the lamp near by. She put on a pair of cheap spectacles. Without a word each child came up and placed his wages in her hand. She spread it out on the table, if they are nickels and pennies to be counted. Then she gives back to each a little pocket money. That is all, you see, that each worker gets out of his week's work . . . that, and a roof over his head. It is very primitive, isn't it? Patriarchal . . . with the mother as patriarch. But only in this way can the home survive; and the home is the all-important thing, after all. Isn't it? Mrs. Danielson made six dollars. Lillie proudly stepped up—just such a looking girl as the one that went out that door—and put her ten dollars in the pool. The boys laid down six dollars and a half. A fortune! A Golconda, believe me. Twenty-two dollars and a half a week, and only five people and a baby to support. No wonder that every now and then Lillie got a new waist, or a neck ribbon, or a pair of shoes. That night we had a Swedish punch in celebration. And I went out and bought beer, and a fine cigar for the old man, and candy, and a baby's rattle. I tell you truthfully it was very, very pleasant indeed.

All except one thing. I had a word or two with Lillie, aside. She said: "It has been a great deal of fun tonight. But I am beginning to be a very unhappy woman."

Then my work took me elsewhere, and I came back . . . later . . . in the spring. The old man was alone again with the baby; sitting by the open window, looking out. He did not move. He cried, "Come in!" when I knocked. When he recognized me, he broke into Swedish greetings, and then he sat silent again, looking out of his window. I did not know what to say, to take up our friendship where it had left off. Old men and old women, you know, are so imperturbable. It is hard to break through them into their hearts; they seem strangers at once, even if you leave but for a few moments. I think they must live in a strange country, these old people.

Finally Danielson began of his own accord. "It is spring," he murmured. . . . "Spring! I suppose that is it." Then he looked up. "Lillie wants to get married," he said, very simply.

I waited a moment, wondering keenly if her would bring in right there that subject which was all-important to him; and he did. "We would lose her wages," he remarked. He twirled one thumb against the other very gravely, intent upon his nails, it seemed. But he really was a sweet-hearted man, and his thoughts were elsewhere than on the money.

"Who can blame her, Norrbin?" he went on.

(Continued on Page 14)

The Early Origin of Manners

By Florence Howe Hall (Daughter of Julia Ward Howe)

Herbert Spencer declares the earliest kind of government to be that of ceremonial institutions. Ceremonial control precedes religious and political control, and he finds an ingenious argument in favor of this hypothesis in the conduct of savage tribes. "Daily intercourse among the lowest savages, whose small, loose groups, scarcely to be called social, are without political or religious regulation, is under a considerable amount of ceremonial regulation."

In other words, ceremonies, manners, whatever you please to call them, are necessarily the first law which binds man, because they are personal and concrete. The earliest necessity for a savage is to show his fellow that he does not mean to fight him, but intends rather to live peaceably with him and give him his ducs. Hence certain peaceful observances and signs are early established, such as salutations, doing homage, etc., and perhaps are the first tokens of order that appear out of the primeval chaos of warfare and destruction.

The first bondage then, is that of manners, and the last bondage is of manners also, and from it we need neither wish nor hope to be set free. If we live among civilized men, we surely can not be free from it; if we flee to savage nations, we must still observe their code of manners. Our only hope of escape is to live the life of a hermit, and even Robinson Crusoe was polite to his cat and his parrot! And why should we wish to escape from this easy-fitting yoke, which surely protects far more than it hampers us? Manners are, or should be, defensive, not offensive. They have undergone vast changes during all these ages, and the customs of the savage resemble little enough the polished ways of the highly civilized man of the twentieth century. But in this one point they must ever resemble each other—that they protect and defend the man who uses them. Emerson says of manners, "Their vast convenience I must always admire. The perfect defense and isolation which they effect makes an insuperable protection." And some one else has said, "Etiquette is the barrier which society draws around itself as a protection against offences the 'law' can not touch; it is a shield against the intrusion of the impertinent."

But what a vast difference between the old slavish customs wherein the inferior tremblingly deprecatd the wrath of his superior, and the manners of today, with which equal greets equal! The fear of personal violence, or even of death, made unfortunate wretches grovel in the earth, and place dirt upon their heads, as a sign of their entire submission, a plea of humility; whereas, with the liberty we of the western world now enjoy, we need not "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee" to any man; and though we still use manners as a defence, it is only to guard those innermost citadels of privacy, the mind and heart, from unwarranted intrusion.

The history of manners is the history of civilization, and in their study the wise man finds his account. It is only the fool who despises them, because he has not taken the time and trouble to come at their real meaning and significance, and therefore begs the whole question by declaring that they have none.

It is a significant fact that manners, in old English, meant much the same thing as what we now call morals—thus showing the ethical

importance which our ancestors attached to a decent behavior. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," saith the Scripture, and the word is used elsewhere in the Bible in the same sense. In Shakespeare's "As You Like It," Touchstone makes a delightful pun on the word: "Touch.—Wast ever in court, shepherd?"

"Cor.—No, truly.

"Touch.—Then thou art damned.

"Cor.—For not being at court? Your reason.

"Touch.—Why, if thou never wast at court thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd."

The word "morals" was not used by the old writers; but here again we have a proof of the identity, in the opinion of our forefathers at least, of morals and good manners. Politeness they considered as an essential element of good behavior—a branch certainly of good morals. The word "moral" is derived from the Latin word *mos*, plural *more*s, meaning manners or customs; and while the English word is seldom used with the original Latin meaning, the French word *moeurs* (manners), derived from the same Latin root, is still used in the old sense.

Rev. Brooke Herford, in one of his sermons, called attention to the rigorous adherence to good manners, the use of a prescribed form of speech even under most trying and exacting circumstances, of which we find evidence in the Bible. Thus the Shulamite woman, hastening to Elisha, and full of anguish at the death of her only son, still answers, "It is well," when asked whether it is well with her child, although she has come to announce his death to the prophet. And the messenger who brought King David the tidings of that dreadful battle in which his beloved son Absalom was slain, prefaced his deadly message with the usual phrase, "All is well," though he knew that the dearest treasure of the king's heart, his favorite son, was lying dead on the bloody plain. The fear of seeming to doubt or deny in some way the providence of the Almighty, was perhaps one reason for the use of this phrase, as the preacher suggested.

Obsolete Symbolism

As the state of society changes from one age to another, manners must necessarily change with it, otherwise they cease to be the true exponents of the thought and feeling of the time. Having once been fitting symbols, they become only dead letters when the thought they represented passes away—mere empty forms, savoring of hypocrisy, and surviving their usefulness on account of the conservative nature of man, which tends to make him do always what he has done once.

Thus the phrase "your worship" no doubt had originally a more or less sincere emaning, in the time when inferiors were so low in the scale of civilization that they did in some sort worship those who were so high above them. When men really believed that a king could do no wrong, that he was a king by Divine right, and that his very touch could heal the diseases of ordinary mankind—in such a time it would not be wonderful that one man should consider

another as worthy even of worship. In the extremely enlightened and unbelieving state of mind of the present day, we can scarcely believe that such superstitions as these ever existed; but it was only in the reign of Queen Anne that the royal touch for the king's evil was used for the last time, while the worship of heroes is not only as old as our race, but has not yet died out.

We do not worship them precisely as the old Greeks and Romans did, but rather after the fashion of mediaevalism. We carefully preserve buttons from their coats, locks of their hair, the chairs in which they sat, and curious characters which they traced with a pointed instrument dipped in black fluid, upon a material made of bleached and pounded rags—what we call autographs. And yet we think it strange that the unlettered men of the middle ages should have treasured the bones of saints, and held as sacred, fragments of their garments! Verily the nature of man is ever the same, with all his boasted progress!

When customs no longer have a real meaning, when they become mere shams and pretences, then they will gradually disappear of themselves; and then the reformer is justified if he inveighs against them, although if he is a wise man he knows that customs "die hard," and will not expect to see them rapidly disappear. What a grand time they had in the French Revolution, when the whole order of society was changed, and the titles even of the old heathen months were taken away from them, as savoring too much of ancient superstition! But somehow people did not take even to such sensible names as "Snowy," "Rainy," "Foggy." They clamored for the old names, and would have them back again; not because they cared for Janus or Maia, or even Julius Caesar, but because they were used to January and May and July, and liked the old nonsense better than the new sense.

Nay, it is to be feared that we have not quite outgrown a belief in the old nonsense yet; for while no living being now worships Maia, there are plenty of people who consider it unlucky to be married in May—a superstition which existed in the days of Ovid, and no one knows how long before. Its origin is a curious one. The Romans believed in good and evil spirits, and called the latter Lemures. These ancient ghosts were of a restless disposition, tormenting the good and haunting the wicked. With that common sense which ever distinguished the old Romans, they celebrated festivals in honor of the Lemures, which they called Lemuria, and held in the month of May. The solemnities lasted for three nights, during which marriages were prohibited, and the temples of the gods were shut. The populace burned black beans to drive away these bad spirits, and also beat on kettles and drums. It is said that Romulus first instituted the Lemuria or Lemuralia, to appease the shade of Remus, and the word became corrupted from Remuria to Lemuria.

These manners peculiar to certain states of society pass away with them, and despite the lamentations of some lovers of the past, it is best that it should be so. Though we may sometimes fall a little in the scale of our behavior, on the whole there is an improvement in the manners of the civilized world from one age to another.

(To be continued next week)

The Spectator

Mrs. Will Irwin and the Clockwinder

The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock rushed through the Town Talk sanctum, slammed the door of the press room, and halted at the Linotype machine. "Listen," he commanded.

The Linotyper went on writing.

"Listen," roared the Clockwinder.

"Make a noise like a manuscript," said the Lino.

The Clockwinder shook his head. "No copy today. You take on your machine what I dictate. I speak. You hear. You tap keys. Melted lead pours. Printing press hums."

"What the devil!"

"Oh, you don't understand. I have become a writer of the new school. V-a-r-e l-e-e-b. That's my style. V-e-r-s l-i-b-r-e. Free verse. I am all excitement—pit to dome. Just interviewed a woman, a writer of books, a feminist, a laborite, a war visitor, a high society Victory bond seller."

"Aw, gwan!"

"That's it. Write it down. Exclamations are great for free verse. Dots, dashes, telegraphic poetry. That's the new school, and I'm one of them. 'Aw, gwan' makes a beautiful beginning for the new poetry."

"Just as you say," said the Lino. "Anything to kill time and space."

"Briefly, sir, I have just interviewed Mrs. Will Irwin. Past tense: Inez Hayes Gilmoure, author of the Phoebe and Ernest stories and hundreds of others, including and especially 'The Californiacs.' Get me? Spirit of the Golden Gate—pioneers. Globe trotters; North Pole, South Pole, East Pole, West Pole, parallels of latitude, meridians of longitude, eastern and western hemispheres. Balboa, we salute you. French battle fronts, Italian mountain battles. Air raids. Europe in general. Interested in the cosmos and many other things. Returns to San Francisco. Sells Victory bonds at Lotta's Fountain. That's an interview in the form of poetry. It does not sound like poetry to you, because you have not yet learned how to space it. Listen. Here is the best v-a-r-e l-e-e-b I ever read. The lines are from a fifty-page v-a-r-e l-e-e-b, written by Mrs. Irwin in three-quarters of an hour. I copied the lines to prove that this interview is no fiction. Here you are, now. Every time I lower my voice, you go to another line:

Free Verse for San Francisco

Maiden city,
Woman city,
Amazon city.
Always the peaks at her side,
Breast-shaped
Hanging nude over her.
Always Tamalpais at her side,
Girl-shaped,
Lying bare by her.

"What do you think of it?"

"That isn't free verse. That's K. C. B."

"It's v-a-r-e l-e-e-b, you boob."

"All right; but there won't be any more v-a-r-e l-e-e-b after July 1."

"Listen. Geary Street. Clift Hotel. Tumultuous goings and comings of human race. Dark elevator. Twisted hallway. Door capacious for a knock. Please come in. Astonishment. Room decorated by a magic hand. Walls of perpendicular huc. Tapestries of woven grass. Flowers of geometrical splendor. Chintown panels.

Dots and gleams of jewels to a quaintness. Get it?"

"Sure. What did the lady look like?"

"A flash of the Orient. Egyptian eyes. Earrings long, heavy, golden, dangling, ever trembling with whispers from the unseen. Subsequently informed of Dalmatian design. Necklace heavy with coral and silver, from which hangs an oblong silver box filigree from an East Indian workshop. Little prayer in the locket. Altogether a prophetess of old. Talks to me as to an equal."

"Did you talk back?"

"I pledge you. Accustomed to interview mere politicians, did not know what questions might be interrogated of a woman. First words to a politician usually—"Do you believe in graft as a safeguard to democracy?" No go here. Summoned up courage. Courage does not answer summons. While I am thinking about my question, she answers it. 'Mr. Irwin and I have been smothered in the serpentine of California hospitality. His friends that I had never met. My friends that he had never met. Friends of both of us that neither of us had ever met.'"

"Aren't you mixed there?"

"Never mind. This is v-a-r-e l-e-e-b. Pretty soon I asked if she was a Californiac. 'The Californiacs,' you know, was a wonderful josh on all of us. The best of it was that we published it ourselves, through that friend in need of the California writer, Alexander McPherson Robertson. Anyway, she said that although not a Californian, she is a Californiac herself. So that squares it. Observing a large matty thing on the wall, I said, 'You seem to be also a Chinatowniac, and what is that, may I ask?'"

"So she said, 'That's a batik—a product of Java. This one came from Greenwich Village, New York City. I bought it because I think that if we have to help the heathen, why not help our own.'"

Selling the Bonds

"The conversation turned on Victory bonds. I asked her if she had been successful at Lotta's Fountain. She said, 'I sold \$1000 worth.' So I said, 'What do you think is the cause of the apathy on the part of the public? Here it is Monday, with everybody sending telegrams, and the last installment on the war is overdue.'"

"She said, 'Well, Mr. Clockwinder, the people are not as interested in victory as they were in liberty. We are glad the war is over; but the excitement is not intense. This, of course, is a business matter, and the people must be encouraged with song and dance before they will invest their money. In New York for a liberty drive, they had continuous vaudeville from 9 o'clock until 6, all along Fifth Avenue. San Francisco will do its duty, but does not want to be hurried. We are an artistic city. We demand theatricals with our Liberty and Victory bonds, as music with our meals. Coupons are an acquired taste with us, anyway, and we will not buy them until we find the other fellow doesn't. He is thinking the same of us. If the people knew what the war actually was, they would throw their money at the bond sellers. The war disordered the whole world, and brought anew order of things, for which we will have to pay. I have not been to France as many times as Mr. Irwin, but I saw enough to say that the effect

was paralyzing rather than inspiring to me from the standpoint of a writer. I kept a diary of the war, but feel that the event was too big for words. So is California in its own way. Following up the demand for 'The Californiacs,' I have in press, through Mr. Robertson, 'The Native Son,' and will also write 'The Native Daughter.'"

"I asked her if other states might not furnish copy in that way. For instance: Georgiacs, Missouriacs, and so forth. And she said, 'Well, no; but I might go to the New England states and write up the Maniacs.'"

The Knights of Columbus

Comparatively little has been published with reference to the activities of the Knights of Columbus during the war, perhaps for the reason that they have not been as prominent in "drives," benefits, street soliciting and house-to-house visitations as have the other splendid and better equipped organizations that have performed such heroic work in bettering the morale and ministering to the comforts of the boys at the front. Again, "being strictly a Catholic organization," as expressed by one of its leaders, Mr. John B. Kennery, in The Outlook magazine, "it appears to have been dismissed from the thoughts of almost everyone but their own fellow faithful." It became known, through priests serving at the front, that while Catholic boys were always welcome at the Y. M. C. A. huts, and received attention in every way equal to that accorded to Protestant ones, every now and then there were questionings about, and reflections upon, their religion, and at times they felt like interpolers. It was also shown that more might be done in the direction of dispelling the mental lonesomeness of the sol-

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diers by providing them with the kind of entertainment they were used to at home, on the ground that a good variety show was better than lectures and class singing, and they would prefer bags of Durham and boxes of cigarettes to dried apple pie and peanut brittle. Accordingly, the Knights set to work and effected an organization, backed at the outset by no moneys other than their reserve fund of \$300,000, and soon their emissaries, field workers, distributors and entertainers were at the front. Such noted actors as Forbes Robertson, E. H. Sothorn, Julia Marlowe, Mary Anderson and others, of less prominence but equal benevolence, appeared in the temporary theatres under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus and other kindred organizations with which they had become affiliated. Scores of the best vaudeville artists, male and female, relinquished profitable engagements, and were sent by the Knights overseas, to sing, dance, and perform their varied "stunts" in the evenings, so that the minds of the boys would be upon them and not burdened by the certain horrors of the following day. The writer once asked a noted worker in another organization about the entertainments of the Knights of Columbus, and the reply was to the effect that they were well given, and not enough could be said in praise of the efforts of the self-sacrificing actors and actresses. But they were hardly of the class that educated the boys up to the mental attitudes that should be theirs, in view of the serious work they had before them, which might place them face to face with their Maker at any time. On one occasion, as related by William J. Mulligan, head of the war committee of the Knights of Columbus, a spirited boxing tournament was held in a large hall in one of the towns near the front. Across the street a lecture was being given to a large crowd of the more thoughtful young men. At its close the lecturer entered the athletic hall, and asked one of the attendants why the Knights should provide such brutal sport for the nation's young defenders, and the amused athlete replied: "My friend, did the government educate these boys to be ethical culture guys, or to go over and knock the daylight out of the Germans?" The work of the K. of C. was unceasing and their huts and places of entertainment always crowded. The most effective workers were men of middle age who had sons in the trenches, and so could treat the sons of others as tenderly as they would their own. Stenographers were provided to visit the wounded and sick in the hospitals, and write letters home for them. When supplies ran short, the

soldiers were called upon to decide by vote who should receive what was left, and it was generally voted to the tired and hungry heroes from the trenches. The K. of C. work is over now, but those who write fairly of it, can not fail to accord it equal honors with that of organizations, better known and more liberally financed. But the thousands of Knights know what was done, and every other worker at the front knows, if he is magnanimous enough to talk or write truthfully of it.

The Wail of Lotta's Fountain

The guard at the canvas door of the patriotic but unsightly structure which for years has kept the equally unsightly fountain in close confinement, started and paled as he heard a voice from within:

"I say! Guard, are you there?" The frightened sentinel, who, it must be said, had a sort of respectful instinct for the supernatural, stood in the doorway amazed, for there had not been any one else about the shaft with the big "V" on it for hours. The voice was repeated in a tone of querulous impatience: "Guard! Where are you?" And, after one or two of those nervous contractions of the epiglottis commonly known as gulps, the guard ventured a reply:

"Who's there?"

"Who could it be but the same solitary unfortunate who's been shut in here ever since there were Liberty loans?"

"I never saw nobody in there that couldn't get out when they wanted to."

"Do you mean to tell me that you never noticed me—the Fountain?"

"I knew there was something iron in there that was always in our way, but I didn't know it was a fountain. Where's the water?"

"Oh, they shut that off when they immured me here in the dark to boost the loan drives, but I'm a fountain all right—Lotta's Fountain."

"Who's Lotta?"

"For the Lord's sake! Don't you know?"

The guard bore an unashamed and blushless countenance as he confessed that he had never heard of any one by that name, and the Fountain continued: "Never heard of Lotta! Why, she was San Francisco's most famous actress."

"I've heard that said about a lot of San Francisco actresses."

"I tell you all of them were four-flushers, all but Lotta. The whole world recognized that and made her rich by flocking to see her. She's rich yet, and owns theatres, hotels and office buildings all over the country, to say nothing of a string of race horses she bought for her sporty brother."

"Well, if she's so rich, why don't she come here and bail you out?"

"She doesn't know how I've been treated, for no other reason than I'm at the corners of Market, Geary and Kearny streets. She hasn't been told that the fountain she gave to the city, with brass bands, and speeches, and soldiers, so that tired and temperate wayfarers might slake their thirsts, has been shut away and forgotten, in the darkness of a mighty monument of lumber, cloth and paint. Is it pretty?"

The guard hesitated to criticize what he believed to be the questionable taste of his superiors, but pity for the lonely prisoner moved him to reply, "No, to be strictly on the level, it ain't."

"I'm not pretty myself," sighed the Fountain. "I never was that. Even Lotta herself smirked as only she can smirk and said, 'Shocking!' the only time she ever saw me. But, all the same, I have my uses, I claim the respect that is due to my venerable years as an old pioneer, and I think I've been here quite long enough."

Demobilize the Fountain

"You know what war is, don't you?" from the guard.

"Oh, yes!" from the Fountain, with a laugh that quite equalled the hollowness of her narrow prison. "My confinement here has fastened that on my mind forever. But enough is as good as a feast; I've done my bit without a single complaint until now, and I think I ought to be demobilized."

"That's what I think about it myself, sister," replied the guard, now becoming fearlessly familiar.

"Why didn't they put this thing over the Donohue monument for a spell; or force the Native Sons' group into patriotic solitude, so that I might get a whiff of fresh air and shame the officials into giving me a fresh coat of paint? It's not fair to treat a lady like this. Where is there another in all the services who's been sentenced to solitary confinement for the whole duration of a war, just because she happened to be in front of the Chronicle building?"

"I'm for you, sister, alright, alright," smiled the guard familiarly, "but I guess you'll have to wait same as I will."

"I've nothing to do with you," persisted the Fountain, now losing her temper. "And I'm not your sister. I wish I were. I'm the whole neighborhood's grandmother, and I'm old enough to insist upon my rights. I'm past the draft age and it's a shame to impose on good nature like this. I've been through four loan

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drives without one grumble; the Lord knows how many times I've stood for Red Cross meetings, and Salvation Army pleas, and the jostling of crowds that had nothing to do with the war at all. I've a right to know when it's all going to end and how."

"I'm sure I don't know, dearie."

"Don't call me dearie! I'm an old maid, just as Lotta always insisted upon being, and I don't like it. Have you any idea how soon they're going to tear this thing down and let in the light upon me?"

"You can search me; I don't know. I suppose as soon as the Victory loan's in."

"When will that be—isn't it going well?"

"Somethin' awful! We're even lettin' Los Angeles catch up to us. San Diego is over the top; Seattle, and Portland, and Tacoma, and Fresno, and a whole lot of rube towns are goin' to reach their quota, and we ain't made a good mark on the loan yet."

"Awful!" and the Fountain made as close an approach to trembling with patriotic fervor as was possible considering her inflexible structure. "I only wish that my namesake was here to tell the city she honored by presenting me to it, what she thought of its senfsh indifference and frozen patriotism. And, you hear me, she wouldn't mince matters any, for she's some little spitfire when she's aroused, and this would arouse her if anything in the world could. You tell the committee to keep me in jail until that subscription's filled, if it takes a year and I'm rusted into junk. I went through the earthquake and fire and know what an effort it cost the people of this city to rebuild it. But if they've got money to spend for automobiles, and clothes and jewelry, and in clubs and cafes and road houses, they've got it to spend on getting our soldiers home and paying them off. They must learn that this is the most important loan of all of them, and that Lotta's Fountain is willing to be hidden away in grewsome darkness until it's all subscribed. And, Guard!"

"Yes, Lotta?"

"I wish you'd have some one send a telegram for me; and make it collect."

"Miss Lotta Crabtree, Boston, Mass.: Still in jail because city slow with Victory loan. Send on a few millions and get me out."

"Lotta's Fountain."

Lucky for the Hun

It is not generally known that had not the armistice been granted to Germany, she would have been hopelessly defeated without artillery or bullets. As soon as the United States had declared war upon the Hun, army circles began to work upon a secret it had long possessed, which was the composition of a super-poison gas that experiment had shown to be seventy-two times more deadly than the death dealing "mustard." This was first used by the Germans with terrific effect at Ypres in July, 1917, and marked so great an advantage to the enemy that retaliation by the Allies became general as a matter of self-preservation. The Germans called it dichlorethyl-sulphide, but the Allied soldiers soon dubbed it mustard, from the fact that the volatile liquid giving out the suffocating gas, had much the same effect as a mustard plaster when falling upon the skin. Then it spreads through the tissues, and on reaching the lungs breaks them down, producing what is called "chemical" pneumonia, usually fatal. The invention of the gas mask however, almost removed the danger of death by asphyxiation, and only direct contact with the fluid was feared to any great extent. That the United States was enabled to meet this fiendish invention by an even greater one was the result of a lucky accident. Years ago a young chemist, living in another country, happened upon a combination which almost cost him his life, and which had never been known before. When we entered the war he was in this country, recalled his narrow escape and submitted his invention to the government as a substitute for all the poison gas formulas then known. Tests proved its terrible possibilities, it was at once accepted,

and measures taken to begin its manufacture, under the name of methyl, which was an intentional misnomer, because there was nothing methylated about it. But as haste was necessary, and the delays attendant upon the securing of an appropriation unavoidable, arrangements were made with a private firm, the National Lamp Works of Cleveland, through its former chemical engineer, Colonel F. M. Dorsey, then in the service in the department of chemistry. Other firms were soon taken into the secret, including the National Carbon Company, and Ben Hur Motor Company, with the understanding that they would enter into the manufacture of methyl and trust the government in the matter of future remuneration. There were many impediments to be overcoming in effecting the necessary speed in the manufacture of the most terrible instrument of death in all history, but work began, surrounded by the utmost secrecy. None of the large force of men employed knew what they were making, and even incoming and outgoing mail was censored. They were charged to be ignorant of the fact that the volatile fluid they were producing in such great quantities, "smelling like geranium blossoms and pleasant to the taste," would cause unendurable pain when applied to the skin. No one must know that after this first contact it would poison the blood, attack the kidneys first, then the heart and lungs, producing sudden and certain death, and that a single breath of its noxious vapors must prove fatal. At the time the armistice was signed, the output of the factory had become ten tons of methyl per day, and hundreds of tons were awaiting shipment. Then it became apparent that this vast quantity of fluid gas, ten tons of which would have been sufficient to depopulate the city of New York, must be destroyed, so that the secret might be preserved in case of another war. To dump such quantities of fatal poison into the waters of Lake Erie might endanger the life of every person living on its shores, and so the ocean was selected as being wide enough and deep enough to guard against all danger. Accordingly a long train of freight cars, under heavy guard and loaded with hundreds of iron flasks of the deadly compound, proceeded to New York, where the cargo was placed on lighters and dumped into the ocean fifty miles out. The expensive apparatus devised for its manufacture was destroyed, as well as the armor designed to protect the users from sure death. So ends the fantastic story of the most terrible instrument of manslaughter ever conceived, and which, it is confidently believed, would have cleared the way to Berlin for the Allied armies in a single engagement. For this we should be glad indeed, for now the page of history on which our own country would be charged with having wrought the most wholesale murder of all times will never be written.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Social Notes

Miss Maye Colburn, who has been at the Fairmont since autumn, will open her San Rafael home on June 1 for the summer. * * Mrs. William B. Tubbs and Miss Emily Tubbs are enjoying a few weeks in New York. Miss Tubbs' wedding to Albert Dunedin Shaw will be an event of early summer. * * Miss Alice Hanchett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hanchett of this city, who is attending school in New York, passed Easter season at White Sulphur Springs, Va., guest of Miss Marie Louise Blair and her family. * * The wedding of Miss Flora Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, and Francis Langton of Portland, Ore., will take place in June. It will be a large and brilliant affair. Mrs. Miller was formerly Miss Grace Jones, sister of Webster Jones of San Rafael. * * Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. Francis Milner Edwards have gone to New York, where Commander Edwards has been ordered for duty. Mrs. Edwards was formerly Miss Eva Hind, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Hind of Claremont. She graduated from Wellesley and is an exceedingly clever girl. The wedding during Easter week was a notable society event on both sides of the bay. * * Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. John Drum and Mrs. Russell Wilson left a few days ago for a motor trip to Santa Barbara for the horse show. * * Captain and Mrs. Dean Witter entertained during the week at a dinner at their apartments on Powell and California streets. Later the guests went to Rainbow Lane for a supper dance. * * Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin are being extensively entertained in New York. Mrs. Malcolm Whitman (Jennie Crocker)

was a recent hostess in their honor. * * Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Davis (Dulcie Bolado), who have been spending the winter at the Clift Hotel, are now settled in their attractive country home, "Tres Pinos," for the summer. * * Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick (Florence Cole) have opened their country home at Atherton for the summer. * * At a dinner recently given by Miss Imelda Kinslow, sister of Lieutenant Kinslow, at the Fairmont Hotel, the engagement of Mrs. Reggie Urdahl Smith of this city and Raymond Zabriskie was announced. Mrs. Smith is a painter and sculptor. She is a sister of Halvor Urdahl, well known author, and former wife of Hay Gaylor Smith of the Kansas City Journal. The prospective groom is prominent in Boston and during the war was with the Aviation Corps, U. S. A. * * Dr. and Mrs. George Wilcutt are enjoying a motor trip in the Santa Cruz mountains. * * Recent arrivals at the Fairmont include Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin of Colorado Springs. Mrs. Baldwin was formerly Ella Hobart, sister of Walter Hobart of Burlingame. * * Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones have returned to their home in San Rafael from a ten days' trip in southern California. * * Mrs. Charles Sedgwick Aikin has reopened her home in Los Altos for the summer, having passed the winter in this city. * * Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Beattie have returned to their home in San Rafael for the summer. * * Mrs. Ray Lyman Wilbur has issued invitations for a tea at her home in Palo Alto on Sunday, May 11, in honor of Mrs. Herbert Hoover, who will soon return to Washington, D. C. The recently announced engagement of Miss Margaret Minton of New Jersey to Lieutenant Harry L. Evans of San Rafael was a surprise in the ultra smart set. Miss Minton is the daughter of Rev. C. L. Minton, who was a San Francisco pastor and later at the Theological Seminary at San Anselmo. Evans is son of Evan Evans. Miss Minton has resided in the east for several years. Lieutenant Evans recently returned from France with the 362nd regiment. No date has been set for the wedding. * * Mr. and Mrs. Wisner Buckingham (Helen Merrill) are guests of the latter's parents, Colonel and Mrs. E. H. Merrill, at their home in Claremont. * * Mrs. Eduard Schmidell and her daughter, Doris, will arrive from New York this week and go to their home in Ross Valley. * * Mrs. William Allan Keyes of Salt Lake is visiting the city for a month. Several affairs are being planned for this charming widow. * * Mme. M. E. Vincent will be the hostess at a reception on Friday evening, May 9, at her attractive studio on Geary Street, in honor of her son, Frederick Vincent, who has just returned from France, where he was with the Air Craft Corps. * * Miss Alice Keeler, who is now in New Mexico, will soon return to San Rafael, where she will spend part of the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Addison Starr Keeler. * * Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Dougherty and a party of friends motored to Los Gatos on Sunday, where a jolly picnic was enjoyed at the Eduard Lavcaga ranch. The guests were all "frat" men of Stanford University and their families. * * Mrs. Frank W. Griffin was hostess at a small informal tea at her home on Washington Street on Wednesday. Among those present were: Mmes. Russell Selfridge,

Evan Williams, William C. Lyon, C. Williams and Misses Violet and Grace Buckley. * * Mrs. John G. Kirchen of Tonopah, Nev., is the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Bronte M. Aikins, at their home on Pacific Avenue. Mrs. Kirchen will join her husband the latter part of the week. They will then leave for New York, where they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Schwab for a couple of weeks, after which they will return to their home in Tonopah, where Mr. Kirchen is manager of the Schwab interests. * * Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Lane (née Florence Kirchen) and family will move to Lodi next week, where Mr. Lane will engage in business connected with a large automobile firm. Mrs. Lane will be greatly missed in the younger set here, where she is a great favorite. * * Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling will return to this city about ten days. Miss Mary Joliffe, sister of Mrs. Jackling, who has been visiting in the east, will accompany the Jacklings home. * * Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cline (Dolly MacGavin) will leave this week for a motor trip in southern California. * * A party composed of Miss Laura McKinstry, Messrs. and Mmes. James Otis, Frank Griffin, Edward Lillburn Eyre, Athearn Folger, Haskett Derby, Walter E. Dean, Oliver Wayman, Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. Eduard Barron and Miss Evelyn Barronn, recently motored to Santa Clara, where they went to see Miss Frances McKinstry, who joined the cloistered order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The visit was a farewell, as the young nun was about to take her final vows.

Impressive Wedding in Berkeley

The marriage of Mildred Agnes Schmidt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl H. Schmidt, Berkeley, to Mr. Carl Frederick Volker, was solemnized Monday evening, at the Twentieth Century Club in Berkeley. The Rev. Alexander Allen officiated. The spacious hall was beautifully festooned with ferns and spring blossoms. An altar was erected at one end, and on either side were graceful palms and pink bloom baskets of spring flowers, which added beauty and charm to the dignified surroundings. Miss

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Schmidt proceeded to the altar on the arm of her handsome father, who gave the bride away, with tiny little Miss Patricia Carroll leading, and strewing the bride's path with rose petals. The wedding march by Mendelssohn was played by Mr. Eugene Blanchard. The bride was attended by Miss Daphne Seovel as maid of honor. Mr. Leslie Taylor was the best man. The bride's wedding dress was an exquisite creation of white satin with a bodice of lace. Her veil draped to a graceful train and she carried orchids and bride's roses. Following the ceremony a supper was served, Mr. James J. Walsh acting as toastmaster. The large number of relatives and friends of the happy couple present attested to the popularity of the newlyweds and the happy event was noteworthy and enjoyable in the highest degree. The bride's father is prominent in wholesale business circles in San Francisco. She is an accomplished artist of recognized ability. Mr. and Mrs. Volker left on a honeymoon tour for Santa Barbara.

National League for Woman's Service

The National League for Woman's Service announces Mrs. Darling of Berkeley as the

speaker for the next Monday night dinner in the Membership Club, 333 Kearny Street. Mrs. Darling will relate some of her interesting experiences during the eleven years she spent in Alaska. She is well known as the owner of the famous dog team that has repeatedly won the sweepstakes, the annual race at Nome that is the great sporting event of the year. The entire community interests itself in this all-important event. Mrs. Darling's dogs have been in the service of the French government during the war and she will have an interesting story to tell of their work at the front. As the accommodations are limited for the diners, it is necessary to make reservations by mail or phone, with Miss Edward, the club secretary.

At the Fairmont

Vanda Hoff is once more the reigning sensation in Rainbow Lane at the Fairmont Hotel, the series of nature dances that she is giving every evening except Sunday being one of the most novel conceits ever presented by any dancer who ever came to San Francisco. A newcomer to the hotel at the top of the town, Valentina Zimina, the Russian singer who accompanies herself on the guitar, has become an immediate favorite and she is compelled to sing several numbers every evening. The girls of the Follies are all pretty and clever, while their costumes are marvels of the modiste's art. Rudy Seiger, director of music and entertainment for the Linnard hotels, gives a pleasing hour and a half of music every afternoon in the Laurel Court, while tea is served, and his Sunday night lobby concerts are very popular. Harriet Bennett, soprano, will be the vocal soloist of this Sunday's concert.

At the Cecil

Major Robert Howard has joined Mrs. Howard. They will be the incentive for numerous social entertainments. Mrs. W. J. Wilder of Washington, D. C., is sojourning. Mrs. B. C. Jennings returned this week from Los Angeles, where he has been visiting his relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Jr. After a pleasant week-end visit at Del Monte, Mr. and Mrs. B. X. Smith have returned to their apartment at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kellogg are living at the hotel. Accompanied by the Misses Matthews, Mrs. Wilbur Matthews of Toronto, Canada, arrived Tuesday. Mrs. A. M. Burns dispensed her charming hospitality at dinner Sunday. Mrs. Fred Huddart, who has closed her home on Jackson Street, is now residing at the Cecil. Mr. Walter Hawley and Mr. Arthur Hawley came up for a fortnightly visit. Lieutenant Wyld returned Tuesday from Siberia, and has joined his wife, who is residing at the Cecil.

Social Wild Flower Tea Dance

The leading event on the social calendar this week is the Wild Flower Tea Dance in the Fairmont Ballroom on Saturday afternoon from 3 to 6 o'clock. Many society people have engaged tables for the occasion. The scientific exhibit of classified flowers, plants, grasses, medicinal herbs, mushrooms and fungi, etc., will be held in an adjoining room. The exhibit opens on Friday morning and closes on Saturday night. Admission will be free to children. Many famous scientists, including Luther Burbank of Santa Rosa, will be in attendance.

Attractive Souvenirs at Techau Tavern

The ladies who were present at Techau Tavern on Saturday, May 3, were agreeably sur-

prised by the presentation to each of a charming little souvenir bottle of Rigaud's Un Air Embaume sachet. This is a most delicately perfumed preparation from the laboratories of the celebrated Parisian perfumer and is the newest and most delightful of his achievements.

THE LADY APRIL

By B. J. Howe

I saw the Lady April, and she was laughing as she went over the bare hillside.

There was gold in the wild tangle of her floating hair, gold of quick sunshine on the bright green grass she trod, and she brought with her flowers, daffodils, primroses, cowslips, and many celandines.

She was happy the Lady April, and sang songs to herself—the song of budding tree, of mating bird, and unfurling leaf, and she danced most of the way.

The shadows of passing clouds chased her over woods and fields and the green hillside; always she ran ahead the Lady April, scattering her flowers.

I saw the Lady April, and there were tears in her eyes. Crying, she wandered over the bare hillside.

There was no gold in the wild tangle of her unbound hair, sunlight made not bright her path, flowers she had none. Glittering dew-drops starred her head, and she brought with her fresh winds and soft, warm rain.

Her song was the song of running, rushing water, and she held a rainbow between her outstretched hands.

The Lady April she cried, though spring was in the land.

"Arter Larnin'"

A keen-eyed mountaineer led his overgrown son into a country schoolhouse.

"This here boy's arter larnin'," he announced.

"What's yer bill o' fare?"

"Our curriculum, sir," corrected the schoolmaster, "embraces geography, arithmetic, trigonometry—"

"That'll do," interrupted the father. "That'll do. Load him up well with triggonometry. He's the only poor shot in the family."—The People's Home Journal.

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Boarding-School Days of John McCormack

By Helen M. Bonnet

Tuesday I asked Rev. Bartholomew Kevany of St. Edward's Church out on California and Walnut streets to tell me something about his recollections of John McCormack's school days. "Ah! there are so many happy memories of him as a little boy. He was the same sweet, fine child that he is today. When he sings—there he is. I can not tell you anything that would describe more graphically the nature of the man than that. It was in October, '97, at the College of the Immaculate Conception, Fairhill, in the city of Sligo, Ireland, that I first met him. I can see him yet. The students were seated at their desks in the study hall when the big glass door opened, squeaking loudly on its patent spring. A professor entered with a little boy of about eleven. At once we became absorbed in the books before us. The professor walked down to my place, saying, 'Bart, make room for this boy beside you.' As soon as the professor had departed through the squeaking door my interest in my lessons fled and I plied the new boy with questions. His name was John McCormack and his home was Athlone, half a day's ride from Sligo. Mine was there, too, so that was a friendly beginning. Did he like football and cricket? He did. And it was the first time he had been at a boarding school. Yes, he had sisters, a brother, and parents. Then the feeling of homesickness seized him and he burst into tears. Long he cried and was inconsolable. After a while he slid his small hand over to my side of the big desk, then suddenly removed it. In front of me he had left a bright new half-crown. 'It's for you,' he said, 'my father gave it to me this morning.' I slid it back to him and told him to buy something for himself. 'But I can't spend it here—there is nothing to buy.' He slid it back again to me. Then I returned it again and told him that the matron would buy him candy or something with it when she went

into town. Back it came again. 'But I want you to have it, because I like you, and I have candy in my trunk.' I slid it over again to him with the admonition not to be hasty because he would be sorry after he had eaten all his candy. Reluctantly the little chap put the coin into his pocket, eying me in an amused fashion. That look! I can see it yet. Always, if he happened to ruffle you he would give that look and disarm you at once. On his second visit to the chapel he asked me if it would be all right should he join in the singing. I said I thought so, so he did, much to the annoyance of the boy on my other side, who nudged me and whispered, 'Tell him to shut up; he is not in the choir—he makes too much noise.' But it was a noise that sounded very pleasant to my ears, so I did not pass on the message and John sang on serenely at all the services. On Halloo'en the students arranged an entertainment and I suggested to John that if he knew any songs, he might get upon the programme for a 'tryout.' Yes, he knew some songs and used to sing at the Athlone school. 'But I don't think it would be good enough for here,' he concluded. But I encouraged him to try, so he did. He sang 'Isle of Beauty, Fare Thee Well.' It was of someone leaving home and imploring the shades of night to hold off as by morning the view of his home would have passed, forever. That beautiful young voice! Today, with all its superb art it has to me not improved in the slightest degree. It thrilled me—it was the first thing in life that impressed me. Those young boys, near-barbarians as little fellows naturally are, were overcome with delight. No great audience in the world's grandest opera houses could ever acclaim him more sincerely than we children did. We must hear the same song again and then once more. And that song and no other must be his choice at the entertainment.

After that John was the star musical attraction at all our affairs.

* * *

When McCormack's Voice Changed

Another event in John's musical history occurred when he was about fifteen. On December 8 at our annual feast day celebration, he began a song. His voice broke—the tone cracked—he could not go on. He was deeply chagrined and in despair. The one boy in the school who aspired to rival him vocally, though his voice could not compare to John's, triumphantly captured all the applause. The next day we all went home for the winter vacation, returning on January 7 or 8. What of the McCormack voice? It had changed from the child's soprano to the lovely lyric tenor. Dr. Muller, our music master, often spoke of this incident, saying such a sudden transition was phenomenal. Father Kevany said that John was much liked by the boys, that he had a fine mind, was an earnest student, and won prize after prize. He played in all games but not brilliantly and was passionately devoted to football. All his heroes were the stars of the gridiron; one, Murray, of his own home town, being his idol. Whenever John made a spectacular run or kicked a goal the students would shout: "Good boy, John, that's one of Murray's tips." McCormack remained at the Fairhill school six years until he had finished there. Father Kevany, being a bit older, got through some time earlier. John was a married man at the age of nineteen and later went to Italy for four years to study music, though at school he did not seem to have the remotest intention of taking up a musical career.

The priest and the singer have remained friends as in the school days in Ireland and I am sure that the great artist has no sincerer admirer than his little boy friend who became a priest. The two always have a reunion when McCormack comes to town.

Walking the Globe With Annette Kellerman

By Helen M. Bonnet

Gerald Dillon took me Monday afternoon at 1 o'clock to the Orpheum stage to meet Annette Kellerman. The first intimate detail I discovered about her was her husband. He was not present, but Mr. Dillon mentioned that he had arranged the appointment through her husband, Mr. Sullivan. Also Mr. Dillon thinks it advisable for all prominent stage ladies to have husbands. "Because," he added apologetically, "with all due respect to women, there are so many business affairs that are very hard for women to manage." Presently I heard a cheery voice say, "I do hope I'm not late, Mr. Dillon." I looked up and saw two large, dark, melting eyes with stars in them. They belonged to a young lady in a trim blue tailor frock and a soft white turban. They were Miss Kellerman's eyes, and I was surprised because she looked altogether different from her stage self and much prettier and younger. She dashed into her dressing room and was back in a minute in her "working clothes," which were pink ballet slipper, pink silk stockings, pink bloomers, a dark blue silk sweater, and some-

thing white wound about her dark brown hair. She said she would talk to me while she rehearsed her wire act, which she does daily before the performance. She hopped upon the wire, holding her Japanese umbrella open as a balance. "I began doing this for a picture and learned to love it. Besides it is good exercise and keeps me fit. People ask me what I do for my figure and what I can suggest for theirs. I tell them to keep fit by eating plain food and to exercise and get plenty of fresh air. But they balk at the exercise—they say it is such a trouble, or they haven't time. Now why should people think so much of figure or face? I am so grateful to be well, to be fit. And don't you think that is better than beauty?" I said I did, but I don't know why I said it because I would be delighted to be sick half the time if I could have a figure like Miss Kellerman's the other half. She says her conferees tell her she does ten shows a day with all her exercising and rehearsing, but that she adores it. She does not eat potatoes, nor a lot of bread, does not have massage and never even

an alcohol rub. She says she does not need them, so why take them? She does not swim during her vaudeville engagements; that the water in her stage tank is about 70 degrees and has salt in it. I praised her gold color bathing suit and she electrified me by stating that it cost four dollars. It is made of cotton because water runs off silk, as off a duck's back; the cotton retains it and reflects when the spot light touches it, making her look "like a fish."

"What about corsets, Miss Kellerman?" I asked. "I don't wear them on the stage, but other times I wear a girdle." She stood still on the wire, unbuttoned her sweater and pulled out the top of the girdle to show me. "Here it is—\$1.98."

* * *

Melba and Kellerman

To my inquiry she said that it was not true that Melba had coached her in singing in Paris, but had heard and advised Miss Kellerman's brother there and is to hear him soon again. Young Kellerman was singing in Monte Carlo

when the war broke out and hopes to be heard in America soon. Miss Kellerman's mother was Alice Charbonnet, a famous French concert pianiste, who went to Australia with Carlotta Patti (Adelina's sister) as accompanist and soloist.

"There mother saw dad, married him, and stayed in Sydney. She had a conservatoire of music there. She taught piano and dad did, too—also harmony." Mme. Melba was one of their piano pupils. "Were you too?" I asked. "My dear lady, as a child I hated the piano. Can you blame a kiddie? Fancy, mother had nine pianos, and violins, and 'cellos all going at once playing technical exercises and fugues! Me, poor kiddie, out in the halls wondering what it was all about." Her mother returned to Paris some years ago and died in 1912. She had two decorations conferred upon her—one "officier de Légion d'Honneur." Mmes. Kellerman and Chaminade studied with the same teacher in Paris in their youth.

Miss Kellerman said that she had danced all her life, and was always in the water in Sydney. She studied singing three years and would like to do more of it in her vaudeville act only her physical exercises make her voice tremulous and she doesn't believe in doing anything unless you can do your best. She has a home in Long Island with a mirrored wall gym on the ground floor; when she finishes her exercises she runs out into the water and splashes round with the kiddies. "They all know me and I teach them to swim, which is good for

them, because one always improves by learning from some one who knows better how to do a thing than you do. It is good for me also, for I adore kiddies." She said she observes other wire performers and dancers and learns a great deal from them and that she is never upset if there are other wire acts and dancers on the same bill. She gets on famously with her company. When I observed that she is doubtless easy to get on with she laughed: "Well, I never beat them on the noodle. I never swear and I don't allow my company to do so. If anything goes wrong I don't take it out on them but go away and have a good cry all alone." Here I mentioned Australia and said I had been there one gloriously happy year. In a second she jumped off the wire, sat down on the stage, gathered her rare black English pug dog in her arms and then we both raved about Australia and the famous people who have come from there. The next feat of hers was "walking the globe," her property man walking beside her in case of accident as it is a "stunt" new to her. I continued the Australian theme, praising the musicians there and the thorough musical foundation they have. "Now, Harry," she said, "listen to this from an American. Did I not tell you that we have fine orchestras over there and about our demonstrative audiences?" She slapped "Harry" on the shoulder and joyously cried, "O boy! it is some country. Wait till we get there, you'll see!"

The patriotic antipodean has named her

dog "Coo-ee," the Australian cry adopted from the Maoris.

Annette Kellerman has very polished manners; her French ancestry and Australian repose make for ineffable charm. She revels in her work and clings to it affectionately. She says she regrets not having time to give to the many beloved friends she has in many different sections of the earth and that she is looking forward with pleasure to going home to Australia and hopes they will be glad to see her. Melba said to her, "Annette, you are crazy not to go back as soon as you can. They want to see you and you know how good they are to any of us when we go home." She does not know her distinguished compatriots, Mme. Alda and Percy Grainger, but is enthusiastic about their great successes, as all Australia is. I really wanted to interview this water nymph because I have in my heart a very soft spot for people from that country of gentle, hospitable inhabitants. When I behold in the papers, pictures of ladies more or less unshapely, but exposed in abbreviated Kellerman bathing garments, and then think of the peerless Kellerman figure covered from neck to toes, I remember Phryne who, when all others were going about Athens with physical perfections unveiled, this beauteous one whom Praxiteles took for his Cnidian Venus wore always opaque draperies—except on the feast day of Venus when the Grecian populace assembled to behold her descend into the sea and rise again in her nude, effulgent beauty.

The Stage

"The Better 'Ole" at the Curran

With something new in drama, enjoying also the novelty of both stage and film run at the same time, San Franciscans have had opportunity to decide the claims of spoken and pictured entertainment. The verdict seems to be that while the acted production of Bruce Bairnsfather's characters has made a good impression, the better 'ole is the film version at the Curran Theatre. Of course, this is a case where a certain superiority of the film was to be presumed. In a war comedy, with its plot roving hither and thither, from trench to dugout, field to chateau, highway and byway of France and England, the stage play could not give the variety of incident possible to the ubiquitous play of the camera. "The Better 'Ole" is addedly interesting from the point of its origin, the English humor striking quickly home and to the hearts of local theatre goers. There is no time at which the grotesque words of Bill, Bert and 'Alf, immediately they are flashed upon the screen, fail to arouse the laugh. Especially notable in this respect is where the English slang is directly synonymous with ours, as in application of the term "onion" to that part of the anatomy which in American goes by the sobriquet of "nut," and is sometimes known as a cranium. Beyond all that, "The Better 'Ole" will be a lesson to moving picture men in this country, proving to them that true comedy, that hilarity of the audience, can be achieved without resort to the circus acrobat. In fact it is doubtful that the Mack Sennett style of "funny comedy" was ever up to the standard of the movie fan. The public has always been somewhat tolerant of the heavy nonsense that is supposed to be inseparable with the film comedy. Occasionally there have been comic incidents on the screen seemingly possessed of all the elements for more artistic scenarios. But these have not been elaborated into permanent form. So the

wonderful adventures of Bill, Bert and Alf must be viewed as a gift from the British public—a gift which we hope will be worked to the full advantage, allowing first-class writers of comedy and first-class comedians to have their way in the moving pictures.

—L. J.

Orpheum Gaiety

There is not a dull moment at the Orpheum show nor a place for anything sombre. From the whirling originality of the two young Lambs down to Gene Greene's amazing and magnetic repertoire of jolly songs, there is one flash after another. The principal attraction is Annette Kellerman, the Venus who rose from the sea down in Sydney harbor. Of course she dives in a glass tank and of course she darts in, out, up, down just as if she were the pretty mermaid she looks to be. As if that were not all to be expected of any mere human being, she dances in a stunning costume, walks a slack wire in another fetching creation; then sings some darky songs, gotten up as a stylish "chappie" and looks the gay boy about town. In her chatty monologue, she gets acquainted with her audience and when the curtain drops upon her act her spectators have decided to go again to see her. "The Bootshop" is a sparkling sketch well done by Edythe and Eddie Adair; Lester, a ventriloquist, called "the great" is great as ventriloquists go, and there is no denying that lots of people are fond of them. Margaret Young has a whirlwind of jolly songs and makes a hit with each one—especially her Italian working woman who with a steady job assumes the rights and prerogatives of family boss. Crawford and Broderick have a macedoine of artistic nonsense, the Hickey Brothers perform with acrobatic strenuousness and the motion pictures top off the entertaining bill. I must not omit Harry

Hosford, Gene Greene's accompanist. The highest praise I can give him is to call him the Edwin Schneider of vaudeville.

—H. M. B.

Aleazar

The Overland Limited farce, "Excuse Me," written by Rupert Hughes before he donned a major's uniform and rushed to the defense of his country as a military news censor, will provide mile-a-minute merriment when acted by the expert New Aleazar farceurs the week commencing next Sunday matinee. Walter P. Richardson, a leading man who believes in versatility, makes his first appearance in blackface. Belle Bennett is the adorable, hysterical little bride-expectant, with a spoonful of brains and an armful of fluffy poodle dog. Thomas Chatterton is the distracted bridegroom; Henry Shumer, the well pickled Jimmy Wellington; Emily Pinter, the divorce-hunting Mrs. Jimmie, with old favorites and new in the big cast of twenty-one hilarious Overland travelers. In preparation to follow is "Never Say Die," a classic among farcical comedies, originally acted by William Collier and more recently by Nat. C. Goodwin.

"Maytime" Coming to Curran

"Maytime" derives its title from the fact that the story of its four acts, or episodes, transpire in the month of May. Not only are all the scenes in that month of blossoms, but each takes place on the 21st day of May. More than three-quarters of a century pass, however, between the day in May in which the play opens and that in which it reaches its climax. "Maytime" is an original narrative of inherited affections whereby grandchildren realize the happiness that a blighted romance denied their ancestors two generations before. Rida Johnson Young, one of the better known of feminine

playwrights, wrote "Maytime," and she went far off the beaten bath to fashion a story that is novel and appealing. The musical embellishment for the play is by Sigmund Romberg, composer of "Her Soldier Boy," and much of the music in the spectacular Winter Garden shows. It was staged under the direction of J. J. Shubert. The value of "Maytime" with every type of amusement seeker is said to be due primarily to the fact that it is radically different from and vastly superior to any musical entertainment of recent memory. The musical setting is in keeping with the beauty and spirit of the story. "Maytime" will be seen at the Curran, beginning Monday, May 19.

Picture at the Curran

On Sunday, May 11, the vastly entertaining motion picture of the famous comedy, "The Better 'Ole," enters upon the second and final week of its successful Curran Theatre engagement. Having its inspiration in Captain Bairnsfather's internationally known cartoons of Old Bill, Bert, Alf and the other droll heroes of the trenches, "The Better 'Ole" is something decidedly unique among entertainments in celluloid. The English Tommy is shown in his merriest moments, and the tragedy of the war is never permitted to over-intrude. "The Better 'Ole" picture is essentially a comedy and yet, withal, a thoroughly true and human representation of the English Tommy at the front. The picture was made by the original English company which first produced the play in London, where it ran for 800 performances. Captain Bairnsfather himself directed the tak-

ing of the picture. "The Better 'Ole" is elaborately presented at the Curran. A prologue is given, showing a realistic trench scene in which Lieutenant J. S. Dagger, "the Lauder of the trenches," tells some humorous dug-out stories and gives a clever song-recitation, called "Fritz." Vladimir Shavitch is in charge of the special "Better 'Ole" music, which is rendered vocally and instrumentally.

McCormack's Concerts

John McCormack, the famous tenor, who has done more to make concerts a great popular relaxation than any other artist of this or perhaps any other generation, will be heard in wonderful programmes in the Exposition Auditorium tomorrow and also next Sunday afternoon (May 11 and 18) at 2:30 sharp. The box offices will open at the Exposition Auditorium at 10 a. m. sharp and the doors will be opened at 1 p. m. The concerts are under the capable management of Frank W. Healy, which is an assurance that all the details necessary for the proper handling of a great crowd will be taken care of. McCormack's history as a singer is an open book. "God meant that he should sing," wrote Pierre V. R. Key, who has transcribed "John McCormack, His Own Life Story," soon to be published. "He was born with the voice and talent supreme." McCormack spent two and one-half years in Italy with the celebrated maestro Sabbitini, acquiring there the fine Italian legato and the perfect phrasing which make him such a model of natural expression and of the half-forgotten traditions of the world's great lyric tenors. The most

marked of the McCormack qualities that contribute to his greatness are rare beauty of voice, captivating beauty of style, culture, temperament, emotional warmth, persuasive grace, attractive personality and enunciation so perfect that every word is distinctly understood. Not alone is John McCormack the greatest figure on the world's concert stage and not alone is it no exaggeration to say that he has an audience of one hundred millions, when one takes into consideration the huge numbers who hear his Victor records all over the world, but his artistic triumphs in grand opera and as soloist with the great symphony orchestras have been epoch-making.

Orpheum Next Week

Next week will be the last of Annette Kellerman, who is scoring one of the greatest successes in the history of Orpheum vaudeville. A great new show will also be presented. Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler will appear in their latest success written for them by Porter Emerson Browne and entitled "A Travesty on the Eternal Triangle." Bessie Browning, one of vaudeville's most popular singing comedienues, entitles her offering "Back Again," which is the name of one of her greatest song hits. Her numbers are interspersed with impersonations. Jack Clifford and Miriam Wills will present a humorous farce called "At Jasper Junction," a rural ticket agent and a live passenger in a dead town. Harry and Emmie Larned are comedians and cyclists who give a clever and highly diverting performance on wheels. Jules Le Rue and Jean Dupre are described as "Parisian Sand Artists." With the sand dried by the process of an oven so that there is no color combination that can not be produced, representations of famous canvases are presented. This is accomplished with lightning rapidity and in the few minutes they appear on the stage, four large pictures are made. Edythe and Eddie Adair will repeat their comedy hit, "The Bootshop," and the latest series of the Hearst Weekly Motion Pictures will also be presented. A special feature of this novel and fascinating bill will be the Italian comedians Clark and Verdi, who are always welcome visitors.

Metropolitan News

Henry Russell, representing the Interallied Art Association, has signed a contract with General Manager Giulio Gatti-Casazza, whereby the Metropolitan Opera Company will produce next winter Maurice Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" as an opera, the music of which has been written by Albert Wolf, well known as a musical conductor of the Paris Opera Comique. Mr. Gatti-Casazza has secured for the Metropolitan, the world's premiere of the new opera. Its production and that of "The Burgomaster of Belgium," which had its premiere in Washington, will complete the first year's programme of the association.

New York Symphony to Go to France

Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, who left New York for France the first week in March on board the "Lorraine," stated that one of his missions was to arrange with the French Minister of Beaux Arts for a trip of the orchestra to France next spring, a year from now. It was decided by the directors of the Symphony Society, just before Mr. Damrosch started, to arrange the tour in response to an invitation of the French government. In all probability, it was announced, the invitation will be accepted for May

(Continued on Page 15)



JOHN McCORMACK,

The uncrowned king of song. Exposition Auditorium, Sundays, May 11 and 18.

LILLIE

(Continued from Page 4)

"In the spring? Heh? The spring . . . youth . . . love." His Swedish was full of melody to hear. "How the gladness runs through young things in such a month as this! I have watched her . . . I, her old father . . . here in this room. How she sucks in the air and trembles! How she broods! How she is sad! She is a Swede, Norrbinn. It is a fine thing to be a Swede, and young, and feel the spring. That is what is the matter with our Lillie."

"Who is the fellow?" I asked.

"You can not stop her. Not in a month like this. He is a teamster. This is the time of the heart, of a young girl's heart. A nice fellow, too. He makes seven dollars and a half a week, a dollar and a quarter a day. I was young once . . . in Upsala. In Upsala it was that I fell in love, with my own Sophie here. And so I have told Sophie over and over again,"—he nodded his head at me, stupidly, like a wise man,—"but she is bitter. She will not hear of it. Hard work has made Sophie forget her own young days. We have not done as well as we thought we would do in this country, and that presses in on the heart . . . you know how. But I do not like what Sophie is doing. I don't."

"What is Mrs. Danielson doing?" I said, bluntly.

"She is trying to frighten Lillie. I don't like that. It will do no good, anyway. I tell you, it is the spring!" he shouted, in exasperation. "Who has a hand or a tongue or a law that can stop the spring in a human heart? Heh?"

"A law?" I said.

"Yes. She—Lillie doesn't know anything, of course—Sophie tells her she will have her arrested if she marries Tom. You see, it is hard. We would only have twelve dollars and a half each week, if she left us; well . . . see? Sophie is what you might call desperate about it. That she may be, too—twelve dollars and a half a week! And me a cripple, just like this. And Sophie getting older every day, and the boys a long way off from being any good to us. Sorrow and sorrow and sorrow! We bring them up to break our hearts and strip our home." He turned to the window again.

"Something has happened that I want to tell you about, and ask your advice about," remarked the old man. He took his pipe out of his mouth and wet his lips. "You remember the moonlight night? No? It was two nights ago. You should pay attention to moonlight nights, my son; they are very rare and very beautiful. Much more so than the days. If you were in love, now, you would have noticed that night. I never saw anything sweeter or softer. The whiteness was all hazy like a dream. It seemed to float up off the trees and the roofs out there into this window. It reminded me of an old boating song my mother used to sing—" And abruptly he broke off, crooning a bar of it—in Swedish, of course. His talk was always in Swedish, very simple, but very pleasant to me.

"Have you ever gone walking through the lanes with your sweetheart on a moonlight night, Norrbinn? Do you recall how something moist gets into your eyes, and how your hands grow tender toward her? Yes. There was something of that in this white night I am telling you about. It was very, very soft and mild and gentle.

"Well, Lillie wanted to go walking with Tom that night. Oh, I do not blame her! Not I! But she came in here to put on her hat, and her mother forbade her to go.

"Why?" asked my Lillie, very queer.

"'Because it only makes things worse,' answered Sophie. 'You two can not get married. If you go out on a night like this it will just make it harder for you to give each other up.' Lillie stood straight, and her eyes slumbered like stars. She started to say something, but her mother went ahead quickly: 'And you must give each other up. I won't have it. You must.'"

"Must—must?" said Lillie, her voice very hard.

"And Sophie answered: 'Don't use that voice to me, daughter. Obey.'"

"Obey?" asked Lillie, and she looked very queer to me; but I smoked my pipe and made no noise. 'Obey?' she said. 'I will not obey. Do you not think I am a woman, too? Am I to have no youth? No love? You had it. Am I to work and work—nothing but work—forever, as long as I can swing my arms? And you are my mother.' Here my Lillie began crying. 'Not as mother to daughter, but as woman to woman—answer me, and tell me what right you have to take your love and deprive me of mine. It is because of the money, the money, the money that you do this. Well, I do not care for money. I want something that money can not buy. I want it while I am young, I want it myself and now! I will work as hard as you have worked; and you know why you have worked so hard so gladly. It is because you are a woman who loved and who got what you wanted. So will I . . . But first I must have what I want. I have a right to some happiness, I think. I am not a weaving machine. I am a woman, a woman nineteen years old. Don't you forget that. Don't you forget that.'"

"Her mother was angry and crying and trembling all at once. What could I do? What she had said was true, all of it. And then, it is no use talking to women in a scene like that. Suddenly Sophie said very quietly:

"Now, young lady, you shall hear my side. I shall be very particular with you, young lady. I shall not talk to you as a mother—if you want it so. I shall answer you 'woman to woman,' and here is what I shall say to you in cold truth: Remember that I am a human being who has built up a home. A home, do you understand? All that I have to show for my years of work and worry is this home of ours, this roof over your head. Have you any idea how jealously I guard this home? No, you haven't. You are nineteen years old. But you don't know that I plan and skimp and scrape and save; and that I lie awake nights and that I work all day. You do know that I take all your money every Saturday night. You do know that I make you all to go without carfare and better clothes, make you sometimes when it hurts me very deeply to have to do it. You do know, and sneer at me for it, that I think all the time about 'the money, the money, the money.' Yes, all this is true. Now, let me tell you why. You see that roof? I don't want that roof to come down, and I am the one who holds the roof up in place! It depends upon me, me, me! Not upon you, nor your poor father, nor the little ones; but upon me. And do you think that I want to keep that roof there for my own miserable head? Do you think that I am selfish? If you do, you have no idea of what a woman will sacrifice for her home. Sacrifice! Yes. And now here is the bitter pill for you to swallow, Lillie. Oh, my poor, dear, sweet little girl, I will even sacrifice you and your happiness to keep that roof there! Yes, that is the truth. I will do it—and not because I want to (you know that in your heart!), but because I must. You are but one in six of us. I must think of the other five!

Day and night and night and day I must think of the other five. It is very hard to say this, but it is the only way I know. If you leave us, I am afraid that roof will fall; for I am getting older and making less money every day, and it is a long time yet before the boys can help. Don't you see now, Lillie?"

"That was the way my wife talked to her.

"But my Lillie held on like death: 'I want my chance, though. You are for your home, of course. You ought to. But I don't. I want to begin my own home. Can you blame me? I have found a man, and he is a good man and he loves me. He is young and I am young. Haven't I a right to his love? It seems to me I have. It seems to me very natural that I should go out and build a roof of my own. And, after me, some day the boys there. Even the baby there some day. That is the way the world goes on. I must, I must have my Tom.' She stopped and cried a little, and then she went on: 'Think what it means to me, working there in those miserable mills all day, day after day, to have somebody love me! To have somebody whisper to me that I am pretty, that my lips are sweet, that my hair is soft! Oh, you can understand if you will only remember! Think what it means to me to have somebody bring me little gifts—think of my having presents! To have somebody say nice things about my dress and neck ribbons! To have somebody take me to places—to picnics, to dances, where I can hear music! Do you think I can give these things up? Remember, I am very, very tired of work.'"

"Then Lillie did a remarkable thing: she called her mother by her name—Sophie! She said:

"I am going out with Tom now, Sophie. We will talk all this over later tonight!" She slammed the door behind her.


"My wife looked at me and said: 'You heard? You know what it means? . . . She is a grown woman tonight.'"

The old man relit his pipe and looked at me a long time.

"Now, I want to ask your advice. What are we to do?"

Believe me, my friends, I was—as you call it—"stumped." So I said: "The women will work

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it out somehow. Lillie will probably do as she thinks best, I should imagine."

He nodded as if he agreed with me. "When you come back again we shall probably know."

Well, Lillie married. The old man told me: "She came in to see me, her old father, late one afternoon here. I was sitting in this very chair, just like this. Her mother was out at the stores for a long time. Lillie ran across the floor and fell on her knees with her head against my breast. She was so happy! She was so happy that I cried and she cried and we kissed each other and sat still. Then she laid three dollars and a half in my lap and said:

"I am going to bring that to you, old daddy, just for yourself, every week. Tom and I between us make seventeen dollars and a half. It is fine! The first money I ever had! He gives me his wages every Saturday."

"But it was not that that she had come to see me about. She had come to set herself straight with me, her father. She had come, you might say, to confess.

"I just had to, daddy," she said. "It may have been the moonlight. It may have been Tom. It may have been something inside of me that was pulling. I would turn and look into his eyes, in the shadow, daddy, and all at once my blood would rush through me, and I would close my eyes. When he put his arms around me and kissed me, I gave in. I promised. I forgot everything that mother had said. I forgot this old home of ours. I took his face in my hands, I ran my fingers through his hair. It was sweet, oh, so sweet, daddy!—and so wonderful!"

"I told her yes, I knew all about it. You know what I said to you, Norrbinn, about nights like that? Her? So, soon after, she went away—back to her own home. Tom has been to see me, too. They are really happy. After a while they will come when Sophie is here, and it will be all right again."

"I hope so," I said to Danielson.

"For a while, for a while," he said, patiently. "When they begin to have their own children, though, that will make a difference. Then their own troubles will come, and they will have to look after themselves. Then our troubles will come thicker. Who knows where we will go? What our end will be?"

It was true. Not long after the old man had to take to his bed with some sort of trouble in his back. The dreaded doctor bills! And the older boy twisted his foot and could not work. One little thing after another like that. Finally, in time, Lillie had her first baby. "Her own troubles had come." The old Danielson family moved somewhere else where the rent was cheaper. That is all. Except that Lillie sent me a Christmas card when I was in New York. She was very proud of her baby, it said.

"A very interesting perhaps pitiful case," said the doctor. "But not a case for philanthropy."

"Philanthropy? No," announced the judge confidently. "That Danielson case is being taken care of by a higher philanthropy—I mean the philanthropy of nature herself. There are too many such families."

STAGE

(Continued from Page 13)

and June, 1920. Mr. Damrosch said on board the steamship: "It is a great honor that we have been invited to France. I shall discuss and arrange the details with Mr. La Fere, French minister of beaux arts. We may go to other countries as well before we return. The original sole purpose of my going abroad now

is to comply with the request of General Pershing to look after the bandmasters' school which I established last year at General Headquarters at Chaumont. This school has become a successful institution and more than 250 musicians are graduated every eight weeks. The French ministry of war has given the greatest help and has furnished some of the finest talent in France to assist us. These men who have been helping the school include Caflet, who was conductor of French opera for the Chicago Opera Company for some time, and Francis Casadesus, an authority on band music." Henri Casadesus, a member of the same family and president of the Societe des Instruments Anciens, was also a passenger on the "Lorraine" with his wife. He has been in the United States several months giving concerts with his orchestra. He will return next season.

Loring Club Concert

For the second concert of its forty-second season, on Tuesday evening, May 6, at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, the Loring Club announced a most attractive programme, which included the cycle of pastorals entitled "In Springtime," by the celebrated English composer, A Herbert Brewer, for soprano solo and chorus of men's voices with accompaniment of strings and piano, in which the club had the assistance of Madame Jomelli as soloist. In addition to Frank E. Sawyer's "Waker, Lords and Ladies Gay" and Gerard F. Cobb's "If Doughty Deeds," the club sang a number of compositions a capella, including Brewer's "I Fear Thy Kisses, Gentle Maiden," and Henry Hadley's "The Lucky Horseshoe." In the accompaniments the Loring Club had the assistance of a small string orchestra with W. F. Laraja as principal violin together with Frederick Maurer, pianist. The concert was directed by Wallace A. Sabin.

CHEMISTRY LAND

Germany owes her power of endurance to her chemists.—Scientific report.

We breakfast on chemical sausage
And chemical butter and bread.
When dinner is lacking, our chemists
Invent something better instead.
For we are the chemical nation;
On chemical genius we stand.
Up! Up with our substitute lager
And drink to our chemistry land!

Our chemical jams are delicious
With chemical pretzels or cake,
Our chemical soups* are improvements
On soups that the foreigners make.
Our chemical coffee is relished
By kaiser and colonels and clerks.
Our chemical tripe is a triumph.
Hurrah for our chemical works!

Our people are famously pious;
They worship a chemical God—
A synthesized sort of Creator
Created by Doctor von Madd.
The heathen may pray to Jehovah;
The heathen are years out of date.
They know not the product of Deutschland,
They know not our idol, the state.

Then here's to our chemical sausage,
Our chemical butter and bread!
And here's to our dextrous chemists
And all of us chemical-fed!
And here's to our national honor

That surely will carry us through!
You say the supply is exhausted?

Ach! chemical honor will do!

—L. H. R., in Life.

* Literally translated: "supersoups."

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The market continued to show an undercurrent of strength that seemed to withstand all bear drives, and while one group of stocks reacted, the strength in others was so pronounced that bear activities were held in check, and the losses from this selling were soon recovered. Sales of stocks were on a large scale, with total sales running well over the million mark daily. The rails finally came to the front, and had their inning with Southern Pacific in the lead, and so few issues holding aloof from the general activity that the interest might be said to have represented a group boom. It was observed, however, that the group gained materially on relative small turnover and this circumstance was interpreted as representing a market consensus that the worst fate can do to the railroads as investment propositions already has been done, and with extra session of congress imminent, some constructive action will be taken which will make for their rehabilitation as earning properties. There was a certain amount of selling during the week in a way of evening up commitments, such as are customarily incidental to the last sessions of the week, but this was absorbed without acting as a brake on the forward looking tendency. However, the selling was of sufficient volume to bring an element of irregularity into some parts of the list. Profit taking also contributed to the same result. But there was no apparent liquidation during the week as a whole. The market, generally speaking, has been on the up-grade since February. It would seem to be in the course of events, sooner or later, for holdings to drift from strong hands into less stable and more speculative possession, if the market was less strongly supported for a long campaign. There is no evidence of such a tendency. If there had been any general unloading, it would have been disclosed in the expansion of the loan account of commission houses. More or less violent fluctuations would have appeared on such adverse news as the threatened break of Italy at the Peace Conference, and the long trail of unhappy possibilities in international relations which that implies. As a matter of fact, the market paid no attention to their untoward events, and manifested no nervousness, such as would unquestionably have resulted from broad holdings in lightly margined speculative accounts. It seems that we have had about all the unfavorable factors that are to come, and with peace in the near future, a great many of the bullish influences will make themselves felt. The public is ready to buy stocks, and with any encouragement in the way of easy money, we could have a runaway stock market. We believe stocks are well worth what they are selling at, generally speaking, and look for much higher prices.

Cotton—New high levels were made in cotton the past week, as a result of the improved political conditions abroad, and the continued unfavorable weather in the south. All the advance, however, did not hold, as profit taking sales took the edge off the market at times, but the final figures at the close of the week were higher than the previous week. The weather was responsible for the bulk of the advance. Frost was reported in several sections of the belt, and the continued wet cold weather caused shorts to rush to cover. There was also some new demand from foreign interests, and the Liverpool market reflected a stronger situation, although the opinion prevailed that the foreigner was buying more on the fear of a short crop in this country than on any increase in the immediate demand for spot cotton. Unfavorable week-end statistics which showed an increase in the visible supply over the same week last year, were turned into a bull argument. The difference was attributed to increased takings by spinners, and the bulls argued that as the spinners would have to come into the market later, the situation favored higher prices. The bears found little in the developments that favored their side of the market, so they covered. The new crop in some sections is getting a very late start, and while there is still ample time to grow a good crop, every day of bad weather from now on adds to the uncertainty of the crop, and makes for a higher market. When the weather turns more favorable, as it probably will next week, we will have a good reaction, which should make a good place where purchases of the new crop options will be profitable from an investment standpoint.

Full Particulars Free

They were seated in a street car, the mother and her little boy.

The conductor eyed the little boy suspiciously. He had to keep a lookout for people who pretended that their children were younger than they really were, in order to obtain free rides for them.

"And how old is your little boy, madam, please?"

"Three and a half," said the mother truthfully.

"Right, ma'am," said the conductor satisfied. Little Willie pondered a minute. It seemed to him that fuller information was required.

"And mother's thirty-one," he said politely.—Tit-Bits.

"I hear you've had quite a spell, Aunt Jemima."

"Yes, honey, dey done tuk me to de hospital and guv me a epidemic interjection."—Baltimore American.

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Following Advice

Two patriotic New York women of means had been shopping. Upon leaving the department store they noticed two lanky soldiers—plainly strangers—standing on the corner and apparently uncertain what next to do or where next to go. Mrs. A., a white-haired and gracious lady of about fifty-five, approached the young men, beckoning her chauffeur to follow. "You boys are strangers here," she said kindly. "Where is your home?" "Wyoming," was the reply. "Dear me, that is a great distance!" exclaimed Mrs. A. "I wonder if you won't consent to be my guests for the day? Do come and have lunch with my friend and me, and," nodding toward the perfectly appointed limousine, "you may have the use of the car this afternoon to see the sights of the town. Will you come?" One soldier shrugged his shoulders dubiously and turned away. The other bent his gaze sternly upon Mrs. A., and said, "Say, I'm on to your game. We've just been over to the Y. M. C. A. and they put us wise to you bugs. They told us to steer clear o' dames like you. You'd just better hit the trail as fast as you kin before we call one o' them cops and hev you tethered up."

True to Life

Photographer (to father)—To have the picture more natural, you had better have your

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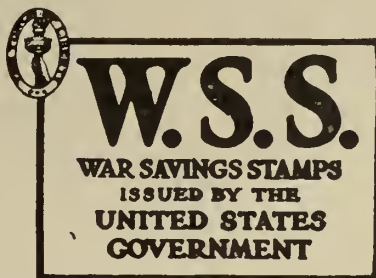
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son put his hand on your shoulder.

Father—It would be more lifelike if he put his hand in my pocket!



SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 95286.
Dept. No. 10.

JENNIE GAZZOLA, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN GAZZOLA, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOHN GAZZOLA, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's intemperance, non-support and cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of February, A. D. 1919.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNSWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
4 Columbus Avenue., San Francisco, Cal.

3-29-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY AN ORDER FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE
In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23070.
Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of JAMES W. CLARK (also known as JAMES W. CLARK, JR.), KATHRYN M. CLARK (also known as CATHERINE A. CLARK), and ALVERUS M. CLARK, Minors.

It appearing to this court from the verified petition this day presented and filed by Kathryn M. Clark, the guardian of the estates of James W. Clark, also known as James W. Clark, Jr., Kathryn M. Clark, also known as Catherine A. Clark, and Alverus M. Clark, minors, praying for an order for the sale of certain real property belonging to said minors, and that it is for the best interest of said minors for such real estate to be sold.

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby ordered that the next of kin of these minors and all other persons interested in said estate, appear before this court on the 19th day of May, 1919, at 10 A. M. at the court room of the above entitled court, in the City Hall, City of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 10 of said court, and then and there show cause why an order should not be made for the sale of such estate.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks before said day of hearing in the Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated this 21st day of April, 1919.

C. W. HUMPHREYS,
Attorney for Guardian,
703 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

4-26-4

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Vol. XXXIV. No. 1395

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, MAY 17, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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Deadlock Among Premiers
What We Owe the Individual
The Victory Loan Excitement
The Clockwinder Describes the Clock
Copy of Bolshevik Decree Degrading Women

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIV

San Francisco-Oakland, May 17, 1919

No. 1395

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Victory from Defeat

Citizens of San Francisco, Town Talk's hat is off to you! Whether or not you fell short of the inordinately unfair estimate of the treasury department in exacting nearly eighty millions from you as your share of the fifth Liberty loan, has nothing to do with the case. The final result of your gallant fight against fearful odds should fill the heart of every man, woman and child this side of Oakland mole with pride and satisfaction. How the supposedly expert calculators in Washington figured it out that your quota should be more than twice as large as that exacted from Los Angeles, in view of that city's claim to a larger population and a nearly equal volume of business, is difficult of conjecture, but so it was decided, and you obeyed to the utmost limit of your resources. It would be interesting to be told just how this mathematical result was arrived at, and whether the calculators took into consideration the city's burden of debt resultant upon the disaster of 1906, that would have crushed any other city of the universe out of existence as a business center. But as you were not discouraged then—even to the extent of moving to Oakland—as you are not discouraged now, and whether the rest of the country understands why you were not hundreds of thousands of dollars over your quota, or criticizes your failure to do so, you understand it and are strongly fortified behind the knowledge.

* * *

No Disgrace About It

When the newspapers in glaring headlines attempted to show the impending disgrace that must fall upon San Francisco in case it failed to exceed its Victory loan quota, they probably did so in their exuberance of civic and patriotic pride, because they knew the reason for its tardy response better than we knew it ourselves.

Then, too, there were other than mere selfish reasons for this apparent indifference to the nation's needs, first of all, obedience to the rules of economy enforced by the herculean task of lifting a great city from the ashes in little more than a single decade. Other investments had been liquidated that the savings of the people might be invested, in previous loans, and in every instance at a loss, for as soon as these loans had been subscribed, and the investors had responded more liberally than their financial resources had justified, they were forced to sell their bonds at a discouraging discount. This was the main cause for apathy in respect to the Victory loan, and which, at the eleventh hour, patriotic consideration for their city's threatened shame changed into true western grit and determination. So, fair city of the Golden West, you have done nobly indeed, and in spite of the possible criticism of those who do not know why you were not far "over the top," be not ashamed. It is easier to extract blood from a turnip than money from a bank on third mortgages.

* * *

That Extra Session

The president has called an extra session of congress to assemble on the nineteenth of the present month, but it now appears likely that "entangling alliances" in the governmental annex overseas will detain him for a few days after its opening. It is most difficult to predict what the result of this extra session is going to be, but there are already preliminary warnings that its atmosphere at all of its earlier meetings—whatever the later ones may develop—will be surcharged with antagonism, recalcitrancy, cheap quibbling, and, of course, the dodging of issues of the gravest importance to the country's welfare. Senator Borah has already furnished the gatherers and disseminators of news with a letter that very clearly outlines what his attitude is going to be, and if he has as many supporters in the senate as is now believed, the League of Nations is undeniably in a precarious position. There is a good deal of buncombe in the Borah letter, and while that is an element which seems to be almost inseparable from modern senatorial discussion, it may be said that behind it all there is a sort of prophetic assurance that the home coming president is not going to be received with undivided acclamations of joy and approval. Senator Borah calls upon the republican party to make an advance caucus declaration as to its attitude

regarding the League of Nations, and makes use of the somewhat ambiguous phrase, defeat rather than dishonor!" Whatever this may mean, it furnishes ample indication that when the ship of state enters the senatorial chamber, it will be in the teeth of a distinctly baffling gale of opposition. This is to be seriously deplored, for there are matters of much greater significance to the business of the country with which congress will have to do, and we are at a period when we should be encouraged into the peace-first-then-politics idea.

* * *

Can Any One Tell?

The country would like to know whether it or considerations of party power are to be considered first, and whether it is going to be permitted to emerge from its present economic mess, or be left to sustain itself unaided until the republicans have driven the final nail into the coffin of democracy. It would like to know how much longer the government is going to pour into other nations the money wrested from the people by wholesale taxation or sandbagged out of them by more extravagant bond issues than are just. It would like to know how soon it must submit to the existing wretched postal and telegraph service, and whether it is to continue appropriating money for the railroads, apparently for the purpose of continuing the most shocking service it has ever known. And the representatives of the nation's welfare, elected to protect and strengthen it, should awaken to the fact that Mr. Wilson's League of Nations is unexpectedly popular with the people; that it must be permitted to walk before it can run, and that unless some curb can be placed upon party gerrymandering and filibustering, the defeat referred to by Senator Borah will come much earlier than the dishonor he has foreshadowed so eloquently.

* * *

A Quashed Indictment

In the opinions of well known lawyers—and whether these opinions be sound or no, their propounders are rich and prosperous—the deliberations of the Peace Conference with reference to the trial of the kaiser have been nothing more nor less than a dull farce. Here are gathered together the world's greatest minds; the greatest scholars, the greatest diplomats, the greatest lawyers, and yet the indictment sought to be found against the kaiser has already been quashed by the weight

of its own wisdom that forced no conclusion. In fact, to judge from what random information has come to us so far, each member of the committee appointed to decide whether or no the kaiser should be brought to trial, and for what offense if so brought, would appear to have constituted himself an attorney for the defense, to provide reasons why such a trial would be impossible under international or any other law. It was argued that the former emperor, as the head of a confederation of German states, was not an absolute monarch, and moreover the decision to make war was reached at a cabinet council in Berlin and simply approved by him. When the suggestion was considered to compel the trial under Belgium's laws for the violation of Belgium's neutrality, the American representatives protested against such procedure on the ground that the case was outside the jurisdiction of international law. Being left to Premier Lloyd George to determine what the crime was and to give it a name, the British diplomat, with confusing vagueness, called it "a supreme offense against international morality and the sanctity of treaties." It was then shown that there was no law which provided for such a crime and whatever judges should be appointed to adjudicate it they must dismiss the case because no such offense has hitherto been known by any law. All of this is more or less disappointing to those unversed in the intricacies of law and out of sympathy with the loopholes of escape offered by its over liberal technicalities. In the case of Napoleon Bonaparte there was no such cumbersome court, no such liberating possibilities discussed. He was a menace to the world and England got him and put him out of the way. William Hohenzollern, although to be sure in a lesser degree, is also a world menace. In Germany's present unsettled internal condition and full as it is of imperialists biding their time to strike, it is by no means impossible that he may be recalled to the throne, thereby again impeding the march of democracy for which this war has been fought and won. Here is the most convincing case on record for which the punishment should be made to fit the crime, and the one court which could adjudicate it satisfactorily for the shouters for atonement would be a drum head court martial.

* * *

Let Us Get Back to Work

The Peace Conference ceases to interest the general public. People are quite tired of the "League of Nations" and of newspaper talk about the starving Russians, and the hungry Germans, and Mr. Hoover's activities in regulating the food supply of the universe. People are even tired of the ubiquitous Burleson, and his kindergarten methods in managing the cable lines of the

country. The name of Baker makes the returned soldier smile. What a relief it will be when the limelight is turned off of these celebrities so that they can spend the rest of their days in peace and quiet, and in the shade. The only thing which the United States is interested in today is constructive work to redeem the country from the stupid blundering of the past year, and to see the country's industries once more put on their feet so that they can be properly run. Until business is started up again in the proper way there can not be places found for the returning soldiers. When business is flat on its back, it does not need help, but if business gets on its feet again it will find lots of places for the soldiers who have come back.

* * *

We Owe All to the Individual

Edward N. Hurley, chairman of the United States Shipping Board, closed his recent address before the National Trade Council at Chicago with these words:

"We don't want to be a small nation. We don't want to do small things in a small way. We want to do big things in a big way. Our country has become great by the self-made men who started at the bottom of the ladder, and the workmen of today, if given an opportunity, will be the international business men of tomorrow. We want to preserve opportunity for the generation that succeeds us. We don't want constant interference by the government in business affairs, because if we are to have a safety valve on American initiative, who is to set the valve! Who is going to say that your sons and my sons shall be limited in legitimate business initiative. One of the things the returning American soldiers will demand is that they shall have as good opportunities as we have had. We can't guarantee each man's success, but we can guarantee them equal opportunity in making their own way to success. We shouldn't limit them by marking off the point of success beyond which they shall not go. We should keep the way cleared so that they can go as far as their ability and energy will carry them. Let Young America have his chance to do big things. Give him this opportunity and find no fault so long as he uses it fairly and honestly. Then let no force stand between him and the success to which he is entitled."

Amen to that! And for a start let there be an end to the government's interference with insurance, an end to government's competition with insurance, and an end to all attempts of government to monopolize insurance. Our country has become great by the self-made men who started at the bottom of the ladder, to whose initiative and sense of personal responsibility the growth of the country is due. Politicians who now seek to take over the business

nests others have built should be given the name that fits them best—cuckoos.

* * *

Apparently a Deadlock

Doubtless the Wilsoniacs have projected themselves into a very hysteria of congratulatory delight over the announcement of the happy father that the League of Nations is born and the birth certificate signed, but surely their enthusiasm can not have been freshened by any announcement that the child is doing well, because its present condition is quite the reverse of that. Of course the long delayed signatures have been affixed to the precious document, and a provisional president and secretary general have been duly appointed and congratulated. But now the dogged and exceedingly well handled insistence of Mr. Wilson that it be made an integral part of the treaty of peace with Germany and her one time allies is bearing fruit which is not yet ripe enough to market. Unlike the Paris Conference, Germany is considering the covenant of peace first—probably because she has no other alternative—but its amazingly severe terms have plunged her into a hot fever of rage and she refuses to sign it. Some of the German emissaries have been dispatched to Berlin for consultation with the heads of government, whoever they may be, and those heads are already noising their disapproval. Their sixty or seventy disgusted confreres are now left to invent new expletives of opprobrium for the Allies in the solemn sanctity of the quarters assigned them, for inhospitable Paris has not accorded them the privileges and allurements of the gayest city of the world. Consequently at the present writing matters at Versailles may, with an utter absence of bias, be said to be exasperatingly deadlocked, as far as the peace pact is concerned, and in all frankness it must be said that while the infantile League of Nations is alive, it is not kicking with that show of potency which its proud father must have expected of it.

* * *

PERSPECTIVE IMPRESSIONS

Been to Tait's new palace of pleasure out on the beach? Evidently John doesn't believe what he reads about prohibition.

Talk about the close of the war spilling the beans of California farmers! Demand from abroad for nearly 8,000,000 bushels and they haven't that many on hand on account of cold feet.

"Don't mob the trombone player; he's doing his best!" Doesn't that apply to the principal player in the unharmonious band now playing at Paris?

How about this? We can order ships from China nearly 40 per cent cheaper than we can build them here. And there are those who howl against protection!

Red Flags and Others

By Lionel Josaphare

Despite all that has been printed about it, Bolshevism remains a mystery. For this we hardly know whether to censure most our news reporters or our psychologists; to seek the explanation in Russia or the heart of man; to march into the cradle of the human race with the banners of civilization or to gaze into any infant's cradle and recognize a potential savage. A peculiar egotism of the Bolshevik army causes it to speak not only for itself but for all human kind; to fight for itself and its enemies at once; to kill and be killed for the sake of a general good will. This rolling, roaring republican acts in the name of humanity; commits crimes as a protest against other crimes, and astonishes us by claiming to be one with ourselves. We can understand moneyless men seizing the gold of others. We can understand poorly fed slaves turning upon their masters, tossing a czar's ukase and a republican constitution into the same scrap heap. But there is no explanation when a fairly well organized political party, declaiming universal brotherhood, suddenly moves to destroy every human document from a theatrical programme to the Ten Commandments, and battles with the world not for conquest but to enjoy that humility which they assert is the proper state of man. It is a fancied rebellion against both the physical and spiritual world; a political and moral secession.

In American philosophy, the liberator is esteemed as most righteous among men. But a Patrick Henry haranguing for bread and a harem, proclaiming that to steal is as honorable as to create, training men to pillage and reducing women to the harem standard, might as well be a lunatic for aught the praise we would return him. The Bolshevik may have an ideal; but it is lost in the flames of crime, and he himself is beheld flickering not so much with the passion to slay a czar as to demolish the church and state, exploding all the avenues of honor.

We are amazed at this as at the antics of a boa constructor, and equally glad that the creature is foreign. Then we are told that Bolshevism is current along our own streets; that the red flag is in our own blood, and that no man knows whether or not he is a man of Bolshevism until he is eaten of its bread.

If we can discern anything from all this conglomeration of facts and philosophy, it is the idea that civilization is a farce; that man is truly a savage and foolishly tries to be something else. We always knew that the human breast contains a savage thrill, yet never feared an outbreak. The coat lapels are too strong and too smoothly ironed. We like the good things too well to leap from ourselves and play havoc. The winds of the world are trade winds; the islands are coaling stations; the architects of peace are laying their plans and specifications from headland to headland; wireless telegraphy breathes the terms of lasting friendship among nations; the bookkeepers are sending out bills for the cost of the war. It is all over. And yet in private confab, one can not evade the question, "Where will the next storm break?" Will we have to combat other nations or must we be prepared for the raving from within? Once the fighting blood is up, how long will be the cooling process? Will anarchy try its hand among the weary nations?

It is not too boastful to say that Bolshevism will not strike a deep tone from the American liberty bell. Bolshevism is a savage passion, and Americans are emotionless. We like and dislike one another; we give honor and we hold in contempt. But we have neither the intense love which gives Bolshevism its emotional assemblage nor the hate which impels it to murder. The Russian is tragic. The gentleman from Nebraska, spending his millions in New York, is built more on the musical-comedy plan. He neither hates nor can be profoundly hated. Putting him to the guillotine would be worse than making him read "Hedda Gabler." Standing him before a firing squad on account of his ability to spend money freely would be like executing a boy for playing marbles. Coronets and crowns give rise to the grand passion. The evils of the ballot box are settled with a cartoon and an editorial. Men have been punched in the eye for challenging a vote; pistol shots have been exchanged, not always fairly; and even riots have grown from a shaken fist. But, this side of Yucatan, organized warfare has not followed a miscount in the vote. We do not feel like cutting off anybody's head, because we have never been forced to bow our own. No class has been found worthy of respect from another class. We have no aristocracy of titles, manners, intellect or statecraft, and therefore have never worshipped any one sufficiently to decapitate him. There is a moneyed class with us; but all are agreed that wealth is a cause for disdain rather than admiration, and millionaires are satisfied to be left alone. They have no desire to be cheered and revered in public. In the French Revolution men were guillotined for wearing a plume in their hats. A derby or tile does not arouse the same rage. Americans love their country but not one another. Europeans love their governments, and occasionally start a revolution in the same spirit that men have killed the women they loved. Americans knock a man down for insulting the flag but not for raising the price of a baby's breakfast. Life is more comic here. The fool of a tragedy is the one who takes up weapons.

Another point in our favor is that our working classes are not starving. They are quite interested in surrounding their homes with sacred fences. The workingman may be bent on shortening his hours of toil and lengthening his pay; but he does not damn his country merely because he can not loot it, nor hate his city because he must lay the bricks of its foundation. He might hurl one of the bricks at a strike-breaker, but could hardly be seduced into throwing a bomb into the whole social structure. Society with us is a more compact thing. There are no great extremes to startle each other in contrast; nothing of that Russian savagery still more maddened by sights of excessive civilization. In that mystic realm, anarchy and civilization long stood eye to eye, each calling itself the honest fact; the other, the delirium.

The present time would be an awkward one indeed for the world to face the horrors of a retrograde movement. Its possessions were never as delectable as now. Sky-scrapers and never-ending automobiles, wireless telephones, X-rays, airplanes, harbors and ships, have so furnished this age that any assault upon its riches must be contemplated with unusual dismay. The wealthiest man has most to fear

from thieves. The wealthiest of all the generations of man could least afford an experiment with its social system. Nevertheless, there is no system that has not made the history of the world picturesque with its ruins, and one can not say of such or such a tower that it is too great to fall. Nor can we look upon the population and predict how many will eat this Russian caviar. The ordinary man is too apt to be a spectator. In the course of time he sees many unexpected things. And he does many things never expected of him. He is the man who says, "Pooh, pooh! The Russians always were savages. I do not fear anything of that nature. I am too highly civilized. Look me over." This is the same ordinary man who has come through the ages, his attention presently divided between a League of Nations and a shimmy dance. He feels himself part of a system that is too great to collapse at the cry of "mad dog." And yet, one may ask, of what does this vaunted stability of civilization consist? What is it upon which we rely when declaring that all is well?

Once it was religion that gave the various governments of the world a single code of morality. Then was added the worldlier motive of commerce binding the nations in ship routes and rates of exchange. Neither of these prevented the world war. Nor did their terrific armaments deter the peoples from involving themselves in destruction. What hold has a government on the sanity of its populace? Is it the severity of the postal laws? The power of the policeman's club over the red flag? The frown of a student affairs committee? If these restrictions count for much, we should have to admit that any day the waving of a red flag might summon the obedient hosts of hell, and that society could be imperiled by its own disgusted majority. We should have to admit, upon the statement of a few prudes, that society could dance itself into savagery. It is commonly inferred that society can carry a red flag and march to the devil; that it can eat, drink, vote or talk or dance itself to the devil, unless prevented by a superior force. This force is usually a small minority. It is usually a small minority that arouses or crushes a re-

(Continued on Page 15)

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"Caltex" One-piece Bifocals are the only scientifically correct double vision glasses ground from a single piece of glass. They are the newest and most improved type of glasses combining reading and distance corrections in one. "Caltex" have the appearance of regular glasses, do not distort objects, no annoying colors—have a large reading portion as well as distance, allowing the wearer to use them with comfort.

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The Origin of Manners

By Florence Howe Hall (Daughter of Julia Ward Howe)

(Continued from last week)

Take for instance the beginning of the eighteenth century. Little as Thackeray liked the manners of his own day, and ruthlessly as he showed up their follies and foibles, he liked still less the manners of this older time, of which he made an especial study, to his great disgust. In his essay on Steele, he says: "We can't tell—you would not bear to be told the whole truth regarding those men and manners. You could no more suffer in a British drawing room, under the reign of Queen Victoria, a fine gentleman or fine lady of Queen Anne's time, or hear what they heard and said, than you would receive an ancient Briton. It is as one reads about savages, that one contemplates the wild ways, the barbarous feasts, the terrific pastimes of the men of pleasure of that age."

He then describes the career of a very rabid nobleman, who died while perpetrating his third murder, and a little farther on he continues in the same vein: "But things were done in that society, and names were named, which would make you shudder now. What would be the sensation of a polite youth of the present day, if at a ball he saw the object of his affections taking a box out of her pocket and a pinch of snuff; or if at dinner, by the charmer's side, she deliberately put her knife into her mouth? . . . Fancy the moral condition of that society in which a lady of fashion joked with a footman, and carved a sirloin, and provided besides a great shoulder of veal, a goose, hare, rabbit, chickens, partridges, black puddings, and a ham, for a dinner of eight Christians! What—what could have been the condition of that polite world in which people openly ate goose after almond-pudding, and took their soup in the middle of dinner? Fancy a colonel of the guards putting his hand into a dish of beignets d'abricot, and helping his neighbor, a young lady du monde! Fancy a noble lord calling out to the servants, before the ladies at his table, 'Hang expense, bring us a ha-porth of cheese!'"

Gradual Transition

Mankind do not change their manners from one epoch to another, as a snake sheds his skin; the transition is a very gradual one, and men cling so fondly to their old ways that they always incline to keep them, where it is possible to do so, chagning the old form a little, to suit it to its new meaning. Thus when heathen nations first become Christianized, their religious practices are a very queer jumble of the old and the new forms of worship. The history of Europe is full of records of these curious mixtures, some of which are very familiar to us all.

The old Scandinavians had no intention of giving up the custom so congenial to their tastes, that of drinking the "minne" (that is, love, memory and the thought of the absent) of the objects of their worship; so upon their conversion to Christianity they arranged the matter very simply by abandoning their old favorites, Thor, Odin and Freya, and drinking the "minne" of Mary and of Christ. "Minnying" or "mynde" days, on which the memory of the dead was celebrated by services or banquets, survived for a long time in England.

Many customs which now seem to us foolish and absurd, had once their serious meaning; but in the course of long years, and perhaps of wanderings from far countries, that meaning has been utterly lost from sight. Again, we can

often see plainly what significance certain observances once had, but we no longer believe in them. We still say "Bless you" from force of habit, when some one sneezes, but we have ceased to attach the slightest importance to the remark. It is rather curious to find that the ancient Greeks and Romans saluted one another in the same way, and two thousand years ago Pliny asked, "Why do we salute those who sneeze?"

When Guachoga, a native chief, came to pay a visit to Hernando de Soto, the former happened to sneeze, whereupon "The gentlemen who had come with him, and were lining the walls of the hall among the Spaniards there, all at once bowing their heads, opening their arms and closing them again, and making other gestures of great veneration and respect, saluted him with different words, all directed to one end, saying, 'The sun guard thee, etc.," upon which the Spanish governor concluded that "All the world was one."

The petty superstitions of every-day life, which cultivated people laugh at and the uneducated still believe in, were once no doubt features of a serious though childish religious belief. All the superstitions about the moon point plainly in this direction, while those about Friday are of Christian origin, at least in some cases. Many servants firmly believe that it is unlucky to engage or take service on Saturday, although they can not tell you why they think so. I have often seen women of this class entreat a child to get up, if it happened to be lying in their path on the stairs or elsewhere, saying, "If I step over you, you will never grow, you know!"

For every superstition and every exploded belief there is, or has been, some argument in its favor, some train of reasoning more or less ingenious and well carried out. We smile at the curious scientific theories of Plato, for instance, although he presents arguments in their favor that are as good as many modern reasons. In the same way there is no small point of etiquette which has not its *raison d'être*, although the train of logic which brought it into being may be quite forgotten by living men.

It is with the law of etiquette as with the common law; both contain many absurdities, but nevertheless these very absurdities have all been carefully reasoned out. As the common law concerned the lives and safety of all men, its sayings were carefully preserved and accurately written down by learned men; but the law of etiquette has had comparatively few expounders to keep careful record of its vagaries. It certainly, however, contains no greater follies than those of its prototype, which gravely declared that a mother was not of kin to her own child, and proceeded to prove the same!

Despite its many imperfections, the common law surprises us with its accumulation of sound views and its exposition of true principles—the result of the combined wisdom of many great minds during long centuries. In the same way the laws that govern manners contain many true and unchanging principles mingled with much that is untrue, unimportant and transitory.

Permanent and Transient Institutions in Society

"Crabbed age and youth can not live together," says the old song, and the unregenerate heart of man repeats it. But modern civilization not

only brings youth and age together, she accomplishes even greater wonders. Black and white, rich and poor, educated and ignorant, Christian and heathen, evil and good, powerful and weak, sick and well, civilized and savage, high and low—all races, classes and ages of men she brings together pitilessly, and without hesitation. Nay, she does more than this, for she tells them that they must not only live together, but live peaceably—and on the whole they do so.


When you consider what a seething caldron of opposing nationalities, creeds and views a modern city consists of, what widely differing people are thrown together in steamships, hotels and railway trains by the remorseless Cook and the wide-reaching Vanderbilt, the wonder is, not that somebody occasionally kills somebody else, but that men do not slay their tormentors daily. If we lived in those cheerful old times when the world was still young, we should do so, as a matter of course, just as those individuals among us whose civilization remains crude, slay one another for any slight difference of opinion, and promptly make an end of the female of the species, if she does not have supper ready in time.

The composition of our modern society is not only cosmopolitan in the extreme, but another element of complexity is added to it, in the vast and ever-increasing intricacy of the machinery of our daily life. We have become so highly and uncomfortably civilized, our surroundings are so artificial, that there is some danger of our all turning into so many machines, each one being a part of the great central Corliss engine of our civilization.

It is this, or the forest. In past ages every high state of civilization has wrought its own ruin, and vigorous barbarism has taken the place of effete luxury and corruption, just as the vacuum of idiocy succeeds to over-activity of the brain.

(To be continued next week)

HOTEL PLAZA
SAN FRANCISCO



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SOME
viands

Breakfast	60c
Luncheon	60c
Dinner	\$1.00

(also a la carte)

CARL SWORD, Manager

The Spectator

American Recklessness

There would appear to exist a grave danger that, in spite of its vaunted superiority over all others, the Liberty motor has not yet reached that exactness of efficiency that should justify its use in so perilous a venture as a dash across the Atlantic, with one of the stretches, or legs, 1,350 miles in length. Three planes started on the two first stretches of the run to Newfoundland—540 miles and 460 miles, respectively, and one of them was forced into Chatham, Mass., on the first of these on account of engine trouble. Commander J. H. Towers, the commander of this venture of pioneer hardihood, also reports some slight engine trouble which made him second in the race to Trepassy, Newfoundland, where it was discovered that one of his propellers was faulty in construction and would have to be repaired before starting on the trebly perilous stretch to the Azores. It would seem obvious that no attempt of so perilous a nature should be made while there exists any danger of a breakdown in any part of the delicate construction of this wonderful contrivance which is frail and untrustworthy at its best. Several aviators have assured the writer that the American machine was not to be depended upon in comparison with either the French or English, and the Germans had attained an efficiency of construction quite the equal if not the superior of either. Until the same degree of efficiency can be assured for the American machines, such an attempt as is now in progress is not worth risking twelve gallant American lives for. The course to the Azores is an exceedingly stormy one, even during the summer months, and although destroyers are to be stationed along the line, the distances between them of one hundred miles is not short enough to insure any great degree of safety should one of the aviators fall into the sea. It is recalled that Commander Tower, after a flight at Annapolis when his pilot was drowned and he had to fight his way to the surface out of the debris of his ruined machine, declared that he was through, that he was an unlucky aviator and would never fly again. Of course the war compelled a reconsideration of this vow, and having had no accident of note since his return to air duty, he has evidently become reckless with his presumed return of luck, and is now making the most perilous effort yet known in the history of aviation. Perhaps he or one of his fellow intrepids, or all three of them, are destined to first cross the ocean and share the \$50,000 prize between them. This will be the earnest prayer of all of us, but, ah, that stormy 1,350 miles to the Azores!

Mrs. Grundy and the Loan

Well, I'm glad it's all over! If ever the population of a great American city, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and from Cape Cod to Point Bonita Light, was plunged into the awful turmoil of struggle, anxiety and desperation that San Francisco was on Friday and Saturday of last week, I'll pay all its debts, and this would be some contract, for you can't tell me there is any city now-a-days that's not up to its ears in it. And talk of debt! My! Look at poor old San Francisco! Why, it's simply owned body and soul by the banks, and there's hardly a building in it but what's so loaded up with mortgages that it's miraculous they're not all bulged out of plumb under the

awful burden. How a government elected to office because it was supposed to be composed of good men possessed of at least an ordinary amount of business acumen, helped along by that axiomatic attribute of officialdom known as common sense, could have imposed five such awful burdens upon a city that was almost swept off the face of the earth only thirteen years ago, beats me to mental standstill.

Five of Them!

It's all very well for New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Cleveland and some of those other middle distance burghs that haven't had a set-back in their entire existence, to brag about going so many millions over the top in so many hours before the clock struck midnight last Saturday, but I just would like to know how long they'd have been getting there if such a visitation had ever come to them as that awful disaster of 1906. Why, they'd have laid down and squawked "help!" some time about tea-time on Friday, and the government officials would have hurried there and helped themselves out of the bank vaults. Somebody was nasty enough to say that, in effect at least, that's what was done here, but it's not true, and even if it is, nobody can prove it and there's where we've got a lot the best of it. San Francisco hasn't been treated fairly from the first in the quotas demanded by the government, and how in every case she had to cough up more than twice as much as Los Angeles, after the way that beautiful but tourist-infested metropolis has blowed about her excess of population and business volume, is a conundrum she couldn't guess herself if it was put up to her. The first four loans went over with mighty bounds and nobody complained, but that fifth one was expecting altogether too much milk from a willing cow, and no wonder San Francisco felt as though she were being sand-bagged out of that \$79,000,000, when most of us felt sure there wasn't that much money left in our overtapped jeans. But it was tucked away somewhere, and that dear old city by the Golden Gate laid down to rest last Saturday night, proud of having come across with its quota, and every one of us wondering how it was done.

How They Got It

Nobody knows that except the courageous, insistent and also very arrogant and highwayman-like men and women who girded on their armor of civic pride and went after it with their sleeves rolled up and the Damoclean swords of threat in their hands, for it may as well be confessed right here that the whole thing was technically a hold-up, no matter how glorious the victory was. Of course, hundreds of people paid that first ten per cent not knowing however in all the world they were going to find the money for the second installment, but when those who were modest housekeepers found their homes invaded by politely extortionate committee of handsome women and well-dressed men who threatened to report them to headquarters as slackers if they did not subscribe, what else was there left for them to do? And then the gaily decorated floats manned by real soldiers, and sailors, and marines, and commanded by beautiful women who had about them the definiteness of conviction, when they refused to take no for an answer! Of course there was a more or less nerve-racking democ-

racy among those float women, which will not apply at teas and social functions, but who cared? Nobody seemed to bother herself about finding out who her fellow exhorter was, and the only consideration seemed to be a good record for their particular float, and while these street records were not quite up to the standard of the four other loans, they were almost marvelous under the circumstances.

Pacific-Union vs. Olympic

Much had been expected from the men's clubs, but, while all of them did fairly well in view of the knock-down-and-drag-out attitudes of other loans, there was nothing in any of them to approach the organized activity and spirit of emulation and contest that characterized the Olympic and Pacific-Union. I was not privileged to be of the reported energetic company in the palatial home of selected millionaires on Nob Hill, but it was so different in the more democratic and delightfully informal Olympic that before the fight waged there was half over I had decided to call on the one organization of its kind in the city whose membership is almost one hundred per cent red blood. The drive there was under the generalship of President Humphrey, assisted by his ablest inhabitants, including John Hanify, and there were two tables conducted by a woman's committee, and these were apparently assisted by an organized police force of young men whose business it was to see that all who entered here must leave their signatures behind. At half past five the news was telephoned that the Pacific-Union had subscribed \$350,000, and disappointment reigned on every face about the loan tables in Olympia's corridor. But President Humphrey's "we've got to beat them, boys," inspired new courage,

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the energies of the committee were redoubled, and before the lists had closed for the night, their sum total had mounted up to the amazing figure of \$375,000.

How gloriously the newspaper behaved during the gruelling days of this fifth loan! But up to the time of sending in this copy, there had been no exact figures given, it was said for obvious reasons. The headlines, however, declared that the city had gone over, and since most of us read only headlines, what does it matter? They do say, however—but that doesn't matter either now. Honi soit!

The Clockwinder Himself

Some readers of the Town Talk have a notion that there is no such person as the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, he who occupies a huge arm chair in the Ferry Tower and oftentimes goes among the crowned heads and the swell-heads of the City Hall, asking them questions. Well, there is a man who is very close to the waterfront philosopher and who may be the Clockwinder himself, as you shall see. If you take a notion to see America first and begin at the Ferry Tower, ask for Mr. E. A. Beeler. He is no myth. He is not in the class with Santa Claus, Jupiter, Vox Populi and that sort, but is good, honest flesh and blood in all respects. He has been sixteen years with the Harbor Commissioners' Department of Electricity, and was formerly master mechanic with the old Sutter Street Railway. He is not an idle philosopher. He works with his hands as well as his brain and puts in order many things that go for the well being of the municipality. That is why he is so careful that everything goes just right in the body politic and the entire social fabric. The clock is his pet, his child. It is the most intelligent and most beautiful clock in the world. Among his many duties, Beeler is captain of a state dredger now at Pier 1; but he is so interested in big clocks that, should anybody have one that requires attention, our seawall savant would answer the call at any hour of the day or night, and the State of California acquiesce, out of general good will for the principle known as tempus fugit, accurately measured.

The Clock

"One thing that people fail to notice about the clock," said Beeler, "is that it has two dials—a day and a night dial. This in front of you is the night dial." The Clockwinder and the Town Talk reporter were standing inside the

clock. The day dial is the larger. Within it is the night face, 11 feet 4¾ inches in diameter. I built this frame myself to support the face, as the original framework did not fit the opening in the tower." He patted it fondly as a father. Then he kneeled and lifted a board at the bottom of the circle of minutes. "There you see part of the day dial concentric with this one. The day dial is 23 feet 3¾ inches in diameter."

"Now, Mr. Clockwinder, there is one matter on which our good and true citizens would like to be informed. Of what, in this instance—or, to be exact, when you perform your official duty as aforesaid, what do you do—of what does the ferry tower clockwinding consist? On that point you are known to fame."

"The clock," answered Beeler, "ordinarily runs by electricity, operated by a master clock in the Department of Electricity below. This has been going on for five years. However, here we have an attachment whereby the clock can be run by weights. A mere shifting of gears, and you can have one or the other. When I test the works, I throw off the juice and use the weights. Twenty-four hundred pounds, in sections of a hundred pounds each, suspended to a ¾-inch cable, conducted over that pulley and wound on a reel right there in the center of the works. Winding's done by motor. One wind is good for eight days. The master clock down stairs is operated electrically from wet cells. Every morning the exact time comes from Washington, and we can see if there is any discrepancy."

"Commuters have claimed a discrepancy of three to four minutes, causing them to run faster than is necessary, or to walk slower and miss their boats, get scolded by their wives—worse yet, miss appointments with their sweethearts in Piedmont, and commit other indiscretions not in line with a well ordered community." This was a gentle hint relating to the fact that the hands of the clock then and there stood at XII, although the time of day was 9:30 a. m. In other words, the clock had stopped.

The gentle hint was a little more than the Clockwinder could bear. "There is nothing wrong with the clock," he retorted, somewhat more animated than his usual drawl. "That is to say, there is nothing wrong with the clock itself. The hands wobble a bit. Every piece of machinery needs overhauling now and then. In this case, the pressure of the winds has worn the gears. There is a slight looseness. Not enough to cause a deviation of more than two seconds. But a minute hand two seconds off at the center might point to an error of three minutes at its tip—5½ feet from the

center. That's a matter of geometry. The clock is all right. I shall have to put in new gears. I make the patterns from sugar pine, and do all the installing. Everything will be O. K. again in about three weeks."

His Love for the Clock

The clockwork itself occupies a little house within the tower, and is connected by four shafts to the four dials, each of which can be operated independently.

"It is a Howard clock," continued Beeler. "But a piece of machinery as large as this requires a number of devices not foreseen at the outset. I have made several improvements in this good old timepiece, and when representatives of the Howard people came out here, they had considerable praise for what I had done. Of course, I would do anything for the clock. I study it all the time. You know, it is like studying law: there is no end to it. You can keep on improving all the time; always learning something; always knowing that what you once thought perfect gives you a possibility for still further perfection. Nothing is perfect. Not even this clock. And yet I can say without boasting that it has advantages not to be found elsewhere. I have a device there for using lost motion—that is what caught the fancy of the Howard people. I have also counterbalanced the weight of the hands, so that they are not a dead weight on the gear. At the time of the earthquake, the whole clockwork was shifted into the corner there. I built new shafts and did a lot of other remodeling at that time. People come from all parts roundabout to have me look over their big timepieces. When the clock in the Oakland Tribune Building was installed, the installing company met with many difficulties; and they finally gave out the statement that one of their experts had solved the puzzle. I was the fellow that did it. They simply fell down on the job, and sent for me."

"Well, there is the satisfaction that they have to send for you when a big job requires big thinking."

"Yes; some men have brains, and some work well with their hands. But a clock man has to combine the two forces. Your brains are sort of electrically operated, and the thought goes through the arm-shafts into your hands, and, for all practical purposes, your brains are in your fingertips. I studied clocks in my young days. I'm also an automobile crank. I love to take a perfect machine apart and put it together again. There is where a machinist with electrical knowledge can have a good time. For the real joy of living, give me an automobile."

"And a good road, of course?"

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Irish Country Songs

When John McCormack comes to San Francisco, he gives to part of his vast audiences more than the thrill of a great tenor voice. Thousands of compatriots hear from his lips the melodies which they remember from the old sod, and there are thousands who, though not descended from Irish blood, have yet a thorough affection for ballads that bear the spirit of Erin's people. It will interest many to know that four of the songs used by McCormack have been published by Boosey & Co. of New York and London, in a volume entitled *Irish Country Songs*, and edited by Herbert Hughes. The following is from Mr. Hughes' preface:

Several thousand traditional tunes have been recorded in Ireland and published to the world. They are to be found on the shelves of antiquaries, in elusive books long out of print, or circulating in modern form among scholars, expert folklorists, and a small crowd of musical amateurs. Of these tunes comparatively few are familiar to civilized musicians out of Ireland. The greater number are dance tunes, many of which are but variants of one another and, of course, utterly unvocal; broadly speaking, apart from the association of the dance itself, they are quite unimportant as music. Of the melodies not connected with the dance, however, many of those already published are of the rarest beauty and distinction, with more variety of mood than can be found in any other folk-music in Europe. Unfortunately in Ireland, where an alien language has been

thrust upon the people, under severe penalty at all times, the original Gaelic words that were sung to these melodies are, in the majority of cases, lost and forgotten. Even in the beurla, however, the old Gaelic idiom penetrated through the verse of the ballad writers, and here and there one may come across a song that has a few lines of a quaint, remote beauty not found in those that have been written under a more immediate foreign influence. In such a verse as this:

O, I would climb a high, high tree
And rob a wild bird's nest,
And back I'd bring whatever I do find
To the arms that I love best,
—She said,
To the arms that I love best.

or this:

There's not a gown will go on my back, or a
comb that will go in my hair,
And neither flame nor candle light shine in my
chamber fair;
Nor will I wed with any young man until the
day I die,
Since the lowlands of Holland are between my
love and me

one comes in touch with the Gaelic imagination expressing itself strongly, although in a foreign tongue.

But it is in Irish that the poems of real value were wedded to music, for in writing in Irish the ballad writers were using a language that had served literature for centuries before England had escaped from the barbarism of the Middle Ages; and it is a thousand pities that Petrie, whose complete collection of Irish music was published a few years ago, was not able to obtain the words to which, even in his time, many of his melodies must have been sung. One unfortunate result has been that many very beautiful airs have been set by

modern versifiers to words of appalling banality. Indeed, I know instances where good ballads have been rejected in favor of some polite sentiment about willow trees and weeping maidens; and, what is infinitely worse, instances of songs being "improved" without due acknowledgment of their traditional anonymity.

Except where otherwise stated, all the songs in this volume may be considered traditional. As far as I could I have avoided editing these rather fragmentary ballads; they are, I think, far better in their crude, unpolished state than they would be were I to have set myself the task of finding rhymes for unrhymed verses, or of rendering some impudent thought into reputable language. Occasionally, however, I have thought it necessary to omit some verses of a song altogether, and this because the song had been of undue length and several of the verses superfluous. In "The Fanad Grove," for instance, I pieced two incomplete verses together and supplied a missing line of another, and the simple story is told in three verses instead of the original five or six. This is not a volume for antiquaries and other experts; but to all whom it may concern I offer this explanation of what I mean by adapting or editing.

There are so many tunes, and variants of tunes, to be found in collections of Irish music, that I have not thought it worth while to compare those in this book for the purpose of identification and possible relationship. They may stand as they are quite well, I think, without further credentials; and I might add that while all of these melodies have been gathered in Ireland, I do not claim that they, or their "traditional" words, are of necessity indigenous to Ireland. Some have very doubtful ancestry, and may have emanated from Scotland, or from the Border, or from purely English sources. Today, however, they have so far entered into the consciousness of the people who sing them, that I am content to let them pass as Irish. It has been the most notable achievement of the Irish nation that it has, consistently throughout ten centuries, imposed the quality of its mind upon everything that has tried to usurp its life and "educate" its feeling; and it takes a comparatively short space of time for an imported song to receive the impress of local idiom and characteristic so strongly as to deceive the unwary collector into believing he has alighted on some native and unfamiliar melody. The constant migration between England and Scotland and Ireland during the harvesting season accounts in a very large measure for the continuous importation and exportation of country ballads. In the West Country, for example, many Irish songs have taken root, and only recently "Brennan on the Moor" was published in an English collection—an Irish ballad that has been familiar in every farm

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It is the fashion among many expert musicians in England to label certain folk tunes as belonging to established Greek modes, such as the Dorian, for example, or the Phrygian; and a tune's right to be considered of some antiquity is thereby decided. It may be the case that the Sussex peasant sings his bacchanalian ballads to some formulated ecclesiastical system of musical scales, but it has never been proved (although frequently insinuated) that these modes were ever sung by the peasantry in Ireland; and ecclesiastical plain song has never had sufficient vogue or influence to affect the daily life of the people so much that they would, even unconsciously, imitate the manner of church chants in their secular music. On the contrary, it has recently been demonstrated that the Irish possessed, and still employ, a series of scales or modes that are only quite distantly related to the Greek modes, and with a much greater variety of intervals. To any one who has the most elementary knowledge of the internal history of the Irish people this does not come as a surprise, and to those who have listened to the music of the Gael in its proper environment it has always been self-evident. The obvious comment of the academy-nurtured musician is that they are "only singing out of tune," but experience has proved that they have a scale system as delicately and elaborately constructed as the most fastidious modern artist could dream of. So-called "quarter tones" are deliberately sung by the unlearned and despised peasant; and if any incredulous person thinks I am exaggerating let him go to Innismurray or the Aran Islands or Connemara or Donegal and if he can persuade a native to sing (generally a most difficult business) he can judge for himself; or as a further alternative let him compare the ease with which the natives of China sing intervals that are unknown (as yet) to the Queen's Hall.

Musical art is gradually releasing itself from the tyranny of the tempered scale. If composers find its restrictions too exacting—well and good; the manipulation of an untempered scale will be found possible as a matter of course. There is no reason why an arbitrarily fixed scale should stand in the way of the musical revolutionary. That it is merely arbitrary history shows clearly enough, and if we examine the work of the modern French school, notably that of M. Claude Debussy, it will be seen that the tendency is to break the bonds of this old slave-driver and return to the freedom of primitive scales.

This question, then, of untempered scales is not new; it is as old as the sun and the moon and the stars. Musical scholars, as well as political experts, are apt to forget that the history of Ireland is not the history of England. They forget that over a thousand years ago Ireland was the most highly educated country in western Europe, and that even in her decadence she

has retained some of this old knowledge and culture; and, as a consequence, her contemporary literature and folk music still have qualities that are peculiar to her, and do not quickly respond to the influence of antipathetic forces. In recording her folk music one is always meeting with this independence—I would almost say, isolation. Over and over again I have found it impossible to write down a tune that has been sung or played to me, for the simple reason that our modern notation does not allow for intervals less than a semitone.

Longfellow Misquoted

Mr. Lionel Josaphare,

Dear Sir: In last week's Town Talk, you quote Longfellow as having written "to dust return." Were not his words, "to dust returnest"?

Yours, etc.,

D. McL.

Quoting from childhood memory, I should say that the words are from the following stanza:

Life is real; life is earnest;
And the grave is not its goal.
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

It is the rhyme with "earnest" that leads me to accept "returnest" as the word Longfellow used. In paraphrase we would have: You are dust; you return to dust. This makes the present tense accomplish the future, and there is a custom to that effect. We have also the term, "historical present," which allows the present tense to do for the past as well. So there is every precedent for using the present form in the three tenses. "I return tomorrow," is apparently grammatical as "I will return tomorrow." Nevertheless, if you imagine the words as spoken in the Garden of Eden, you will feel that something of imperative force is demanded, and the meaning impressed upon the reader is: you arose from dust, therefore return to dust. (When spoken of the body.) The words uttered as a command have a more dignified ring than they would have as a prediction. There is every indication that the poet had a command in mind. At any rate, the verses would be stronger in that sense. I do not go so far as to say that Longfellow, misled by rhyme, made a mistake in grammar. The slip was rather one of policy. "Returnest" being in the present tense, we take the statement literally as: thou returnest unto dust at the end of thy life. In the third person, without the solemn form, it would be: dust he is; he returns to dust, etc. And there the weakness is apparent. The present tense thus used is colloquial and inelegant. Beyond this, the well-known line has another fault, that of suggesting a return to what "thou art." However, when I used the phrase, "to dust return," I did not think of the previous line requiring the rhyme. One sometimes remembers things as they should be.

—L. J.

o'clock. The collection comprises 130 odd exhibits which will be installed in five of the large galleries of the museum, which Director Laurvik is having especially prepared for this exhibition. Decidedly modern in its tendencies, the work of Boris Anisfeld created a veritable artistic sensation in the foremost eastern art centers where it has recently been shown. The collection comes from the Art Institute of Chicago, where it attracted even more attention and was visited by a larger number of people than the Zuloaga exhibition. The curious intermingling of Slavic orientalism and French modernism has made this collection the subject of lively and widespread discussion wherever it has been shown. Anisfeld's bizarre and exotic eclecticism has made an impression upon the general public not unlike that created by the Russian ballet, to which it is artistically and racially related. In fact, Anisfeld was the originator of modern Russian stage settings, preceding by many years his compatriot Bakst. The collection is extremely varied in subject matter as well as treatment, comprising oils, aquarelles, drawings, and paintings in tempera, depicting landscapes, portraits, imaginative figure pieces, as well as stage settings, illustrations and fantastic still life pieces, that have been described as being like nothing under heaven or on earth. The collection reveals a many-sided, colorful, emotional temperament that seems to be half oriental, half Slav, that should prove immensely stimulating to the cultivated people of San Francisco, who have had such long and intimate association with oriental art and customs. As in the case of the Zuloaga exhibition last year, a small admission fee of 25c will be charged to the Anisfeld galleries to help defray the very considerable expense involved in transportation, insurance and installation. A specially illustrated catalogue, with full biographical data and an interpretative essay by Dr. Brinton, has been prepared and will be on sale during the exhibition, which will continue for a few weeks only, as it is due to be exhibited in the City Art Museum in St. Louis in the early part of the summer. All other galleries in the Palace of Fine Arts will be open free to the public as usual, and the forty-third annual exhibition has been extended for two weeks beyond the date originally set for its closing.

Landmarks on Draught

To how many people has it occurred that the occasional traveler is a much misguided person and continually being cheated by the oily tongued, over-polite fraud known as a guide. If in any city where he lives there has ever occurred any well known historical event, he and his progenitors will have found the exact spot, and prepared a good story about it, for the guide book traveler must have his information to inscribe in a journal, and if the guide can transform the legendary locale of some mythical incident into a well explained fact, so

Boris Anisfeld at the Art Palace

Through the efforts of Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker, who brought out the Zuloaga exhibition last year, San Francisco is about to enjoy another artistic treat in the comprehensive "one man" exhibition of the celebrated Russian painter, Boris Anisfeld, whose work is said to be more startlingly original and colorful than that of the great Spaniard who set the town talking last year. The Anisfeld exhibition opened to the public in the Palace of Fine Arts on Friday afternoon, May 16, at 3

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much the better, for no greater truism was ever given form than that of the great circus man Barnum, when he said that the public insists on being fooled. And the traveler insists upon being provided with information to retail to the home folk, so the guides of the past have invented it for him and passed it down through the years. For instance, he is quite credulously satisfied when visiting Elsinore, in Denmark, to be shown the castle where Hamlet lived, and led to the exact spot on the rampart platform where he encountered the ghost of his murdered father. No doubt if some personally conducted tourist wanted to see the brook where Ophelia drowned herself it could be found for him, and if an ingenious guide were to present a bunch of rosemary to a patron, with the assurance that from the very sprigs in Ophelia's funeral wreath were planted

the ancestors of this identical plant, that patron would believe him, for he has been told something hitherto undiscovered to confide to the homefolks. In Venice every guide leads his clients to the house of Othello and Desdemona, and has been supplied with positive proofs that the genealogy of the house is correct, and yet as a matter of fact the house of Othello never existed at all save in the imaginations of Shakespeare and the scene painters who made it for the theatres. In Venice, also, the kodak fiend is pointed out the very spot on the Rialto where Shylock listened to Antonio's plea for the loan, so that he can take a snap shot of it, and it never occurs to the poor boob that the whole story originated in the mind of Shakespeare or was stolen by him from some one else, for there were literary pirates then who were quite as reckless as those of the present

day. The writer has seen two locations on separate islands, each of which is declared to be the identical spot where the landing of Columbus was first staged, and you are shown his homes and church pews in the Azores, the Canaries, Madeira and Cuba, all of which are equally accurate or the reverse, as the case may be, according to how much confidence you have in history as written for guide books by ingenious writers. At the same time the making of beautiful fiction into tangible fact should not be too widely condemned, for the tourists must have something to write home about, and what particular difference does it make when you weep at Ramona's home whether she ever existed, or lived here if she did exist, or originated entirely in the imagination of Helen Hunt Jackson, which, of course, was the one intangible fact in the Ramona legend?

Bolshevik Decree Communizing Women

The following document, proclaiming loudly the horrors of Bolshevism, a document that is horrible in itself regarded merely as reading matter, was brought to San Francisco by an American army officer arriving here last Wednesday. The translation was made direct from the original. No apology is required for the publication of this bestial proclamation, other than the statement that it gives the public one of the few opportunities that we have had for studying the crude facts of Europe under the affliction of politics and war. This proclamation lets us know, as nothing else can, the true meaning of Bolshevism. When, as happened recently at the Hamilton Grammar School, a body of school boys plastered their place of learning with placards signed "The Junior Bolsheviks of America," it is time that something be done to know accurately and crush absolutely this curse of the world.

Anarchistic Proclamation Decree

This decree is proclaimed by the free Association of Anarchists of the town of Saratov, Russia.

Decree: The private possession of women is hereby abolished.

Motive: Since the most beautiful specimens of the fair sex have in the past been limited by marriage to the possession of the Bourgeois man, the correct continuation of the human race has been greatly impeded and great inequalities have resulted. Much weighty argument has induced the Anarchists' Club to proclaim the following decree:

Article 1. After March 1, 1918, the right of any man to possess a woman between the age of 17 and 32 is hereby abolished. The age of the woman will be certified by birth certificates or passports, and in case of failure to produce this document, the age will be judged by a "Block Committee" according to the appearance of the woman and witnesses.

Article 2. This decree does not affect women having more than five (5) children.

Article 3. The former husbands may retain their rights to use their wives without waiting their turn. In case of resistance to this decree they forfeit their right accorded them in this decree.

Article 4. All women in accordance are exempt from private ownership and are proclaimed to be the property of the whole community.

Article 5. The distribution and management of the above aforesaid is transferred to the management of the "Saratov Anarchistic Club."

Within three days from publication of this decree the aforesaid women are obliged to register their names and addresses and other required information.

Article 6. Before the "Block Committee" has been formed to carry out the above articles, the citizens will be charged with such control. Any citizen noticing a woman who has not submitted herself to this decree is in duty bound to let the fact be known to the Anarchistic Club, giving the name of the woman as well as the address of the father.

Article 7. Male citizens may visit a woman not oftener than three times, three hours allowed each visit, each week, providing they observe the following rules:

(1) Each person wishing to use a piece of public property should be the bearer of a certificate from the factory committee, or from a proper labor union, or from a working man's, soldiers' and peasants' deputies, certifying that he belongs to the working man's class.

(2) Every man is required to pay from his earnings 2 per cent in order that a fund may be raised, called the Popular Propagation Fund. This discount will be made by the week, by the factory committee and placed to the credit of the Free Anarchists' Committee, after collecting. Local banks are obliged to receive such payment at once.

(3) Male citizens not belonging to the working man's class will be allowed the same privileges that their proletariats have, by the payment of 100 rubles monthly to the aforesaid fund.

Article 8. All women to be proclaimed by this decree as commercial property shall receive an allowance of 250 roubles monthly from the "Popular Propagation Fund."

Article 9. All women becoming pregnant are relieved from their communistic duties for a period of three months before and one month after.

Article 10. Every woman bearing twins shall receive a bonus of 200 roubles.

Article 11. All babies over one month old are to be given over to an asylum or "Popular Crib," where they shall be trained and educated until seventeen years of age. The expense of their training shall be born by the "Popular Propagation Fund."

Article 12. Both men and women are required to carefully guard their health, frequently submitting their urine and blood to chemical examinations, which may be made any day in the

laboratories of health, supported by the "Popular Propagation Fund."

Article 13. Any person found spreading venereal disease will be severely punished.

Article 14. Women having lost their health in the performance of their communistic duties may apply to the "Anarchistic Association" for pension.

Article 15. The "Club of Anarchists" will be in charge of these venereal measures and the enforcement of this decree. All persons refusing to recognize and support this decree will be guilty of sabotage, proclaimed as counter-anarchistic and enemies of the people and will be held to strict accountability of their actions.

(Signed) Council of Anarchists,
City of Saratov, Russia.

Dated February 20, 1918 (old style).

Note: This decree is posted in and about Saratov, Russia. Some people have left the city with their wives and daughters, although the power is still in the hands of the Bolsheviks.

True copy, March 23, 1919, by A. P. S.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Social Notes

Miss Frances Kerwin and Edward A. Dunne were married on May 10 in St. Dominick's Church. Miss Sadie Dunne, sister of the groom, attended the bride. William Werskell was best man. The young couple will reside in this city. The bride is a daughter of Captain Arthur Kerwin, U. S. A., and granddaughter of the late Colonel and Mrs. Girard, former commandant at the Presidio. The groom, a recent resident of this city, is a member of an old and aristocratic family of Sumter, South Carolina. He is the youngest son of Mrs. F. H. Dunne. * * Mr. Lewis A. Bruce left a few days ago for New York for a visit of several weeks. * * Mrs. Arthur Brander arrived during the week from a lengthy tour of the orient. She left next day for the east, where her young son is attending college. * * An enthusiastic tennis tournament took place last Friday and Saturday at the Claremont Country Club between private schools of California and teams of northern states. In hotly contested finals, the championship was won by Miss Roberta Hellmann of Harker's School, Palo Alto. This is the second time Miss Hellmann has won the match for her school. One more match must be won before the coveted prize can remain in possession of the winning team. Miss Hellmann is a brilliant player and received a silver cup in appreciation of her work. She is one of a bevy of beautiful daughters of the George H. Hellmanns of Palo Alto. * * A merry party composed of Mr. and Mrs. William Parker Filmer, Miss Marian Filmer, Miss Gladys Little and Miss M. Litchenstein have returned from a motor trip in Monterey county. Miss Marian Filmer will leave this week for Coronado. * * Mrs. Edward Parsons and her daughter, Miss Madeline Kent of Providence, Rhode Island, are visiting California. Mr. William M. Tilton gave a small tea in their honor during the week in his bachelor apartments on Pacific Avenue. Miss Parsons and Miss Kent left for a trip to the Yosemite Valley on Monday. They will

return to San Francisco for a short visit before leaving for their eastern home. * * An informal luncheon presided over by Mrs. Henry T. Scott recently numbered among the guests Mmes. Harry Horsley Scott, Willard Drown, Joseph B. Crockett and Laurence Irving Scott. * * A recent visitor in this city was Mrs. Charles H. Hopkins of Santa Barbara, who was house guest for a few days of Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering at their home on Larkin Street. Mrs. Hopkins left early this week for New York City. * * Mrs. John Drum was hostess on Tuesday at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton at the Drum home in Burlingame. * * Miss Josephine Parrott, who has been engaged in Washington, D. C., the past year as a Yeomanette in the navy, will soon cease her connections with the service and return to her home at Baywood, San Mateo. * * Misses Anne Peters, Betty George, Messrs. Jerome Kuhn and Walter Hush composed a jolly luncheon party at the St. Francis Hotel on Saturday, when David R. Forgan of Chicago was host. * * Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters have returned to their home in Claremont from an enjoyable visit in Santa Barbara, guests at the Belvedere. * * Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Grant are now occupying their home at Burlingame for the summer. * * Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling will return shortly to San Francisco from New York. They will be accompanied by Miss Marie Louise Black (daughter of Charles N. Black, formerly of this city), who will be married in June to Allen Lowery of Honolulu. * * Mrs. Eugene Murphy and Mrs. Harry Poett motored last Saturday to Beaulieu, the Santa Clara country home of Francis J. Carolan, where they chaperoned an interesting crowd of very young people. Among the guests were Misses Gertrude Murphy, Evelyn Poett, Margery Davis, Marie Welch, Eleanor Martin, Helen Marye, Oliva Howard, and Messrs. Marry Poett, Jr., Tom Driscoll, Jr., Lauranson Driscoll, Elliott McAllister and Breck McAllister. Mr. Carolan is giving a series of these weekly picnics, alternating with extremely youthful tots to those of more mature years. * * Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin of Colorado Springs are in California for the summer. They were the honored guests at a picnic a few days ago given by Frances J. Carolan at his beautiful home, Carolands, Hillsborough. Previous to the Baldwin's leaving California, they owned Beaulieu, now belonging to the Carolans. * * Mrs. Emma Butter Breeden made Mrs. George T. Marye the motif of an attractive luncheon during the week at the St. Francis Hotel. Among the guests were Mmes. C. O. G. Miller, Frank Johnson, John Gill, Latham McMullin, and Henry Foster Dutton. The Marye's will spend the summer at Burlingame. * * Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker (Mary Keeney), who have been living in Santa Barbara for the past six months, arrived on Monday from the southern city and will visit here for a few weeks. * * The announcement of Miss Marian Ruth Becker's engagement to Kerin de Lacy Bourke of New York came as a surprise to the guests assembled at a luncheon given at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Betty George. The prospective bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Aggassiz Becker of Piedmont. She has

traveled extensively, having completed her education abroad. The groom to be is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas de Lacy Bourke of Dublin, Ireland. He has lived in America a number of years, is now at Coblenz awaiting orders to return to America. * * Opening of the summer season in Ross Valley and San Rafael brought together a representative crowd at the Marin Golf Club on Saturday evening. A number of week-end parties took place. Among many of the dinner hosts and hostesses was Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wayman, who had as guests Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury and Mr. and Mrs. George Hind. Others who entertained were Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke (Christine Pomeroy), Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Addison Starr Keeler, Mr. and Mrs. William P. Horn, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Armsby, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dibblee. * * Mrs. William R. Wheeler of Philadelphia and her daughter, Miss Hahnah Hobart, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander S. Lilley at their home in San Rafael. They spent the week-end at Del Monte. * * At Mrs. Eleanor Martin's dinner on Sunday evening, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton was the honored guest. * * Recent arrivals from New York are Mr. and Mrs. John Cushing, who are visiting the latter's mother, Mrs. Frederick Beaver. * * The attractive Moore home was the scene of a prettily appointed tea recently in honor of Miss Louise McNear, whose wedding to Lieutenant Colonel Naffziger will soon take place. * * Mrs. George Newhall returned a few days ago from a motor trip to Santa Barbara and is now at her home in Burlingame. * * The first of a series of weekly dances given by the Bachelor Officers' Club took place Friday evening, May 9, at the Bellevue Hotel, and will continue on every Friday evening until late in the season. * * Mmes. William Greer Hitchcock, John Gill, Anson P. Hotaling, George de Latour, Clement Tobin and Albrecht Swinerton made a congenial party at luncheon at the St. Francis entertained during the week by Miss Jennie Blair. * * Mrs. Jessie Patton Berry, who has been in Chili for the past few months, visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. F. Perkins, returned to the city a few days ago with her daughter and grandchild. They will pass the summer here. * * Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, who has been enjoying a visit in southern California, will return to her home in Piedmont this week. * * Miss Mary Bates has returned to her home in this city from a visit to Portland. * * Mrs. Marjorie Stafford Fitch left this week for Vancouver, where she will join friends. Later all will sail for the orient.

At the Cecil

Concluding an enjoyable visit at the Cecil, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdonald have returned to their attractive residence in San Rafael. Mrs. Edward McClelland was the gracious hostess at a luncheon of ten covers Tuesday. One of the private dining rooms was the setting for the affair and the guests included Mrs. J. B. McDonald, Mrs. William Hunt, Mrs. F. G. Mead, Mrs. Lynd Harrison, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Houghton, Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Mrs. Webster and

(Continued on Page 13)

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The Stage

Fleshy Vaudeville at Orpheum

This has been a brilliant week at the O'Farrell Street home of vaudeville, and the rollicking Orpheumites have left no laugh unturned in their appreciation. Much of the brilliance was due not only to an unusually good bill of comedians but the presence of woman flesh to such a conspicuous extent as leads to the inevitable query: "Is it art?" Of course, it is art when it is interesting. It is only when it ceases to be interesting that it is no longer art—a picture or a woman. The climax of this unveiling came with act "J" on the programme, Emmie Larned, who assists Harry Larned in his excruciating "Nonsense on Wheels." Emmie's assistance consists of standing around and distracting the audience's attention to Harry. Annette Kellerman, as the diving Venus, with such covering as a Venus would require on O'Farrell Street, proves that perfection of form is all that is necessary to divert the mind from sensual thoughts to admiration of beauty. Miss Kellerman also shows her versatile talents in a tight-wire performance, toe dancing and male impersonation. Her troupe of dancers are notable exponents of the grotesque. Among them, Miss Weston, of Kerr and Weston, adds considerably to the beauty show. Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler have a "Travesty on the Eternal Triangle," in which a tempted wife is saved from "the happiness which is her right" and brought back to marital infelicity by one of the most engaging and most bibulous huddies that ever appeared on a vaudeville stage. The heavy artillery of applause goes to Jack Clifford, of Clifford and Wills, in their portrayal of a hayseed station agent and an actress "At Jasper Junction," waiting for the Rhubarb Express. The rheumatic rube's wooing of the lady that fate throws in his way, and his contortions under the stress of amorous intent, must have increased the weight of the audiences by several thousand pounds if to laugh is to grow fat. Clifford later in his act wins the gallery gods with a bit of tragedy, a song and pantomime of a dope fiend, true to life, if the gallery critics can be trusted. Bessie Browning, in "Back Again," has us calling for more. Her version of a tomboy, clad in rompers, and emerging from her costume at all apertures, is not what one would call refined and artistic, but it is something just as good. Clark and Verdi, the Italian comedians, give us the idea that it is impossible to fail in this sort of fun-making. At least, all Italian comedians are worth every moment on the stage, and this pair is among the best. The Parisian sand artists, Le Rue and Dupre, throw variously colored sands upon a dark canvas, and so manipulate their colors that many startling effects of the picturesque are produced. Edythe and Eddie Adair repeat their success in "The Boot Shop," a touch of the absurd in which a lady's toe and stocking come prominently into play. All in all, the Orpheum show this week stands as a top-notch among leg and laugh producers.

—L. J.

"Excuse Me"

First and foremost, the title of the exceedingly amusing farce presented to large audiences at the Alcazar last week, is used as a politely intended apology for the only criticism I found myself able to offer in connection with the excellent entertainment offered by a com-

pany which adds new leaves to its wreath of laurels each week. Some stage producers have a notion that the "snap and ginger" of comedy is best sent over the footlights in an exciting contest between the actors to determine which of them can make the most noise, and this was a predominating fault with several, if not nearly all of the Alcazar company last week. But it may in all fairness be again confessed that the audience liked the noise, and the louder the actors yelled the louder it laughed. This one small and not very emphatic criticism set aside and gotten through with, I find myself reverting to the frequently repeated assertion that this stock production does not at all suffer in comparison with the original Gaiety Theatre one in New York, and that was generally pronounced the superior of any farce production given in many years. The *mise-en-scene* was even better, for the original sleeping car scene was a painted one, whereas that of the Alcazar was evidently transported bodily from a Pullman Palace car storehouse, showing that Henry Shuman is a stickler for realism in addition to his careful and thorough ability as a stage manager. He was most excellent, too, as the heart-broken threatened divorcee with a coat of "alcoholic paint," displaying an unction that was quite unexpected. Walter Richardson was surprisingly good as the colored porter, again proving that there is little choice between his comedy and seriousness as far as art is concerned. Once more delicious Belle Bennett confuses the reviewer in the same way, for in pronouncing her one of the best little comedienne on the American stage, as judged by the brilliant portraiture of the girl who eloped because she couldn't help herself, I am reminded that in a previous review I pronounced her unapproachable in serious roles. Tom Chatterton as the amatory lieutenant makes another stride toward Broadway, and Emily Pinter as the dashing, cigarette-smoking wife on the way to Reno, excites more or less wonderment as to whether her line of business is old women or juveniles. Clifford Alexander was very good indeed as the English tourist, as was Al Cunningham as the reformed bachelor. Rafael Brunetto, lately graduated from the amateur ranks, shows that the move forward promises exceedingly well, and something flattering might easily be said with reference to each and every member of this excellent cast. In accordance with popular demand, "Excuse Me" will run for another week.

—C. M. G.

At the Curran

Beginning next Monday night, May 19, theatre goers of this city will have their first opportunity of seeing one of the truly big theatrical hits of the decade. This is "Maytime," the much talked of musical play, which comes to the Curran Theatre for a limited engagement on that night. "Maytime" enjoys the enthusiastic endorsement of over a million patrons of the theatres in New York City, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. In New York the play ran to capacity audiences for sixteen months and in Chicago for six. And this city is to get the same splendid company that delighted New York and Chicago—not the usual "road show." Heading the galaxy of stars will be John Charles Thomas, a young star who possesses both a wonderful baritone voice and acting ability. While unknown on

the coast, he has been a positive sensation in the large cities of the east. Carolyn Thomson, the prima donna, is another big favorite in the east and in England, who is making her first visit to the west. She is said to be one of the most talented and charming of the younger prima donnas. John T. Murray, the English comedian, is known to us and well liked, having been one of the featured members of the big New York Winter Garden spectacles for several years. And there are many other prime favorites in the cast including Tillie Salinger, Howard Marsh, Ezra Walck, Alfred Hemmings, Russell Lannon, Isabel Vernon, Grace Studiford, Janetta Methven, Vivian Oakland and Betty Kirkbride. There is also a chorus of real Broadway girls possessing more than the average comeliness and talent. "Maytime" is a romance of old and new New York. Its scenes transpire in the historical old Washington Square neighborhood and are laid in four distinct periods—1840, 1855, 1880 and 1919. The story has to do with the romance of two lovers gone awry in 1840 and reaching a happy culmination in the love of their grandchildren in 1919. It is one of the most enchanting love tales offered in the theatre in recent years.

McCormack's Farewell

Tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, at the Exposition Auditorium, John McCormack, the greatest of living singers, will give his final concert for the season in California. Immediately thereafter, Mr. McCormack leaves for his concerts in the northwest. Unfortunately for us, it will be quite a long time before we will again have the pleasure of listening to the great tenor, whose engagements make it impossible for him to visit California again for at least two years. Tomorrow's programme, which has been slightly rearranged from the printed form previously issued, will comprise all of the most beautiful songs, several of which are new to San Francisco. These will be augmented, of course, by the extra and encore numbers which McCormack audiences demand and which the great tenor is so generous about bestowing. Mr. McCormack will be ably assisted by his accompanist, Edwin Schneider, that jewel among accompanists, and by Donald McBeath, whose violin playing last Sunday aroused the utmost enthusiasm. The numbers on the re-arranged programme are as follows: 1, Recit., Deeper and Deeper Still, Handel; air, Waft Her Angels, Handel (Mr. McCormack). 2, Adagio, Ries (Mr. McBeath). 3, a, The Victor, Burleigh; b, When Night Descends, Rachmaninoff; c, By the Bivouac's Fitful Flame, Harty; d, L'Alba Sopara, Tosti (Mr. McCormack). 4, Irish Folk Songs: a, The Last Rose of Summer, Moore; b, The Ballynure Ballad, Hughes; c, Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded?, Hughes; d, Una Baun, Hardeback (Mr. McCormack). 5, a, Serenite, Vicuxtemps; b, Mignonette, Friml (Mr. McBeath). 6, recit., Oh, Fill the Cup; air, Ah, Moon of My Delight, Liza Lehmann, from "In a Persian Garden" (Mr. McCormack). To correct an erroneous impression, Manager Healy wishes to announce that while there is every indication that the Auditorium will be filled to the doors, there are still some very good seats to be had, and the box offices at the Auditorium will be opened at 10 a. m. tomorrow to accommodate these late purchasers. The doors of the Auditorium will be opened at 1 o'clock in

order that all may be seated by 2:30, at which time the programme begins.

Orpheum

Lucille Cavanagh, the Darling of the Dance, will head the Orpheum bill next week. Her dancing is a visualization of the poet's description of woodland sprites and is a final expression of poetic abandon. Her perfect technique is so thoroughly concealed that her dancing has an appearance of being entirely spontaneous. This season Miss Cavanagh is assisted by Wheeler Wadsworth, Mel Craig and William B. Taylor. The trio dance a number with her, but their principal work is to express the spirit of the dance in other ways. One does so with a saxophone, another with a violin and the third with a singing voice. Her offering this season is called "A 1919 Edition of Her Kaleidoscope of Dance, Color and Song." The music and lyrics are written by Dave Stamper, one of the most successful contemporary contributors to the lyric stage. Maud Earl, a talented and popular actress, will appear in a musical fantastic offering entitled "The Vocal Verdict," which she wrote as a vehicle for the display of her versatility and ability. The music for it was composed by Oscar Fredrickson. It is described as a delightful conceit. Miss Earl will represent conventionality and novelty and will have the assistance of that sterling actor, Harry G. Keenan, who will play the roles of vaudeville, a jester, and vaudeville, a judge. Mike Bernard, the greatest of all ragtime pianists, needs no introduction to San Francisco audiences. He is a firmly established favorite in this city and, come when he will, he is sure of an enthusiastic welcome. Bernard promises an entirely new programme, and it goes without saying it is sure to be a delightful one. The Wilson Aubrey Trio, three young men, are splendid specimens of physical development. They are fine athletes and wrestlers whose performance is interspersed with enjoyable comedy. Gene Green, the popular character delineator of popular melodies, who during his recent too short engagement of one week scored a tremendous success, will return for next week only. The remaining acts in this meritorious bill will be Clark and Verdi, the Italian comedians; Margaret Young, singing comedienne, and Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler in their amusing travesty on "The Eternal Triangle."

Alcazar

"Excuse Me," the Pullman car farce de luxe, has picked up such tremendous speed at the Alcazar that it will run on its present schedule of mile a minute merriment during all next week. It is a runaway trainload of shrieking absurdities and, as a laugh provoker, has been given a clear track and the right of way over competing attractions. Staged with startling realism, through the Pullman Company's loan of real equipment, it is acted with irresistible snap, spirit and humorous appreciation by the versatile permanent company personally selected by E. D. Price, general manager of the Alcazar. Walter P. Richardson as the autocratic porter, Belle Bennett as the capricious feather-brain of an eloping bride, and Henry Shumer as a maudlin divorce seeker stand out brilliantly in the score of eccentrics bound from Chicago to Reno on this Overland Limited of hilarious foolery. The demand for transportation on the farcical joy trip makes a second week inevitable. It is the most difficult and artistic production the Alcazar has given this season. "Never Say Die," the farcical comedy that merrily served two comedians of contrasting method—

William Collier and Nat. C. Goodwin—goes over until the week of May 25.

Drama on Mt. Tamalpais

The seventh annual presentation of the Mountain Players on the slopes of Mt. Tamalpais this Sunday at 2 o'clock promises to attract a record breaking crowd to that favored spot. Year by year these productions have become more famous and popular, and this year's play, "Tally Ho," by Joaquin Miller, will be notable for many reasons. The poet's daughter, Juanita Miller, who has had an extensive eastern theatrical experience, will appear as Rosie Lane, "the White Rose of the Sierras," and the rest of the cast will be made up of experienced and clever players, including Vincent Duffy, D. T. Tothoro, Fred W. Smith, Harvey Hansen, Sidney Schlessinger, Russell Stimmel and Virginia Whitehead. Evelyn Snow will sing Caro Roma's latest song, "Sweet Bells of Peace," and there will be a community sing of songs of the "Days of '49" under the leadership of Warren Walters.

Social Prattle

(Continued from Page 11)

Mrs. William McKittrick. Mrs. W. H. Bremer will not return to Los Angeles until June. Lieutenant F. E. Coney is having a delightful visit at the hotel. Mrs. H. Waldron Stokes of Toronto, Canada, is registered. A coterie of friends partook of the hospitality of Mrs. A. M. Burns at dinner Sunday; among them were Mr. and Mrs. Jason Gould and Mr. and Mrs. John Davis. Among the Los Angeles society folk stopping at the hotel are Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Thomas. Mrs. Arthur Thane entertained with eight covers at luncheon Wednesday.

Pleasure Seekers at the Fairmont

Rainbow Lane at the Fairmont Hotel continues to be one of the most popular places in this city of varied attractions, and tables are in great demand every night, except Sunday, when festivities are suspended. The combination of dancing and entertainment, as offered by the Fairmont Folies, seems to be just what the pleasure seekers of San Francisco want, while the table d'hôte dinners which are served the early part of the evening, appeal to epicures from every clime. This coming week Vanda Hoff, the inspirational dancer; will appear in many novelties, with any number of effective costumes, and the other clever people who serve to while away the hours in the pretty room will have a change of songs, dances and specialties. The afternoon teas at the Fairmont, every afternoon between half past four and six o'clock, to the music of Rudy Seiger and his orchestra of soloists, are always well patronized. Mme. Alvina Heuer Willson, a favorite lyric soprano of San Francisco, will be the vocalist of the lobby concert this Sunday evening at a quarter of nine o'clock.

Tavern Patrons Enthusiastic

Since the management of the Tavern presented to its lady patrons a dainty bottle of Rigaud's Un Air Embaumé sachet, on Saturday, May 3, there has been an increased demand for this delectable cosmetic, proving that when any preparation has the cachet of the Tavern it enjoys an immediately increased popularity. The high standing of this cafe is amply demonstrated by the throngs which are present at every evening entertainment to enjoy the superior dancing facilities afforded by a perfect floor and a jazz orchestra above criticism. In addition to this form of amusement the showgirl revue corps offers a repertoire of vocal numbers of rare excellence.

An Irish Proposal

Paddy slipped his arm round Biddy's waist, and asked, "Am I progressin'?"

"Sure," replied Biddy, "you're houlding your own."

ALCAZAR

"The always expected Alcazar perfection would be notable in a \$2 show."—Chronicle.

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Crowds Still Clamoring for Transportation
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John
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Lots of good seats
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Box offices at Auditorium open at 10 a. m. tomorrow.
Tickets on sale at box offices Sherman, Clay, and Kohler
& Chase Music Stores until 6 o'clock tonight.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The buying power in the stock market shows no signs of exhausting itself, and stocks continued to advance the past week, with different groups of specialties being taken up from time to time and advanced to new high levels. Profit taking sales brought about reactions from time to time, but the market was so big and broad, and the buying power was so urgent, that what declines appeared were soon wiped out. At one time it looked as if the railroads would come in for a good advance, but the activity did not last. The rails have made so many false starts and so often disappointed their partisans, that traders are inclined to be skeptical of the significance of bulges, even of those of the early in the week trading. Conservative interests warned that nothing had happened in the fundamental situation surrounding the country's carriers to mend their position, except the general prospect of an early action taken by congress, and even this is rather indefinite since there is no assurance that the national lawmakers have any constructive programme ready to meet the hapless properties. Those bullishly inclined, however, take the stand that the rails have discounted a year and a half of adverse conditions in the current price for securities; the roads have not taken part in the upward saving of all other securities during the bull market that has been in operation since last February, and so have not kept pace with the advance that is predicted on general business revival in the United States, partly promised and partly visible in the early manifestations. The railroads must share in any universal prosperity, and so they are in a better position as a speculative buy than those industrial stocks which have already discounted benefits in price. The copper shares came forward and showed a little more snap, led by Anaconda. It was not so much of an improvement in copper metal price as it was the big advance in silver bullion. Anaconda, being the largest silver producing company in this country, was quick to reflect the advance in silver, and this brought about a better demand for all the copper shares. Copper metal showed a little improvement in price, and this was encouraging. This class of stocks has been neglected for so long that it did not take much encouragement to bring about a better range of values. We believe stocks are going higher, but it is just as well to look for an occasional healthy reaction from this level, and be in a position to buy stocks to hold for ultimately higher prices.

Cotton—The cotton market did not get very far either way the past week, owing to big speculation in stocks. Traders, who are generally found in the cotton market, seem to have become more active in stocks, and the cotton market was left alone, except by the old professional element who were merely scalping the

market. The market held in a narrow range, and it looked as if the bull crowd was picking it up whenever it was for sale, as the undertone was strong. There was nothing new in the news generally; daily fluctuations were to some extent based on Liverpool quotations, which were up one day and down the next. The peace news at times was both encouraging and discouraging, and the market was more inclined to follow the favorable news, as it is only a question of time when actual peace will be declared. Europe is bare of cotton, and they will no doubt want every bale of cotton we can give them, just as soon as satisfactory credits can be arranged. Considering the high prices received for almost everything produced from the soil, cotton is selling too low, and the southern planter realized this when he reduced the acreage from 10 to 20 per cent, as compared with last year. With the most favorable weather, we could not raise more than 13,000,000 bales this year, and the present outlook is for much less than this. Already reports of deterioration are coming from Texas, due to excessive rain, making it almost impossible to cultivate the growing crop, and allowing the weeds to get the start on cotton. In the eastern section of the belt it has been too cold and wet, and while it is a little too early to begin killing the crop, the prospects are such that the usual crop scares can be expected a little later on. Spot cotton commands a big premium over the futures, which makes a strong basis on which to buy futures. The week-end statistics showed very little change and were not a factor. Exports show some improvement, but are still small. We feel very bullish on the new crop options of cotton, and look for very much higher prices later on.

Sympathetic, Very

"Man, Sandy, is that you?" exclaimed in surprise an old man in the street the other day. "Man, I thoct ye were deid. I heard ye were drowned!"

"Oh, no; it wasna me," returned Sandy, solemnly. "It was ma brither"

"Dear me! dear me!" murmured the old han. "Whit a pity! Whit a terrible pity!"

There was a somewhat thoughtful look on Sandy's face as he wandered away.

A Moving Target

A Highlander with bagpipes entered the street and commenced his plaintive lay, at the same time marching up and down in time-honored fashion.

"Why does he move about all the time he plays?" asked Johnny of his father.

"I don't know," answered the lad's father, wearily, "unless it is to prevent me getting the range with the inkpot."

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Assets	\$58,893,078.42
Deposits	54,358,496.50
Capital Actually Paid Up.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,336,411.92
Employees' Pension Fund.....	295,618.00

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TWO MEN

By S. Weir Mitchell

"These ought ye to do, and not to leave the others undone."

A pale young man sat down on a bench in the park behind the reservoir on Forty-Second Street. He put a torn bag of tools under the bench.

A small, sallow man came behind him. He stooped to steal the bag.

The pale man turned, and said in a slow, tired way: "Drop that. It ain't worth stealing."

The other said: "Not if you're lookin'."

The pale man set the bag at his feet, and said:

"It's a poor business you're in."

"You don't look as if yours was any better."

He sat down. "What's your callin'?"

"I'm an iron-worker; bridge-work."

"Don't look strong enough."

"That's so. I'm just out of Bellevue Hospital; got hurt three months ago."

"I'm just out of hospital, too."

"What hospital?" said the bridgebuilder.

"Sing Sing."

"What? Jail?"

"Yes; not bad in winter, either. There's a society helps a fellow after you quit that hospital. Gives you good clothes, too."

"Clothes? Is that so?"

"Gets you work—"

"Work—good God! I wish they'd get me some."

"You ain't bad enough. Go and grab some-thing. Get a short sentence; first crime. Come out, and get looked after by nice ladies."

"My God!"

"Didn't they do nothin' for you when you got out of that hospital?"

"No! Why the devil should they? I'm only an honest mechanic. Are you goin'?"

He felt his loneliness.

"Yes; I've got to go after that job. It'll give me time to look about me. Gosh! but you look bad! Good-bye."

The sallow man rose, looked back, jingled the few coins in his pocket, hesitated, and walked away whistling.

The pale man sat still on the bench, staring down at the ragged bag of tools at his feet.

He'd Been to the "Front"

The hobo knocked at the back door and the lady of the house appeared.

"Lady," he said, "I was at the front—"

"You poor man!" she exclaimed. "One of war's victims. Wait till I get you some food, and you shall tell me your story. You were in the trenches, you say?"

"Not in the trenches. I was at the front—"

"Don't try to talk with your mouth full. Take your time. What deed of heroism did you do at the front?"

"Why, I knocked, but I couldn't make nobody hear, so I came around to the back."—Brooklyn Citizen.

"Are you in pain, my little man?" queried the doctor. "No," answered the little boy; "the pain's in me."

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RED FLAGS AND OTHERS

(Continued from Page 4)

bellion. The others take one side or another as convenience or a higher power demands. The inclination of a whole country to go to the devil is not so important as its ability to return. No doubt Russia will some day be a very sober country, and there will be laws against throwing cigarette butts on the sidewalks of Petrograd. Nothing in the last few months or a year indicates that the Bolsheviks have a scheme that would meet with satisfaction in any other part of the globe. They have killed a few useless and perhaps many useful citizens, and taken an abnormal amount of trouble in doing so. Their anarchy was the result of long suffering. Having had a wretched government, they came to the conclusion that all governments are bad. That is why they expected sympathy in other countries, and had a notion that other mobs would kill off a few other useless and perhaps many useful citizens to prove how wrong it is to get the common people excited. Nicholas must have been a foolish czar, because he had means of knowing the exact number of common people in his empire. In the United States, common people is just a loose term for the other fellow. Just now we do not know what the other fellow is thinking. We have a League of Nations on our hands. According to the prospectus, the world is about to witness the biggest event in its political history. And this will be either the best or the worst thing that the world has ever done. We shall have fellow citizens of whom we have never heard. We should not be astonished if Bolsheviks of Archangel attempt to vote on the San Francisco budget or Siam accuses us of oppressing her poor. There will be some new terms in politics, local and cosmopolitan, and until we hear these, little more can be said; for the first rule of argument is to define your terms.

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 95286.
Dept. No. 10.

JENNIE GAZZOLA, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN GAZZOLA, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOHN GAZZOLA, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's intemperance, non-support and cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of February, A. D. 1919.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNSWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
4 Columbus Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

3-29-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY AN ORDER FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23070.
Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of JAMES W. CLARK (also known as JAMES W. CLARK, JR.), KATHRYN M. CLARK (also known as CATHERINE A. CLARK), and ALVERUS M. CLARK, Minors.

It appearing to this court from the verified petition this day presented and filed by Kathryn M. Clark, the guardian of the estates of James W. Clark, also known as James W. Clark, Jr., Kathryn M. Clark, also known as Catherine A. Clark, and Alverus M. Clark, minors, praying for an order for the sale of certain real property belonging to said minors, and that it is for the best interest of said minors for such real estate to be sold.

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby ordered that the next of kin of these minors and all other persons interested in said estate, appear before this court on the 19th day of May, 1919, at 10 A. M. at the court room of the above entitled court, in the City Hall, City of San Francisco, State of California, Department No. 10 of said court, and then and there show cause why an order should not be made for the sale of such estate.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks before said day of hearing in the Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated this 21st day of April, 1919.

C. W. HUMPHREYS,
Attorney for Guardian,
703 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

4-26-4

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, MAY 24, 1919

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Stage, Social and Financial

California Doughboys on Broadway

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Salve for Germany

Current Opinion for May publishes, side by side, two maps of Germany, with the caption, "Germany—before and after appealing to the sword." Again wisdom emanated from the mouth of a babe, when a little girl, pointing to the blackened area of the first map, said, "That's a rhinoceros," and then pointing to the silhouette of post-war Germany, added: "And that's an eagle with his head cut off." Truly enough, the rhinoceros is there, with his haunches resting heavily on France, and the point of the horn protecting Memel, in East Prussia, from invasion by way of the Baltic. Upon the back of the rhinoceros is seated some sort of a monster in human shape, who seems to be urging the animal on across Russian Poland. The blackened space on the second map, shows that the monster has been blown away, while the beheading of the rhinoceros gives him the form of the lopped off head of an eagle, whose beak reaches out in the endeavor to recover the small part of East Prussia that is left, and even this does not contain Memel. And even under this little girl's symbolic showing, Germany has not done so very badly. She is not really dismembered, for all countries that were originally German are still so, and nothing has been taken from her that she has not, with brutal force, taken from some one else. She is to be permitted to retain only six battleships, but since she has no important sea coasts, nor colonies to protect, the cost of a navy will be reduced to a happy minimum. Her army has been reduced to 100,000 men, but why complain at that? She has no need of a large army with which to invade adjoining nations, because the balance of the world will not permit it. She is really left with no rankling wound, no just cause to resume this war, or plunge herself into another one. Altogether, in view of what her record has

been, she is coming out of the war with much more hide to her carcass than she half deserves, so if she or her people have any ability to take a common sense view of the present status of things, she had best sign the treaty and have it over with.

* * *

Still on the Job

After several weeks of silence, during which his admirers—which means about three-fourths of the voters of California—have wondered if he was sleeping at his post, Senator Hiram Johnson is again at the laynard and discharging hot shot that is pretty sure to disturb the beautiful but yet unfulfilled dream of his president. This time his spleen seems to have in it more popular conviction than partisan animus, for he insists upon what the entire public, excepting Mr. Wilson's worshippers, would like to know. He objects to the worse than semi-secret attitude of the president with reference to the publication of the full text of the League of Nations pact, and declares that he is "very suspicious of the mere synopsis of any document emanating from the administration." He insists upon having the full document, because he wants to know the exact terms of the treaty, since the inference to be drawn from the administration's resume of the proceedings is that every detail, important and unimportant, has already been furnished. In his opinion, no such inference can fairly be drawn. "Small hidden dispatches, here and there, are constantly hinting at other terms of the treaty of which the American people know nothing. So, pursuant to these assertions of senatorial belief, he asked permission to introduce at last Monday's convening of the extra session of congress, a resolution calling for the immediate publication of the entire peace treaty already in the possession of the secretary of state—and also delivered to the representatives of Germany—before its presentation to congress, for, "the American people ought to have it first." Since several of the president's own party have expressed practically the same opinions, it may be said that the ways are not well greased for the peaceful launching of the League of Nations by the only working force than can make it a law.

* * *

Signed Under Protest

Some of the signatures to the league covenant have been affixed with a tentativeness which does not inspire its many godfathers with any great degree of con-

fidence in its future power so far as the control of the affairs of the nations involved is concerned. Japan has evidently signed it with her left hand while the one which is naturally expected to perform such important functions is on her pistol pocket. Italy has partially gained her point with reference to the Dalmatian port of Fiume, although it is denied for Mr. Wilson that he has altered his promises to protect the smaller and newer countries. At the same time the Italian people themselves have not yet signified their intention of restoring to Via Fiume its former name of Via Wilson, and no doubt the exact language of Jugo-Slavia's opinion of him could not be translated even into diplomatic French and be polite enough to print. The world is awaiting the return of the committee sent to Berlin with much nervous expectancy but little alarm. It has waited long for the peace that would permit it to get down to business again, but it knows that Germany must eventually sign what is set before it. It feels certain that she can do nothing else and everybody to the west of the Rhine believes that she is now putting up a feeble bluff with nothing in her hand. This belief is strengthened by the latest advices from Bolshevik centers which show the Lenine-Trotsky government to be slowly but surely disintegrating, and in this element lay Germany's single hope for future support. Nevertheless a diplomatic truce is now on at Versailles, and Mr. Wilson must be nervously awaiting the decision of congress regarding the League of Nations, for he can only deliver the goods its has promised with the approval of that deciding body, and a large part of that is not friendly to him.

* * *

A Memorial Grove

Among the flood of suggestions for suitable memorials to our soldiers who have made the "supreme sacrifice," none has been so full of appeal, both public and sentimental, as that of The Examiner for the creation of a memorial grove in Golden Gate Park. Such a tribute from a grateful and patriotic people is of such inestimable and enduring value, as to create no small wonderment because no one seems to have thought of it before. In comparison with a memorial of the sculptor's or builder's arts, it is, in the words of Shakespeare, "Hyperion to a satyr." Stone will grow dingy and spotted under the ceaseless attacks of rain and wind; bronze tarnish and oxidize; but trees will beautify and grow

stronger, and their uses magnify under the same elements that dull if not disintegrate the more conventional types of memorials. No suggestion has been made to commemorate the glory of our boys in France which has brought forth so many letters of approval, or such earnest offers of moral assistance, for that is all that is necessary beyond the comparatively small cost of laying out and planting, and this work has already been promised by Superintendent John McLaren and the park commissioners. Mr. McLaren's suggestion that this memorial grove be thoroughly Californian, in that every tree, shrub and flower should be products of the state's nature-gardens, is in every way worthy of especial commendation. For when this grove has grown beyond the planting stage, and become the home of peaceful shades, where the children and the grandchildren of the honored dead shall gather; being Californian themselves, they must find delight in the reflection that no alien leaf or flower was necessary in its creation. It is safe to say, however, that the great nursery resources of Golden Gate Park will not be too greatly taxed. There are hundreds of those who plant trees for pleasure and for profit, and there is not one of these who would not cheerfully contribute toward the creation of so poetical and lasting a memorial.

* * *

A Wail from Hawaii

This time it is the surely expected that has happened, and how anything else could possibly have happened is difficult of conjecture. The superintendent of public instruction of Hawaii is out with a letter to the effect that the Japanese have become a menace to the nationalism of the Hawaiian public schools, and must soon dominate them entirely unless something is done to check them. He shows that over 40 per cent of the population there is Japanese; that this alien influx has increased 1,700 per cent in the last 17 years, and that last year this was increased by the birth of 5,000 babies, all of whom are eligible to citizenship. Nearly half the population of Hawaii is foreign born, 68 per cent of which is Japanese, 17 per cent Chinese and 5 per cent Korean. There are now 5,000 Japanese children in the public schools, 25 Japanese public school teachers, and at least 100 teachers in Japanese private schools. While this showing is serious enough in all conscience, it is easy to foresee what can be done about it, and that is nothing at all. Hawaii needed labor, native labor was not to be depended upon, and so unrestricted foreign labor, Japanese, Portuguese, Chinese and every other kind of "ese" was gladly welcomed. That the wily and thrifty Jap has secured so firm a foothold there is

much to be deplored, but nothing can be done to dislodge him now. Hawaii's plight is mentioned here as a salutary lesson of what sort of condition is quite possible for the United States, should the League of Nations grant Japan "all privileges, racial, social and economical, that are accorded other signatories to the pact." Here is a case where chickens can be counted before they are hatched, so why not begin with the "picture brides"?

* * *

Still Splitting Hairs

During the past week those daintily outlined geological formations gracing the horizon in a direct line from Market Street, and known as Twin Peaks, have moved quite as much toward each other as have the respective representatives of the Allies and Germany toward the signing of the peace pact. The same might almost be said with reference to the wrangle between Italy and the conference over the disposition to be made of Fiume, and, judging from the sentiment of the French people as it is nervously set forth in the Paris press, France and the conference are also in a condition of "thoughts wide apart" with reference to the assured security of her border from possible German invasion in the future as well as in the matter of what indemnity she is to receive. President Wilson has been represented as sitting with apparent unconcern, with his hands deep in his trousers pockets, and tilting back in his chair while the diplomatic hair splitting was going on, for, having split his as far as he cares to do, and having any of his fourteen points left, he has for the time at least, decided to stand pat. Germany has been ruffling up and bisecting every hair in the hirsute adornment of the allied brain and refuses to desist until it has consented to a closer crop. She declares that she would be willing at once to sign any document with President Wilson's fourteen points as its true basis. But these points have been so altered and edited as to exact terms from Germany that she can not fulfill and leave to German posterity one crust of hopeful bread to live upon. The peace conference serenely smiles, "take it or leave it," and no doubt Germany will take it.

* * *

The Freedom of the Seas

One point made by Germany in opposition to the peace treaty as it stands at present, is a strong one from her point of view, and may be endorsed without fear of being accused of pro-Germanism. It is shown by the representatives of Berlin that while Mr. Wilson's first "admirable" draft of his League of Nations ideal, dwelt at length upon this important question, no mention whatever is made of it in the treaty as submitted to Germany for signature. It is

being argued that prohibited zones are left in precisely the same status as they were when the failure of the submarine crusade was being established, and Germany would like to know if this point has been purposefully eliminated so that no great maritime nation would be compelled to relinquish the right of blockade, a question which many Americans would like to have made clear to them, too. This eliminated point is quite as interesting to them as it can possibly be to Germany, and they would like to know whether in the diplomatic "dickering" to shove his measure through, Mr. Wilson has agreed to abandon his declaration that there must be "absolute freedom of the seas in war as well as in peace, except as they may be closed by international action." Considerations of Germany set aside—and there is no such animal on this side of the water—those who are not prone to accept the doctrines of Mr. Wilson as being infallible, would like to know just why this "point" was passed over, and whether there can possibly come a time when the seas shall not be free to all alike. But we will not be answered just yet, and must satisfy ourselves with the reflection that we are building a tremendous navy under some secret agreement that whenever the freedom of the seas is going to be interfered with, we will be one of the mediums of interference.

"IN NO STRANGE LAND"

"The Kingdom of God is within you."

By Francis Thompson

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air—
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumor of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars!—
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendored thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry;—and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Genesareth, but Thames!

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A Scandal in Mythology

By Lionel Josaphare

Of recent years we hear little of that phrase resounding, "sprung like Minerva full-armed from the head of Jupiter." From the time of Daniel Webster to the heyday of Sam Shortridge, a week did not pass without the birth of this goddess figuring in forensic eloquence or political debate. Much like the present-day "high-brow," was this attempt to bring ridicule upon some legal document, legislative bill, party programme or even a person beyond common understanding. Something in the nature of self-defense caused orators to conjure up Minerva, thus familiarizing her origin to millions who knew nothing else about her.

Be that as it may, the facts leading up to the miracle whereby the patroness of Athens made her appearance are not so well known as the miracle itself, and may be worth retelling. Jupiter's first wife was Metis, talented daughter of Oceanus and Tethys—fine old family of the days when the social set on Olympus was not yet firmly established. Yes; it was in the Golden Age, when the world was young and the primordial dew on the pomegranate, that Jove took Metis unto his bosom, finding her an excellent helpmate, for she instructed him in various matters pertaining to his celestial duties and little tricks of the trade for which he afterwards became famous. She sympathized with his vanities, collaborated with his ambitions, even suggested some of them, and in short helped him materially to become a first-class god fit to rule on Olympus and be ashamed of nobody. This was all quite in accordance with her name, which signified wisdom, prudence, counsel. And be it said that had the immortal Jove abided by her counsel in all matters, he might have avoided some of the scrapes that later made his name a byword among the nations.

One day the Lord of Olympus returned suddenly from a hunting trip and discovered his wife with a work basket in her lap. Metis blushed, endeavored to conceal her handiwork, and led him into examining a collection of seaweeds presented by her father. But The Thunderer was not to be jollied out of what he had espied. He opened the basket and drew forth a medley of baby clothes, whereupon Metis could only blush still more delightfully and admit such to be the case.

Was the great Zeus made to smile then pleasantly amid his thunders and be ready to set up drinks for the crowd? By no means. He plucked his beard and he scowled lugubriously. The heavens clouded at his glance. He snapped his fingers: lightning played along the horizon. He pounded the arm of his throne: the constellations shook and tinkled in dismay. Again, he bit his lip, glowered, whisked a thunderbolt at a harmless butterfly, and behaved altogether as to show that there would be something doing on Olympus as soon as he couldn't restrain himself any longer. "For," he reasoned, "if I am so wise and Metis is so wise, may it not happen that our offspring, thus inheriting wisdom from both sides of the family, will be wiser than I? Such a plight is not to be endured."

Upon the morrow, when some of Metis' girlhood chums visited her with presents of sweetmeats, the queen was not to be found. You may imagine there was a pretty to do. News of the mystery sped to all quarters. All sorts of gods and goddesses, messengers, giants,

Titans, Cyclops riding huge bulls and nymphs astride Centaurs tramped to the scene and joined in the first pandemonium on record as they scurried after some trace of the missing woman, wife, goddess in her own right. "Metis—Metis," they called from cloud to cloud in heaven, vale to vale on earth, from sunbeam to shadow, and the cry was taken up by satyrs, river nymphs and hamadryads through unfrequented parts of the world. Pan hopped hither and thither, old Triton blew his wreathed horn, and they even took a chance at bawling into Tartarus, but all to no avail. It was a strange case. For if the gods above and below and betwixt had no power to find a well known goddess when they wanted her, where in heaven, earth or hades could she be?

"Look everywhere," said Jove. The palace is at your disposal. You have carte blanche to search as you will. Please don't mind me. I am as much interested as you—nay, even more. Why should I not be? She was my wife, faithful and true, and, while not a beauty in the sense that the word is used nowadays, had many admirable qualities, the like of which I fear would be at loss to duplicate." And he assumed a look of innocence. "Well," he sighed when the search was over, "Metis will, I am sure, turn up some day." Little did he reck that the Fates heard his words. In how weird a way Metis might again evidence herself was not even within the god's reckoning.

Of course, the fact was that Jupiter had made away with the lady, and in a most startling manner—startling even for those marvelous times and even for today, when crime has developed to a fine point. The impossibility of locating poor Metis was because Jupiter had done nothing less than swallow her—body, soul and side-combs, unborn child included. How he accomplished the feat he never divulged. An Ethiopian in the palace declared that Jupiter just took her like a Blue Point. A more reliable story was to the effect that he considerably metamorphosed the queen into a violet and then divinely nibbled her. Any excuse for this horror could be only on the score of heredity. There was a criminal taint in the family; for it will be remembered that Saturn devoured his children one by one as they came and that a nursegirl saved Jupiter by handing the father a stone in swaddling clothes. At any rate here was Jupiter perpetrating the still more heinous offense of annihilating wife and child at once, flattering himself that he had done a good day's work besides playing a clever joke on the other gods. On my honor, he laughed heartily that he had thus hoaxed the Olympian coterie, who had always esteemed themselves shrewd as they make 'em.

A single man once more, the great Jove proceeded to disport himself among his former wife's ladies-in-waiting; he dallied with the river nymphs and conducted himself in such a manner as to make Bullfinch's "Age of Fable" a very wicked book, though for that matter he had been a none too home-loving husband in the lifetime of Metis. And now his conscience troubled him never at all. Truth to tell, he was more jovial than ever.

But sorrow is no respecter of persons. Nemesis was on the job. In the course of time, Jupiter could not fail to observe that all was not well with him. He was puzzled to name the difficulty. He noticed now and then that

things which had customarily warmed his immortal blood were failing to interest him to much extent. He lost concentration, and occasionally would pass a hand across his brow or finger his ambrosial locks, giving vent to a redoubtable sigh. And he sighed the more when he remembered that it was a little quip of manner that he had learned from Metis, whose thoughtful attitudes were unparalleled. Presently Jupiter would feel pains in his head, an unusual concern with him, for he was never subject to headaches. To his throbbing dome he applied every balm ever heard of. He insinuated to the other gods questions that would cause them to recommend roots and herbs supposedly for earthly inhabitants to come. He quaffed huge goblets of nectar, becoming convinced that nothing could afford him relief. Then it was for the first time that his conscience assailed him. At last there came a climax of agony, a terrific pang beneath his cranium. He put his hand there, and received a jab from a sharp object. It was the emerging lance of Minerva. In another moment, she had risen from his head, full-armed as aforesaid. He felt relieved but foolish. Minerva, otherwise known as Pallas Athena, was born, and everybody would know it, from Saturn to Judge Melvin.

Publicly the ruler of the gods had to pay some fine compliments to his daughter, on account of her great learning. Nevertheless, he had many occasions to reprimand her for insubordination, the very thing he had once feared.

It is high time to exploit the simple philosophy of this grotesque tale. The things we fear most are those which are bound to come. Among inevitable things cometh a wisdom greater than our own. Wisdom is more powerful than kings: a statement that nobody will contradict. But is wisdom more powerful than the Common People? Who will say? The moment we mention the Common People and its claims to distinction, we touch upon a mythology quite as vast though not as picturesque as any in ancient times. Nor as well defined. Our modern philosophy of government requires another Bullfinch for another Age of Fable, another collection of data to show how few of our ideals are working in the flesh. As foundation for an actual mythology, we already have Uncle Sam, Columbia, the Goddess of Liberty, Father Knickerbocker, the bloated Trust Monster, the square-capped Laborer, an eagle, a dove of peace, and so forth. Thus far, Liberty is the only one to whom a status has been erected. Compared with other hierarchies, a peculiarity of our own myth people is that they have no love affairs and do not marry. Uncle Sam is a bachelor; the others too are celibates. We have not progressed so far as to countenance wedlock between Uncle Sam and Liberty for the propagation of little Sammies and Liberty Bonds. We prefer to create our gods by republican vote rather than accept a dynasty of their own passions. As yet there have been no scandals in our later mythology.

From whose head did the League of Nations, Minerva-like, spring full-armed for universal statecraft? Not Wilson's. Our president was merely a sponsor. George Washington, Father of his Country, was the unwilling father of the world league, because he was the first to foresee, the first to thwart its birth. But it was inevitable that the United States, a monster

(Continued on Page 14)

The Origin of Manners

By Florence Howe Hall (Daughter of Julia Ward Howe)

(Continued from last week)

In our own time the fleeing to the country, the desertion of large cities by the very rich, during the greater part of the year, is something more than a new whim of fashion, a feature of Anglo-imitation. It is instinct which teaches such people to return—as far as is agreeable and comfortable—to nature. Having plenty of leisure time in which to note their feelings, they find themselves suffocated with the fingers of iron whose grasp extends into every corner of a great city.

Was it not with some such blind instinct that poor Marie Antoinette strove to escape from the artificial life of the French court? Did she not have a foreboding of the dreadful fate that awaited her, of the frightful collapse of that rotten state of society, so soon to follow? Alas! the Little Trianon was a poor, weak substitute for the lap of great mother Nature, and could ill protect its votary from the nihilism of the eighteenth century—the nihilism of the guillotine.

In such a complex state of society as ours at the present day, the code of manners must evidently be a complicate one. It is true that we have simplified forms in some instances and have abridged much of the ceremony that was once thought necessary. There is still much that we can not abridge, and the variety of our life must involve a corresponding variety of customs.

Through all the meshes of these confused details, however, run certain unchanging principles, like the strong midrib in a delicate leaf. These great general truths are bodied forth in what may be called the permanent institutions in society as distinguished from those transient features which change with every generation—one might almost say with every year.

The great truths on which our code of manners is founded are those of the Christian religion—a due regard for others, humility, a sense of duty, and self-respect.

Humility may have existed before the Christian era, but it was not counted a virtue—in men. The old Romans, even in their most civilized days, believed in vaunting their own exploits. Cicero continually tells us what prodigies he performed in saving the state, and Virgil makes his hero boast of his own prowess in a way to put a Harvard Sophomore to the blush. Savages of course proclaim their own great deeds and those of their ancestors; and as Herbert Spencer points out, Egyptian and Assyrian inscriptions prove that this habit of self-praise long persists in some cases.

Self-respect can not exist where there is not due humility, since it is inconsistent with boasting and self-flattery, just as a true respect for others is inconsistent with adulation and undue glorification of them. Respect implies a proper consideration for its object—a right measuring of it.

Love for one's neighbor, at least in a modified form—a due regard for him and his rights—may be considered as the keystone of our code of manners, which even the most selfish man does not dare wholly to ignore, if he is well-bred and wishes to appear so.

The ancient Persians believed in treating their neighbors well, but from a rather singular motive. Herodotus says, "They honor above all those who live nearest to themselves; in the second degree, those that are second in near-

ness, and after that, as they go farther off, they honor in proportion; and least of all they honor those who live at the greatest distance; esteeming themselves to be by far the most excellent of men in every respect, and that others make approaches to excellence according to the foregoing gradations, but that they are the worst who live farthest from them."

The permanent institutions in society are those in which every one believes—at least theoretically—and whose primary importance no one is disposed to deny. Respect to elders and deference to superiors belong to this class of institutions, as do also courtesy to women and kindness to inferiors.

Who is my superior? He who is higher and greater than I am—not in the mere accident of outward circumstances, but greater in himself, in his character, nature, talents, deeds.

Fortunately for ourselves we are not obliged by law and tradition in this country to look up to any set of men as our superiors; we have no aristocracy of birth, but we are in imminent danger of making for ourselves what is infinitely worse, a plutocracy whose only recommendation shall be that they have amassed vast wealth—in what manner, we must not ask too curiously.

Mammon-Worship

Not long ago a book agent called upon me, and with extraordinary volubility sang the praises of the volume for which she was canvassing. This was nothing more nor less than a compilation of the lives of all the very rich men of the present day, with an account of the ways in which their fortunes had been accumulated, the whole intended as a guiding star to the tender mind of youth, that should shine upon their part in the world, and help them in all troubles, with its noble, golden light.

It seemed to me I had never seen Mammon-worship so openly recommended. Far be it from me to say that all rich men are bad, or their fortunes accumulated by ignoble means. All honor to the good and great, be they rich or be they poor; but for heaven's sake let us not set apart as a class worthy of all praise and imitation, a certain set of men whose claim to our attention is that they have amassed a large amount of shekels! Do not let us (yet awhile at least) say:

"Live of (rich) men all remind us
We must make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
(Millions) on the sands of time."

The man who has made a large fortune must have talent of some sort, to have prevailed over his fellows in the gold race; but often it is his only talent, and too often it has been helped out by unscrupulous means.

When we come to the question of respect to elders, there seems to be little danger of excess in this direction—among the present generation. If our young people feel a natural inclination to show excessive reverence to their superiors in age, why they repress that inclination in a most surprising manner.

Our elders are always our superiors—in length of life and experience, if in nothing else. Magnanimity, too, bids us treat them always with a certain gentleness. Are we not their conquerors,

to whom sooner or later they must abandon their inheritance, the earth? As conquerors then, let us bear ourselves with becoming meekness, remembering always how hard it is to be old—to be in the past tense instead of the present.

How touching is that story of Hans Andersen's, in which a young married couple are made to see how unfilial their conduct is, when it is imitated by their little child? They have put the old father in the corner and given him a wooden spoon to eat with; whereupon the boy take out his knife to carve a spoon for his parents to use when he shall be a grown man!

Courtesy to women we may surely claim as an American virtue; not that our men are always perfectly polite, or that we may not hope to make further progress in this direction, but that on the whole, American women are better treated than any others on the face of the globe. In Dickens' "American Notes," he says, in commenting on our behavior at table, "But no man sat down until the ladies were seated; or omitted any little act of politeness which could contribute to their comfort. Nor did I ever once, on any occasion, anywhere, during my rambles in America, see a woman exposed to the slightest act of rudeness, incivility, or even inattention."

The elegance of manner, the profound obeisances with which courtly Europeans honor the women whom they admire, we can not perhaps rival in this new country; but the spirit of true chivalry, the respect for women of all classes because they are women, and not because they are beautiful, young or rich, prevails here to an extent of which we may well be proud.

How permanent the essential elements of good manners are, strikes one very forcibly in reading the books of bygone times that relate to courtesies, as well as the truths that great thinkers have uttered on this subject. Lord Chesterfield's wise and witty sayings may still be read with much profit, while the profound maxims of De la Rochefoucauld remain as true as ever. Hear what the former says of the treatment of inferiors:

"You can not, and I am sure you do not,

(Continued from Page 14)

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Marginalia

By Kenneth Grahame

American Hunt, in his suggestive "Talks About Art," demands that the child shall be encouraged—or rather permitted, for the natural child needs little encouragement—to draw when and whereonsoever he can; for, says he, the child's scribbling on the margin of his school books is really worth more to him than all he gets out of them, and indeed, "to him the margin is the best part of all books, and he finds in it the soothing influence of a clear sky in a landscape." Doubtless Sir Benjamin Backbite, though his was not an artist soul, had some dim feeling of this mighty truth when he spoke of that new quarto of his, in which "a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin": boldly granting the margin to be of superior importance to the print. This metaphor is pleasantly expanded in Burton's "Book-hunter": wherein you read of certain folios with "their majestic stream of central print overflowing into rivulets of marginal notes, sedgy with citations." But the good doctor leaves the main stream for a backwater of error in inferring that the chief use of margins is to be a parading ground for notes and citations. As if they had not absolute value in themselves, nor served a finer end! In truth, Hunt's child was vastly the wiser man.

For myself, my own early margins chiefly served to note, cite, and illustrate the habits of crocodiles. Along the lower or "tail" edge, the saurian, splendidly serrated as to his back, arose out of old Nile; up one side negroes, swart as sucked lead-pencil could limn them, let fall their nerveless spears; up the other, monkeys, gibbering with terror, swarmed hastily up palm trees—a plant to the untutored hand of easier outline than (say) your British oak. Meanwhile, all over the unregarded text Balbus slew Caius on the most inadequate provocation, or Hannibal pursued his victorious career, while Roman generals delivered ornate set speeches prior to receiving the usual satisfactory licking. Fabius, Hasdrubal—all alike were pallid shades with faint, thin voices powerless to pierce the distance. The margins of Cocytus doubtless knew them: mine were dedicated to the more attractive flesh and blood of animal life, the varied phases of the tropic forest. Or, in more practical mood, I would stoop to render certain facts recorded in the text. To these digressions I probably owe what little education I possess. For example, there was one sentence in our Roman history: "By this single battle of Magnesia, Antiochus the Great lost all his conquests in Asia Minor." Serious historians really should not thus forget themselves. 'Twas so easy, by

a touch of the pen, to transform "battle" into "bottle"; for "conquests" one could substitute a word for which not even Macaulay's school boy were at a loss; and the result, depicted with rude vigor in his margin, fixed the name of at least one ancient fight on the illustrator's memory. But this plodding and material art had small charm for me: to whom the happy margin was a "clear sky," ever through which I could sail away at will to more gracious worlds. I was duly qualified by a painfully acquired ignorance of dead languages cautiously to approach my own; and 'twas no better. Along Milton's margins the Gryphon must needs pursue the Arimaspians—what a chance, that Arimaspians, for the imaginative pencil! And so it has come about that, while Milton periods are mostly effaced from memory by the sponge of time, I can still see that vengeful Gryphon, cousin-german to the gentle beast that danced the Lobster Quadrille by a certain shore.

It is by no means insisted upon that the chief end and use of margins is for pictorial illustration, nor yet for furtive games of oughts and crosses, nor (in the case of hymn books) for amorous missives scrawled against the canticle for the day, to be passed over into an adjacent pew: as used, alas! to happen in days when one was young and godless, and went to church. Nor, again, are the margins of certain poets entrusted to man for the composing thereon of infinitely superior rhymes on the subjects themselves have maltreated: a depraved habit, akin to scalping. What has never been properly recog-

nized is the absolute value of the margin itself—a value frequently superior to its enclosure. In poetry the popular taste demands its margins, and takes care to get it in "the little verses wot they puts inside the crackers." The special popularity, indeed, of lyric as opposed to epic verse is due to this habit of feeling. A good example may be found in the work of Mr. Swinburne: the latter is the better poetry, the earlier remains the more popular—because of its eloquence of margin. Mr. Tupper might long ago have sat with laureate brow but for his neglect of this first principle. The song of Sigurd, our one epic of the century, is pitifully unmargined, and so has never won the full meed of glory it deserves; while the ingenious gentleman who wrote "Beowulf," our other English epic, grasped the great fact from the first, so that his work is much the more popular of the two. The moral is evident. And authority on practical book making has stated that "margin is a matter to be studied"; also that "to place the print in the center of the paper is wrong in principle and to be deprecated." Now, if it be "wrong in principle," let up push that principle to its legitimate conclusion, and "deprecate" the placing of print on any part of the paper at all. Without actually suggesting this course to any of our living bards, when, I may ask—when shall that true poet arise who, disdaining the trivialities of text, shall give the world a book of verse consisting entirely of margin? How we shall shove and jostle for large paper copies!

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The Spectator

That Bolshevik Decree

From remarks that came to me during the last few days, I take it that Town Talk's publication of the decree which looted wives and daughters from Russian homes and dragged them to the common melting-pot of Bolshevism, was a sensation in local journalism. While Town Talk has not the news-gathering forces of the great dailies with correspondents and affiliations encircling the globe, our readers, many of whom are world-travelers, frequently send in bits of news copy that are the envy of the daily press. The Bolshevik decree in last Saturday's issue was of such distinction. This document, promulgated at the city of Saratov on March 20, 1918, was copied a year later by an American army office and brought to Town Talk immediately upon his arrival in San Francisco. While the daily press have published accounts of women taken over by the Bolsheviks, the impression was that the crime proceeded from informal digressions of the fighting hordes, under half connivance of the authorities. Copy of the Saratov manifesto reveals the official brain of Bolshevism in all its bestiality. With Russian frankness, the promulgators admit coveting the damsels reared in homes whose environment imparted a splendor of pulchritude not possessed by the females with whom the workingman was wont to consort. For added motive, evincing the mysticism and folly of the Russian mind, we have the statement that "correct continuation of the human race" has been impeded by the Bourgeois in possessing themselves of the "most beautiful specimens of the fair sex." It would be well for the runaway children of the Great White Czar if there were fewer of them to share the meagre wealth of Russia. As for the "continuation of the human race," the children produced from Bolshevik ogres and terrified victims, only Time will tell what hideous defectives, bearing on their faces the mark of this outrage may result. Further information is to the effect that the Bolshevik women are much in favor of being communized, entering with zeal into the details of arrangement whereby the law is carried into effect. One of their suggestions, which has been carried out by the councils, is for the elimination of men whose participation in the sex commune is more of an annoyance than a boon to the community. On complaint he is to be transferred to another commune for further evidence. If the second trial is against him, he is given a final appeal and last trial in a third commune. If he be unable to set himself at rights in the last resort, an official operation is performed upon him, and Bolshevik Russia, in continuing the human race, renders innocuous him who could only clog the machinery without adding to the next generation or the joys of his own.

Our Boys in Siberia

It is good news from Archangel that the American soldiers are to be sent home; for, according to the reports of the officers who landed here on May 6, the soldiers detained in Siberia have become soured, embittered. I had a most interesting conversation with one of these officers last week. He said that 197 officers were relieved but that he felt the boys should have been relieved also. Nine to ten thousand American soldiers are mewed up in

that frigid country, although they are drafted men and their time has expired. The climate is very severe, there is nothing for the men to do. The deep snow makes it impossible to drill except for a very short period and they are kept in barracks. This man was a captain in the medical service. He is a prominent California physician and belongs to a pioneer family of this state. He is tall and stalwart, but more than once the tears came to his kindly eyes as he pictured his comrades still enduring unnecessary hardships. When he spoke of them, his eyes assumed a "left over expression" as we see in those of one still absorbed in his latest vision though confronting a new view. Thank God for such men to be in command of our American soldiers—men with hearts and good judgment!

A San Francisco Physician

I said, "Are you glad to be back, captain?" He answered, "I've had my civilian clothes on since the day after my arrival. I'm out of the army now and I'm 'doctor' from now on." He said that the Allied officers whom he met in Siberia were splendid fellows and he was particularly enthusiastic about the Canadians, whom he declared had manifested the greatest friendliness toward the Americans. He was at a loss for words to praise the American Red Cross in Siberia. Mr. Short is at the head and the doctor said that the large quantities of supplies and clothing sent to Mr. Short had been distributed with scrupulous honesty and generosity. He held up his hands with horror as he exclaimed: "But forget the Y. M. C. A.!" That organization overcharged the soldiers for everything, even selling the cigarette papers that are given away with "Velvet" and "Prince Albert" tobacco for five cents a package. The inhabitants of Siberia reaped a harvest in rubles from the Americans as pay day approached. In Bolshevik towns, local money only is legal tender and absolutely worthless elsewhere.

Bolshevik Vandalism

"If a Bolshevik took a notion to have your dress or that bracelet, he'd order you to take them off and you would have to. He could walk into your house and take out your piano, your bed, anything he desired. The Russians have handsome house furnishings, massive silver table-service and exquisite household linens. Many families have succeeded in burying their treasures, but others have been looted of their most prized possessions."

Social Life in Siberia

With such harrowing reports of terrorism, it is astonishing to learn that social life goes on more or less merrily in Siberian families of conservative tendencies. The officers of the Allied forces of American, Japanese, British, Italian, French and Chinese armies are hospitably entertained at all functions given. The doctor described a dance which he attended at a fancy dress ball. He wore his heavy overcoat to keep from freezing, while dancing merrily with a pretty Russian lady who was arrayed as a ballet dancer—arms and neck bare, long thin silk tights and fluffy Pierrette tulle skirts. The lady, in contrast to her American partner, nonchalantly wafted a dainty fan to keep cool.

A Siberian Dinner Party

At a dinner given some Allied officers in the home of a wealthy resident this was the menu: French brandy. Soup. Roast suckling pig (elaborately decorated and carved at table by the host). Cognac. Sausages and hors-d'oeuvres in aspic. Pheasant breast. Vodka. Two turkeys, one at each end of the table, carved by the hosts. Champagne, which flowed ad lib during the rest of the repast. Broiled quail. Cheeses of all kinds. Russian pastry. The doctor said that there were no vegetables owing to their present scarcity; that the inhabitants throw their arms about the neck of any one so generous as to bestow upon them a tin of vegetables or fruit. A luscious pair of pheasants can be bought for twenty cents and the breast only is partaken of. The climate makes it impossible to raise live stock out of doors in winter, so has to be kept under cover. In consequence it is a usual sight to see a pig or two in one corner of a kitchen and some poultry in another. The roast suckling pig, as the Russians prepare it, is lusciousness personified.

Table Manners

"When an American sits at table with Russians he is lost. The servants are Chinese who simply place the viands on large platters before the hosts. The guests stand up, reach over their plates to him to be served. If they wish anything upon the board, they grab for it, rising, if necessary, to secure it. The Russian woman is guiltless of corsets and as soon as she is seated spreads her arms upon the table. She waits upon herself, the men seat themselves without regard as to whether she has a chair or not. If not, she grabs one and drags it

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to the table. She opens doors for herself and never seems to notice that the men precede her in being served or entering a room. The women drink only moderately and many not at all, as they are greatly opposed to the heavy drinking of the men, who, when intoxicated, gamble recklessly. The men smoke continuously—little cigarettes in long paper holders. They are very fond of the Amerikanski's cigarette. There are a numbers of automobiles out there, but they are not much in use as the roads are horrible and gasoline is \$1.50 per gallon; consequently, upkeep and hire are prohibitively high. Cars have to be kept religiously under cover, as water promptly freezes. For that reason, the Franklin car, which requires no water, should be the most desirable there.

Illiteracy

Ninety per cent of the population in Russia is illiterate, the doctor said, and the other ten per cent highly educated. While on duty with his regiment he was called to a near-by orphanage supported by some Russians who devote their time and money to education. There were four women, two men teachers, and one hundred and twenty-five children. They had no physician, so he took care of them during an epidemic among them. He told me of one rarely beautiful girl of twelve whom he saw there. She was the child of a nobleman, an officer killed fighting the Bolsheviks. Her mother was disembowled in her presence. In some way the child was rescued, put aboard a train and sent to this orphanage. He said she never laughed, but sometimes a shadow of a smile appeared upon her sad countenance when he thanked her for singing—that she had a wondrously lovely voice. Last Christmas Eve, his regiment gave these orphans a Christmas tree with presents for all, and hired a band of thirty-three pieces at a cost of one hundred and twenty rubles (\$12) to play for them.

Russian Cruelty

The American officer told me of a horribly cruel act. Six hundred Russian soldiers deserted their general as they were neither paid nor fed. Five hundred surrendered to the Americans with their arms. The colonel to whom they surrendered fed, clothed and financed them to escape. Their commander sent a Japanese envoy to demand their return. "What!" roared the colonel, "he demands? I am an American officer, and you go back and tell him to go plump to h—!" One hundred of the deserters surrendered to the Chinese. To the same demand the commander announced that he would give them up on solemn promise of their commander not to shoot them. The promise was

given and kept. The unfortunates were marched out single file upon the ice. When they reached a place where a large hole had been chopped, each one was struck upon the head with a club and thrown into the chasm. The officer has scores of photographs depicting the horrors perpetrated by these lawless ruffians.

RUSSIA

A caldron seething with a people's blood
Art thou, white heated through the centuries,
That pities neither friends nor enemies,
Whose pallid faces, restless in the flood,
Sigh for the liberty of field and wood.
An evening vapor, breathed from cavities
That once were eyes and nostrils, taints the breeze
And spreads the host of Death's dumb brotherhood!

How can the master-witches tending thee
Expect a human voice to wish them well,
Or know the joys the saner heart desires?
What punishment of meet severity
Can measure justice to these brands of hell
But to be fuel to their hellish fires?

Comstock Redivivus

Those of us who remember the millionaire days of the Comstock—and there are a few of us left—must hail with delight the encouraging reports, more convincing as they are with every new dispatch, that the grand old lode has not exhausted its treasure after all, and that the few faithful who still linger about the mining stock exchange may once more count their profit or losses in dollars instead of cents. Experts have for a whole generation been trying to explain the singular law of nature which seemed to demonstrate that pay rock is only pay rock for a certain distance below the surface. Now experience seems to be going to prove that there never was any such law. It was merely almost criminal inflation of values that turned the public eye from Virginia City because it became too wise to pay a thousand per cent more for the Comstock shares than they were worth, and those who knew how to keep them alive were laid away in their graves, and their descendants were too busy spending the inherited fortunes. The most interesting part of this new story from the Comstock would appear to be the seemingly undeniable truth of it, for those who know silver and gold in the rough, declare that it is still there in inexhaustible store that will make the Panamints, and Goldfields, appear as mere outcroppings with no promise beneath them. Now shall Virginia City come again into her own, and push even Reno into the background, for why

not secure your divorce producing residence in a city that will also produce the profits of speculation? Now shall deserted Virginia become the Mecca of the traveling showman, the mercantile drummer, and the real estate gambler, for the present laws are explicit in that there shall be no uplifted lid for gamblers of any other kind, except the mining ones. And Gold Hill, now a crumbling ruin of rotted shacks, shall become the residential suburb on the sunnier slope of Mount Davidson, and there will be paved boulevards and trolley lines to connect it with the coming metropolis of Nevada. And all of this would seem to be no idle dream, for those who ought to know assure us that the boom is already on the ways ready to launch, in its restored state of modernity, into an enduring ship of good fortune. Anyway even the mere promise of such an eventuality should inspire the long sleeping mining speculator into activity, and the thousands of returned soldiers can find employment to their hearts' content. That is to say, as many of them as are really seeking that kind of contentment from their hearts. Nature knows her business and evidently has been preparing for a genuine and fortune bearing surprise against the ending of the war.

California Doughboys on Broadway

When the members of the 91st, the 40th and the 8th divisions, California's contribution to Marshal Foch's forces, planted their hob nails in Times Square, another of the many mysteries that seem to surround stage success was brushed away. One look at the Broadway electricians and the western doughboys had the answer as to where the great stage stars come from and why they are stars.

Of all the theatrical attractions holding out on Broadway, "Sinbad" probably drew the major proportion of the soldier patronage. There were numerous reasons why this was so. For one thing there were the girls, the lights, the comedy and the music. And for another thing word had gotten round about the marvelous little girl who handled the Winter Garden box office. Can you imagine a box office czarina turning down real money? Well, this girl did. Many a soldier will tell you that instead of gouging this very human little individual advised soldier after soldier that she had two seats upstairs that were really quite as good as those she had left down stairs and besides they were a dollar cheaper. This is a memory that will linger long with the doughboy. And there was Al Jolson.

Now Al doubtless will be considered a real star. He's got his name on the twenty-four sheets, in the incandescents, and all over the Winter Garden newspaper advertising. Where did he come from and how did he climb into the Broadway orbit? Well, the western doughboy had but to turn back a few pages in his memory and he will find himself for instance in the Jose Theatre, San Jose, California. "High Class Vaudeville." "Bill Changed Twice Weekly—Prices, 10, 20 and 30 cents." What's this? Oh, yes, the next act following the picture is the "Blace-Face Comic, Al Jolson."

It's some jump from next to opening the show in Second Street, San Jose, to starring on Broadway. Yet Al did it. How? How does the office boy become the office manager? And as in no other line the theatrical game is a "show me" game. Incidentally when the snow begins to melt in the east, Al Jolson's thoughts turn west and I'll wager that you'll find him this summer where he was last summer and the summer before that—in a black and white



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bathing suit sunning himself on the sands at Mother Schmidt's beach in Alameda, California.

Rambeau, Bacon, et al.

"This may be Broadway, New York, but it reminds me of another Broadway," remarked a top sergeant of the 8th as he gave the Broadway district the up and down.

"What other Broadway?" I asked.

"Broadway, Oakland, California. Give those electric signs the once over."

We did. The first read: "Marjorie Rambeau." "And that one."

We looked and saw: "Frank Bacon in 'Lightning.'"

"Take a squint at that."

Again we looked, and saw: "Walter Catlett."

"Reminds you of the old Ye Liberty, eh, boy?"

Once more we fuss with the pages of memory and here we are: Harry Bishop, the man who invented the first revolving stage, was presenting a new leading woman in his stock company at the old Ye Liberty Theatre in Oakland.

"She's got a funny name, but she's the goods," he announced. And she was. We recall her particularly in "A Woman's Way." A beautifully keyed performance. And now she's one of Al Woods' best little money makers and one can read a newspaper in the brilliance of her electric signs. It's a long step from a suburban stock to a fixed place on Broadway, but Marjorie Rambeau did it. And the western doughboy knows why—"She had the goods."

And there's Frank Bacon. Broadway is even comparing him with Joseph Jefferson and maybe the comparison is all right. But the soldier who saw "Lightning" didn't notice a vast amount of difference between the Frank Bacon of "Lightning" and the old reliable character man in "The Hills of California" and "Me and Grant," and the other productions that were current during the old stock days of Ye Liberty in Oakland and the Alcazar in San Francisco. In those days Frank Bacon knew his work, and what's that old saw about the world building a path through

a forest to find a man who knows what he is doing?

We will now turn to a new star, Walter Catlett. Walt's a new star. Undoubtedly, being new and modern and everything, it may be thought that he found a short cut to Broadway. But the western doughboy knows that there are but few short cuts in the career of Walter Catlett. He recalls years ago a certain little restaurant just off Broadway—Oakland, California—where Walter Catlett used to take his coffee and "snails"—ten cents, please—after a hard evening entertaining the suburbanites at an amusement park near Berkeley.

After a while Catlett's comical capers came to the attention of Manager Bishop of Ye Liberty and he put him on the pay role and handed him all the juvenile and light comedy parts. Then one day Catlett disappeared, only to reappear with a road company of "The Prince of Pilsen." That was a long time ago, and now Catlett bobs up on Broadway. How did he do it? Well, we have a suspicion that Catlett did the very thing on his own accord that they made the candidates to the O. T. C. do—he worked.

It was a sophisticated mess sergeant who stood at the corner of 42nd and Broadway and looked at another set of letters in the electric lights. This time the letters spelled "Willard Mack."

"Say, I used to see that guy at the Alcazar in San Francisco," commented the army Shanley. "Used to be the leading man in his own plays and they were pretty rank at that."

Only those who endured Mack's first efforts: "So Much for So Much," and half a dozen others, and who have had the opportunity of comparing them with his "Tiger Rose," "Kick In" and later plays can really appreciate what he has been doing with his time. His critics may say that he spent most of it looking up future wives, but the thoughtful theatre goer will say that he has put a lot of the time in decidedly industrious effort.

It is one of the fascinating contrasts in life to reflect that the same Willard Mack, who used to try out his efforts on O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, and then take them over to Oakland to see if the San Francisco verdict could not be reversed, is the same Willard Mack of Broadway.

It is perhaps a nervy thing for a western doughboy to attribute such a homely thing as work to a Broadway star. "Genius," for instance, is such a pleasant word. But take it from the doughboy—he knows. He knew them when—

He Who Laughs Last

Every now and then one encounters people who think themselves so clever that they invariably "overreach" themselves. Such a person was the press agent who endeavored to use the Olympic Club as a medium of advertising the baths which he represents, later getting a lot of publicity from the newspapers. The men in the club who were discovered as having been in the plot were promptly expelled from the club; and, furthermore, the brilliant press agent repaid them for their connivance by having it published to the world that they were an ill-bred group who should have taken a course in "How to Conceal the Fact That One Is a Bounder" before applying for admission to a high class club. The newspapers obligingly published the names of the complacent club members on whom the laugh now is. If there is a good boxer among them, why not challenge the press agent to a fistic encounter and give him a lesson in good taste?

"Tait's House of Mystery"

Whether it was a press agent who never cared for facts so long as he can evolve a readable article, or a would-be writer of San Francisco history who has a notion that readable history must be embellished by fiction, there is no present means of knowing. But some knowledge of the true facts gained through the memory fastening records of experience, impels the writer to call attention to the many inaccuracies of an article just published in a morning paper, concerning the origin and history of Tait's gorgeous and elaborately conducted cafe out on the ocean beach. In this article we are told that this hardy pioneer of the days when there was no boulevard nor even other habitation on the sands beyond the park dunes, was constructed out of the timbers of a wreck on the beach; that it was long known as the Ocean House and thereafter, upon being purchased by Mrs. Biddle and Mrs. Russell, became the gorgeous home of philanthropy, oriental cult on the ocean beach. In this article we are told of Mystery." The chronology of the newspaper story is marked by a careful recording of fact at the end and an elaborately imaginative fiction at the beginning. It was not constructed out of the timbers of a wreck, but with well-seasoned building material, which is as enduring now as it promised to be at the first. In the old days, there were some ship's timbers in the construction of a small carriage shed in the back yard, and there was also a figurehead and other nautical junk in the original garden. It was never called the Ocean House. That well remembered hostelry of the pioneer days was in the inception of its prime as far back as the time of the Broderick-Terry duel, and was situated about a mile and a half from the beach on the north shore of Lake Merced. The so-called "House of Mystery," from its building to its transformation into a private residence, was known as the Oceanside House,

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and had a business history which was a succession of misfortunes to as many venturesome speculators as could dream themselves into the belief that any road house could succeed where there was no road but the shifting sands and no travel save for the few vehicles bound from Lake Merced to the Cliff House and vice versa. When it passed into the possession of two ladies of culture and refinement, and was made the storehouse of many treasures of art, those who were bidden there knew it only as the home of boundless hospitality and benevolence, while it was mysterious only to the uninitiated, and the special writers in search of subjects for newspaper romancing. Today it has been shorn of its alleged mystery and its homelike philanthropy: nearly all of its splendid treasures of art and its gorgeous fittings remain where tasteful hands have placed them, and, aside from being one of the most magnificent place of public entertainment in the world, its sumptuous fittings and splendid gardens are a liberal education for the tens of thousands of passers-by, where there were not hundreds before.

Terrors of Court Martial

The sentencing of soldiers to long terms of imprisonment for petty offenses has always been a source of anger to civilians. A doughboy overstaying his time of leave and a school boy playing hooky proceed from the same joyous temperament, according to some advices, and "desertion" is a hard word for a hero who merely was a bit lax in his duty. Perhaps every mother who knew her soldier boy to be somewhat wild and careless, felt that General Pershing would be too busy to note the lad's peculiarities and that some slight misunderstanding would result in a trip to the guardhouse and a broken heart. Likewise many a mother who remembered Johnnie's arduous passage from the bed to the breakfast table, had visions of "asleep at his post" and "shot at sunrise." The science of army life includes all reasonable methods for getting acquainted with the recruit. Idiosyncracies are officially recognized. On the other hand, the recruit is supposed to get acquainted with the fact that army life is not conducted by popular vote. Army discipline is designed to turn men into fighters. If a scientist could prove that given a soldier fifteen raps on the knuckles every morning at 5 o'clock would improve military efficiency 15 per cent, no doubt the armies of every civilized nation would make the experiment on the field. It is questionable, though, that loosely proceeded courts martial is good for discipline. Officers have declared that the long sentences were imposed merely for intimidating effect, with the idea of commutation after the war. Many a soldier must have suspected this, some of the sentences being absurdly out of proportion with the crime, and respect for the military authorities could hardly have been the result. After all that has been said about the valor and intelligence of the American soldier, ten years in a penitentiary for a technical desertion, does not appear as an inspiration to the victim's comrades for stricter attention to the details of camp life. It is something in themselves that causes men to behave at home and in camp.

Lotta's Fountain Free

Free at last! But then it's a kind of freedom that so far hasn't given me a single thrill of delight since I got the first burst of sunshine, an event that was a sort of feeble cocktail of sun, for wind and dust, and the Lord knows

I've had enough load of dust on my shoulders already. But that was all. Just that one moment of satisfaction that came when they pulled that foolish and unsightly prison wall of paint and canvas down about my ears. I suppose I ought to be satisfied, but somehow or other, after the few breaths of fresh air I got, and after recalling memories of my old surroundings, I haven't much elation over my release, for I've been so long away that I don't seem to know where I'm at any more than any one about me knows who I am. No sooner had the last load of my destroyed Bastille been carted away than a couple of persons of my own sex—evidently from Kansas via Los Angeles—stood gaping at me, and what do you suppose was the first word I heard, except exhortations for subscriptions, for months and months? "What's that?" "I don't know—seems to be some sort of a drinkin' fountain, doesn't it? Oh, yes, I've heard of it before, and that bronze plate up there tells all about it. "In memory of the day when Tetrassini sang to the San Francisco public from this spot." "Who's Tetrassini?" "Some singer, I suppose. I don't know everything. For a woman who's traveled on a tourist ticket all the way—" And then they hurried to the flower show on the corner, where you can buy flowers one-third cheaper than at a florist's, probably for the reason that they last a third as long. Erected to the memory of Tetrassini! And I stood here, still hurrying on to old maidism before Tetrassini was born! Such is fame! There's nobody knows who I am, except white whiskered old men, and men who would be white whiskered if they hadn't shaved, and a few old ladies older than I am. But I suppose old maids shouldn't grumble. Most folks think they ought to be glad they're alive, and as far as knowing anything about the funny thing with a nondescript ship on it, that's over in Portsmouth Square, because Robert Louis Stevenson used to take his lunch somewhere in the neighborhood. And Lotta used to sing, and dance, and cavort, not only there but all over the city, then all over the world, and yet here I am with a tablet stating that Tetrassini once sang here opposite the Chronicle office. Oh, well! Golden Gate Park has its monuments to forgotten memory, I suppose. And I suppose, too, it's catty for me to remark that most of them ought to be forgotten themselves. But as a forgotten landmark I suppose I ought to mind my own business, which is to furnish thirsty wayfarers with lukewarm water, and that business is not going to be so very brisk now that President Wilson has joined the light wine and beer people. This is a strange world, almost as strange as I am! Almost as much of a stranger as the dear little old lady who paid the bills that I might be.

Vaudeville Ethics

Seated in an Orpheum box, the other night, I tried vainly to get a full-faced glimpse of one vaudeville star after another, and came to the conclusion that there is a tacit agreement between the vaudies and the house that box-holders have no social standing. The vaudies no longer turn to the boxes at the psychological moment of a joke, and the intention to ignore this part of the house is evident. How long the practice has been going on, I do not know. Formerly, in vaudeville as in the drama, it was customary for the performers to have a sort of speaking acquaintance (or seem to have) with the occupants of the segregated district. There was an occasional bartering of smiles for bouquets, and the prevailing sentiment was that even a single flower pulled from a corsage and

tossed across the footlights was a sign of good luck and a social recognition from the right place, and the other part of the audience could enjoy the show with good conscience. If the high sign of approval now comes from the gallery and the middle of the house, the ladies with big fur boas in the boxes have lost a prestige worth winning back. I notice that the people in the stalls are, on their part, almost lacking in applause. Now and then, one observers a staller tapping one hand upon another in a languid and absent-minded way, as if hand-clapping were an atrophied remainder of a glory of other days. All sympathy from the side-lines is lost. The vaudies are quite obvious in letting it be known that they take approval from the main body of the people, while the box inmates meditate stolidly at the stage and remain unconvinced—free from laughter, if possible. Occasionally one of the comedians turns to a proscenium chair and requests the loan of a hat or bids that wide-faced gentleman to remove his arm from the rail, and the tribute to the gallery is complete. The poor fellow in the box has become a joke.

Employer (to applicant for post as office boy)—And now, my lad, do you know what the motto of this firm is?

Boy—Yes, sir. "Push." I saw it on the door as I came in.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Dinner in Colonel B. F. Alden's Honor

Colonel B. F. Alden, well known San Francisco surgeon, who has just returned after two years spent in the medical service of the United States army, and his wife, were the guests of honor last Saturday night at a dinner tendered the couple at the Fairmont Hotel. Colonel Alden joined the medical service in May, 1917, having decided it was his duty to do his best for his country. He was in charge of the Fort Riley, Kansas, base hospital and in 1918 was ordered to France as commander of base hospital No. 210. Later he won promotion, being advanced to command of Justice Hospital Group at Toul, France, where he was in charge of eight base hospitals with 15,000 beds. When the group was disbanded in April of this year, Colonel Alden was returned to the United States, sailing on the S. S. Antigone in command of a casual detachment of sick and wounded officers. As soon as he secured his discharge he returned to his San Francisco home. For many years Dr. Alden was chief surgeon at the French hospital and has many friends here. The dinner guests included: Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Harwood, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ryan, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Currier, Dr. and Mrs. Asa W. Collins, Dr. and Mrs. John Gallwey, Dr. and Mrs. V. E. Putnam, Dr. and Mrs. John Graves, Dr. and Mrs. T. E. Shumate, Dr. and Mrs. B. A. Mardis, Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Pfister, Dr. and Mrs. T. W. Leland, Asa Collins and Miss Victoria Alden.

Social Notes

Mrs. Randolph V. Whiting is being extensively entertained since her arrival in Washington, D. C. While in New York Mrs. Whiting was joined by Mrs. Holecombe (formerly Mattie Gibbs) of this city, who went from Newport to extend courtesies to Mrs. Whiting. Colonel and Mrs. Ashburne, formerly of the Presidio, also made Mrs. Whiting's visit a round of pleasure. Mrs. Whiting will return to her home in this city in a couple of weeks. * * Mrs. James Robinson left on Monday for Santa Barbara, where she will spend the summer. Mrs. James Goodwin (Elena Robinson) accompanied her mother. Mrs. Robinson has rented her home at Redwood City to Mr. and Mrs. Athol McBean for three months. * * Mrs. Kent Clark and young baby, Kent, Jr., sailed on Tuesday on the Korea for Kobe, Japan, where Mr. Clark is anxiously awaiting the arrival of his wife and young son, whom he has never seen. Mrs. Clark was formerly Susanne Miller of Connecticut. Mrs. Ira Miller, mother of Mrs. Clark, came from her home in the east to meet her daughter six months ago when she arrived

from Japan. Mrs. Miller left on Wednesday for Monterey and Santa Barbara on her journey back to Connecticut. During the visit of Mmes. Clark and Miller they have been stopping at the Palace Hotel and Mrs. Clark gave a farewell luncheon on Saturday to several prominent matrons here who have entertained her during her visit. * * Mr. and Mrs. George Howard, Sr., were hosts at a picnic on Sunday at Woodside, given in honor of their son, Henry, who celebrated his twenty-first birthday. Later the guests repaired to the Howard home in San Mateo for dinner. Among those entertained were Mrs. George H. Howard, Jr., the Misses Schmeidell and Mohun, Messrs. Howard and Bobby Hooker. * * Mr. and Mrs. Noble Hamilton are visiting in Burlingame, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Thompson (Margaret Carrigan). * * Mrs. Dennis O. Sullivan and children, Biddy and Terrance, are passing



COLONEL B. F. ALDEN,
Former Chief Surgeon at the San Francisco
French Hospital.

a few weeks at Bolinas. As soon as Mrs. Sullivan is able to obtain passports for her two children, she will leave for her home in London, where she will remain for the next few years. * * Mrs. Haig Pattigan and little daughter, Hollis, have left for the Pattigan ranch in Sacramento Valley for a vacation. * * Mr. and Mrs. Percy Morgan, Sr., recently left for Los Angeles on a visit to their son, Percy, Jr., who is now established in business in the southern city. They will also visit Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan before returning to their home in Los Altos. * * Mr. and Mrs. Edward Whitman Prentice were extensively entertained previous to their departure this week for a lengthy tour of the east. Prentice is the only child of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Prentice. Prentice, Sr., was a nephew of the late C. P.

Huntington. * * Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Brodie have established an attractive home at Burlingame and intend to reside there permanently. They have been living at Santa Barbara since their marriage many years ago. Mrs. Brodie was formerly Anne Tallant, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Drury J. Tallant of this city. * * Mrs. Charles Wheeler of Philadelphia spent the past week with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Duplessis Beylard at their home, El Camino Real. Many affairs were given by the peninsula set during this matron's visit. Mrs. Wheeler was formerly Mrs. Walter Hobart, née Hannah Williams, of San Rafael, sister of Mrs. Alexander Lilly. * * Mrs. George Barr Baker, formerly Laura Pike, sister of Roy Pike, has engaged rooms at the Burlingame Country Club for the summer. Mr. Baker will join her later in the season. * * Mrs. Thomas Wilson Dibblee and children will leave June 1 for Santa Barbara, where they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dario Orena at their beautiful country home. * * Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagen (Marie Russell) are now settled in Menlo Park for the summer. * * Messrs. and Mmes. Alexander Rutherford and Ross Ambler Curran accepted the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith on Friday evening at an enjoyable dinner at their home on Pacific Avenue. * * The brilliant ball given by the James L. Floods on Saturday evening at their magnificent country home at Menlo Park in honor of Miss Mary Elena Macondray brought together a large gathering of belles and beaux of the ultra smart set. The Floods entertained a house party over the weekend. Among the guests were Miss Priscilla White of Brookline, Mass., who came to California for the wedding of her brother, Lieutenant Henry White, U. S. N., and Miss Jean Wheeler, Miss Helen Pierce of San Jose, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Doris Schmeidell, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Messrs. Goffery Montgomery, Bliss Rucker, Harry McKennon, Robert Rathbun and Earl Johnson. On Sunday the guests enjoyed a picnic in the foothills, many other young people joining the festive crowd. * * Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cameron returned on Sunday to their home in Burlingame from a visit in New York. * * Mrs. John

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Gill's luncheon on Saturday was in honor of Mrs. Henry Fisher of Redlands. It took place at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club. Mrs. Gill was formerly Sarah Drum, sister of John and Frank Drum and Mrs. William Greer Hitchcock. The Gills, who have made their home at Redlands since their marriage, have returned to this city, where they will reside in the future. * * Mrs. Perrin, daughter of Mrs. John McMullin, who has been the guest of her mother for several months, will soon leave for her home in Arizona. Dr. Perrin joined his wife a few days ago at the Palace. * * Mrs. Alfred Suto left early in the week for New York, where she will remain for several months. * * Miss Mary Elena Macondray will not accompany her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Atherton Macondray, to the orient. She will remain at the Macondray home in Palo Alto. * * The Misses Jessica, Rose, and Isabel Sherwood were hostesses at a small tea on Saturday afternoon at their beautiful home on Filbert Street. They are giving a series of these affairs. * * Mrs. Curtis O'Sullivan (Helen Hooper) and young baby son have left the hospital and returned to the O'Sullivan home on Clay Street. Curtis O'Sullivan will join his wife as soon as he is mustered out of service. Mrs. O'Sullivan and Mrs. Hutchinson are attractive daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Hooper.

The Reaper

In the zenith of youth, with everything to live for, Mrs. Louis McCormick Henderson was summoned by death, leaving an infant son, a husband and parents in sorrow. She had hosts of friends in this city, where she was popular in social and club affairs. She was a graduate of Miss Morrison's school and was greatly beloved by her schoolmates. She also studied in

eastern and European schools. Her father, E. O. McCormick, was long general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific and is now a prominent official of the government railroad administration.

At the Fairmont

A Burmese dance, entirely new and replete with novelty in every particular, will be introduced for the first time in Rainbow Lane at the Fairmont Hotel by Vanda Hoff, this coming week. Eva Clark and Hallie Nestor of the Fairmont Follies have returned and will be heard in a number of popular solos and duets. The Rainbow Lane orchestra, conducted by Henry Busse, formerly of Reisenweber's, New York City, plays the most compelling dance music in the city, and Rudy Seiger is in weekly receipt of the latest musical successes from New York, and which are immediately played at the Fairmont. His concerts are delightful features of the afternoon teas at the hotel at the top of the town, every day between 4:30 and 6 o'clock, while his Sunday night lobby concerts pack the spacious lounging room to its full capacity. The soloist for this Sunday night will be Miss Alvina Barth, lyric soprano.

At the Cecil

The Cecil Hotel has been "headquarters" for the service set ever since this popular caravansary was opened. The officers and their wives have formed a pleasant habit of dropping in for dinner or luncheon. Mrs. J. Gidney, wife of the late Colonel Gidney, came out from Boston and is a guest. The private dining room was the scene of an attractive luncheon given by Mrs. George Kaignel, who has just returned from France. Mrs. F. A. Greenley of New York City is enjoying a visit with her daughter. Accompanied by her son and daughter, Mrs. Taft arrived Monday. A luncheon of eight covers was given by Mrs. George Ives Thursday. Mrs. A. J. Wilson and two children arrived from Butte, Montana. Mrs. A. M. Barus was a luncheon hostess Tuesday. Mrs. Orray Taft, Master Orray Taft and Miss Margaret Worch will spend a fortnight. Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Loessoe are arrivals from China. Among the recent arrivals are Mmes. Dwight Miller, Harold Watson and F. A. Greenley.

Exhibition at Palace of Fine Arts

Not since the Exposition has the town been so stirred by an art exhibition, as it is by the collection of paintings, water colors and stage decorations by the great Russian artist, Boris Anisfeld, which was opened to the public last Friday afternoon in the Palace of Fine Arts. A large and representative gathering of men and women prominent in social, artistic, and literary circles was present. Anisfeld's art is a significant expression of the temper of a race whose fires have smoldered through many centuries, only to break forth in the greatest social and political cataclysm recorded in history. That this would find a reflection in the art of the country was to be expected, and Anisfeld's work in this exhibition, most of which has been painted since the outbreak of the war, and much of it since the epoch-making revolution, is an authentic expression of the Russians' reaction in the presence of this historical event. The imagery of the east, its warmth, its passion, and its splendors are to be seen in this collection. He is of the mystic, imaginative, modern school. In him we find the romantic appeal, the lure of the Seven Veils of Exoticism. His work is strangely exotic, barbaric, weird, incoherent, oriental, and fan-

tastic—in one word all that personifies this most fascinating and incomprehensible of modern puzzles—the Russia of today. And to see and understand this exhibition is to have a more intimate understanding of the strangely mysterious soul of Russia. The exhibition comprises 130 exhibits in oils, water colors, and tempera, covering a wide field of subject matter and treatment. It fills seven galleries of the Palace of Fine Arts. As in the case of the Zuloaga exhibition, which Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker brought out here last year, an admission fee of 25 cents is charged to the Anisfeld galleries to help defray the very great expense involved in bringing this collection to the coast. Whatever profit remains over and above the actual expenses of transportation, insurance, and installation will be added to the maintenance fund of the Palace of Fine Arts, which is being conducted by the San Francisco Art Association and maintained for the people of San Francisco by one hundred and fifty of our most public spirited citizens. During the three years in which the Palace of Fine Arts has been conducted as a museum, over 550,000 people have visited the building. During this time thirty-six exhibits and thirty-one special events have been held there. All galleries except the Anisfeld galleries are open free to the public as usual.

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Edwin Schneider, World's Greatest Accompanist

By Helen M. Bonnet

I missed my appointment with Edwin Schneider, the great accompanist, because at the hour named he was not at the rendezvous and I did not wait because I took it for granted that such an eminent artist had assumed the privilege of forgetting his engagements. But a little later he telephoned an apology and we made another appointment. He began by explaining that he had been out to a music store with Mr. McCormack looking over a pipe organ for the singer's summer home in Connecticut. "Don't say another word about it, because if I were out with Mr. McCormack I would never want to come in," was my acknowledgment. Mr. Schneider's manner is characterized by buoyancy; he smiles and laughs refreshingly often, he is immaculately groomed, even to hair-cut, like an American business man from bank or office, or a returned soldier in the newest civilian clothes. This, to be sure, has for years been the outer semblance of the concert musician, but it would require a most vivid imagination to picture him in the sartorial "get-up" which used to be considered a necessary adjunct of those consecrated to the service of the heavenly maid. Besides, he is delightfully natural and modest. When I began by telling him that I was anxious to talk to him about his work because I realized how much his art had done for the singers with whom he has been associated, he merely smiled. I told him I would call him the emperor of accompanists were it not that emperors are hopelessly out of fashion; and that he has thousands of other admirers in San Francisco and friends who are always glad to see him. "Yes," he answered, "only yesterday a man came to the hotel and asked, 'Isn't this Eddie Schneider?' At once, although I hadn't seen him since I was nine or ten, I knew him. It is one of the owners of the Emporium here, who used to keep a store in my home town near Chicago. I used to work for him in vacation, as boys do to get spending money. I ran errands for him—I wanted the money to study music." "Were your people musicians?" I inquired. "No; and they were opposed to my becoming a professional musician. My mother used to sing little songs to me, I remember, and my father belonged to a glee club, but they had not studied music. When I was nine, I sang in the choir and I think it was there that I learned to love the voice. I used to pick out melodies by ear upon the piano and that is how my family discovered that I really had a feeling for music." Shade of Orpheus! A small American boy who earned spending money to squander on piano lessons, instead of ice cream sodas, candy and other luxuries indispensable to his peace of mind! Across my memory flashed a vision of Mme. Melba advising William H. Crocker of Hillsborough not to allow his small son to practice on the magnificent concert grand at "New Place." When the diva last visited San Francisco she was the house guest of the Crockers; when she touched the key-board of the piano, there was silence; she opened the instrument and found a long stick of wood ingeniously inserted to interfere with the action. Young Crocker had put it there "to get out of practicing." Truly, one must be endowed at birth with a love for music if one would become eminent in its realm. At twelve Edwin Schneider began the study of piano with a Miss Craft. Later he studied with Harrison Wild, the

eminent piano teacher of the Windy City. Later on he went to Leipzig to the Conservatoire. "But not for a long time, after the Spanish-American War," he added. "Why then?" I asked. "Because I was in it; but as I contracted malaria in Cuba, I was ill for two years after my return home." Mr. Schneider looks too youthful to be a veteran of the Spanish War and I said so. He laughed and told me his age, but I'm not going to repeat it because his appearance proves my theory that real musicians remain boys and girls always. After his Leipzig course he taught piano in the Chicago Conservatoire, but did not like it—found it a grind. He associated himself with Mme. Galski as accompanist for her concert tours for five years. Every song lover who remembers her concerts will recall how she would announce in her quaint English, "A song by Mr. Schneider," and how the young man who had been riveting the attention of the audience with his glorious accompaniment would reluctantly rise and bow his acknowledgments to the insistent applause. Five years ago, he became John McCormack's accompanist and has played exclusively for the Irish tenor ever since. I told Mr. Schneider that the first time I heard McCormack in concert I had wished upon him Edwin Schneider for an accompanist that the mind of the great singer might be concentrated only upon his voice. I believe that McCormack himself would be the first to acknowledge with gratitude how the peerless accompanistic art of Schneider has advanced him in the world of music. An accompanist can mar, almost destroy the song of the singer, but he can, on the other hand, wait it heavenward, leaving a profound appeal to the listener's heart and mind. Schneider follows, even intensifies, every nuance; and if the throat of the singer, being merely human and not infallible, plays him a trick, the pianist is there to subdue or reinforce him with tonal effect as occasion may demand.

Do you think that Mr. Schneider gave me this estimate of his own powers? Rather not! I had to lead him back to the subject of himself for he seemed imbued with a desire to talk about McCormack's voice and the lovable character. I was obliged to ask him what he considers the secret of an accompanist's power. "Sympathy," he said. "I feel the song as deeply as the singer; I sense what effects he is striving for and I enjoy the song as keenly as the audience does, no matter how often I've heard it." He loves poetry, has a fine library of verse and says that when lines appeal to him strongly he is not satisfied until he has arranged them to music. "Flower Rain," and "The Cave" are his favorites of his own compositions. About fifty of his songs have been published. Look over the words of a few: "Thine eyes Still Shined," "Song of the Twilight," "Your Eyes," "Unmindful of the Roses," "O, Fear the Lord," "A Wreath of Roses," "One Gave Me a Rose," "Black Eyed Susan," "Twilight," "Bird Raptures"—then one understands the sympathy of the heart to whom such lines appeal. Mr. Schneider does not aspire to become a piano concert soloist; he says he has not concentrated his efforts along such lines and besides his passion for the voice urges him to keep it as a companion in musical space. As for his practical work, he and McCormack study two or three hours daily. In summer, except

for two months, they continue their researches in musical literature. "We go over everything—Mozart, Handel, Elgar, the Russian and French composers, operatic scores and simple folk music of all nations." He believes in the ever-growing dramatic possibilities of McCormack's voice and if he had his way I fancy that the Irish lyric tenor would soon win added laurels as a tenor robusto. "There is scarcely anything written for the tenor voice that is not for him," seemed to me a judgment from which there could be no appeal. Schneider said that he hopes to compose a grand opera and when he does it will be, I believe, the long-sought American music drama. Originally I had intended to ask his opinion about the future of American music, the outlook for its development within our own shores; but the proud position he has attained in his own country and the scores of other American artists who have attained distinction in the world of modern music made, to my mind, the query unnecessary. The musician who, like Edwin Schneider, is born, will work out his own salvation.

He said that he, McCormack and Donald MacBeath are pals. He was proud to relate that the violinist is a lieutenant of the Canadian Royal Air Force and though he had not been across, won distinction as an instructor of the Flying Corps in Toronto and Canada. McCormack and MacBeath are tennis fans and practiced in San Francisco on the California Courts. Schneider and McCormack swam at the Olympic Club and the former also is fond of motoring and likes to drive a car. I looked at his fine, strong hands, but refrained from curiously inquiring if they are insured against accident. "Are you married, Mr. Schneider?" "No," laughingly, "unmarried and still happy." "Or engaged?" I progressed, "because some pretty young ladies asked me to find out." No, girls, he said not, and also that he does not get "mash notes." "McCormack does, like all tenors; but his are from motherly, elderly Irish ladies."

I was delighted to learn that there exists a mutual admiration between McCormack and Caruso. John never fails to say when he hears Enrico sing, "There's the greatest voice in the world," and the Neapolitan is equally enthusiastic over the Celt's voice. On one occasion, crossing over to Europe, McCormack's children were made much of by Caruso, who adores children. Cyril, the eldest child, said, "You know, Mr. Caruso, you are the greatest Italian tenor, but my father is the greatest Irish tenor," which pleased Caruso tremendously.

There is talk of the McCormack family coming to southern California for six weeks or so next summer. If so, Mr. Schneider may join

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them and come to San Francisco to give a concert "to keep the wolf from the garage," as John expresses it. Music lovers hope so and the many friends these splendid men make upon their every visit among us look forward eagerly to seeing and hearing them before 1921.

STAGE

"Maytime" at the Curran

And it is indeed Maytime there. You are revelling in the lap of spring with the first lifting of the curtain. Redolent with bloom, dazzling with sunshine, radiant with soft color, and with the ear tingling under the melodious voice of youth attuned to the harmonies of a delightful score, you know at the very outset that you are going to enjoy it. And you do enjoy it, through all of the phrases of the most interesting and best developed story that San Francisco has yet heard in connection with a musical play. This is no undue flattery nor mere praise for the sake of praising. Nothing but superlatives will do in a review of "Maytime" if you are not too sated with entertainment to be entirely fair and just. As a rule reviewers are chary with superlative expressions and are content to say that "this is the best entertainment of the kind that we have seen in a long time." This reviewer will unhesitatingly declare that the charming play now current at the Curran is undoubtedly the best of its kind that San Francisco has ever seen. In the first place, Rida Johnson Young has provided altogether the best libretto that this writer can remember, for, aside from being absorbingly interesting in story, it has that rara avis of musical plays, an always alive and deftly unfolded plot. To this libretto Sigmund Romberg, inspired by its graceful lyrics, has wedded a tuneful score, and there are some orchestral accompaniments to poetical love scenes that are most effective in appropriateness and melody. As to the company entrusted with the telling of this very interesting story, there is also present a disposition to deal only with the superlative, for it is difficult indeed to assemble a body of good singers who are also capable actors, and in the present instance this has surely been done. As in that delightful play, "Milestone," there are several distinct epochs to be presented, and it is asking a good deal to expect an actor or an actress to be equally good in youth, middle age, senility and then youth again. In every instance this difficult problem has been solved, and it may safely be said that there is not a weak spot in the cast. As we have been led to expect, the first honors should be accorded to John Charles Thomas, and he has even exceeded the promises made for him and for us in awaiting him. He is unquestionably the best baritone that San Francisco has ever seen in a musical play, and in addition he is an actor of unusual charm. Whether as the youthful handy man, the dignified millionaire, the aged father or the grandson of that father, his acting is equally convincing, and this is better because his splendid poise conceals the fact that he is only acting. Carolyn Thompson as Otilie, the dainty little miss whom he desperately loves and yet is destined never to marry, is sweetly pathetic in her portrayal of the part, and in addition she has a light soprano voice of great sweetness which she uses most delightfully. John T. Murray gives an altogether remarkable portraiture of the ever-marrying Matthew, and whether as the vain youth or the tottering centenarian he is equally effective. The tenor, Howard Marsh, has a voice of unusual timbre and power, and it is regrettable that he is only shown as a musical

adjunct instead of having a connection with the plot itself. Russell Lennon gives an exceedingly strong characterization of the cruel husband, and those who know that he possesses an excellent baritone voice are sorry that he is given no opportunity to use it. S. Byrd Wheeler is excellent as Colonel Van Zandt, so is Marion Dixon in her two roles; so is Grace Studford as Madame Delphine, and, in short, so are all the rest of this best balanced company that has been sent to us. Last though not least, our old friend Tillie Sallinger comes back to us, showing that time has dealt lightly with her during the—never mind how many—years, and although her splendid comedy talent is confined to a single act, as the shrewish wife of the oft-married Matthew, she is—well, simply immense. The chorus has not a member in it whose features are not improved by the opera glass test, the dressing is superb, the colorings softly harmonious, and the stage management is a new feather in the cap of Edward P. Temple. It is to be regretted that, as far as is now known, the stay of "Maytime" is to be limited to three short weeks, for, judging from the tremendous business so far, the run should be twice as long at least. It is truly an altogether delightful entertainment, this "Maytime," and should not be missed.

—G. M. G.

First Impressions of the McCormack Voice

I discovered among my circle of friends an excellent musician who had heard nearly all the great artists except McCormack until the concert on May 11, so I thought that her opinion of his voice and art would lend variety to our musical page as I have so often rhapsodized about the exquisite quality of his voice, his bel canto, his dramatic delivery and wonderful musical intelligence. I asked her to telephone me after the concert and this is what she said:

"What do I think of McCormack's singing? He almost killed me. I have one regret, that I had to sit among so many people so that I could not cry as much as I wished. Before I realized it, the tears had fallen splashing all over my gown. This great artist has every gift of voice, and its management under majestic control. With it he has the power to sway hearts, to search the innermost recesses of the imagination. He has more than the great Italian or French artists, for he can sing in their own languages their glorious musical literature, while they do not quite reach the heart of the Anglo-Saxon when they sing English, for the reason that their English diction does not entirely satisfy the ear. He has something else that no other singer of the English language has—that one must be of Celtic origin to possess—the skill to convey the humor of the wonderful songs of Gaelic birth, the songs and ballads that have floated in the atmosphere of Ireland for hundreds of years, keeping the Irish heart warm and tender. I saw at the concert scores of educated singers and music enthusiasts who rejoiced in his impeccable art. I saw, too, crowds of others who looked as if music had no attraction for their ears; but their faces when he sang the music of Ireland palpitated with emotion. I had never heard sung a legato as marvelous as his in the Mozart aria; and when he sang "She Rested by the Broken Brook" (of Coleridge-Taylor) I longed to say, 'Please keep on forever.' As for Edwin Schneider, the chapter which McCormack is said to have devoted to him in his forthcoming book is not sufficient. Half the book would not be more than his rightful share. McCormack's phonographic records, wonderful as they

are, after all remain but triumphs of mechanism. For the ecstatic pleasure of the soul, one must hear the living, God-given voice of the great artist and be conscious of his presence."

McCormack's recent concerts drew to the Auditorium the largest audiences in its history. If I were asked to express my view as to which number was most ecstatically received by the cosmopolitan audience, I would say, "Tosti's 'L'alba Separa'." The golden voice rang out with exuberance revealing tremendous power, making one dream of the blazing noon-day hour in a shaded, perfumed garden. As for his diction and spirit, had he been born and reared beside Vesuvius he could not have seemed more Neapolitan. And were I asked to name one song on the programmes which most appealed to me I would say, "The Ballymure Ballad," because McCormack is the only one in the world who can sing it."

—H. M. B.

The Red Nose at the Orpheum

A companion at the Orpheum, the other night, asked me why the Wilson Aubrey Trio had to paint their noses red and use additional grotesque make-up in order to perform thrilling feats on the horizontal bar. I could not answer until Mike Bernard followed, resorting to farce tactics and a burlesque of Paderewski in order to render some perfectly good music at the grand piano. Of course, Mike had some rag-time, as the gymnasts had some clownish tricks, but the basis of each performance was a legitimate art. The reason for the farcical trimming is the same in both instances. The manager demands it; vaudeville tradition demands it; somebody or something demands it. How about the audience? Does not the audience demand it? We attend vaudeville to laugh—at a red nose or a comic gesticulation, and if simultaneously we can have an undercurrent of the beautiful, so much the better. However, there is some relation between the grotesque and the beautiful. Lucile Cavanagh makes use of it in her charming scenery, costumes and limbs. Her Indian Moon Dance, Parasol Dance and Colored Rag Dance are kaleidoscopic as advertised. And yet the comedy element, subdued though it is, might be undertaken more successfully by the three male members of her company if they should exchange their conventional dinner suits for something more harmonious with the stage settings and the star's attire. It is an unfortunate custom of vaudeville that gives to a gorgeously, exotically and antiquesly gowned woman a dancing partner in six o'clock black and white. Miss Cavanagh's gowns are by Lucile, Ltd. In the Parasol Dance, Lucile Ltd. herself at the safety station. Gene Greene, with his popular melodies and jazz voice, captures the first prize in applause. Margaret Young, character singer, puts hard work and physical efficiency in her songs and is well established in the affections of the audience. Maud Earl and company have a fantastic offering entitled "The Vocal Verdict," in which Miss Earl, wearing elaborate gowns and advantaged by an artistic stage setting, gracefully leaps over his C in a series of classic songs. Her assistant, Harry G. Keenan, masquerades appropriately in the costume of a jester and a judge. Clark and Verdi, Italian comedians, are paid the compliment of applause at their entry, due to their hit last week. Their comedy is first class. The other holdovers, Mason and Keeler company, repeated their success in the extremely clever travesty on "The Eternal Triangle." Altogether, another notable week.

—L. J.

Alcazar

The uproarious absurdities of the Pullman car foolery, "Excuse Me," will be followed next Sunday afternoon by fresh disclosures of the New Alcazar Company's rare versatility in "Never Say Die," a brilliant farcical comedy of English manners that so well served three comedians of international fame. It was originally played by William Collier, and later by Nat. C. Goodwin, and also scored London success for Charles Hawtry. Walter P. Richardson personates the young American millionaire, Dionysius Woodbury, who fools the doctors in spite of honest efforts to fulfill their predictions. Belle Bennett is the adorable English beauty with whom he is entangled in the matrimonial web. There are splendid character parts for the entire company reinforced by Mrs. Jules Wieniawski as the patrician British matron and Master Billy Pearce, a little matinee idol of the films, as Buster, an adorable American boy. In preparation, for the first time in San Francisco, is the fascinating crook mystery, "The Scrap of Paper," dramatized from Arthur Somers Roche's famous story of Wall Street adventure.

At the Curran

"Maytime," the most delightful musical play that San Francisco theatre goers have seen in recent years, begins the last two weeks of its engagement at the Curran Theatre on next Sunday night, May 25. And this despite the fact that, based upon the business it has been doing and upon its popularity, it could remain here for many weeks more. Other cities have been promised this charming entertainment with its superb all-star cast and it must return to the

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east to fill a series of return engagements prior to its visit to London, scheduled to begin early in the coming August. Few theatrical organizations that have visited this city have possessed the genuine ability and personal appeal that the one appearing in "Maytime" has. Although most of its members are huge and established favorites in New York and other large cities of the east, they have been practically known on the Pacific Coast. Their triumph here has therefore been all the greater as they have established themselves in the hearts of all San Francisco through sheer merit and talent. A happier combination than that of the enchanting story and the entrancing melodies is seldom found, while the pretentious production made for the play by the Messrs. Shubert, leaves nothing to be desired.

Orpheum

The Orpheum will present a splendid new show next week in which there will be only two holdovers. Blossom Seeley, who heads the bill, is known to vaudeville fame as "The Toledo Girl," and to baseball fans as Mrs. Rube Marquard. She is now out-Seeleying Seeley and in a little ragtime skit called "Seeley's Syncopated Studio," with the assistance of four princes of ragtime, she is absolutely at her best. Molly McIntyre will appear in a romantic Irish playlet by Lester Lonergan, erstwhile of this city. The scenes are laid in Ireland and the dialogue is replete with Irish wit and humor. "The Girl and the Dancing Fool" is the title of the funny skit to be presented by Thomas Patricola and Ruby Myer. Orville Whitledge and Rube Beckworth style their offering "Pianojazz." Jack Dunham and Sammy Edwards are wholesale dealers in fun. They sing, dance, jibe and indulge in burlesque. Reo and Helmar have been appropriately described as physical masterpieces and rank among the greatest of gymnasts. Maud Earl and her company will appear in the fantastic offering, "The Vocal Verdict." Lucille Cavanagh, who has created the greatest terpsichorean sensation vaudeville has known in many a moon, will repeat her 1919 Edition of Dance, Color and Song.

A SCANDAL IN MYTHOLOGY

(Continued from Page 3)

nation, created from the parts of all other nations, have something more than splendid isolation at heart. It was inevitable that the United States become entangled with the world. It was inevitable that President Wilson, instead of staying at home like an obedient child and bawling of entangling alliances, venture into the big world, whose big events will make former politics look like town jottings. It was inevitable that the colossal projects of the world become subject occasionally to one colossal binding hand. At the present moment, that hand is on Mr. Wilson's arm, his gropings from London to Fiume all the more potent because he was not elected for that purpose. The Common People may swallow personal ambition. Digesting it is another matter. An escape is likely. We are done with European ideals, from a sentimental but not a business standpoint. If our only interest in the European Minerva is to sell her our canned corn at a profit, we should not be astonished at being called a nation of shopkeepers. But we don't care to have social relations with our business friends. That is why we have failed to excite the warm affections of South America. The world has become emotional, given to world politics and world gossip. Everybody interfering with everybody else is the jubilating cry

of the moment. We can not be a stranger. We must mingle with the games and quarrels of all. If the result be a scandal in fact or in mythology, it will at least supply interesting subject matter for that over-developed child known as the future historian.

EARLY ORIGIN OF MANNERS

(Continued from Page 4)

think yourself superior by nature to the Savoyard who cleans your room, or the footman who cleans your shoes; but you may rejoice, and with reason, at the difference which fortune has made in your favor. Enjoy all those advantages, but without insulting those who are unfortunate enough to want them, or even doing anything unnecessarily that may remind them of that want. For my own part, I am more upon my guard as to my behavior to my servants, and others who are called my inferiors, than I am toward my equals; for fear of being suspected of that mean and ungenerous sentiment of desiring to make others feel that difference which fortune has, and perhaps, too, undeservedly, made between us."

Haste is the natural enemy of politeness. A man who is in a hurry is seldom polite, and the constant high pressure under which we all live has had its legitimate effect on our manners.

A person who is in great haste necessarily appears selfish, because he can not stop to consider any one else, all his energies being bent on his own business of the moment. That business may be in reality some deed of pure philanthropy or utter selfishness; it will still make the doer appear selfish if he is pursuing it at headlong speed. People will avoid him, much as they go out of the way of a fire engine running at full speed through the streets. They respect the mission of the tearing, rattling creature of steam, but they do not want to get in its way.

A wise man therefore apportions his affairs in such a manner as to leave a little leeway for possible contingencies, and allows himself a certain amount of leisure time which can be expended in speaking or listening to others if occasion shall require it. Thus a man who has allowed himself five minutes more time than he needs to catch a train, will be able to stop and speak a few words if he meets an old friend on his way; whereas if he has left no margin, he must rush on, with some hasty and half-heard apology, perhaps giving lifelong offence, and all for want of five minutes!

What a picture Mrs. Stowe gives, in her "Oldtown Folks," of one of these ever-hurried philanthropists—old Uncle Eliakim! His special mission is to drive around the country and bring all the forlorn and feeble old women "to meeting"—arriving late, of course.

"The benevolence of his motives was allowed; but why, it was asked, must he always drive his wagon with a bang against the doorstep just as the congregation rose to the first prayer? It was a fact that the stillness which followed the words 'Let us pray' was too often broken by the thump of the wagon and the sound 'Who, whoa! take care, there!' from without, as Uncle Fly's blind steed rushed headlong against the meeting house door, as if he were going straight in, wagon and all."

Lord Chesterfield says, "Whoever is in a hurry, shows that the thing he is about is too big for him."

The details of behavior and outward observance, what one might call transient or minor manners, are certainly of great importance, but of little real value unless they are founded upon a true spirit of politeness. Where an arrogant and brutal nature seeks to shield its essential qualities under a thin varnish of good manners,

the disguise is a poor one, and deceives nobody permanently.

To master all the details of etiquette except by mingling in the society of well-bred people is obviously impossible. One can not become polished unless by social friction, any more than you can make a piece of marble shine without rubbing it.

A wise Frenchman has said: "Politeness is a quality (qualité) which a man living in society should acquire first of all things. It is the key of all human relations, and gives them their charm. The man who possesses only the instruction of colleges may be but a sort of rustic in the midst of a city. . . . There is a great difference between civility and politeness. A man of the people, a simple peasant even, can be civil; it is only the man of the world who can be polite."

In democratic America we should not use quite such strong language as this, but we recognize in a measure the truth it contains. With us, it is but a half-truth, since the absence of all distinctions of class and caste, the diffusion of education, and the high level of general intelligence, unite to put us on a par with one another far more than can be the case in any European nation.

The manners of an American, imbued with the self-respect which is the birthright of all our citizens, have a dignity that would be sought vainly among a people who had grown up with the idea of their own social inferiority forever hanging over them. The danger with us is that the thoughtless and ill-educated sometimes forget the respect they owe to others, in their over-anxiety to claim what is due to themselves. Thus a Yankee coachman spoke of a gentleman who was visiting his master as "that man," but called the driver of the carriage "the gentleman." In the case of this Yankee, self-respect was so abnormally developed that it had become self-assertion—a very different quality from self-respect, and resembling it as some grotesque caricature resembles the original.

It has been well said that the source of good manners today is found in respect for human nature, one's own and that of others, heightened by a sense of the value of life, and a desire to make the most of its opportunities for others as well as for ourselves.

Letters

A J. D. Beresford Book

"The Jervaise Comedy" is all that its author claims for it, and a delightful bit of comedy it is. The action all takes place within twenty-four hours and, as far as the narrator is concerned, there is not a dull moment, and precious little time for sleep. Melhuish, a successful young dramatist, had been asked to spend a week-end with some people whom he barely knew. Indeed he had met but two members of the family and one of the two was then in India, so, possibly it was just because he was so slightly known to them, so easily dropped if convenient, that he came to see so much of the inside of the family disaster. The Jervaises were a "county family," little kings in their own corner. The Bankses were tenant-farmers who had lived on the Jervaise land for generations. They ought to have "known their place," though Mrs. Banks, a French woman, had been governess to the Jervaise children. Arthur Banks, son of the farmer, was chauffeur to the Jervaises, but Arthur had been out in Canada, had returned only because his parents wanted him near them, and had lost much if not quite all of the servility of the typical English servant. Brenda

Jervaise was the odd one of the family, an independent miss usually in more or less disfavor with her elders, and Brenda had disappeared from a dance, part of the week-end frivolity. Young Banks also was gone, likewise the Jervaise motor. The inference was that they had gone together, an elopement, and, naturally, all things considered, a disgrace. Things are not always what they seem, and the Jervaises, being worshippers of what "people will say," also, despite their bluster, rather cowardly and all that, it was expedient to keep up a pretense that nothing had happened. Melhuish really did not know anything about the affair. He had never seen Brenda until the dance and never met Banks until afterward, but owing to first the unexplained half-confidence of Frank Jervaise, then the tattling of a malicious young lady, and the combined suspicions of Frank and his mother, on all sides he was assumed not only to know everything there was to know but to have assisted the eloping pair—if they had eloped—and to be in their confidence as to both deeds and intentions. It was not a pleasant predicament for a visitor to find himself in, especially as the situation of the Jervaise manor, the train schedule and the means of travel all made it impossible for him to leave. Dramatic, certainly, and the young man found himself constantly thinking of the situations and comparings the workings out of the real drama with the manner in which he would have, most probably, presented the same happenings. Despite their lower social position, character for character, the Bankses are the superiors of the Jervaises, Frank Jervaise is not above making love to Anne Banks, and if Anne were not such a sensible girl there is material for disaster right there. Frank would not marry Anne for all the love in the world. It would never do. He would not sacrifice his social position nor have the Banks parents live on the land and be able to claim kinship—not for all England. Well, but Brenda and Arthur had not eloped after all. They had meant to, but Brenda balked, not at marriage with the farmer's son. She was set on that, but she would not elope. She meant to stand on her rights, marry him before all the world, and let the Jervaises do what they would. They would go out to Canada together. Of course all this involved the old folks, too. They could not remain on the Jervaise land under the circumstances, and yet it had been the home of the Bankses, the same farmstead for two hundred years. A man of sixty is not so easily unrooted and planted again in a new place. There was the question of capital as well as of removal—and as yet the Jervaises had not given their consent to Brenda's marriage while she was still a bit too young, under English laws, to act entirely of her own motion. While Frank Jervaise and his father are blustering with young Banks and browbeating Brenda, another courtship is making rapid strides unnoticed by any one but the two most concerned, and suddenly from the source probably least expected there came "check"—the game was ended, the board cleared and the pieces set out for a new start. "The Jervaise Comedy" ought to come as a welcome relief from all the war narratives. It is as light as whipped cream, as amusing as a clean comedy should be, and as skilfully wrought as a bit of filigree jewelry. J. D. Beresford is an experienced writer with something like a dozen books to his credit. From the Macmillan Company.

"Alsace-Lorraine Since 1870"

The title, "Alsace-Lorraine Since 1870," is self-

explanatory. The book itself, by Professor Barry Cerf of the University of Wisconsin, less than two hundred pages including the index, is as full of meat as the proverbial egg. There is not one line of padding, and the author might easily have extended his little volume to one of five times its length. As it is, the very compactness of this study will lead those interested to further research. The abundance of footnotes and authorities quoted will make authentication simple to either students or casual inquirers. Evidence of the wrongs and persecutions inflicted by the Germans on the inhabitants of these provinces are largely drawn from German sources, so that there can be no complaint of partisanship, and the published accounts of the rejoicing of the native residents of the territories since the armistice bear out the author's claims. It is a story of half a century of oppression and exploitation, of broken faith and spoliation. Alsace and Lorraine have never been made truly parts of the German empire; neither have they been left to govern themselves, nor, apparently, was anything else ever intended towards them but a continuation of the same overbearing oppression as long as the Hohenzollern dynasty continued to rule. "Alsace-Lorraine" is provided with an excellent map as well as Bibliographic references and an exhaustive index, to say nothing of the valuable statistical chapters. Professor Cerf is a captain with the expeditionary forces. From the Macmillan Company.

A Drop and a Bucket

A story is told of a skipper who ran a small steamer up and down the Clyde. One day, at low tide, he managed to get his vessel on a mud bank, and after he had exhausted his entire vocabulary in describing the Clyde, his erring steamer, and his still more to be condemned crew, he leaned gloomily over the side waiting for the tide to rise.

Very soon he saw approaching the river a girl carrying a bucket. It was evident she was coming to get some water, and the skipper's wrath broke out afresh. Leaning over the side and shaking his fist at her, he gave her this fair warning:

"My lassie, if you tak' one drap o' water oot here till I get afloat again I'll warm yer ear for't!"

She was struggling with English; he, the Irish sergeant, with French. He had just rendered her a slight favor. "Mercy, bow coop," it sounded like to him. "Sure," he retorted, courteously, "an' ye didn't have to say coop to me, mademczell. I know y'wuz chicken the minute I laid me eyes on ye."

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

• **Stocks**—The market continued its upward swing until near the close of the week, when the usual week-end profit taking brought about a small sized reaction. Speculative opinion, however, continued unchanged, and the wide movements in the many stocks were taken as simply a part of a growing speculation which is expected to reach record breaking proportions before a halt is called. There was a disposition to attribute most of the buying to the west, and the outlook for the winter wheat crop, combined with the high prices being received for wheat and for all agricultural products, was asserted to be an important factor in carrying along the upward movement in stocks, in which the west is just now directly concerned. Against this, however, it was insisted that a study of the situation would show conclusively that New York is still the dominating influence in directing price movements, and that there are more powerful interests in close touch with the Wall Street district that have been buyers on an extremely large scale, and that have had more to do with advances in various groups of stock than the interests outside. The great oil interests are asserted to have been the most important factors in causing advances in all stocks, and the outsiders have followed the advance. These oil interests continue very bullish, especially on the petroleum group, and were talking confidently of much higher prices for all the leading oil stocks. Some of the traders were inclined to sell their oil stocks and buy the steels. They were confident that the creation of a free market for finished steel products will result in competitive buying, with more attention paid to delivery periods than to prices, and that steel will move up as a natural result of a disclosure of demand from many quarters. Railway equipment stocks are also in a position from which sharp advances may be expected, and American Car Foundry would be in the strongest position for a rise, owing to its strong financial position and great earning power. Low priced railroads also have many friends, who expect congress to do something for this group, and the stocks are being confidently bought by large banking interests, who should be well advised about the republican programme in congress. The shipping stocks were strong and higher, on a rumor that the Mercantile Marine had disposed of some of its large holdings to the British syndicate. On the whole, the market gave a good account of itself the past week, and stocks closed the week on a higher level, notwithstanding numerous reactions, which made the technical position much stronger. Traders will keep their eyes on congress from now on, but it is generally believed that congress will be a constructive one, and barring a few outbreaks

of oratory against the administration, the results will be favorable to business in general.

• **Cotton**—The speculative demand for cotton last week set the pace for a big broad market, that at the close of the week gave evidence of still higher prices the coming week. The demand came from everywhere, and it looks as if the speculative element had just awakened to the strong position of the future options. There was nothing really new in the situation, marketwise, but traders seemed to make more of the hullish news than heretofore, and backed up their views with buying orders. Weather reports were conflicting, but were generally accepted as bullish. Additional rains in the eastern part of the belt were harmful, according to reports from the section concerned. Other parts of the belt reported more salubrious weather, with better prospects for an improved growth. The acreage question was regarded as having ceased to be a market factor. Peace negotiations also aroused little interest in the market. The Germans are expected to resist the terms as long as they have hopes that objections will be effective. This development has been discounted, and even if the Germans withdraw, it is doubtful if the fact will have much effect. Reports from Paris, with regard to the cotton requirements of the new nations in southern and central Europe, were bullish. These reports were to the effect that the cotton these countries would require would tax the resources of the United States. The weekly statistics also showed a strong bullish aspect. Shipments during the week were heavy, and the supplies at ports and in the hands of consumers showed decreases. The foreign takings of American cotton are already nearly a million bales ahead of last year. Southern spot markets reported continued activity at advancing prices, and spot cotton was in good demand everywhere, with prices for spots in New York well above the 30-cent level. We see nothing in the general situation to bring about anything more than a temporary reaction from an overbought market, and believe cotton will continue to advance to higher levels, and that the risk at this level in buying cotton is very small, with every indication of higher prices later on in the season.

Of Two Evils . . . !

Jobson—Would you rather have a wife who played the violin or one who played the piano?

Dohson—I should certainly prefer a violin player.

Jobson—Why?

Dohson—Because a violin you can throw out of the window, and a piano you can't.

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HE WANTED TO KNOW THE TRUTH

"I am going to ask you to do the unusual thing."

The confident stranger thus addressed the great physician who had just examined him.

"Doctor," he continued, "I am well aware of the fact that no physician in these days likes to tell his patients the truth, but rather prefers to gloss over the facts, to conceal one's real condition. I am going to ask you to make an exception in my case. I want you to tell me exactly what is the matter with me, without fear or favor. I promise that it shall remain a secret. Don't consider my feelings. I am a man of superb courage. I can stand anything."

The doctor hesitated. Such a strange request had never been made to him.

"I think you have," he began somewhat cautiously, "an abcess in the duodenum."

"Go on, sir, don't mind me. I want to hear the worst. Anything else?"

"Your blood pressure is nearly two hundred, which indicates that, that—"

"It's all right, doctor. Don't spare me."

"That you have peritoneal cavities, accompanied by a slight diaphragmatic convulsion; the left aorta is rapidly becoming disintegrated, and the pathological variations of the thyroid gland, coupled with a possible pelvic carcinoma and varicose formations in the lower metatarsals, all show a phylogenetic aberration of the intestinal area, which leads me to believe that you may possibly be a sufferer from other remote causes now in a process of evolution, or in the path of visible demonstration."

"Fine! Fine! Anything more?"

"The bacteriological variation in the corpuscular fields indicates pernicious anemia; you also have phthisis, a detached stomach, incipient typhoid, smallpox, diphtheria and dropsy."

The stranger got up. His face was suffused with gratitude.

"I can't tell you how thankful I am to you for having given me this frank talk," he said, as

he buttoned up his coat. "Wish I could stay longer, but I must hurry back."

"Don't mention it, sir. I am interested in your case. I could—"

"Sorry, doctor, but I have no time to lose. You see, I am one of the candidates for a human-being contest, started by our local exposition, and have just been awarded the first prize of one thousand dollars as the only perfect human being in the entire collection, and I was just interested in having you confirm the unanimous opinion of the board of doctors, who, as judges, awarded me the prize."—Life.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 95286. Dept. No. 10.

JENNIE GAZZOLA, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN GAZZOLA, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOHN GAZZOLA, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's intemperance, non-support and cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of February, A. D. 1919.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNSWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. MAZZA,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
4 Columbus Avenue., San Francisco, Cal. 3-29-10

The bus was very crowded, when a decidedly intoxicated man forced his way in. He stood swaying about and making thing generally uncomfortable, till the passengers began to grumble. Then up rose a benevolent looking clergyman from the far end of the bus.

"Why don't you leave the poor man alone?" he demanded. "Let him sit down and rest. That's all he wants."

The "poor man" seized the reverend gentleman by the hand and shouted: "Ah, old sport, I see you know what it is to be tight!"



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ESTABLISHED 1878

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, MAY 31, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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Our Lost Sons

Wall Street in Siberia

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Epworth Leaguer's Innovation

Booth Tarkington's Gay Fourth

Labor Federation Against Strikes

Rehabilitation of Lotta's Fountain

Encourage the Infancy of Aeronautics

Lady Nicotine's Gift to Siberian Soldiers

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Detective Pinkerton's Address on the Bolshevik Problem

A "Captain Doctor" and Dr. Coffey on the Japanese Peril

TOWN TALK

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Concerning the Mandatory

Mr. Wilson, to be entirely frank and outspoken, is apparently one of those doctors who is so uncertain about his own medicine that he shrinks from taking it. One of the good features of the League of Nations is the provision that when a country is so torn by conflicting elements of government, one of the countries which is a member of the league in good standing may be appointed by the executive body as a mandate power to govern it. A government of this nature, sagely administered, ought to be good enough to smother the chaos in any disrupted country, even Ireland, if England were not given the mandatory power. But Mr. Wilson balks at the very first suggestion that the United States be clothed with one of the mandatory powers, for reasons that are not very apparent, except on the basis that no country should be compelled to accept one of these mandatory jobs unless it happens to fancy it. England is delighted over the suggestion that she shall be made the mandatory of Germany's conquered provinces in Africa, and Japan further swells her already distended chest in contemplating the government of Shantung. But Mr. Wilson has given notice to the august council of four that it must not expect the United States even to consider the proposition to take a mandate over Constantinople or any part of hung, drawn and quartered Turkey. Of course this is a foxy piece of Wilsonian foresight that congress would not approve such a mandate, but at the same time it is, in the vernacular, a ducking under one of his own ideals. But Premier Venizelos of Greece has with a modesty that veneers a retaliatory thirst to wreak revenge upon his country's bitterest foe, let it be known that Greece would gladly assume such a mandate in case none of the other nations should happen to care for it. This is a most excellent suggestion

and one that ought to be given form at once, for if any country in the world would like to squeeze the unutterable Turk into oblivion, that country is Greece.

* * *

Herr Hindenburg

The late, but not sorely lamented, Field Marshal von Hindenburg has either thrown up the sponge altogether, or is planning some place of concealment for it, so that he may continue to soak it with the forces of imperialism, for the purpose of squeezing it upon the fatherland should it fail under a system of government by the people. At all events he seems to have quietly purchased a villa on the poetical shore of Lake Constance, in Switzerland, and now makes a formal appeal to the Swiss government for permission to reside there as a "simple citizen." It is pleasing to learn from the dispatches that anything so uncharacteristic as "appeal" could possibly emanate from a person who is so accustomed to the phrases of arrogant demand and studied cruelty, and it is not likely that the truly simple Swiss will grant the "appeal" without due analysis of its component parts. During the entire period of the war Switzerland has been the hotbed of German intrigue; several times it has all but gotten itself into trouble by having its neutrality questioned, and doubtless it will now be wise enough not to increase its already large German speaking population by the addition of so dangerous an element as von Hindenburg. It is learned that the appeal has subjected the Swiss authorities to no little embarrassment, for while the little land of peace likes to be considered the haven of the oppressed and the home of the outcast, it finds itself thinking twice with reference to opening its arms to this kind of a "modest citizen." Hindenburg is known to be the head of a large militaristic following; he is an openly expressed monarchist, a master intriguer, and although he may be able to give the guarantee of "modesty" to be exacted by the Swiss government, that government may rest assured that the guarantee will be a mere scrap of paper, and he will direct the anti-allied propaganda in Switzerland.

* * *

Under a Raking Fire

If congress should carry out its threat to separate entirely the peace covenant from the League of Nations, so that each may be rejected or approved separately, it

may be some time before that long-struggling instrument of beneficent altruism can emerge from the mire of villification and abuse into which its opponents have plunged it. The new thought people assure us that there is no such thing as failure, and that the mind once set with immovable determination toward a just object must surely triumph in the end. But in the present case there are many barriers in the wake of its triumph, some of them apparently insurmountable. As a matter of fact, no one seems to be quite in favor of it whose support is of any material benefit, except its creator, his immediate associates, and a few of the luminaries in the Versailles conference. Under the principle that any barrage must in time wear itself out, and the forces behind it eventually break through, the league would appear to have a fighting chance. But surely the fire that is at present raking its already wavering forces, front and rear, has an ominous sound to it. Some of its foreign detractors, such as China, Jugo-Slavia, Poland and Hungaria, are able to deal little more than a series of pin-pricks; Italy and Japan—France too may also be included—are more more dangerous dagger thrusts. But the opposition in what might be called its native land, because the president of that land dreamed it into being, is altogether in the nature of attacks from the deadliest kind of gas bombs for which there would appear to be no protective mask. Senator Johnson has already thrown the bomb threatened before the extra session of congress; Senator Lodge has also taken a sighting shot, and even some of the solons of the president's own party refuse to be bullied into line. The end is not yet, nor is it even out of the zone of "low visibility," as the naval people report when they are in a fog. But if the congress succeeds in eliminating all reference to the League of Nations from the peace treaty, so that this may pass, then are the new thought writers mistaken.

* * *

The Henshaw Citation

It is to be hoped that industrious rumor, and the machinations of a single person interested in securing a slice of the Fair millions, may not settle in the public mind the belief that ex-Judge Henshaw could possibly have been guilty of the offense attributed to him until he has had a fair and searching examination by his peers. The word offense is used because a man so long considered an expert in dealing

with and judging crime, must be a madman to believe that such a crime as the one in question could escape detection, and these is no madness about Frederick A. Henshaw. The whole matter seems to hinge upon a reversal of judgment in two separate decisions of the same case. As long as there have been courts and judges, decisions have been reversed again and again, and will continue to be so reversed until the final trump has sounded and jurisprudence has ceased to exist. There never yet was a contest of a will by disappointed claimants, whose evidence was not a tissue of misstatement and falsifying, as has already been proven in a former contest for some of these same millions. Somebody discovered that once upon a time somebody paid out some \$400,000 to somebody else, and the purpose of the payment was not stated upon the books of the Fair estate. About the same time, at a second hearing of the Fair Trust case, Judge Henshaw, evidently for some just and legal reason, altered his former judgment and consequently must have been paid this money. The friends of Judge Henshaw refuse to accept any such evidence as convincing or even reasonable,

and ask the public to wait with them until the whole truth is told.

* * *

Encourage the Infant

Plunged into a sort of sentimental hysteria by the miraculous escape from death of Hawker and Greve, two well meaning and manifestly gentle persons have during the past week flown into print under the heading of "letters from the people," to protest against further continuance of any attempts to cross the Atlantic in an aeroplane. Both of them have again employed the ancient homily, "Look before you leap," claiming that the looking period has not yet passed. It is also urged in defence of this plea, that laws should be passed forbidding the continuance of "stunts" by airmen, on the ground that within five days there had been as many double fatalities on aviation grounds. "Rome was not built in a day," would be the inevitable reply to the other more debatable axiom, and it is greatly to be doubted whether the percentage of deaths from automobile accidents has not been far greater during the five days referred to, than that attendant upon airplane flights. But neither axioms, nor proverbs, nor statistics, nor

percentages have anything to do with the case. The conquest of the air is probably the most commendable ambition of the present time and its victims will yet be many before final victory has been achieved. The claim that it is yet in its infancy is a trite phrase that also has nothing to do with the case. The past war (if indeed it has passed) demonstrated that it was a lusty infant, not to be attacked with impunity, and further experiment will accomplish the perfection that will render it even safer than crossing the sea in ships. The experiment of Hawker and Greve was from any purely scientific point of view, foolhardy in the extreme, and it might be further justly criticized, in that it came about through imperfect preparation added to a sense of characteristic British determination to "beat the Yankees over or drown." The Yankees were not yet over when these lines were written, but they will get over sooner or later, and the navy department is greatly to be commended for its enthusiasm in promoting the enterprise in spite of its great cost, and unavoidable dangers. These dangers can be overcome only by further experience, so the more of that the better.

Our Lost Sons

A trouble shakes the rays of dying light,
The troubled earth, tremulous between her poles,
Like a lost angel through the forsaken height
Of the heaven calling, down her sad orbit rolls,
And human hearts, unresting day or night,
Vibrate to passing souls;—

To dying souls, to souls that pass in pain,
Or with one crash are scattered on the air;
To souls that, lightening over hill and plain,
Strike at our spirit's portal unaware,
And, crying for response, again, again,
Hold dim communion there,

Vainly we seek the life that once we led,
Pursue the toil, walk the familiar street;
A ghostly movement stirs around our head,
And in our blood those failing pulses beat;
Hid in the covert of the accustomed bed,
We hear the noiseless feet.

Could but a mountain wilderness provide
Some silent cavern of tranquillity!
Could but an undiscovered ocean's tide
Murmur of peace to such as thither flee!
No silence comforts now the mountain side,
No peace the untraveled sea.

Now dark despair hath dealt its deadly sting,
No joy supportable, even if it came!
Flesh of our flesh, their souls go wandering
—Young souls, who took death's hazard as a game,
Our common men, like us in everything,
In sin, in hope, the same.

Winds of the sky upon their faces blew,
They heard the voice of spring across the guns,
They touched the emerging stream, but never knew
How in full strength dear life's great river runs:—
Would God, would God that we had died for you,
Our sons, our lovely sons!

Perspective Impressions

It's a dry state that blows nobody wet! News from Europe that it will take all the dried grapes we can send.

Apropos: Is the new Techau on Geary Street another seoffer of the shadows of coming events?

Spartacides is a better name for those terrorists than Spartaeans, for they are surely harkening themselves over there.

War cost \$25,363,000,000. Is a world's democracy worth that much, with no comeback?

Register and vote for the \$40,000,000 good roads bond issue!

War History Committee asks for information from soldiers. Isn't history mixed up enough already?

Mexico repudiates Monroe Doctrine. Now see how she will repudiate Carranza next election.

A tank gets to the summit of Pike's Peak. But then Colorado is a dry state so that tank must have loaded up with ice cream.

Republicans going to investigate war expenditures. Evidently time no object with G. O. P.

Glenn Curtis says regular airplane service to London right away. But then Glenn builds, so why not boost them?

Once saw Glenn Curtis receive a gold medal for driving an airplane one mile!

A Technical Inquiry Into Modernist Art

By Lionel Josaphare

No concise definition has been made of that style in painting which goes by the term of Modernism. Its extent may be understood, though, by eliminating from the parent tree such parasitical growth as cubism and the fungus of futurism. What remains is mostly Modernism. It is that school of painting which has cast off more or less (in some cases all) classic beauty, and seeks to create another system from the roots up, to oust the groves of classic art; to return to primitive beginnings and find a new approach to the sky. In this, the insincerity of the new artists is apparent from their plea for time; from their predictions of what they intend to do; from their cry that they are doing pioneer work, the merit of which is to show later. Thus they differ from other schools of painting, which manifested full glory at the outset and subsequently deteriorated rather than improved. So it might be said that the Modernist movement is a weak imitation of things that have been done, and is not the precursor of something better.

Whoever has followed the course of these pictures of the new school has observed that the best examples came to us years ago, and that the others are becoming worse with each exhibition, if they continue technically Modern. If they improve, it is by a gradual recourse to the older methods. We can infer then that unless the Modern school eventually comes to the precepts we have recognized for centuries, it will come to nothing. There is only one art of painting. Another can not be invented. We notice the same phenomena in music and poetry. Wherever the new music and the new poetry amount to anything, they contain eternal principles—eternal in the past as well as the future. Wherever they are distinctly new and irreconcilable with the older arts, they are discordant and irreconcilable with the human mind.

The Modern movement in painting is the search for a crude stroke of the crush and combinations thereof, crude compositions and crude color effects. But, be it remembered that these effects are not new to art; they have been practiced by the savage, the child and the art student until the crudities were lost in skill and knowledge. The Modernist, instead of painting as well as he knows how, pretends that he lived in the eleventh century, draws things as he does not see them, and trusts that these experiments will automatically lead to something different than twentieth century art. In other words, he believes that Michael Angelo and Titian made a vital mistake which can be solved only by beginning all over again. Up to the present, this experimental art has been fruitless, and the haphazard methods are getting farther and farther from truth instead of nearing it as promised. The excuse is occasionally given that the painter paints as he feels. He does not do that. He pretends to feel as he paints. Either way, he can hardly be feeling very well.

Again taking up the parallels of music and poetry, we find that all the new movements are especially adapted to a portrayal of the grotesque. A trace of beauty is rarely found in them, except grotesque beauty, which may be admired in its own province but should not be confused with the nobler sort.

It is not impossible to make discoveries in painting, music or poetry. Yet, for some centuries nothing of value has been discovered

sufficient to form a system of its own, unrelated to the old masters. A painter makes an egotistic mistake when he tries to build a new science around a single idea instead of adding it to what has been. If an airship inventor improves upon an engine, he does not immediately go in for a new propellor, a new science of flying and a system of calculation to replace the old laws of gravity. The new artist, however, commits this very blunder. Flattering himself in a knowledge greater than Rembrandt's, he must break away from the old masters, give art a new propellor and upset the laws of gravity which bind pictures to earthly admiration as well as send them to poetic realms aloft. The result is a tumble into the chaos of color, wherein swim only gaunt and unearthly forms.

The Modernists are secretly aware of this. For that reason, they persuade us to discard the beautiful for a time. They require a breathing spell to recover from their own astonishment when they see a few childish lines discussed for vigorous treatment. Picasso, Matisse, Gauguin: these are the names with which they would frighten us. Titian, Rembrandt, Velasquez: these are the names from which the Modernist in turn receives a fright. For who can paint a beautiful picture wherein one of these masters is not found peering through? And when the Modernist perceives a beautiful touch on his canvas, he would rather erase it than be accused of anything as modern as the seventeenth century. The old masters, it is contended, had no science of light and color as we get it today from the scientist and the spectrum; yet they achieved some excellent light effects that are the despair of the scientific artist with all his color charts and "tint wheels." Rembrandt's idea was that a sober color illuminated by an entrancing light is nobler than a medley of gaudy colors too brilliant in themselves to feel the effect of further brightness. The Modernist takes the contrary view. To demonstrate his color science, he introduces his subjects in such gorgeous hues as the wild man of Borneo and the wife of the wild man of Borneo would seize on their first adventure with a civilized bargain counter.

There is indeed something fascinating in the work of a cave man or a child; also in a dialect story. But their cleverness would not be clever from the lips of an adult. The Modernists paint in dialect.

Reverting to the subject of beauty, it is remarkable that no one has succeeded in painting a beautiful portrait in the Modern manner; nor attempted the heroic or sublime. The protagonists of this new school tell us that there is no standard of the beautiful; that beauty lies in the beholder's eye. It is assumed that any eye will do for the purpose. Yet there does exist a philosophy of the beautiful, and although the subject may not be as well defined as potatoes, there are bounds beyond which the beholder's eye does not go without exposing itself to the charge of being a freak eye. We might also be asked to admit that heroism and sublimity lie in the beholder's eye; which we would gladly do if it would induce a Modernist to depict St. George or an angel.

Another factor, noted by artist and layman alike, is the small and toylike aspect of the Modernist landscape. The trees are like sticks

or, when verdant, conical as from a "Noah's Ark"; the mountains are like pieces of a puzzle. There is no distance; no atmosphere; no grand expanse; no illumination. What the perpetrator of these follies does not comprehend is that he has tossed aside two thousand years of patient investigation on the part of many great artists and imagines he can restore something as meritorious in his own short lifetime. There are laws of optics which govern the technic of painting and drawing, and which can not be made to change. Here is a simple experiment which anybody can make. Examine the comic series which appear in our daily newspapers. These drawings are all done in outline. A minimum of lines is used. Let any artist copy one of these well known characters, adding complete light and shade; modeling the round, inhuman noses, the huge and misplaced mouths, the jaws without chins; the abnormal, globular eyes. Who can not draw might shade the pictures on the newspaper page. What is the result? The caricature becomes a monstrosity—impossible as a human being because light and shade put too great insistence on the details of a frivolous exaggeration and challenge a comparison with truth. Likewise, if in words we should say of a large man that he is as big as a house, the hyperbole passes, impressing the hearer with nothing more than an extremely large man. But expand the figure of speech: give details that compare the man with the dimensions of a house, and the exaggeration becomes repulsive.

Now the whole system of painting springs from principles as distinctly operative as the above, and any evasion of them is a loss of time.

After all, it is a school of rebellion, a perversion, a Bolshevism against the laws of art, a movement that will not acknowledge that Nature is a czar with government among the pigments of a canvas as well as the colors of the atmosphere. For most persons, Nature is strong and beautiful enough. He who paints an oak tree in finicky adherence to truth will of course paint a finicky oak; which is no oak at all. On the other hand, he who would do the tree with a half dozen strokes, because he

(Continued on Page 13)

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The Bolsheviki Problem in America

Address of William A. Pinkerton Before the International Association of Chiefs of Police.

(Town Talk is pleased to be able to publish the following address. Of its author, the Evening Telegram (N. Y.) says:

We venture to assume that the opinion of William A. Pinkerton, on questions of crime especially, is of value.

The name of Pinkerton has been bound up in great achievements looking to peace, law and order, the whole world over, for more than sixty years. The son of that Allan Pinkerton who was personally responsible for the safety of President Abraham Lincoln in 1861 and who immediately thereafter became Major Allan of General McClellan's staff, the better to direct the Bureau of Secret Police, inherited an instinct for detecting crime. William A. Pinkerton at sixteen years of age was in the United States Secret Service under his famous father, serving with the Army of the Potomac.

So it happened that a study of the I. W. W. and the Bolsheviki in this country today came as natural to Mr. Pinkerton as getting the jump on the copperheads more than fifty years ago.—Editor's Note.)

Before this honorable body adjourns, I desire to say a few words about the Bolsheviki, which, with the I. W. W. and their kind, so often have been, and, with increasing frequency, must be considered and dealt with by peace officers.

I ask you to consider my remarks as suggestions for discussion and consideration, with a view of finding, if possible, a way to centralize a course for the future control of these elements that will be an improvement over the heretofore indefinite, spasmodic, unsatisfactory and, often, injurious methods.

It is not my intention in any way to criticize past efforts of city, state or federal organizations. During the abnormal conditions brought about by the war, many unforeseen situations developed that had to be handled with available means, or those speedily developed.

At the present time I consider the I. W. W. merely a passing annoyance, and it, Bolshevism and any other such movement can be successfully combatted, their propaganda reduced and their growth controlled, if not entirely eradicated, in this country, if taken in hand forcibly now.

Prior to the war the secret service of the United States consisted only of a small force, probably no more than seventy members, with their work restricted principally to acts against the treasury and guarding the president of the United States. This organization, for its size, was one of the most efficient of its kind in the world, but being limited in numbers and scope of work, was not, at the breaking out of the war, prepared to deal with the thousands of cases that sprang up requiring police and secret service work.

At the outbreak of the war there was pressed into the service an army intelligence department, a navy intelligence department, and the department of justice, and there were also formed such organizations as the American Protective League, the Protective Department of the United States Shipping Board and the Plant Protection Department, this last for the protection of manufacturers and plants having large government contracts.

In addition, owners of many other large

plants engaged in war work adopted such police and detective service as each deemed advisable. These various organizations were working practically independently of each other, under separate managements and inexperienced investigators, with different plans of operation, often on the same cases, and because of the lack of centralization and co-operation more often spoiled than accomplished results. At a few of the larger centers an attempt was made to centralize and divide this work, but, as a rule, this met with lack of co-operation.

Persons to perform important government secret service work in the army and navy intelligence department were selected from among doctors, bankers, merchants, architects, etc., and I am creditably informed that of these less than 1 per cent, or one person in each hundred, had previous police or detective experience. This created separate forces of thousands, without training, for vitally important work, which, at all times, requires training and experience to be of real service.

The limited results achieved by these hastily organized intelligence or secret service departments are known to you through your almost hopeless efforts to co-operate and assist those inexperienced forces. Their inexperience, zeal, or jealousies frequently spoiled important clues of cases that otherwise could have been successfully developed. The ineffectiveness of such work was well illustrated by the recent congressional investigation into the army intelligence department methods, in connection with their work relating to the I. W. W. and anarchists, and the very meager results secured by that department.

You will recall that only recently there was published an army intelligence department confidential government list of alleged alien enemy sympathizers, anarchists, or radical socialists. This list should not have been made public, and since its publication has been shown to be so inaccurate and so unjust to some of those named therein, that the war department took drastic steps to curb the zeal of employees of the intelligence department, and removed the names of injured persons from the list.

Gentlemen, I have known of secret agents in this country, who, after establishing themselves in positions where they could secure valuable information for the government, have been exposed and their usefulness destroyed by incompetent handling of the information they secured. It takes effort and time, sometimes years, as we all know, to properly establish sources of information to be of value, and when so established, careful protection must be maintained.

This government, fortunately, "got by" with its secret service work during the last four years. The German government, von Bernstorff and other German representatives, starting late, were forced to use crude methods in their efforts to establish espionage and propaganda work in this country. The millions of foreigners and aliens within our borders were mostly peaceful. Our ships, railroads, great munition plants, and our great manufactories were not seriously molested for the isolated depredations, or explosions, in those great enterprises were not the result of general organized efforts, but this does not warrant the conclusion that we shall be so fortunate in the future.

The experience we have been through in these past four years should guide us for the future and we should know and be fully informed of "what is in our midst" by having a federal secret service of ample size, possibly one thousand agents, properly established for this work. A federal force of trained detectives that will centralize, connect up and weave together data gathered by its representatives east, west, north and south. This would soon eradicate such elements and persons as required the attention of our courts.

The organization should be one with experienced detective managers, not political; it should never be used for political purposes, nor for or against labor, or capital; never become involved in their differences; an organization to which could be reported, for proper inquiry, any suspicions coming to the notice of city, county or state authorities, the chambers of commerce, or other civic organization; in other words, to be a centralized clearing house of secret service data for the protection of the people and our industries as against anarchism, or Bolshevism.

Gentlemen, I speak from experience. For many years the agency with which I am connected has handled, in the United States, secret service work for England, France, Russia and Canada, and, prior to 1914, for Germany, and Germany was the only one which systematically kept in close touch with anarchists and socialists and their movements in this country.

The outbreak of the European War found this country unorganized in this respect; without sufficient secret service established to meet the situation. The season for this—our peaceful past—but foreign governments found it necessary to come here, and establish their own lines of information.

I am convinced there was no efficient German spy, or espionage system in the United States prior to the war. The secret service system of von Bernstorff, von Papen, Boy-Ed, Dr. Albert, etc., because of its late attempt at organizing, compelled the use of crude ideals and cruder execution, but, harmless as it was, it should never have been allowed to have been started.

Germany did inform herself thoroughly as to the Lenines, the Trotskys and their associates, and we should now organize, so that the United States will not be a haven for their kind.

During the war, had there been a secret service for our government, as I have outlined, Trotsky's plottings and preparations in this country, to overthrow the Kerensky govern-

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The Spectator

American Fight near "Two Rivers"

In Siberia each of the Allied nations is given certain mileage of the Siberian Railroad to protect; and as the fight between the American troops and the Bolsheviks the other day occurred about forty miles from Vladivostok, one of the recently returned officers locates it near American headquarters, "Two Rivers." He declares the boys must have been glad to fight as they are tired of monotony and idleness. This was the first American encounter with the Bolsheviks, as those troublesome creatures hibernate in the winter.

Siberian Railroad

The officer says that "nobody knows but everybody knows" that the Allied troops have remained in Russia since the armistice in order to protect the Siberian Railroad, which was constructed by Colonel Goethals, the American engineer, with loaned Allied capital. It is 5,000 miles in length, running between Moscow and Vladivostok, and is magnificently built, including many bridges and aqueducts. Alongside the tracks lies as much material to continue it as has already been used. It is operated by two hundred and fifty engineers, the pick of our engineer corps of all departments. It is manned by "rooskis" (native Russians). There are three men in each cab, including a Chinese who does the firing. All the signals to passengers are by bells—one never hears our familiar "All aboard," and the train crew get their signals by whistles. Each car is surmounted by a small Greek cross which symbol appears everywhere in Russia.

Wall Street Interest There

The captain tells me that it is a credited rumor in Russia that Wall Street, being heavily interested in the railroad, has used its influence to keep the American troops on Russian territory. The Japanese are exceedingly covetous of the management of the road. He tells of an incident when a wealthy Japanese presented a station agent with a quantity of sugar, silk, garments, and other commodities. The wily agent sent them back together with money to purchase the sugar; the Jap returned them, warning the agent that the Amerikanskis intended to confiscate all his supplies; but the agent was firm in his refusal to accept any gifts, knowing that the Japanese would presently ask embarrassing favors and perquisites. The station agents are looked upon as important personages with power equal to that of our mayors. Their salary is 250 roubles (twenty-five dollars) monthly. He spoke of one handsome station agent who rolled in the snow, nude, every night before retiring, as he had no other way of bathing. The result was a marvelously beautiful complexion, which is the rule in Russia.

Russian Baths

This brought us to the topic of baths which, the captain said, are by no means in the ordinary Russian's daily programme. Very few residences are equipped with bathrooms, most of the bathing being in public baths. The bathrooms are in suites; in the first compartment are a table, chair and mirror; also a flight of heated stone step covered with wood upon which water is poured, filling the room with steam. The other room contains a tub where the bathing process is completed. Men and

women frequently arrive at the bath house together and bathe in each other's company, as the Russian seems not to think it immodest to appear au naturel. The officer says that other soldiers told him they saw scores of Russian women bathing quite nude in summer at the beaches, and they disrobed in public with innocent unconcern. In some town near an American garrison the boys discovered a bath house which they hired on Mondays and Tuesdays for two hundred rubles (twenty dollars) a month at an individual cost of forty cents, each man furnishing his own government towels and soap. As soon as army authorities became aware of this arrangement, the soldiers were relieved of this expense. The proprietor's profit was five rubles (fifty cents) per day. On account of meagre patronage on other days, the baths remained closed until Saturday, when a number of inhabitants sufficient to make a small profit for the owner, patronized the institution.

War With Japan

The officer predicts war between America and Japan with five years. He said that the Japanese warrior is unlike any other. He looks upon war as a means to the end that he may die fighting in uniform and transmigrate at once to a sphere in which his companions will be illustrious soldiers. Were a Japanese officer to call among two hundred and fifty men for a volunteer to enter an enemy's building and hurl a stick of dynamite, there would be two hundred and fifty volunteers. The Japanese government, the American officer says, covets the control of the Siberian Railroad and by fawning or force will try to obtain it; and that to the individual Japanese the ambitions of his government become his personal desires. Our American soldier believes and avows that Japan would play a losing game in war with us, but that it would be a deplorable thing for us were one of our men in a million killed during the trial. "Preparedness on the Pacific Coast," is his slogan. The Atlantic coast will not be menaced again for a long, long time, but we need the navy to safeguard us and to let the Japanese know that we are protected. "Many people who have studied the subject laugh at my predictions," he said, "but I do not care if I can help to awaken the country to the Japanese peril. It is simply the doctrine of common sense."

Dr. Coffey on the Japanese Peril

The officer whom I quote is also a noted physician. By an odd coincidence, Dr. W. B. Coffey, the famous surgeon of this city, gave utterance to similar views upon his return from the orient in 1914. It is of interest to quote him from an interview published in Town Talk upon his arrival:

"The newspapers of Tokio after the election of Governor Johnson and United States Senator Phelan said that these men had records of hostility to the Japanese in California, that Senator Phelan had been particularly prominent in the anti-Japanese agitation. There is a yellow, jingoistic press in Japan. This press inflames Japanese opinion against the United States and is a great danger to friendly relations between the two countries. The government press holds aloof from this anti-American agitation, deplores it, frowns upon war

talk; also the Japanese business man desires pleasant relations, to encourage tourist travel. War, however, is made by the mob, and the Japanese mob's favorite boast is that Japan is the bravest and most warlike nation on earth. Whether or not the mob voices the genuine sentiment of Japan, it is impossible to say. The government's friendly attitude may be assumed—the future alone will determine that point."

Booth Tarkington That Was

The sage and sober looking gentleman who never drinks, and seldom smokes lest it interfere with the sweet atmospheres of his delightful stories of mischievous but un wicked youth, is almost unrecognizable in contrast with the sometimes riotous and always convivial Booth Tarkington of ten or a dozen years ago. He and Harry Leon Wilson were not only collaborators then, but also boon companions in revelry, and in view of the strictly business-like and altogether reputable lives that both of them live in the present, those who knew them in the past can not but marvel at the remarkable metamorphosis in their chosen forms of amusement. For instance, time there was when Tarkington was the indisputable Peck's Bad Boy of the Lambs in New York, and his pranks were the constant serious concern of its disciplinary officers. On one occasion, probably after an unusually wet banquet, he entered the club and proceeded to the cloak room. At that time there was no regular attendant in charge, and Booth's bump of invention devised a—to him—delightful ebullition of humor with reference to the long array of hats and overcoats. He always carries a somewhat heavy cane, and with this he proceeded to smash the "derbies" and "top hats" one after another, leaving a confused mass of "lids" strewn all over the floor. The noise occasioned by this truly Quixotic joust attracted the hat owners and there ensued a wild and angry protest with several offers to fight. But Booth was full of the stolidity of affected sobriety, and with a good-natured smile, invited them to the club office, where he would at once proceed to exchange old hats for new. One by one the now greatly pleased victims of this Tarkington idea of a joke, filed past him, as he presented each of them with an order on Dunlap for a new hat.

En Route to Havana

During the run of the musical comedy "Havana," at the New York Casino, Booth entered the Lambs in search of some kind of riotous adventure, and invited the comedian Roy Atwell for a stroll among the lights of the Great White Way. Roy expressed himself as being entirely receptive to the proposition, but he was in search of an engagement and had to go to "Havana."

"Why, that's all right, Roy; you come and play with me for awhile and I'll see that you get to Havana."

"Sure?"

"On the word of honor of a gentleman and a good Lamb, I'll see that you get to Havana!"

"Then you're on!" and soon the somewhat unsteady pair strolled noisily into Forty-fourth Street and toward Broadway. It should be told—and it may be told now that Roy is a staid married man—that he had already ex-

changed several courtesies in the way of ordering beverages at the club bar, and was a trifle "how-come-you-so."

After visiting several of the glittering palaces of public entertainment that line the great thoroughfare, Roy passed into that sometimes enviable condition of inebriety which usually results in a state of speechless unconcern.

On the following morning Roy found himself in a bed that was utterly strange to him. Then, too, it was decidedly uncomfortable, for it was very narrow, and much too short for his six feet of somewhat attenuated stature. He opened his eyes and was startled to become aware that the bed was not a bed at all, but a bunk on an ocean steamer, and the roll of the vessel apprised him of the alarming fact that he was at sea. Upon the stateroom sofa was an envelope and Roy at once seized it and tore it open. In it there were a round-trip ticket, sixty dollars in bills and a note which read:

'Dear Roy: I said I'd get you to Havana and I've kept my word. Hope you'll have a dandy time.

"Tark."

There was nothing left for Roy to do but continue the voyage to Havana and return to New York with the vessel. On meeting Tarkington that night he felt compelled to announce that the trip had benefited him greatly, but he had not reached the "Havana" he was aiming for on that eventful night and so lost an engagement.

Rough House in Maxim's

One night in Paris, Tarkington wandered into the famous Maxim's restaurant alone and seated himself at a table. Across the long and narrow room was a man whose appearance displeased him. Accordingly he called the head waiter and said to him:

"I don't like that man over there and I want him put out."

In surprise, but with obsequious politeness, the waiter replied that no such proceeding was possible, because the man was behaving himself and must not be interfered with. Booth insisted with rising indignation that the man must be ejected, but now, indignant himself, the head waiter persisted in not sharing this unexplainable dislike for a good customer.

"Then I'll put him out myself!" was the angry retort, and Booth rose and touched the offensive Frenchman on the shoulder. "Here, Mister, I don't like your face and you've got to get out of here, because you're spoiling my appetite!"

Immediately that part of the famous cafe was in an uproar, and when Booth attempted to carry out his threat of ejection, he was seized by a gendarme and ejected himself.

A few minutes later, a tall gendarme entered the cafe, strode up to the table where Booth's bete noir was seated and he was roughly ejecting him, when the discovery was made that the gendarme was no less a person than Tarkington himself, disguised through bribery, and he was summarily arrested and fined for impersonating an officer.

At Monte Carlo

Tarkington was not personally concerned in the following incident, although he was the inspiration of it, and it is given as a further instance of his singular fecundity of invention in times of friendly revel. At Monte Carlo, there was a group of Americans, including Wilson Marshall of the yacht Atlantic, Frank Unger, the writer of this narrative, and several of Marshall's yachting guests. All were apparently endeavoring to thwart the croupier in his persistent efforts to sweep their spare change into the cash drawer of a roulette table, and wondering why there never seemed to be any variation in the monotony, when George Ade entered in company with his inseparable chum, Ort Wells. The croupier transferred his distressing sweeps to the other end of the table, while George and Ort were being welcomed, and after the usual perfunctory expressions of mutual surprise over the unexpected meeting, Ade pointed to the roulette table and said in his well known Indiana drawl: "I've got to get busy. I left Booth Tarkington yesterday in Rome, and he couldn't come with me to break the bank at Monte Carlo, because he's got a new baby, and little mother balked. But the baby was born on the seventeenth, so he staked me to five hundred francs to bet on the 17 and I'm to spend the winnings for a real party."

Immediately the entire group hurried back to the roulette table and began to play the number 17 straight. Many plays were made on the number which obstinately refused to roll into its corresponding niche on the wheel, and soon Tarkington's five hundred francs were lost. But the players still continued their assaults on 17, on the ground, as Ade said, that if an old rounder like "Tark" could be lucky enough to become a father, the 17 must show sooner or later.

At this juncture the other players at the table, with that instinctive supernatural belief in signs characteristic of all those who play the wheel, had an idea that there must be some reason for this surprising plunge on number 17. They mentally argued that perhaps these Americans must have some system or other, which would begin with heavy losses, and soon nearly every player at the wheel plunged on 17. But it never showed for even a single stoppage of the wheel, and when the Casino closed for the

night and there had been an extravagant and anti-prohibition supper at Curtis's, Ade sent the following telegram to "Tark":

"Hunch an onion. Bunch lost six thousand francs. Send draft to Hotel de Paris—room 1717—now playing it double.

"George."

The following morning Ade received the reply at breakfast.

"George Ade, Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo: I always avoid draughts. Mother and child doing well. 17 pounds.

"Tark."

A Mythical Fiancée

Some time ago Mrs. Clara M. Darling invited a number of ladies to tea to meet Mrs. A. B. Spreckels. One of the ladies surprised the guest of honor by saying, "You did not know that I was for several years engaged to your husband?" "No," answered Mrs. Spreckels, "he never mentioned it to me." "Well," said the questioner, "that is not surprising, because he was unaware of the engagement." She went on to relate that when she was about twelve years old she decided to marry a beautiful prince of some kind when she grew up; and with the optimism of childhood, ceased to trouble herself further about how the prince was to come into her life. At fourteen, one Sunday afternoon as she was returning from benediction at St. Rose's Convent (then on Golden Gate Avenue, near Steiner), down the asphalt pavement dashed a pair of magnificent horses in a smart trap driven at a spanking pace by a handsome, distinguished-looking blond man. Two grown-up young ladies accompanying the little girl bowed to the driver. "Who is that man?" she asked innocently. "Adolph Spreckels, the sugar millionaire," they replied, and then proceeded to discuss him, mentioning that he was unmarried but that all the girls were wild about him. The little miss then and there decided to dream no more about a princely husband, but to concentrate her ambition upon Adolph for a matrimonial achievement. The years went on and though Adolph in the flesh never crossed her path again, he had a real existence in her mental vision. Whenever she saw any luxury like a coupé, a brougham, a butler, a diamond necklace, a superb country home, or a ticket for a long journey, she would resolve to have one just like it—not just then (as she was a poor little girl), but when she should have become Mrs. Spreckels. When Mrs. Spreckels (the real, not the visionary one) returned to her magnificent home on Washington Street she told Adolph of having met his fiancée of the past. He was astonished, of course, and announced emphatically that the lady was fabricating as he had never been engaged to any girl but his wife. Some days later Mrs. Spreckels in her own home presented her husband to the lady whose dream did not come true and they all had a good laugh.

Labor Federation Against Strikes

The scheme to conduct a universal strike in behalf of the Mooney case has been under the sole management of the International Workers Defense League, and is not supported by high authority in labor councils. The American Federation of Labor states that use of the unions for interference with criminal court trials is unworthy of the union cause. As far as concerns the voting that has already taken place independently among the unions, there were no illusions among the instigators of the measure. It was never believed that workingmen would be unanimous for bringing the industry of the



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country to a standstill in order that Mooney and Billings be given another time in court. It was even plain that large numbers of workers were more interested in the welfare of their own homes than in the cause of the dynamite men. The theory was, though, that he ring-leaders would overcome opposition and carry the day. If a few local strikes or disturbances are destined to commemorate the 22nd of July, 1916, the participants will have to thank the Industrial Workers Defense League for endangering their connection with the federated body. The stand taken by the Federation of Labor has had a cooling effect upon the hastier members, and chances are that all elements will abide by the dictates of the labor chiefs. At all events, the San Francisco Labor Council, nearest the scene of the Preparedness Day crime and the personnel of the trials, has put itself on record by a vote of 124 to 40, following the report of the executive committee, as being against the strike.

Statement of San Francisco Labor Council

After voting as above, the San Francisco Labor Council warned the affiliated unions that the International Workers Defense League is without authority from organized labor to call strikes; that all who co-operate in this general strike are using the organization for other than trade union purposes; and that if this procedure is continued, it will result in a general demoralization of the labor movement" as completely as in those countries where general strikes are now the order of the day." Further, the Labor Council states that, though representing every affiliated union, it has no delegated power to call strikes. "It is therefore, incomprehensible to us," declares the local council, "that such a body as the International Workers Defense League, should assume to exercise such power, involving the very life of organized labor, or that, composed as it is largely of representatives of labor organizations, it should be willing to sacrifice a single organization for

the sake of obtaining a legal remedy in the courts for men whom we deem unjustly treated by such courts, but, under no consideration and under no pretense worthy of such tremendous sacrifices as an entire labor movement as planned by the International Workers Defense League." The foregoing may be taken as the official consensus of the San Francisco Labor Council, the language closely following minutes of the meeting and communicated to the affiliated unions by the council through William T. Bonsor, president, and John A. O'Connell, secretary. The meaning is clear. The crime committed during San Francisco's Preparedness Day parade is not viewed as being related to organized labor. To this organization Mooney stands as any other man who has been convicted by the courts. Organized labor does not undertake to secure new trials for such defendants as may happen to be union men. To use the Mooney case as a precedent would be admitting that labor is in some way interested in it. Organized labor as such is not interested in the Preparedness Day bombing nor in Mooney. What its members as individual citizens may think or do is another matter. Mooney's own union (machinists') has refused to be lured into the strike. The Labor Clarion says: "When the day of the strike rolls round there will not be enough workers responding to cause a flutter on the industrial surface. The labor movement can not be drawn into such absurd actions."

Started Something

It is not a matter of national importance, perhaps, nor even of any other kind of importance aside from mere local pride. But when the Spectator, in a somewhat frivolous frame of mind, endowed Lotta's fountain with the speech of a more or less crotchety old maid complaining about the scurvy treatment it has been suffering throughout the war, by immolation in the bowels of a bizarre monument of cloth and paint, he actually started something. At all events some of the dailies,

more especially that particular one in whose business office the outlines of the fountain are always reflected, launched complaints, both reportorial and editorial, against the public officials, for still countenancing that neglect of a time honored landmark. No credit was given, of course, to the Spectator of Town Talk for having furnished the first inspiration for the discussion. Newspapers never do that. That is to say, daily papers never do, but occasionally a weekly—this one for instance—will begin a paragraph of comment with "The Chronicle says," or "the Examiner says," because it has no jealousies to exploit with regard to circulation, nor any animosities to wreak for any other reason. But Spectator certainly did start something in his "Wail of Lotta's Fountain," for ever since there has been an organized attempt on the part of the dailies to inspire the public sympathy toward a rehabilitation, or a cleaning up, or some show of respect for an antique which is not so very beautiful nor of very much consequence from a utilitarian point of view. At the same time it is there, it very well serves a reasonable percentage of the purposes for which it was intended, and it is old enough to be remembered with some show of respect. The Chronicle has waxed most indignant because the base of the fountain has been made the receptacle for all manner of refuse and impedimenta, and is still the abiding place of a battered and unsightly garbage can, to say nothing of being a convenient lounging post, which idlers may lean against and scratch the matches with which to light their pipes and cigarettes. But apparently the fact that the venerable landmark has no base at all, but rises abruptly from a foundation of crumbling pavement, has been utterly overlooked by the indignant editor. If it had such a base, say three stone steps high, or even two, then it would neither be a comfortable lounging place for idlers nor a convenient spot on which to deposit that battered garbage can. Such a base would cost comparatively nothing; the small amount of money could easily be raised through subscriptions of from ten cents to one dollar, and Spectator's dollar, or even two of them, will be forthcoming on demand. Indignant complaint has been made without suggestion of any remedy, and this one has been offered for the purpose of starting something with reference to Lotta's Fountain for a second time.

An Old-Fashioned Rescue

Arrayed with wonderful methods of communication that make the "circumambient ether" a system of speaking tubes, the world had to admit, last Monday morning, that it was a whole week behind time in a startling piece of news. Harry G. Hawker and Mackenzie Grieve, the two aviators who attempted to fly the Atlantic, were aboard the Danish eight-knot steamship Mary, and the news-gatherers of the nations knew nothing about it. Hawker is the merry chap who refused a seaplane model for skipping from hemisphere to hemisphere, saying that his plan was to fly over the ocean and not fall into it. But a water feed pipe went wrong, and down went the human hawk into the cradle of the deep. He and his companion were in the water ninety minutes when along came the Danish ship Mary, unequipped with wireless but with helping hands aplenty. Expert opinion was that Hawker could not live through the storms that spread athwart the sea during the race. Accustomed as we were to "last-minute news," we forgot that on the ocean were ships without wireless, ships that would have to

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bring news with a heave to—avast there—hard aport—cheerily, my lads. When Hawker was picked up by the eight-knot vessel, he must have felt like a man in a \$7,000 automobile towed along a country road by a truck farmer in a "hay motor" (Edison's term for horse). There was some wigwagging at The Hebrides, and then word went forth to the world in the proper, up-to-date way. The destroyer Revenge cut in to the rescue, and the two aviators who plunged from St. John's to mid-ocean became up-to-the-minute again. Wireless and the world once more.

From Roadhouse to Divorce Court

The newspaper have an intuitive cleverness for publishing portraits of leading ladies in divorce proceedings when the public is most curious about the affair. The ungallant cross complaint filed by Milton McCarthy uses such terms as "booze parties," "beastly intoxication," and "running around with male companions." It is an unfair way to accuse a woman who has entrusted herself to a man's protection. So let us hope that the charges are untrue. But even though the cross complaint be a tissue of falsehoods, the public's interest has been aroused, and not so much because of Mrs. McCarthy's position as a popular society matron as the position of society in relation to Mrs. McCarthy. She may not be the Mrs. Potter Palmer of San Francisco; yet, says the public, what one of them does, they all do. This lady, they opine, is only one of many; escapades at beach resorts are the natural recreations of people with money and automobiles. When the clerk's wife or the lamplighter's daughter learns that a social favorite has been discovered at a highball resort, the inference is that there are numerous others undiscovered; that Mrs. Nob Hillington Swell and Miss Gladys Debutante are covering the same ground, their lace-clad elbows on the same tables where divorce court evidence is fast and furious every day in the week. A whisper against a social star is an indictment against the whole constellation. Are these gilded roadhouses built, furnished and conducted for this one lady whose picture is on the front page? Not on your flimflam, say the clerk's wife and the lamplighter's daughter. There is where society revels in its true form; there is where the soul of society partakes of its true food. In the social columns, they give us interesting teas, notable birthday celebrations, merry bridge parties, flower-laden functions. Innocent little divertissements. Official signs and symbols of high life. Of course, these people are also high divers, and when they dive into the beach resorts, they attain their proper element. These big and resplendent fish of the social swim come to the surface of interesting teas to smile and bow their acknowledgments. They were somewhere else the night before. They needed the tea, at that. Such is the estimate which the wide-eyed reader makes when another member of the Smart Set is taken out of the hands of the society reporter and turned over to the scribes at the City Hall. Still, the society reporter never lacks good, honest material, and even a pink tea may be more interesting than it sounds. The inside history of them has never been written up.

'Tis the Fashion

I have noticed that the slit skirt is coming to its own again. Others have been quicker to see. There must be something classic, something worth while at the basis of this remarkable fashion, which made its appearance in the most artistic precincts of ancient Greece, the palmiest

banquets of Rome, during the French Directory, France's period of greatest military glory, and is seemingly to celebrate victory of the World's War to an extent more startling than ever. There seems to be some connection between the style and public jubilation. As for the outburst of the slit skirt about a dozen years ago, I recall no epochal or military importance attaching to it. It was just a flash in the pan, yet excited considerable attention at the time, being the first great revival since Le Directoire of 1799, when Madame Recamier attired herself with such distinction that Napoleon offered her anything that Europe could buy. Psychologically interesting as the slit skirt is, the furor of criticism that accompanies it on this continent is worthy of equal comment. The advent of this little rift in the drapery is usually noted through a blither smile on the face of the cigar-store bystanders and a generally more contented countenance of mankind along the highways and byways of commerce. Fashions come and go, and the ups and downs of the skirt call for various praise or censure, but the blossoming of the slit skirt is like some rarer springtime coming unfortunately not once a year but at remote intervals to gladden the hearts of men. Then arises a deplorable feature. Apparently trustworthy citizens, who are supposed to attend strictly to their morals, their mortgages and their own business, in some way get an inkling of the situation and are immediately up with an argument. It is wonderful how they become aware of the style when supposedly not looking for it. I should say that impoliteness is to be charged, even to a reformer, who would watch a woman's skirt year after year in the hope of something scandalous appearing to give him excuse for a tirade. Let there be rejoicing that the young lady of Yreka who came to high school in a skirt that defied description, carried her point, and the trustees of the school refused to expel her. This is the true sort of uplift, and Yreka will at once be classed as a flourishing western town. Women are winning recognition in all quarters nowadays. So why should they conceal their identity? Why hide the silken light that lies in women's underpinning under a bushel of clothes? Now, there's Will C. Wood, state superintendent of public instruction; he issued a decree from Sacramento, our state capital, you know, that the slit skirt is immodest and should not be worn in the school room. One of the school teachers wanted to know. However, he had the good sense to give way to the Yreka trustees. It surely savors of impertinence for a man to make any comment on a woman's skirt. He should take the style he gets, and be thankful. The hoop skirt, the hobble and the slit skirt have all been woman's embellishment as she has deemed fit and proper. The hoop, the hobble and the slit are a profound history of woman's progress, written by her for her own gratification, she claims, and man must either peruse with interest or call woman a closed book.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS

By S. Weir Mitchell

James Carstairs, just home from Africa, was smoking in the Travelers' Club in London. He felt a hand on his shoulder and rose to greet Captain Marston, an old comrade.

Said Marston: "I hope, Jim, you are all right. Heard you brought home a coast fever."

"No, I am well. I have been up among your friends, the Mandingos."

"Well, I suppose you have lots to tell us?"

"By George, yes! Will it suit you to have me dine with you tomorrow? I will bring my photos. I shall be glad to show them to Mrs. Marston. They have come out well."

"Yes, of course; delighted to have you."

"Now I must go. I have to meet a committee of the Geographical Society. I lived with the Mandingos six months. I think you were there just twelve years ago."

"Yes. I suppose the infernal man-trade goes on?"

"Oh, worse than ever. After I left for the coast the hunters raided the poor devils."

Said Marston: "I am sorry for that. They were kindly folk, and the women not ill-looking."

"So-so," returned Carstairs. "I saw the lot of slaves later, at Loango, on the coast. I bought off a half-dozen and sent them home. They were fellows who had been very useful to me."

"That was like you, Carstairs."

"Oh, by the way, Marston, among those I set free there was a lad about eleven or twelve, rather light-colored—had some white blood, I fancy. I bought him too because he took an awful licking and never winced. You will laugh, but my desire to buy him was increased because he reminded me of you."

Marston started. "Of me? What do you mean?"

"Yes; he had a white lock of hair over his left temple, like yours—queer, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Marston. "Unusual, very; but I know two people who have it."

"Well, I never saw it before in a nigger. Oh, by George! it's so jolly good to see you that I almost forgot." He looked up at the clock. "Good-by. At eight tomorrow, you said."

"Yes, at eight. We shall be alone."

"I will show you my maps; and, by the way, I have a photo of the boy."

He went away. Marston sat down, and for a half-hour remained moveless, with his unlighted cigar between his lips. Then he rose, went slowly downstairs, took his hat and his top coat, and passed out into the street. At the foot of the steps he stood still—and said aloud:

"My God! That's awful!"

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Lady Nicotine's Gift

If the lady, from San Francisco who sent several hundred thousand cigarettes to the American soldiers in Siberia will send her name and address to Town Talk, she will confer a favor upon the boys. The consignment arrived without her name, so it was impossible to thank her and they commissioned some officers recently returned to find out for them that they might send her a message. Rumors reached them that the sender was a well known lady of this city, but so far her identity is shrouded in obscurity, much to the soldiers' regret.

Social Notes

Miss Marie Louise Black, daughter of Charles N. Black, formerly of this city, now of New York, has set June 11 for her wedding to Allan Lowery of Honolulu. It will be a brilliant affair, taking place in the spacious apartments of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Jackling at the St. Francis Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Castle and Miss Beatrice Castle will come from Honolulu for the wedding. Lowery is a nephew of the Castles, he is also related to Mrs. Mansfield Lovell of Berkeley and Miss Lillie Hathaway of this city. Miss Black will arrive on Sunday, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling. Mrs. Edmunds Lyman will be Miss Black's matron of honor, she having been one of Mrs. Lyman's bridesmaids last year when Mrs. Lyman's wedding took place. Miss Black's bridesmaids will be Misses Helen Crocker, Arabella Schwerin, Helen Garrett, Natalie Campbell and Helen Keeney. * * Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson of Burlingame left a few days ago for New York, where they will spend several weeks. * * Mrs. Stanley Arnold (Elizabeth Kent) and children arrived from Washington a few days ago. She will spend the summer at the country home of her parents, Kentfield. * * Mrs. Andrew Welch entertained in honor of Senor and Senora Salvatore Sol, who were recent visitors in this city en route to Washington, D. C., where Senor Sol is minister from Salvadore. Senora Sol is a relative of Mrs. Encarnacion Mejia, who also entertained in honor of the distinguished visitors. * * Miss Elena Eyre entertained a week-end party at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre, at Menlo Park. Among the guests were Misses Hannah and Ruth Hobart, Richard McLaren and Wakefield Baker.

* * Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher will leave Saturday, May 31, for Santa Barbara, where they have leased the Thayer place for the summer. * * Mr. and Mrs. Horace Morgan, with Miss Eleanor and Master William Morgan, will leave next week for Del Monte. Later in the season they will go to the Belvedere, Santa Barbara, for six weeks. * * Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman (Genevieve Bothin) will spend the summer at Burlingame, occupying Mrs. Lyman's mother's home. * * Miss Helen Crocker has been entertaining her friend, Miss Evelyn Preston of New York, during the week at Del Monte. * * Mrs. Kendall Roger has come from Montecita on a visit to Major and Mrs. David Conrad at the Presidio. * * Dr. and Mrs. John Harold Phillip were hosts at a supper and dance on Wednesday evening at the Palace Hotel in honor of their daughter, Mrs. William Hutchings, wife of Lieutenant Hutchings, U. S. A., who is visiting here from New York. Among those entertained were: Mrs. Hutchings, Misses Muriel Pearce, Gyneth Read, Manon De Guerre, Alice Yoell, Messrs. Philip Paschel, Dahl, Raas, Hellmann, Captain James Stuart, U. S. A., and Dr. H. C. Pearce. Mrs. Hutchings, formerly pretty Eunice Phillip, has been the motif of much entertaining during her visit here. She will remain until Lieutenant Hutchings returns to New York. * * Mr. and Mrs. George Perkins Raymond, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones, left for the east on Saturday. They will visit Mr. Raymond's parents in Cleveland, Ohio, later going to New York and Washington. * * Mrs. Oliver Dibblee entertained recently at a luncheon given at the Presidio Golf Club. Among her guests were Mmes. Arthur Hooper, Frank Hooper, Alfred Ghirardelli and Ezra T. Stimson. * * The wedding of Miss Onieda Madison and John S. Curran has been set for Tuesday evening, June 3, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Madison, on Vallejo Street. Miss Madison is a sister of Mrs. Reuben Haas and James Madison, Jr. Madison, Sr., is a large ranch owner. Curran is assistant cashier of the Anglo and London Paris National Bank. * * Miss Erna Herrmann entertained at a dinner on Saturday evening at her home in Pierce Street. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore, Miss Linda Buchanan, Captain Menart and Frank Bauer. * * Mr. and Mrs. Platt Kent will pass the summer at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger in Woodside. * * Mrs. Norris Davis has return to her home in Hillsborough after several months in New York. * * Mrs. Peter McBean, who is in New York, will not return to the city until late in June. Mrs. McBean recently entertained Mrs. Henry Kunstadt (Edith McBean) and Mrs. Lorenzo Arvanelli (Linda Cadwallader) at a luncheon where several other Californians were guests. * * Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin (Ella Hobart) of Colorado Springs are occupying apartments at the Fairmont Hotel. * * Mr. and Mrs. John Wright presided at an informal dinner on last Thursday evening in honor of their son, Harvey Wright, recently returned from overseas. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warren Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Deremer and Miss Rhoda Niebling. * * Lieutenant Putnam Morrison, U. S. N., entertained

at dinner during the week at the St. Francis Hotel. Later the guests attended the theatre and terminated the evening's pleasure with a supper in Rainbow Lane. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warren Hunt, Miss Veida Dodge, Miss Katherine Treat, Major Joseph Treat, Lieutenants Frank Stringham and John Bloom. * * Mrs. William T. Sesnon was a luncheon hostess during the week at her home on Divisadero Street. Those present were Mmes. John McKenzie, Elmer Cox, Fred Koster, Frederick Bradley, John Davis, Robert I. Bentley, Misses Mary Callahan and Lilly Callahan and Miss Kelley. Mr. and Mrs. Sesnon and their children will spend the month of June in Yosemite Valley. * * Mr. and Mrs. Effingham Sutton will spend the summer in Menlo Park. * * Miss Newell Bull and her brother, Henry Bull, entertained a merry party at dinner on Saturday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue. Later the guests enjoyed the brilliant ball given by Mr. and Mrs. James Prior in honor of their daughter Ruth. Among the guests at the Bull dinner were Misses Katherine Stoney, Doris Wirtner, Dorothy Gebhardt, Marian Wirtner, Messrs. Harris Carrigan, Jack Boyden, Cay Filmer and Henry Cartan. * * Miss Marie Louise Baldwin entertained during the week at an artistic dinner at the home of her mother, Mrs. William Sproule, on Sacramento Street. Later the guests enjoyed dancing and supper at Rainbow Lane. Among the guests were Messrs. and Mmes. Alfred Whittell, George Raymond Perkins (Helen Jones), Misses Elizabeth Adams, Baldwin, Messrs. Clinton Jones, William M. McLeish and John Baldwin. * * Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins, who are expected home in June from a lengthy sojourn in the east, will pass the summer at Monterey, where they recently purchased a handsome home which will be extensively improved. * * Mrs. Alpheus Bull and family will spend the summer in Mill Valley. * * Mrs. Jack McKenzie was hostess at an elaborate tea on Wednesday at her home on Hyde Street. * * Mrs. Horace Pillsbury and Miss Peggy and Evan Pillsbury left on Thursday for Boston on a visit to Mrs. Pillsbury's parents. * * Mrs. Wellington Cobb, who has been spending the past six months in New York, returned to the city a few days ago.

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* * Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frederiek Eaton of Montecita are guests at the Bellevue Hotel with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Kimball. * * Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper and family will leave this week for Carmel, where they will pass the summer. Miss Ursula Hooper will entertain many house parties during the season. * * Mrs. Bronti M. Aikins has gone to Lodi to visit her nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Lane.

Mrs. Zeile's Dinner Dance

On Thursday evening of last week Mrs. F. A. Zeile entertained sixty of her friends at her sumptuous apartment on Green Street with a dinner dance and musicale, which was pronounced by all those who were so fortunate as to be invited as having been the most elaborate and merry party of the season. After a reception and the serving of hors d'oeuvres and "appetizers" in the apartment drawing room, the company descended to the large ball room of the building, which had been lavishly decorated and supplied with many small tables at which the diners were seated in carefully selected groups after the most approved cabaret fashion. The dinner was interestingly progressive, in that after the dancing that followed each course, the men were notified that they must move to the adjoining table, taking their serviettes and glasses with them, and introduce themselves to the ladies there in case they were not already known. This proved to be an exceedingly pleasing innovation, for before the dinner was over, every one in the room knew every one else without the more conventional formalities of introduction. The merry affair was so successful that, in response to many urgent requests, Mrs. Zeile promised to extend invitations for another event of the same nature in the near future. Among those present were Messrs. and Meses. Edgar Peixotto, Clarence Eddy, George Uhl, Fred Myrtle, Victor Thrane, Clay Greene, Meses. Stella Thomas Deshon, Beatrice Ryan, Marie Price, Joullin, Messrs. E. H. Benjamin, Martin Judge.

Street Service of Epworth Leaguers

Last Sunday evening, the vicinity of Polk and Clay streets was the scene of an unusual event. Down Clay Street from Larkin, out of the First Methodist Church, walked a number of young people accompanied by some elders. At Polk they stopped and began to sing some hymns. Soon an assemblage gathered about and then some of the elders addressed them upon religion. When the church members returned to their edifice, their number was augmented by some of the passers-by who had stopped to listen. The pastor, Rev. Carl Bent, said that the young people were members of the Epworth League and that the idea of going into the street to conduct service originated in the mind of a boy of sixteen, Cyril Carter, vice-president of the league. Also that the experiment will be repeated. Polk Street swarms with movie houses all well patronized on Sunday evenings, and doubtless this earnest youth thought it a fertile field to sow the seeds of religion. Why give all our hours of leisure to the pleasures of the senses? Judge Crothers recently said that he visits churches of all denominations to hear

discourses upon religion by men who concentrate upon that subject. Would it not be well for many others to follow his example, if not for spiritual uplift, at least for intellectual benefit?

Palace of Fine Arts

The Anisfeld exhibition at the Palace of Fine Arts continues to attract increasing attention on the part of the artists and the public, and the attendance promises to equal, if not surpass, the attendance at the Zuloaga exhibition last year. The whole collection has now been rehung by Director Laurvik to make room for six additional paintings which, because of their great size, were delayed in transit, arriving only a few days ago after being further delayed by a strike of express workers somewhere on the road between Chicago and San Francisco. One gallery had been reserved to make place for the rearrangement necessitated by the arrival of these six large additional paintings. These six exhibits include the very important "Golden Tribute," which is an unusual and modernized version of the quest of the eternal feminine. This group also comprises the strikingly decorative canvas entitled "The Blue Statue," as well as the very beautiful and luminous autumnal landscape called "September," together with the imaginative fantasy entitled "The Garden of Eden," besides the beautiful and richly colorful "Hispania" and the "Garden of Hesperides." The latter is one of the loveliest color harmonies of green and gold imaginable, and reveals as perhaps nothing else in the whole exhibition Anisfeld's strong decorative sense, which, on the whole, is the outstanding characteristic in all his work. The exhibition will continue for another week or two and should be visited by all interested in art, as well as all who are interested in arriving at a better understanding of the spirit of modern Russia, which is so graphically and eloquently expressed in the art of Boris Anisfeld.

At the Fairmont

With any number of important conventions and numerous brilliant social functions, the Fairmont Hotel has been the scene of unusual activity this week. Every day and night something of importance has been taking place in one of the many beautiful public rooms of the caravansary at the top of the town, while the dining rooms have served scores of delightful luncheon and dinner parties. Rainbow Lane is thronged nightly, except Sunday, and dancing to the lilt of the music of the remarkable jazz orchestra under the direction of Henry Busse is one of the fads of the city. Vanda Hoff, the inspirational dancer, and her associate entertainers are continually presenting something new and alluring and this coming week they promise many terpsichorean and song novelties. The Sunday night lobby concerts attract hundreds of music lovers from all over the city and Director Rudy Seiger has secured Miss Helen Colburn Heath, the popular soprano, as soloist for this Sunday evening.

At the Cecil

The Honolulu folk are making reservations at the Cecil Hotel, the summer weather having started quite an exodus from the Hawaiian Islands to the mainland. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Belser with their two daughters arrived on the last steamer. Mrs. Dora Ahlborn entertained a coterie of Honolulu friends Monday. They included Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wall, Mrs. Frederick Smith, Miss Harriet Wall and Mr. Arthur Wall. Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. Eben Swift,

Jr., will be the incentive for much entertaining. They will reside at the hotel during the former's station in Stn Francisco. Lieutenant Colonel Swift, Jr., is a son of General Eben Swift, who was in command of Fort Mason prior to the war. Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Chapen came in on the last steamer from China. Mrs. J. H. Brett of Shanghai was also on the same steamer. She has joined her mother and they will remain for some time at the Cecil. After a delightful visit with Colonel and Mrs. Reed, Mr. W. D. Hatcher and Mr. J. B. Turguson have returned to San Jose. Mrs. M. D. Owen Shahom of Washington, D. C., will stay for the remainder of the summer. Mr. C. A. Muller, president of the Howe Rubber Company, left this week for New York. He will return to his apartment at the Cecil before July.

Kewpie Dolls at Techau Tavern

The presentation of dance favors to the evening patrons of Techau Tavern is one of the pleasant customs by which the management seeks to enhance the enjoyment of guests. For the gentlemen these favors consist of large boxes of Melachrino cigarettes. The ladies are given the most beautiful Kewpie dolls of all the delightful Kewpie family. They are dressed in the most modish gowns of silk, fur trimmed, and their hair, which is real, is dressed in the latest style. There are blonds, brunettes and some with Titian red locks. All of them are bewitching little persons and have made a distinct hit.

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The Stage

What Is a Press Agent?

A P. A. is a man who can make himself believe any earthly thing and can then turn about and make the public believe it, too. He is the arch-romancer, the super-fablist of the modern world. He deals in superlatives, adjectives and frenzies. He lies with joy, with gusto, almost with inspiration. He is the wizard who scatters the dust of illusion in our eyes and then gives us a pair of rose-colored glasses. He is the minstrel who sings of impossible loveliness and incredible chivalry. He sees nothing as it is, for which, perhaps, we should bless him. And when he strikes his lute—in the "Herald," the "Times," the "Tribune" or the "Sun" of a morning—we believe everything he says because there is no way to prove that he lies.

In ancient Egypt the P. A. had real scope for his genius. He raved in terms of pyramids and obelisks; he carved his press notices on the walls of shadowy tombs built to hold the aromatic dust of dead kings, queens and courtisans. If words failed him, he drew pictures. Alas! the P. A. of to-day who would convince us that Mary Pickford's curls are real, cannot carve the glorious tidings across the facade of the Metropolitan Museum! Which only goes to prove that civilization is irksome.

In ancient Greece, in Troy, Carthage and Sicily, the P. A. was an oral liar. He sat in sunny market-places with his back against a wall and talked and talked and talked. He had the gift of sonorous verse, phrases that rolled from his tongue like the ceaseless waves of the sea. He established Ulysses as the Douglas Fairbanks of his day. And he sang of a certain Helen—tall, languorous and coifed with flame, the delectable vampire of antiquity. What would happen to-day, I wonder, if some inspired P. A. should stand with his back against the "Times" building, singing, tenderly, of Theda Bara?

—Mildred Cram.

Peter Kyne's Play

San Francisco theatergoers will find unusual interest in the forthcoming presentation of "Cappy Ricks" at the Curran Theatre, beginning Sunday night, June 8, as the play is a dramatization of Peter B. Kyne's popular stories which ran serially in the Saturday Evening Post. Kyne lives here and recently returned from "over there" as a captain in The Grizzlies. It is said that the spirit of the stories has been admirably caught in the dramatization, made by Edward E. Rose, with the result that "Cappy Ricks" is to be reckoned as one of the big comedy successes of the immediate past season. Oliver Morosco, the producer, promises a production up to his usual high standard, and the original New York cast, headed by the celebrated stars, William Courtenay and Tom Wise.

Carolina Lazzari, Contralto

Frank W. Healy, to whom the west is indebted for the most wonderful musical treats ever presented in San Francisco, wishes to announce that he has been so fortunate as to secure for next season the bookings of Miss Carolina Lazzari, the leading contralto of the Chicago Opera Association, a beautiful American girl of Italian parentage whose rise to her present enviable position has been meteoric. Miss Lazzari gave opportunity no chance of

saying it had knocked once, but had been rejected, for upon the occasion of her first appearance as Deliah she was revealed to be one of the great contraltos in the opera world and an artist of great ability and versatility. The eastern press is enthusiastic in its praise of Miss Lazzari. She is scheduled to appear in San Francisco some time in January, and local music lovers have a wonderful treat in store for them, as Miss Lazzari is selected by John McCormack's manager, Charles L. Wagner (D. F. Sweeney, associate manager) as being the one endowed for concert association with Mme. Galli-Curci and John McCormack.

Orpheum

Muriel Worth, whose fame as a danseuse extends throughout the land and whose grace, ability and charming personality have made her one of the greatest favorites in vaudeville, will head the Orpheum bill next week and will present new and startling dance creations. She will be accompanied by Corrine Rae and Marjorie Hamer. Merschel Henlers, one of the best pianists in vaudeville and the concert stage, in addition to the performance of classical numbers, will introduce distinct novelties. One in the various ways a popular ragtime number would be played by the various masters and the other is a musical recitation of a youth with a musical comedy autobiography. Nora Kelly, "The Dublin Girl," is a dainty colleen who sings new and catchy songs in her own inimitable manner. Nat Goldstein accompanies her on the piano. Joseph Bernard is one of the few fortunate players to have a Willard Mack sketch and Willard Mack is exceedingly lucky to have such an excellent actor as Bernard in the principal role. Together they have succeeded in making "Who Is She?" a great success. It has to do with a domestic problem concerning the possible infidelity of a husband. The Aerial Shaws will be seen in a sensational act which is the last word in gymnastic achievement. Rose Shaw does the heavy work of the team and handles her male associate as if he were a football. Molly McIntyre and company, in Lester Lonergan's Irish playlet, "The Love Chase," and Patricola and Myer in the laughable skit, "The Girl and the Dancing Fool" will also be included in the bill. Blossom Seeley and her company will repeat their great ragtime and jazz success, "Seeley's Syncopated Studio."

Mrs. Fiske in "Mis' Nelly of N' Orleans"

One secret of Mrs. Fiske's success in "Mis' Nelly of N' Orleans," the new comedy in which this much loved actress is now delighting New York playgoers, is naively explained by Laurence Eyre, the young author of "Mis' Nelly." "Mrs. Fiske is really playing herself, as 'Mis' Nelly of N' Orleans,'" says Mr. Eyre. "I mean the character of Nelly Daventry forces her to be more essentially Mrs. Fiske than she has ever been in any other role she has essayed. In playing this part, Mrs. Fiske can not sink her own personality in characterizations like Becky Sharp, George Sand or Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh, because, as Mrs. Fiske confessed to me when she first read the manuscript of 'Mis' Nelly,' 'This part is disgracefully me.'" Now Nelly is a complex person. When the play opens, she reveals herself as the patrician belle of the old south; then comes her transition into the whimsical, wilful coquette of her younger days; while in the last act she stands

forth as the human, brilliant southern woman with a warm, ripe sympathy and keen sense of wit. In the three acts, Mrs. Fiske runs the gamut of the comic and the romantic. "Mis' Nelly" is the normal woman, happy in the fulfillment of a love dream, always eighteen in her heart, and "never too old to dance." "I may die some day," bursts out the irrepressible Nelly, "but I'll never grow old!" And thus she dazzles and fascinates; she who has found the secret of eternal youth. Never before has Mrs. Fiske displayed more dynamic youth and vitality; never before has she made such fine use of all her varied talents; never before has her subtle skill as a comedienne been shown to such advantage as in the delightful creation of "Mis' Nelly of N' Orleans."

Advance Fashion Note

Marie Vernon, the eight-year-old child of "A Prince There Was," George M. Cohan's latest comedy success in New York, wore a new spring dress and bonnet in the last act the other evening, and was so proud of them she forgot to make her usual exit. Therefore, the final love scene of the play had to be performed in the disturbing presence of a third party. And Marie did not hesitate to giggle while the hero gave the heroine a betrothal kiss. Whereat the audience also giggled, and the romance of "A Prince There Was" became a joke. "Pooh," scoffed the child actress afterwards to Miss Phoebe Hunt, the leading lady, "you should worry. Most times the audience gets up to go home when he starts to kiss you. They never sit through it. But tonight nobody stirred. I guess my new spring hat fascinated them, all right."

At the Curran

The last week of the San Francisco engagement of "Maytime" at the Curran Theatre will begin Sunday night, June 1. The departure of this delightful musical play will be witnessed with regret by a host of people who have been charmed by its enchanting story, tantalizing melodies and capable company. "Maytime" is one of the prettiest plays San Francisco has seen in many years. It is so dainty, so clean, so tuneful that one is carried away with its charm, and it is so different in every way from the ordinary musical comedy. It has a plot, real melodies and good voices to sing them. And last—but by no means least—there is a magnificent production both as to costumes and scenery. The Messrs. Shubert, who are responsible for it, have neglected no detail in giving us the very best. It will be well for local theatergoers to remember the principal names in the stellar cast of "Maytime," many of them appearing here for the first time. Heading the list is John Charles Thomas, assisted by Carolyn Thomson and John T. Murray, while others of importance are Russell Lennon, Howard Marsh, Ezra Walck, Alfred Hemming, Grace Sudiford, Janetta Methven, Isabel Vernon, Betty Kirkbride, Vivian Oakland, Tillie Salinger, Nellie Mallin, S. Byrd Wheeler and Marion Dixon.

Alcazar

The very brilliant production of "Never Say Die," a comedy of quality, acted with distinction by the new Alcazar Company, will be followed next Sunday, for a week, with the first San Francisco offering of "The Scrap of Paper," a comedy melodrama by Owen Davis, author

of "The Man Who Came Back," based upon Arthur Somers Roche's ingenious and thrilling crook mystery. There is laughter, suspense strain and romance in this baffling dramatic composite. The action occurs within twelve hours of New York life, crowded with stirring incidents. The scenes are the Masterman Trust skyscraper, the office of the Bryant Steamship Company, the lower hall of the Greenwich Studio Building, a bachelor apartment in Washington Square, and a millionaire home on Riverside Drive. Walter P. Richardson personates the crook, and Belle Bennett is a young social reformer. The big cast includes all the Alcazar favorites. In early preparation is the brilliant comedy of international romance, "Information, Please," by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin, in which the former dedicated the Selwyn Theatre, New York, last October.

A Guid Linguist

A few cronies had met in a small country inn, where a very good looking girl had recently been engaged as servant. While she was attending to their wants, one of them—Tam—turned to another—Sandy—and asked, "What do ye thing o' oor new lass?"

Sandy looked at the maid a little, and replied, "I think she's a guid linguist."

The girl, who was high-spirited as well as handsome, not understanding the meaning of linguist, took it for an insult, and at once opened on Sandy. "Ca' me a linguist, dae ye? I'll teach we to ca' folk names like that, ye

—!" and she went at him for a while with all the powers of her vocabulary.

Sandy, meanwhile, leaning back in his chair with folded arms and smiling all over, was evidently highly pleased with the exhibition the girl was making of her powers. When she had in a measure exhausted herself, Sandy turned to Tam, and said, in his usual quiet way—"Didna I tell ye she was a guid linguist?"

A TECHNICAL INQUIRY INTO MODERNIST ART

(Continued from Page 4)

"feels" it that way, does not even let a spectator into the secret of what he is doing. Freak trees and freak people may be interesting; but, as a rule, freaks are not strong, and there is no reason for applying the word "strength" to portraits of them, especially when you are not sure that the freakishness is intentional. Vlasquez did not paint his idiots in an idiotic manner. The Modernist does.

It is well known among painters that the two easiest methods of drawing are quick sketching and high finishing. Between the two lies the great problem. To retain the strength of a first sketch and not fall into the namby-pamby gloss of a Messonier—that is the aspiration of the true artist. It is this unfortunate dilemma that has brought about the anguish and the failures with which the studios are strewn. Some of the Modernists can draw very well when they wish to; that is to say they can sketch and finish in an academic way, but they have not the power to produce a picture that will be strong without crudity or meaningful without excess of detail. Some of the more recent converts can neither sketch nor finish. To them the new art is a boon for which they must feel themselves most humble and obedient servants. The movement contains much that is mysterious. It is the mob spirit applied to a smaller mob—a host of imitators. At a time when there appears little for man to learn in the way of fine arts, at an age when cleverness is taken as a matter of course, when children are wise beyond their years, we have man's first deliberate attempt to draw as a child, to seem unsophisticated and unreal. Verily, part of mankind has reached the summit and is descending the arc of his triumph.

questionable assemblages and the membership of anti-government organizations.

In closing, gentlemen, I desire to reiterate that I am not trying to cause any alarm to our existing prosperity. It is no time for Reds to further their cause, or get strong support from their propaganda. The disorganization of Europe is, at the moment, more fertile for their successes, but I believe in heeding the warnings, finding the preventatives, and suggest that you all express your views to your senators and congressmen, for the first requisites must be legislative.

This work needs federal action and centralization, and it will not succeed by spasmodic investigations, with small appropriations by cities or states. To be successful it must be a federal organization centralized in one department, having the fullest co-operation of city, county and state peace officers; otherwise, it may be but a short time before undesirable; and human failures with Red, or Bolsheviki ideas, will be leaving devastated and ruined foreign shores to play their "No Work" theories and "Down with Capital and Government" ideas among the great settlements of foreign peoples within the United States.

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THE BOLSHEVIK PROBLEM IN AMERICA

(Continued from Page 5)

ment in Russia, would have been fully known, and he and his fellow conspirators would have been under surveillance that they would not have been permitted to leave our shore, unmolested, as they did. Better, in the future, that such elements be placed in confinement here, or deported to their native lands, with a full and proper explanation from our government.

At this time, I am inclined to believe there is no immediate reason for crying "Wolf," or, for fearing that the Reds or Radicals, as now organized in the United States, are an immediate danger, but we should heed the lesson that has been so prominently before us, of this country's absolute inability during the war to cope with anarchistic and espionage questions. The tremendous growth of Bolshevism in Europe today, as an outgrowth of the war, has its immediate warning to this country, which we should heed and take advantage of, and the federal government should build a secret service organization sufficient to at all times be fully informed of the purposes and proceedings of

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The optimistic speech of Judge Gary, president of the big steel corporation, was the signal for a further advance in stocks, under the leadership of the steel issues. Traders who have been bullish all along, seemed to throw discretion to the winds, and bought stocks freely, regardless of price, and as a result, sales of stocks finally totalled more than two million shares for one day, the largest number of sales since the bull market began. The crop prospects were really the basis of the advance. The outlook for the winter wheat crop, and in fact all crops, is such that it overshadows all the unfavorable news from abroad. Among the leaders the past week was the motor group. This class of stocks will benefit more from the large crops than any other securities, and the advance in these issues the past week would indicate that the trade is alive to the possible earnings of these corporations. There was some professional selling on the advance, but the buying power was so urgent that it took care of all offerings. However, the demand for stocks in the loan crowd would indicate there was quite a short interest in the market. Practically all the active stocks were in urgent demand, with a large inquiry for many issues including oil stocks like Royal Dutch, Sinclair and Mexican Petroleum, as well as all the steel stocks, with United States Steel in the greatest demand of all those issues. The borrowing of Baldwin Locomotive, Bethlehem Steel "B" and similar issues was also on a large scale. In fact, the borrowing demand was large in all the issues in which there has been speculative interest, and apparently indicates that many who had based operations on the money flurry had decided to take a short position in the market and had been sellers of stocks. Large interests who often determine price movements by the vigor and scope of their operations, continued extremely bullish, and were confident that United States Steel will move steadily up to higher levels because of a general disposition to take the long position on the stock and to look for substantial improvement in the steel trade. More is said every day about the building projects already decided upon, and on the plans for construction and improvements which have been under consideration and many of them already adopted. Special incentives are expected to be furnished for bullish movements in other stocks, with Baldwin Locomotive spoken of as having a vigorous advance in prospect, even from its present level. There was also extremely bullish talk on Crucible Steel and American Car & Foundry. The marine issues had their own special group of believers who do not falter in their opinion that a readjustment of capitalization is very close at hand, and that when it is

announced, will make a material change for the better in the market position of Marine companies. The movement in the traction stocks attracted increased attention to the transportation situation which was spoken of some time ago, when allusion was made to the heavy volume of business now being moved by both the Interborough and the Brooklyn Rapid Transit companies. A belief prevailed, however, that the buying was on the possibility that the public service commissioner will pass with favor on the request for an increase in fares on the two systems, in order to do everything possible to provide better facilities for the traveling public.

Cotton—There was no mistaking the trend of the cotton market the past week, and at no time was there more than a small reaction from the highest prices. The trade seems to have awakened to the fact that cotton was about the only cheap commodity left, and a commodity that is grown principally in this country, and something that is an absolute necessity. Once the market got started there seemed to be nothing to stop it. Traders took profits from time to time, only to buy back at higher prices, or miss the market. Liverpool led the advance, and sent higher quotations daily. At last the crop killer made his appearance, which he usually does at this season of the year. This year he starts the season with too much moisture. It has rained every day this week in the cotton belt, and the ground is so wet that cultivation is almost impossible, which gives the weeds a chance to get the better of the growing cotton. This, with a knowledge of a small acreage, was the incentive for the tremendous buying power which brought all the options well above the 30-cent level. There was considerable cotton liquidated from time to time, but it was well taken by the speculative interests, who are looking for 40-cent cotton. Nobody paid any attention to the bearish news, if there was any, and all eyes seemed to be on the weather map. The market is purely a weather affair, and considering the strong financial condition of the country and the speculator in general, it looks as if higher prices are still in order. However, we have had a very rapid advance, something over five cents per pound, and according to all rules, a good reaction is in order. If the weather turns more favorable, which we believe it will, the market is in a position to react quickly, and with the present extended long interest, it might bring about a decided break, which would be a welcome spot for those who are bullishly inclined to take hold of. We believe cotton will ultimately work to a higher level.

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"A devoted friend, eh?"

"My understudy," explained the star simply.—
Louisville Courier-Journal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, deceased.—No. 27169; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of George W. Williams, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

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28 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 25908 New Series; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN LONG, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly made and entered herein on the 27th day of May, 1919, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed of the estate of John Long, deceased, will, on or after the 20th day of June, 1919, sell, at private sale, to the highest and best bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, and subject to confirmation by the said Superior Court, all the right, title, interest and estate which the above named decedent had at the date of his death, as well as all the right, title, interest and estate which has by operation of law or otherwise accrued to the estate of said deceased since the date of his death, in and to the following described real property, to-wit:

An undivided one-sixth interest in all that certain lot, piece or parcel of real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Diamond Street, distant thereon one hundred and ninety-eight (198) feet northerly from the northwesterly corner of Diamond and Eighteenth Streets, running thence northerly along the westerly line of Diamond Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the westerly line of Diamond Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Lot No. 12, Block P, of Eureka Homestead Association.

The terms and conditions of sale are as follows: Cash, in Gold Coin of the United States, ten (10) per cent of the amount bid to be paid at the time of acceptance of bid, and the balance on confirmation of sale by the said Superior Court; deed and instrument of title at the expense of purchaser; commission not exceeding five per cent to be allowed to a real estate broker whose bid is accepted by the Court.

All bids and offers must be in writing and may be delivered to the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed, personally, or left at the office of its attorneys, Messrs. Heller, Powers & Ehrman, at room 713 Nevada Bank Building, 14 Montgomery Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Court above named at any time before the making of the sale.

Dated at San Francisco this 27th day of June, 1919.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,

Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of

John Long, deceased.

By H. G. Larsh, Secretary.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,

Attorneys for Administrator with the will annexed,

713 Nevada Bank Building, 14 Montgomery St.,

San Francisco, Cal. 5-31-3

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 95286. Dept. No. 10.

JENNIE GAZZOLA, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN GAZZOLA, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOHN GAZZOLA, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's intemperance, non-support and cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of February, A. D. 1919.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By J. F. DUNSWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. MAZZA,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

4 Columbus Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

3-29-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DANIEL TWOMEY, deceased.—No. 27172; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of DANIEL TWOMEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DANIEL TWOMEY, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Daniel Twomey, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,

Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRED MELZ, deceased.—No. 27170; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of FRED MELZ, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRED MELZ, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Fred Melz, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,

Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE R. KAHN, deceased.—No. 27168; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of GEORGE R. KAHN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE R. KAHN, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of George R. Kahn, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,

Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 894, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CAROLINE F. PLUNKETT, Deceased.

LUCY M. F. WANZER, executrix of the last will and testament of Caroline F. Plunkett, deceased, having filed herein a verified petition praying for an order from this Court authorizing, directing and empowering her to renew a note and mortgage in the sum of twenty-four hundred (2400) dollars and for that purpose to borrow said sum and for the purpose of securing the payment of such sum to mortgage to the lender of such money that certain real property of said estate situate in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of San Jose Avenue, distant thereon 149 feet from the northerly line of Twenty-fifth Street, and running thence northerly along the said easterly line of San Jose Avenue thirty-seven (37) feet, thence at right angles easterly ninety (90) feet, thence at right angles southerly thirty-seven (37) feet, thence at right angles westerly ninety (90) feet, to the said easterly line of San Jose Avenue and the point of commencement, together with the improvements thereon; said property being a portion of Block 169, Mission Addition.

It is ordered that all persons interested in said estate be and appear before this Court at the court room, Department 10, City Hall, in said City and County, at the hour of 10 a. m., Thursday, the 3rd day of July, 1919, then and there to show cause why said petition should not be granted and the real property above described mortgaged to secure said loan.

For all further particulars reference is hereby made to said petition now on file herein.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that this order to show cause be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge.

Dated: May 27th, 1919.

W. T. PLUNKETT,

Attorney for Executrix,

Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXIV. No. 1398

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JUNE 7, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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Archbishop Hanna and Graduating Exercises

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIV

San Francisco-Oakland, June 7, 1919

No. 1398

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

A Babel of Prophecies

After all there is little to be gained, in so far as the formation of an opinion as to the ultimate fate of the League of Nations is concerned, if we are to depend upon the published predictions of writers and speakers who naturally would be supposed to know something about it. Whether they do or not has gotten to be a mere matter of personal opinion, and, to go even further than that, one's own personal opinion, if it be based upon observation gained through careful reading, is just as good in a prophetic way as that of the most enlightened so-called expert. Months ago—five or six perhaps—Town Talk predicted that if Mr. Wilson should succeed in tacking his "fourteen commandments"—as Mr. George Harvey impiously dubbed the league covenant—to the peace pact as part of it, that summer would come and go, and autumn leaves begin to fall, before a peace treaty would be signed, sealed and delivered. At the first, Frank Simonds, whose vigorous correspondence has created in the public mind an impression that he is a veritable expert, predicted that peace would not be actually signed for three months, and at the end of that time just as unhesitatingly announced its untimely demise. Both statements were false, because peace is not yet signed and the league covenant is not yet dead, although its present condition is truly somewhat alarming. There have been as many false prophets among diplomats, generals, lecturers, writers, senators and other kinds of self-appointed experts. Looking backward along their varied lines of argument, the impression is inevitable that the whole matter is either one of personal opinion, controlled by whichever side of it one's sympathies demand, or else it has been a case of mere speculation, on the part of politicians who have fish to fry, or correspondents who have so much copy to supply and wire over such matter as rumor seems to be spreading through Paris with

Versailles as the center. So, "you pays your money and you takes your choice," according to the way you are going to vote next election.

* * *

A Candidate Speaks

It may be inferred that whenever Hiram Johnson applies the punk to some of his Fourth-of-July thoughts on the floor of the senate, he has an eye to republican clubs rallying with the cry, "What a beautiful sentiment for a future president of these United States!" Jimmy Nourse, former city editor of the Examiner and now a Washington correspondent, telegraphs that Johnson concluded a two-hour speech with a wonderful slogan for state central committees. These words he did say: "The issue is America, and I am an American." It reminds one of David B. Hill's "I am a democrat," a phrase that proved to be a great boon to cartoonists throughout the land. There was a thunder of publicity on the last occasion when Roosevelt threw his hat into the ring, but no subsequent mention of the hat having ever been withdrawn. The probability is that Johnson sneaked it from the ring when nobody was looking, and will cast it back into the arena at his opportunity. Johnson calls upon heaven and the Monroe Doctrine and the American voters to hear him in his terrible plight. Much he fears that President Wilson's recent diplomacy will cause him, Hiram, to abandon the lessons of his youth, the creed of his manhood, the Americanism he taught his children and hopes to teach his grandchildren. As if that were not enough for one day's work on the part of the president, Hiram sees also the betrayal of new-world liberalism, the triumph of old-world cynicism, the humiliation of the ideals which Washington gave us and Lincoln saved. Still unsatisfied with his discoveries, Hiram sought further for oratorical subject matter and found that the peace table evidenced selfish interest, sordid bargaining and secrets as yet unknown; and still further fumbling the folios of the year 1919, he set his fist kerplunk upon nothing less than "the blackest page in all our history." He said it. This page of dismal reading is the one to which was applied the sebaceous ink which delivered Shantung to Japan. No doubt the treaty of peace is not perfect as the music of the spheres; the United States, which stands for perfection as much as possible, could not dominate the peace conference. However, it is safe to say that,

in the course of his political debates, Johnson will find other blackest pages of history. He was applauded from the gallery of the senate—a breach of etiquette from the senatorial gallery gods. This tribute, says Jimmy Nourse, swept like a wave over the gallery, and continued "second after second until it exhausted itself." It was not the blackest page in the history of senatorial applause. In fact, "second after second until it exhausted itself," is one of the brightest quips that has come from the annals of congress.

* * *

Germany's End Weakens

A week ago Germany's end of the cable in the diplomatic tug of war seemed to be well anchored, with the anchor man showing no signs of giving away, and neither team seemed to have been pulling the indicator away from the center, which would be a sure sign that something must soon give way. Now, however, there seems to be little doubt of Germany's utter lack of staying power, and she must soon yield, anchor and line, and be pulled to the winning side, through sheer lack of strength. A few people and writers can be found, who actually decry the severity of the peace pact's terms, on the ground that Germany can not possibly fulfill them, and it should not be the policy of the triumphant victor to grind a conquered foe further into the dust. But these are only the "conscientious objectors," the original pacifists, or those who half-heartedly supported the Allied cause through fear of what might result from an opposite course. Every one else knows that Germany is not to be trusted in any agreement, and she must be placed in a position where she can have nothing whatever to say outside of her own borders, and precautions certain and sure must be taken to prevent any future encroachments beyond them. The claim that it is unnecessarily cruel to crush a great nation out of existence, will receive sympathy only from those who naturally think the same way, even if such an effort were true, which it is not. That part of the map that ought to be Germany is still untouched, and she should be thankful that it is not. There is plenty of room left for her 70,000,000 odd people, and spare place in plenty on which to build new factories for adulterated jam, shoddy cloth and cutlery that will not hold an edge. Her suggestion to the peace conference that some of her merchant marine be turned back to her, and that her entire

navy be disarmed should be acceded to, for then she would be given greater earning capacity with which to pay indemnities, and less encouragement for future predatory expansion. It is learned that she will let go her hold on the cable in this final tug of war, some time during the present week, and sign the peace treaty. Poor thing, in all conscience, what else can she do?

* * *

Concerning the Jew

The Jewish question is another one concerning which the whole world is at variance, and this, too, is one which is controlled both by sympathy and local conditions. If Premier Padcrewski is to be believed, they should be kept under subjection in Poland; to a great extent the same impression exists in Germany, and any Russian who is not Semitic will tell you that if they were given full rein in that country, there would be no hope of saving it. The record of the Jewish race, whether viewed from contemplation of it in our own land, or through information gained through investigation in other countries, is certainly not one that should subject it to persecution at the hands of Americans. On the other hand, our relations with them have been such that we would be justified in opposing such persecution by any other government and people. It would not be going too far to say that the record of the Jew in the past war has been good enough to justify a great part of the foolish racial prejudice, founded upon religion, which has existed all over the world for centuries. It is now part of the war records in Washington, that 200,000 American Hebrews served in our armies, 400 were cited for bravery, and 7,200 lost their lives. It is estimated that further returns from the seat of war will increase the number of

casualties to 10,000. There were 1,060 commissioned officers, and many of them were in Colonel Whittlesey's regiment in the Argonne, which was largely Jewish. There have been Jews in the diplomatic service and in the cabinets of presidents; many of them have served in the halls of congress with great distinction, and one of them, Julius Kahn of San Francisco, has made for himself a name that will go down in history as having been the most invariably right man in military matters of his time. It is un-American, narrow, unwise and unbusinesslike to decry him because of his race or religion. He has made his mark in history, will continue to do so, and is entitled to the protection of our people here and everywhere.

* * *

Walt Whitman's Birthday

They who did not celebrate the Walt Whitman Centennary by reading "Leaves of Grass" or attending a radical assemblage, may console themselves with the fact that some people do not consider the "good gray poet" a poet at all. As one reverts to his much-debated volume, the impression gains that it may be good oratory, it may be good socialistic propaganda, but its claim to poetic invention and imagery has never been substantiated by quotation. His adherents declare that you must read Whitman by the hour until getting the full benefit. The fame of other poets rests upon their adaptability to quotation—a line, a couplet, a stanza. Walt never wrote anything that could meet this test. Much of his work is not even up to the standard of passing oratory. Much of it is prose, and very weak prose at that. Many of his sentences are composed of word-strings that read like the catalogue of an auction sale, the index of a geography or a physiology. Whitman was not second to Joaquin

Miller in the matter of personal make-up. The circus idea, the wild western trimmings, were characteristic of both. Both men attracted attention to their persons before succeeding with their verse, and the applauding public took little pains to distinguish between man and book. Even today we hear more praise for Walt's humanitarian doctrines than the phrases with which he sung them. Some years ago at a Walt Whitman birthday dinner at the Hotel Brevoort, New York City, about three hundred cranks, representing every form of socialistic, anarchistic, free speech, free love and free doctrine under the sun, gathered to say something about Walt's publications and their own. The meeting nearly broke up in disorder, as some of the advocates of brotherly love were speaking too long on the subject and not giving the others a chance. Three hundred male and female orators vainly essayed to pay some tribute, declaim something from a book or read from letters they had written to newspapers. The poet Shamus O'Shael, who was then coming into fame, spoke so long that his renown took a bad turn; after listening to another speaker, he jumped to his feet and insisted upon speaking again, when he was called down by Rose Pastor Stokes. Now it seems to me that a true poet could not occasion any disturbance of that sort. The banqueters were mostly members of a Walt Whitman Society, organized to eat and speak on Walt's birthday. But poetry was not the sentiment that bound or unbound them. One could hardly imagine Swinburne, Poe or Shelley, Shakespeare or Milton supplying the grounds for ill feeling at a birthday dinner, because poetry may drive a man to drink but not into politics. Walt Whitman was something of a Eugene V. Debs in a slightly more metrical form.

The Soul of Wine

By Charles Baudelaire

One eve in the bottle sang the soul of wine:
"Man, unto thee, dear disinherited,
I sing a song of love and light divine—
Prisoned in glass beneath my seals of red.

"I know thou laborest on the hill of fire,
In sweat and pain beneath a flaming sun,
To give the life and soul my vines desire,
And I am grateful for thy labors done.

"For I find joys unnumbered when I lave
The throat of man by travail long outworn,
And his hot bosom is a sweeter grave
Of sounder sleep than my cold caves forlorn.

"Hearest thou not the echoing Sabbath sound?
The hope that whispers in my trembling breast?
Thy elbows on the table! gaze around;
Glorify me with joy and be at rest.

"To thy wife's eyes I'll bring their long-lost gleam,
I'll bring back to thy child his strength and light,
To him, life's fragile athlete, I will seem
Rare oil that firms his muscles for the fight.

"I flow in man's heart as ambrosia flows;
The grain the eternal Sower casts in the sod—
From our first loves the first fair verse arose,
Flower-like aspiring to the heavens and God!"

A Bit of War Talk

By Lionel Josaphare

The first time I met the learned Mr. B., he was sipping sauterne near the Place de la Concorde and blowing smoke at the Obelisk. Having overheard me exchange some words with a gendarme, B. glanced at me over his shoulder, observing that it was a far cry from Lotta's Fountain. He was born in San Francisco. We became friends immediately. I ran into him again at a public reception given by the Lord Mayor of London. We passed the next noon hour lunching at Vauxhall. Our conversation drifted from San Francisco to New York, Naples, Los Angeles, Petrograd, Cincinnati and a score of other places. He chatted about European capitals and world celebrities as readily as one discusses a vaudeville programme. Both of us thought of making Rome within the fortnight, he on his third trip. In Florence, while promenading the Ponte Vecchio, I caught sight of him arm in arm with a member of the Italian cabinet. We shook canes at each other, without appointing a place for another confab. Haphazard as he was (and glorying in the fact) he looked forward, I knew, to bowing before me—London, Paris, New York, San Francisco, it mattered not. I received a card from him at Edinburgh, containing his own and the regards of a fellow reporter, together with an injunction not to fail to visit Aberdeen and find it quite similar to Cos Cob, Connecticut; the similarity being structures reared from stone taken immediately from the ground site. And that was the last I heard of him for about three years.

It was not without surprise, therefore, while lunching at one of the side tables of Techau's, that I saw a newspaper lowered nearby and a cheery voice greeted me with: "Hello, your Excellency. Isn't this a devil of a day? I assure you I am burnt to a crisp."

"It is unusual weather for San Francisco," said I. "At that, not so very warm. Now, if you were down in Los Angeles—" I took a chair at his table.

"Just came from there. I had to help along a movie manager with a Russian film he is getting out. Traveled all the way from Archangel for the purpose—honest to goodness. I made two trips to Archangel, trying to interview eye-witnesses who could guarantee the czar's execution, but didn't succeed in getting hold of anybody. You can't imagine the number of Russians who believe that the Little White Father is biding his time. However, I proved one thing at Archangel, and that is that men can fight at thirty degrees below zero. Frozen mud—frozen swamps—earth and air hard as nails. Have you see Pete lately?"

"No; he is somewhere in France or heaven."

"Don't say—or too bad, as the case may be. On second thought, he is to be congratulated if he is in heaven. But let us hope that he will be with us for a while. I have a hunch that I'll bump into him at Vladivostok on my next way around."

"Whom do the Bolsheviki think will be our next president—Wilson or Mooney?"

"What's this—an interview? I refuse to be interviewed. What are the opinions of a newspaper man worth anyhow? He is supposed to report fact and falsehood—the flickering mind of the public; but his own idease—never. And yet, if I may, I don't mind putting in a good word for Wilson, if on no other account than that I should like to see him work out some of the

problems he has formulated to the world. I am solid for the League of Nations. Why? Because it is something new, my boy. Peace is a good thing; but after all it is only peace, and that's very dull. The best you can hope for is a graft scandal now and then or a rattling good speech at a home industry banquet. The north pole has been discovered; the Atlantic ocean has been flown. What new world of imagination is there for us to conquer? And how are you going to do it without the League of Nations? Eventually put the whole works under one management, say I, and await results. Some people are always knocking big ideas."

"Because they don't wish to see their own big ideals knocked to pieces," I ventured.

"Ideals—nonsense. This is not an age of ideals. I discarded mine when I was nineteen. Everybody tosses 'em up at one time or another. Why should the politician be allowed to retain his? We may live to see England struggling to win independence from a syndicate of governments and claiming that taxation without representation is unjust. Is it not charming, my boy? Why, winning freedom is a great impetus to public welfare and genius. The laughter of peace makes you grow fat but uninteresting, while slavery produces men like Aesop and Paderewski. It is not liberty but fighting for liberty that makes men proud of themselves. When the times comes I will place my bets and hopes that England wins her independence. Greatest little nation that ever was; while we are the greatest big one."

"Now, don't you consider freedom of the seas better than a naval battle—or don't you? Is that your idea?"

"I stand for freedom of the seas. I ought to know something about it. Was on a raft five hours in the Atlantic."

"I didn't hear about that."

"Yes, sir. Danish 'Indian'—steamship. I was the only passenger aboard. I was sitting on deck with my feet on the rail, when our attention was called to a torpedo approaching at high speed."

"Then I am doubly rejoiced at finding you here, old man. You don't give one the impression of having been so close to death."

"I received a distinct impression. I never passed so miserable an afternoon as on that raft, with eleven other survivors in a life boat vainly trying to get me off. When a destroyer came for us, I was unfit to be seen in decent society. Imagine a frightened man suddenly confronted by his friends."

"Didn't Lenine throw a scare into you?"

"Not at all. During the early days of the provisional government, Kerensky asked me to keep an eye open for Lenine, who had been reported dead. I wouldn't mix in with that sort of stuff; but Lenine said he might have to shoot me. Russian joke. You know, I had met Trotsky in New York—early part of 1917. His true name is Leber Braunstein. Dined with him several times at Behlog's 35-cent restaurant on Second Avenue. And I told N. Lenine a lot of stories about the place. That's his nom-de-plume. His name is Vladimir Utulyanov."

"How old are they?"

"I should say they're both about fifty. You know, I was thinking about ages the other day, and it struck me that one of the reasons why this war has not appealed to the imagination of those who did not see a battle is that there

were no young men at the head of it; no men of romantic age; no love interest, as we say in fiction. It was an old man's war, including all the generals, potentates, premiers. Clemenceau, the Tiger, is near eighty; Foch, the Lion, well nigh seventy. Albert of Belgium and Kerensky were the kids of the war; and Albert is forty-four; Kerensky about forty. It was a war of systems rather than personalities. Every one of the big fellows was trained for more than half a century to do just what he did. No youth; no genius, with the exception of the great Foch, and some people say that he is the equal of Napoleon. The Germans were coming with an awful crush when Foch backed them off the boards. You folks out here went about your business as usual, except those who went to war in the same spirit. But on the Boulevard des Capucines or Battersea Park, to say nothing of Notting Hill, I take it that there will be war talk for some time to come. In southeastern Europe they will never talk anything else. But Paris today remains unchallenged as the capital of the world's thought."

"In people but not in architectural splendor."

"Oh, yes; I remember. You think that the greatest view in the world is in Brooklyn. You know—ha ha—one day I was standing near the Arc de Triomphe, when suddenly I realized the falsity of your statement that there is just one little street in Brooklyn where modern civilization can be viewed in all its grandeur. You know that range Manhattan skyscrapers can be seen from several points in New Jersey. The sight across the Hudson is just as great as that across the East River. As I thought of that, right there by the Arc de Triomphe, I felt humiliated that I had not contradicted you at the time you mentioned it."

"I have seen the skyscrapers from east and west, and I repeat that the Jersey picture is not equal to that from the Montague Terrace."

"Have it your way. But what's the matter with Lotta's Fountain? Why the recent criticism?"

"Some people say that it is not up to date, that it is ugly and unbecoming its important position."

"Well, I don't know. I was born on Geary street. And somehow I never looked upon the fountain as a thing to be considered for the sake of its beauty. It is beyond that. I love that fountain. I wouldn't part with it for the world."

"I wonder, though, if you love it enough to drink from it."

"Yet I like to see others drink. I also love the Atlantic Ocean; but hang me if I ever want to touch it again. I just want to look at it now and then; to ride over it safely. Well, this appears to be our last drink together for some time to come. The Russians, deprived of their vodka, went mad. Here's hoping that the same thing won't happen to us. Ah! And—au revoir, old boy."

"So long!"

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Evolution

By Norah Buxton

The first time John Dentry saw Petronelle she was wandering about outside the Cafe Royal, obviously waiting for something to turn up.

He never quite knew what impelled him to speak to her. He was not in the habit of making chance acquaintances, but there was something in the pale, perfect face with its watchful, dark eyes that piqued his interest. She was quietly, rather shabbily dressed, but her hat was set at such a rakish angle on her cropped dark head that he only with great difficulty repressed a smile. He approached her slowly.

"Are you waiting for some one?" he inquired. Petronelle wheeled round.

"Any one," she replied nonchalantly.

John looked at her closely, and she returned his gaze frankly, hands thrust deep in her coat pockets.

"What shall you do when you meet 'Any-one?'" he asked whimsically.

Without a trace of resentment in her voice, Petronelle answered him quickly.

"Oh! go to the pictures, or a music hall, perhaps have supper here"—nodding her head towards the cafe in the background. "Why do you want to know?" She half turned away.

"I've two tickets for a concert, if you'd care to come. There will be some splendid talent. My friend has not turned up; will you do me the honor of taking his place?"

It was apparent that Petronelle was not drawn to the idea of a classical concert, but she was puzzled and flattered by a man like John asking her to accompany him. He seemed different from the run of youths and men who were in the habit of entertaining her.

She glanced furtively at John's tall, lithe figure, deeply lined face, and thick, gray-flecked hair.

"Thank you," she said quietly. "I'll come." Then, quick as a flash, she turned to the tiny slip of mirror in the side of the window, and deftly straightened her hat.

Petronelle was very silent, and John was not absolutely certain that she was not bored. Still, she never yawned, and when he spoke to her at the finish of Tschaikowsky's "Capriccio Italian," she did not hear him.

The clashing boom of the great orchestra and the wail of the violins and horns had carried her out of herself, and left her amazed and spell-bound.

During the interval John spoke to a great many people—in fact, he seemed to know nearly everyone round them. Several of them stared rather hard at Petronelle, who had removed her hat. The thick, black crop surrounding her piquant, oval face stood out conspicuously amongst the smoothly dressed heads of those around her.

"Now," said John, as they filed out into the soft April night, "we'll have some supper before we say 'Good-bye.' Where shall we go?"

Petronelle suggested the cafe outside which they had met, but John shook his head. "I know of a quieter one where we can talk. I'm afraid I am going to be impertinent. There's lots of questions I want to ask you."

Petronelle flashed him one of her rare smiles, which completely changed her rather sullen face. "What do you do for a living?" began John, as they took their seats at a small table in a corner of the room.

"I'm assistant secretary at the B. Hotel, and I

get fifteen shillings a week," Petronelle replied frankly. "I have lunch and tea in the hotel, so I've only breakfast to pay for, except Sundays."

"What about your evening meal?" asked John.

"I'm never in for that."

Petronelle used her Italian brown eyes with some effect upon a young man at a distant table.

"Do you never stay in?" queried John.

"Only the nights I wash my hair. What's the good of moping about from six o'clock till bedtime, when I might be at the theatres or pictures? I should die of loneliness in a week."

"But—your people?"

Petronelle raised candid eyes to his.

"I've no parents. In fact, I've no people at all. My mother drowned herself when I was six weeks old. She was French, and belonged to a troupe of gymnasts, and my father was Italian, and played in an orchestra. He shot himself in a cafe in Madrid two years ago. So that's that, inquisitive," she said without a trace of emotion in her voice at the thought of her parents' tragic deaths.

John Dentry was nonplussed. He saw the germs of character and soul in her, but they were so deeply embedded in a thick crust of ignorance and materialism that he wondered vaguely if they could ever break through.

That night he plumbed the depths of Petronelle's ignorance. She had read nothing. She knew nothing of art, very little of music, although that which she had just heard had appealed to some hidden force in her. Her gloveless hand lay upon the table. John found himself studying it intently. It was a beautiful hand—the hand of an artist.

When they stood up to go, John noticed the slim elasticity of her upright little figure, plainly inherited from her gymnast mother.

As they walked towards the point where Petronelle took her bus, John turned to her.

"Have you decent rooms?"

A look of annoyance flooded Petronelle's face.

"They're all right," she replied curtly.

"I mean, do they look after you well?" John they clean, and do they cook well?" John explained gently.

"I don't think they are bad, and I'm only in them just to sleep," Petronelle said, mollified, and slightly ashamed at her exhibition of temper.

Her bus lumbered into sight. John held out his hand to her.

"Thank you for taking pity on my loneliness tonight. You'll come with me again some day, won't you?"

Petronelle returned the grip of his hand. A queer feeling of pride ran through her.

"Of course I will."

She darted up the steps of the bus and leaned over to wave her hand to John, as the bus rattled away out of sight.

The next time John encountered Petronelle, she was accompanied by a "horsey" looking individual in a loud check suit, a fearful and wonderful diamond pin adhering to his bright blue tie.

The following evening, when she returned home from business, she found a letter awaiting her from John, enclosing a ticket for a concert, and an invitation to dine with him at his favorite restaurant.

Although she had promised to go to the Empire with an insurance clerk, Petronelle instantly made up her mind to join John. That night saw the beginning of a friendship between them that never varied. An unfathomable bond existed between the quiet, middle-aged man and the child of seventeen, with her ignorant, untutored mind, and wayward, loyal heart.

Upon the first real spring day of the year, John took Petronelle into the country. The manager of the hotel had given her a holiday, and ten shillings to buy herself a new hat.

The day was an unqualified success, but Petronelle was not used to much fresh air, and she fell asleep in the railway carriage coming home, with her head against John's shoulder; her new hat tilted over her nose, with the brim bent nearly double at the back.

John was not a conventional man, but on the other hand he did not pride himself upon doing unconventional things, as some men do, and he was slightly embarrassed when half way home one of his oldest business friends entered the compartment that contained himself and the sleeping Petronelle.

Conscious of the buzz of conversation around her, Petronelle sat up and looked at the stranger with her wide, inscrutable eyes.

John duly presented her. She bestowed a dazzling smile upon the man, then, with a sigh of utter content, propped her head against John's shoulder, and once more fell asleep.

(Continued on Page 15)



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The Widows

By Charles Baudelaire

Vauvenargues says that in public gardens there are alleys haunted principally by thwarted ambition, by unfortunate inventors, by aborted glories and broken hearts, and by all those tumultuous and contracted souls in whom the last sighs of the storm mutter yet again, and who thus betake themselves far from the insolent and joyous eyes of the well-to-do. These shadowy retreats are the rendezvous of life's cripples.

To such places above all others do the poet and philosopher direct their avid conjectures. They find there an unfailing pasturage, for if there is one place they disdain to visit it is, as I have already hinted, the place of the joy of the rich. A turmoil in the void has no attractions for them. On the contrary they feel themselves irresistibly drawn towards all that is feeble, ruined, sorrowing, and bereft.

An experienced eye is never deceived. In these rigid and dejected lineaments; in these eyes, wan and hollow, or bright with the last fading gleams of the combat against fate; in these numerous profound wrinkles and in the slow and troubled gait, the eye of experience deciphers unnumbered legends of mistaken devotion, of unrewarded effort, of hunger and cold humbly and silently supported.

Have you not at times seen widows sitting on the deserted benches? Poor widows, I mean. Whether in mourning or not they are easily recognized. Moreover, there is always something wanting in the mourning of the poor; a lack of harmony which but renders it the more heart-breaking. It is forced to be niggardly in its show of grief. They are the rich who exhibit a full complement of sorrow.

Who is the saddest and most saddening of widows: she who leads by the hand a child who can not share her reveries, or she who is quite alone? I do not know. . . . It happened that I once followed for several long hours an aged and afflicted woman of this kind: rigid and erect, wrapped in a little worn shawl, she carried in all her being the pride of stoicism.

She was evidently condemned by her absolute loneliness to the habits of an ancient celibacy; and the masculine characters of her habits added to their austerity a piquant mysteriousness. In what miserable cafe she dines I know not, nor

in what manner. I followed her to a reading room, and for a long time watched her reading the papers, her active eyes, that once burned with tears, seeking for news of a powerful and personal interest.

At length, in this afternoon, under a charming autumnal sky, one of those skies that let fall hosts of memories and regrets, she seated herself remotely in a garden, to listen, far from the crowd, to one of the regimental bands whose music gratifies the people of Paris. This was without doubt the small debauch of the innocent old woman (or the purified old woman), the well-earned consolation for another of the burdensome days without a friend, without conversation, without joy, without a confidant, that God had allowed to fall upon her perhaps for many years past—three hundred and sixty-five times a year!

Yet once more:

I can never prevent myself from throwing a glance, if not sympathetic at least full of curiosity, over the crowd of outcasts who press around the enclosure of a public concert. From the orchestra, across the night, float songs of fete, of triumph, or of pleasure. The dresses of the women sweep and shimmer; glances pass; the well-to-do, tired with doing nothing, saunter about and make indolent pretence of listening to the music. Here are only the rich, the happy; here is nothing that does not inspire or exhale the pleasure of being alive, except the aspect of the mob that presses against the outer barrier yonder, catching gratis, at the will of the wind, a tatter of music, and watching the glittering furnace within.

There is a reflection of the joy of the rich deep in the eyes of the poor that is always interesting. But today, beyond this people dressed in blouses and calico, I saw one whose nobility was in striking contrast with all the surrounding triviality. She was a tall, majestic woman, and so imperious in all her air that I can not remember having seen the like in the collections of the aristocratic beauties of the past. A perfume of exalted virtue emanated from all her being. Her face, sad and worn, was in perfect keeping with the deep mourning in which she was dressed. She also, like the plebeians she mingled with and did not see, looked upon the luminous world with a profound eye, and listened with a toss of her head.

It was a strange vision. "Most certainly," I said to myself, "this poverty, if poverty it be, ought not to admit of any sordid economy; so noble a face answers for that. Why then does she remain in surroundings with which she is so strikingly in contrast?"

But in curiously passing near her I was able to divine the reason. The tall widow held by the hand a child dressed like herself in black. Modest as was the price of entry, this price perhaps sufficed to pay for some of the needs of the little being, or even more, for a superfluity, a toy.

She will return on foot, dreaming and meditating—and alone, always alone, for the child is turbulent and selfish, without gentleness or patience, and can not become, any more than another animal, a dog or a cat, the confidant of solitary griefs.

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The Spectator

Death of Mr. Lilienthal

No more graceful tribute was ever paid to a departed soul, than that of the priest of another faith, in speaking of the sudden taking away from a life devoted always to good deeds, of Jesse W. Lilienthal. "He died with benevolence in his soul and the word of God upon his lips." Truly a beautiful passport into that unfathomable beyond, which the disciples of religious faith hope to reach and the unbeliever scoffs at, never knowing why he does it. Mr. Lilienthal believed in some blessed future existence where the good deeds "done in his days of nature" should be rewarded, and the reward he merited is golden indeed. Upright in his business dealings, unswerving in his religious and political faith, loyal to those who called upon him to serve them, and ever just and considerate to those he employed, he will be missed and mourned for by the hundreds who had received his numerous beneficences and the thousands on who he would have showered others had he but known them. Here was a man who had lived down all considerations of race, politics, canon or creed, because he himself made no distinction between any of them, and every man whose hand he ever clasped in friendship, must be proud indeed to have known such a Jew.

A Before the War Story

A young physician of San Francisco took a voyage to the orient as ship's doctor on the Coptic, substituting for the regular doctor, who was ill. At the table at which he presided, his guests were six Germans en route to Hong Kong to establish important commercial relations in some British and Chinese enterprises. At the first meal, the young medico greeted them cordially. One asked him in excellent English

if he spoke German. "No, I regret to say that my linguistic education was neglected. I speak only English," he answered. Whereupon the Teutons proceeded to converse in German, ignoring the American completely. The third day out, the captain invited the doctor to his cabin, where he was entertaining some distinguished passengers. "How are you enjoying the trip, doctor?" he asked. "The trip is all right, but the German language causes me to contemplate suicide by drowning or starvation. I am at table with six voluble Germans who talk only in their own language." The captain transferred the indignant physician to another table. This time his companions were five Chinese returning home from abroad, where they had been educated for the diplomatic service. One was from Oxford, one from Cambridge, one from University of Paris, one from Harvard, the other from Yale. These young gentlemen never pronounced a word of any language but English in the doctor's presence. "And such English!—the purest I ever heard. I was ashamed of my own limited vocabulary, my careless diction. In addition, they were splendid fellows and very agreeable companions. The steamship company's custom was to order a certain quantity of wine for each officer's table; at my table, for each bottle that was opened, the Chinese ordered six more every time, though sometimes the corks were pulled and none poured."

At the Savage Club

The doctor went on to relate how hospitably and lavishly these Chinese entertained him in Hong Kong. He was armed with many letters of introduction to distinguished residents of the city and was promptly put up at the Savage Club. One day, when the guest there of an exceedingly wealthy resident Englishman, in walked the six Germans of the voyage. They made a bee line for the doctor, one thrust forth his hand, saying effusively, "By Jove! it is good to see you on terra firma, doctor!" Our young man from San Francisco turned coldly round, looked at the Germans "as if they were not there," remarking indifferently: "You have the best of me, sir." "Why, we crossed over with you on the Coptic," said Fritz. "Ah! indeed?" exclaimed the doctor. "Yes, we sat at your table for three days," persisted the now embarrassed German. "Yes, now I recall you. You were the passengers who could not speak English. Excuse me, I am busy at present." When the German group had evaporated, the Englishman said: "What's all this? Those men have been on my trail since they landed. They are very anxious to make an appointment with me to put through some contracts. One of them wrote me that a conference with me about the matter is the object of their visit to Hong Kong." When the doctor related the circumstance of their boorish treatment of him the British magnate said: "That settles it—I will not see them nor consider their proposition."

Japanese Statesmen Suggestionized

In the light of the present attitude and activities of Japan in world affairs the following extract from a letter written by Herbert Spencer, the great philosopher, to a Japanese statesman, Baron Kentaro, are extremely interesting. The letter was written twenty-seven years ago

and withheld from publication for twelve years, one year after Spencer's demise. The London Times of the day characterized the letter as "colossal egotism." Lefcadio Hearn, in his book "Japan," during the progress of the Russo-Japanese war, counseled the Japanese, whom he then admired enormously, that Spencer was the wisest man in the world and urged them to follow the sociologist's advice. Some years later Hearn in an American interview gave verbal proof that he had grown to execrate the race. The Japs evidently had respect for his opinion as he had studied very deeply the traditions of their people. At any rate, they seem at this latest moment in their annals to have clung tenaciously to Spencer's advice and profited by it, even to the extent of influencing their own legislation regarding foreigners in Japan.

Herbert Spencer's Advice to Japan

My Dear Sir: Your proposal to send translations of my two letters to Count Ito, the newly appointed prime minister, is quite satisfactory. I very willingly give my assent.

Respecting the further questions you ask, let me, in the first place, answer generally that the Japanese policy should, I think, be that of keeping Americans and Europeans as much as possible at arm's length. In presence of the more powerful races your position is one of chronic danger, and you should take every precaution to give as little foothold as possible to foreigners.

It seems to me that the only forms of intercourse which you may with advantage permit are those which are indispensable for the exchange of commodities—importation and exportation of physical and mental products. No further privileges should be allowed to people of other races, and especially to people of the more powerful races, than is absolutely needful for the achievement of these ends. Apparently you are proposing by revision of the treaty with the powers of Europe and America "to open the whole empire to foreigners and foreign capital." I regret this as a fatal policy. If you wish to see what is likely to happen, study the history of India. Once let one of the more powerful races gain a point d'appui and there will inevitably in course of time grow up an aggressive policy which will lead to collisions with the Japanese; these collisions will be represented as attacks by the Japanese which must be avenged, as the case may be; a portion of territory will be seized and required to be made over as a foreign settlement; and from this there will grow eventually subjugation of the entire Japanese empire. I believe that you will have great difficulty in avoiding this fate in any case, but you will make the process easy if you allow of any privileges to foreigners beyond those which I have indicated.

In pursuance to the advice thus generally indicated, I should say, in answer to your first question, that there should be, not only a prohibition of foreign persons to hold property in land, but also a refusal to give them leases, and a permission only to reside as annual tenants.

To the second question I should say decidedly prohibit to foreigners the working of the mines owned by government. Here there would be obviously liable to arise grounds of difference between the Europeans or Americans who worked them and the government, and these

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grounds of quarrel would be followed by invocations to the English or American governments or other powers to send forces to insist on whatever the European workers claimed, for always the habit here and elsewhere among the civilized peoples is to believe what their agents or sellers abroad represent to them.

In the third place, in pursuance of the policy I have indicated, you ought also to keep the coasting trade in your own hands and forbid foreigners to engage in it. This coasting trade is clearly not included in the requirement I have indicated as the sole one to be recognized—a requirement to facilitate exportation and importation of commodities. The distribution of commodities brought to Japan from other places may be properly left to the Japanese themselves, and should be denied to foreigners, for the reason that again the various transactions involved would become so many doors open to quarrels and resulting aggressions.

Intermarriage with Foreign Nations

To your remaining question respecting the intermarriage of foreigners and Japanese, which you say is "now very much agitated among our scholars and politicians" and which you say is "one of the most difficult problems," my reply is that, as rationally answered, there is no difficulty at all. It should be positively forbidden. It is not at root a question of social philosophy. It is at root a question of biology. There is abundant proof, alike furnished by the intermarriages of human races and by the interbreeding of animals, that when the varieties mingled diverge beyond a certain slight degree the result is inevitably a bad one in the long run. I have myself been in the habit of looking at the evidence bearing on this matter for many years past, and my conviction is based on numerous facts derived from numerous sources. This conviction I have within the last half-hour verified, for I happen to be staying in the country with a gentleman who is well known and has had much experience respecting the interbreeding of cattle; and he has just, on inquiry, fully confirmed my belief that when, say of the different varieties of sheep, there is an interbreeding of those which are widely unlike, the result, especially in the second generation, is a bad one—there arise an incalculable mixture of traits, and what may be called a chaotic constitution. And the same thing happens among human beings—the Eurasians in India, the half-breeds in America, show this. The physiological basis of this experience appears to be that any one variety of creature in course of many generations acquires a certain constitutional adaptation to its particular form of life, and every other variety similarly acquires its own special adaptation. The consequence is that, if you mix the constitution of two widely divergent varieties which have severally become adapted to widely divergent modes of life, you get a constitution which is adapted to the mode of life of neither—a constitution which will not work properly, because it is not fitted to any set of conditions whatever. By all means, therefore, peremptorily interdict marriages of Japanese with foreigners.

I have for the reasons indicated entirely approved of the regulations which have been established in America for restraining the Chinese immigration, and had I the power I would restrict them to the smallest possible amount, my reason for this decision being that one of two things must happen. If the Chinese are allowed to settle extensively in America, they must either, if they remain unmixed, form a subject race standing in the position, if not of slaves,

yet of a class approaching to slaves; or if they mix they must form a bad hybrid. In either case, supposing the immigration to be large, immense social mischief must arise, and eventually social disorganization. The same thing will happen if there should be any considerable mixture of European or American races with the Japanese.

You see, therefore, that my advice is strongly conservative in all directions, and I end by saying as I began—keep other races at arm's length as much as possible.

I give this advice in confidence. I wish that it should not transpire publicly, at any rate during my life, for I do not desire to rouse the animosity of my fellow-countrymen.

I am sincerely yours,

Herbert Spencer.

P. S.—Of course, when I say I wish this advice to be in confidence, I do not interdict the communication of it to Count Ito, but rather wish that he should have the opportunity of taking it into consideration.

Francis Stewart, Vocal Teacher

Francis Stewart, who for many years was one of the leading music teachers of San Francisco, is visiting the city after an absence of eighteen years, in which time he has become very prominent as a vocal teacher in New York. His many San Francisco friends are very glad to see and entertain him. There is a possibility of his opening a studio during his sojourn here. He is an ardent exponent of the Lamperti method and has the reputation of having cured sore throats and relaxed vocal cords when doctors failed—the doctors working on the result, the teacher upon the cause, faulty production.

How Ruth Became Famous

The particular Ruth referred to is Ruth St. Denis, who, no matter what admirers of her professional rivals may say, is unquestionably far and away ahead of all competitors in what is called interpretative dancing. It should be called imaginative dancing, perhaps, because at times its beautiful posturing is understandable only by those who have fertile imaginations and can jolly themselves into almost anything that may make them appear dilettante and intellectual. But of Ruth: She had been for a long time in the employ of David Belasco during his management of Mrs. Leslie Carter, and in the beautiful young figurante—for that is all she then was—he imagined that he saw great possibilities. But her ambition was to sing, Belasco had no singing parts, and so the months rolled on and the season ended with no

arrival of any opportunity to develop whatever talents she may have possessed. But a singer she would be, and so all of her idle hours, which were very many indeed, were spent in struggling alone for the fulfillment of her musical ambition. Her friends were many and all of them felt sure that she would one day startle the musical world. A lady who felt particularly certain of this decided to present her to the best master of the art of vocal music then attainable, and selected Francis Stewart, than whom there is probably no better voice culturist in New York today. She sang for him two or three times, and then she and her patroness waited for the enthusiastic commendation that both had expected. To their great consternation, Mr. Stewart remained silent, looked very serious.

"I always believe in being bluntly severe in such matter as these," he finally said, "for it is the only way to guard against future disappointment and the unnecessary waste of money. Miss St. Denis, you have a voice—quite an unusual one, I may say—but no ear whatever. You sing sadly out of tune, and this is a defect which I am sure I can never correct."

"Nonsense!" replied the patroness. "Ruth has a brain, she has energy and patience, and can do anything she wants to. You ought to see her dance. Ruth, dance for Mr. Stewart."

The maestro turned toward the keys and played a characteristic oriental symphony, and the disappointed singer in her street dress interpreted its many inspirational changes by classical poses, wonderful posturing and changes of expression that were truly remarkable. When she had finished Mr. Stewart arose and took her by the hand.

"My dear Miss St. Denis, you are wonderful! You stand entirely alone! Why spend years perhaps at music only to fail, when nature has already endowed you with an art that is delightfully complete?" In less than a fortnight the patroness had made all necessary arrangements for the first matinee of Ruth St. Denis. True to the judgment of Francis Stewart, New York was at her feet and it was not long before the whole world was there.

The Greatest Soldier

Recent news stories give us a remarkable hero from the Argonne sector. Sergeant Alvin C. York of Pall Mall, Tennessee, a church elder, has been termed the greatest soldier of the war. York, after killing twenty Germans, captured 130, including a major and three lieutenants; also wrecked thirty-five machine guns, the total effect of his performance being to

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roul an entire battalion near Chateau-Thierry. There is no question about the authenticity of this miracle of warfare. York's superior officers rate him as fearless and, barring accident, invincible. Further account of the exploit will be welcomed by the whole country, as the breaking up of a battalion by one man deserves place among the biggest features of warfare of all times—if not a place at the very top. Individual achievements of ancient heroes against great odds are not to be compared with this Argonne capture, as the old-time knight was in full armor when facing lightly clad hordes of the foe. We assume that the Tennessec lad was armed with a rifle or perhaps an automatic pistol. In the matter of infantry opposed by great numbers, the Battle of Thermopylae, 480 B. C., has long been the standard. Leonidas, king of Sparta, with 300 troops, fought a Persian army for three days at the celebrated mountain pass. The Spartans were annihilated, but not before they had slain 20,000 Persians. According to the British, the greatest victory of arms was the Battle of Cressy. In this, the English lost three knights and a few bowmen. Actual count is said to have found 1,200 French knights and 30,000 footmen dead or wounded—about a fourth of their army. The English army about equaled the number of the French slain. If we turn to Garibaldi, we find a hero, the summit of whose deeds are little remembered nowadays outside of Italy. The Italians consider Garibaldi the greatest soldier that ever was. He accomplished the unexpected and almost incredible. With less than 2,500 men, peasants and volunteers, and six small cannon, he won the Battle of Marsala smashingly against 50,000 Austrian troops posted in strong fortresses, equipped with heavy artillery of the day and supported by a fleet that operated 500 guns. This was in 1860 and may be taken as the supreme effort of modern battle. The Battle of Cressy was in 1346, when cannon were used for the first time. The English had them, and the French did not. This accounts for the unequal casualty

list. If the Argonne incident, with its dead and captured amounting to more than skirmish losses between two battalions, is to be the honor of one man, after a fight, and was not a mere surrender, York's victory is the greatest ever. His demolition of the machine guns indicates that he did some fighting.

The Grove of Heroes

There is no doubt now but that this splendid memorial to the memory of fallen California heroes will in the natural order of civil haggling and delays, become an assured fact. The crowd gathered in the apportioned ten acres of Golden Gate Park on Memorial Day was large and enthusiastic; the ceremonies, especially that part of them entrusted to the Native Daughters of the Golden West, were most impressive and the speeches from civilians, army, navy and marine representatives, congratulating the Examiner for having first inspired the evolution of the idea, were eloquent and convincing. All that now remains, it would appear, is the raising of the necessary funds to prepare the ground for the elaborate system of planting formulated by Park Superintendent John McLaren, which will cost in the neighborhood of \$30,000. Mayor Rolph in his stirring speech committed himself to a guarantee that the supervisors would appropriate this money and as much more as may be necessary. But mayors propose and supervisors dispose. It is to be hoped that other methods of raising money will be discussed forthwith, so that work on this beautiful memorial may not lag. It is suggested that Mr. de Young having become historic in his munificent donations to Golden Gate Park, Mr. Hearst himself might be induced to provide the funds for the successful completion of his own ideal, and so occupy the page in history that is waiting for him.

Archbishop Hanna and Graduating Exercises

Two amusements which I love are commencement exercises and college periodicals. Just at

this late spring time I am revelling in the first and I am always delighted when I happen to have a friend in the graduating class, or a member of the faculty who remembers to send me an invitation to the great occasion. The girls in their lovely new frocks, every detail of which has been fussily thought out with such girlish enthusiasm; the boys in their first evening clothes, which almost sing with the self-consciousness of the rosy wearers; the earnest, nearly reverential spirit with which the graduates deliver their addresses and receive their diplomas and medals (insignia of their first important triumph) are sights which are as lovely to look upon as those of healthy infants, athletic boys at play, young lovers oblivious to everything in the world but their own love. Almost I envy Archbishop Hanna (the busiest man in California when commencement season sets in) his participation in so many such events. Year after year he officiates in person, and year after year his zeal and enthusiasm in his share in the performance of the ceremonies increase. With a smile, a sympathetic pat upon the shoulders, some encouraging words, he starts each young being upon the path of life. His addresses on such occasions are always upon topics of particular practical interest to those setting forth into the world on the first lap of life's journey. Particularly he commends parents for making sacrifices for the education of their children; but he does not stop there. For the betterment of the children themselves; for that of their country; for the progress of the world, he urges "higher education as the means for the world's salvation." In preaching that doctrine, he is the faithful shepherd looking after the rights of the cwe lambs.

College Papers

These I have all the year round, but a baseball fan reading the record, "Three on, two down and the score tied"; a fashion-mad miss digesting the information that skirts must be a quarter of an inch above the ankle and two and seven-eighths inches about it; or a musical comedy prima donna devouring the theatrical page in any paper which proclaims her "A Dusé, a Melba and a Genée combined" could derive no more pleasure than I in the editorial knocks of these kids, their good-natured "joshes" of one another, their romantic stories of real (!) life. Out of the mouths of the infants frequently comes wise commentary. I happened upon one this week in Blue and White, the publication edited by the students of Sacred Heart College. The Christian Brothers, who conduct this school and St. Mary's College, have always a number of pupils from South America, Central America, and Mexico, sons of wealthy families who send their children here to learn English and the American ways. Their experience is valuable in the present Pan-American Commercial Conference, now in session in Washington, D. C.

"Where the Line Crosses"

This is the title of an essay published last week in Blue and White. The author is George H. Ordonez, '19, a native of Ecuador. He describes the grandeur of the scenery approaching Quito, the capital, which is but four miles from the equator, tells about the rich resources of the state, the picturesque edifices and social life, and is confident that as the result of the slogan, "Go south, young man," Ecuador will be the business man's Mecca. It is his conclusion that portrays the very interesting viewpoint of the South American. Pray, North Americans,

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glance into the mirror as he hold it up—it may do us good:

"The general run of opinion has been that the inhabitants of Quito, and Ecuador in general, are uncouth, unmannerly and uneducated. This is far from the truth. However, numerically, as well as otherwise, there is a wide difference between the whites and the lower classes; the former constituting only 15 per cent of the entire population. When a book is published concerning the social and economic development in Ecuador, the writer often fails to see the division between the two elements and statistics are taken from the entire population collectively. Naturally the whites fall far below par and at best, the outside world gets a very poor idea of South Americans. But when a foreigner visits Ecuador he deals with the upper class, generally, and he finds that they are quite different from those described by the pen of some irresponsible journalist.

The white population is equal to the North American in intelligence, and although educational facilities were not so extensive in the past, the opportunities offered were taken advantage of. At the present time Quito boasts of a university with a faculty of about forty learned men who have acquired this knowledge in the leading colleges of Europe and the United States at the expense of the Ecuadorian government. We may safely say that the educated of Ecuador surpass the average North American in social graces, conversational powers and linguistic accomplishments. They have a greater perception, nicer proprieties, speak, usually, two or three languages, and have a cultivated taste for music and the other arts. No upper class *senorita* or *caballero* is ever embarrassed; they know how to do and say the proper thing. Because of this they make charming hosts and delightful companions. Although their interest in you may be only skin deep, they always manifest a pleasing concern in your affairs, thus making many friends."

Super-Pictures for San Francisco

The fight is on. What fight? Why, to be sure, the aggregation of celluloid fisticuffs that is to make our city a moving-picture center. All the Dorothies and Charlies will soon be vamping and scrambling in our midst. Last Tuesday afternoon, before the Welfare and Publicity Committee of the Board of Supervisors, appeared one Joseph A. Eliason, representing the San Francisco Motion Picture Studios, and stated that he has leased, merged and incorporated everything that is necessary to commence work at Page and Sanyan streets; that he has contracted for locations all the way from San Mateo to Piedmont, and desires a little co-operation from us. He had a long speech, many hard facts, an easy manner, several expert witnesses, a bunch of press clippings and—a proposition. The proposition is that the Board of Supervisors appoint a committee of citizens to instigate the emigration of producers from the City and County of Los Angeles to the City and County of San Francisco. The speaker said that we deserve them,

because, while we have annually ten days more rain and six days more fog (count them) than they have down south, we are superior in all other respects, including the quality of sunshine and people. It sounds plausible. The object of the local motion-picture corporation is to rent studio space to other companies, especially films stars, who have a proclivity for breaking away from the big managers and managing themselves as soon as popularity makes the venture safe. I was informed by Thomas Walthew, scenic artist of the Orpheum, that ten renting companies represent a net profit of \$100,000 for the year, and that local capitalists are eager for shares of stock. Eliason introduced Mr. Moon Quong, who spoke of the good relations to be had between this country and China, where the people are strong for the movies—stronger than for the Bibles which we send them, said Moon. He is also a producing manager. In an extended argument with Chairman Mulvihill, Eliason expressed the hope that the Board would appoint a committee at once. Mulvihill thought that the matter should await the return of Mayor Rolph, who always likes to have a hand in such affairs. In the mean time, all the moral support possible was promised by Mulvihill, Welch, Hock and Hynes. The idea is that beside moral support there should be a welfare committee capable of raising \$100,000 with which to buy up a maximum of advertising space in motion picture magazines, telling the world how San Francisco excels Los Angeles in four ways. Then one by one, the companies will pack up and come here. A number of private estates have already signified their willingness to let the camera men have the use of locations rent free. The one hold-out thus far is Park Superintendent McLaren, who doesn't want horses and highwaymen, elopers and detectives trampling the lawns. Eliason had press clippings to prove that the movies put Los Angeles on the map, receiving only ingratitude for their pains. San Francisco will be more reasonable. Support is promised by the chamber of commerce, the Downtown Association, the Civic League, bankers and many other good people. It will be a prize for San Francisco. We won't have to attend movies. We shall get the thing in the flesh, every day, anywhere on our streets. Walk along Van Ness Avenue and see Clara Kimball Young choked by a villain; Charlie Chaplin will skitter around Lotta's Fountain, knocking over the traffic cops; Nazimova rage through Polk Street; Douglas Fairbanks will drop from a biplane to a limousine on Lake Street; Mary Pickford escape from Telegraph Hill. Besides that, the movie people are big spenders. They rank as the fourth industry in the United States, enjoying a payroll of more than \$10,000,000 a year, or a month, or a week, I forget which.

Mystery in Art

On Sunday afternoon last, a man, not of the common rabble, to judge by his attire, face, and the fashionable adornment of his woman companion, stood regarding with a puzzled sort of smile, a picture called "A Russian September," which seems to be the most talked of effort in a collection of paintings by the Russian artist, Anisfeld. On being asked by the woman what he thought of the picture, he replied: "It looks to me as though the artist had thrown a liver at a canvas on which there were already some harmonious colors and details, and then left some of the liver there, suddenly inspired with the notion that he had discovered something new in art." The man was entirely correct in

his somewhat grewsome and impolite criticism of this one picture, which, to be exact from a more material point of view, applied to all the rest. The whole collection is something new in art—if rampant fanaticism can be called art—and while there is a great deal about it that is interesting, it is an attempt at education to a new ideal in which only searchers after the *outré* and wildly ideal will ever seek to perfect themselves. Anisfeld will have his followers, until something equally bizarre and past understanding is hung in the Palace of Art, and then he will have gone and been forgotten, just as were the futurists and their kindred fakirs. Some of the genre pictures are attractive in the sense that they reflect the life and personality of the Russian peasant in war times, but those untutored unfortunates who insist upon truthful detail in picture, will go away from this collection unalterably convinced that its colors were laid on with a whitewash brush or thrown upon the canvases with a shovel. And yet some one who certainly writes with apparent knowledge of art has appeared in the Sunday newspapers giving the most elaborate praise to the whole show. His name is E. Van Lier Risbink, and the amateur critic hitherto referred to remarked as he turned away: "That fellow's learned article brought me out here this afternoon, and I came here 'with an open mind' as he asked the public to do. But now that I've seen the pictures, I'm inclined to think that his middle name should have been spelled with an 'a' instead of an 'e'."

Success in Failure

After all the old maxim, "There's nothing succeeds like success," has received a destroying shock in the hysterical outburst of the British public in the reception accorded the unsuccessful Hawker and Greves, following their sensational rescue out in the middle of the Atlantic instead of, as was first announced, thirty miles from the Irish coast. The king of England has decorated them with the insignia of a new order in advance of the organization of that order, making them "Knights of the Royal Order of Commanders of the Art of Aviation," or something like that; they have been winned, dined and pageanted; they have been acclaimed as though they had been the world's greatest

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heroes of the air, and they are nothing of the kind. The world was joyful indeed at the news of their lucky plunge into the sea right in the wake of the good ship Mary of Denmark, but surely it can not have congratulated them for any advancement made in aviation. Their venture was purely a grandstand play to "get there ahead of the Yankees" and win the \$50,000 prize offered by the London Times if they had luck. It is pleasing to add, however, that the British public has been equally elaborate in the reception to the successful NC men of the American navy, who had properly prepared themselves to do what they set out to do, and will make an attempt to cross the ocean in a single lap when they are sure they can safely accomplish it. It was nice of Mr. Hawker to break through an admiring crowd to say, "Well done, old chap," to Lieutenant Commander Reid, and it is to be hoped that he was more sincere in that than in the belief that he could cross the ocean in any such inadequate contrivance as he "took off" from Trepassy, Newfoundland, with. It is learned that the English have constructed a giant aeroplane for the purpose of making a similar attempt, and in order that we may not be accused of anti-Anglicism, supposed we hope they win.

Fads of Actors

It is a curious fact that many actors have devoted themselves to pastimes entirely at variance with the efforts demanded by their art, and in many instances they have believed their profession an actual impediment to prominence in better channels. Joseph Jefferson had no doubt whatever that he would have been a great artist had destiny not decreed that he must be an actor, and there are in existence hundreds of his efforts in landscape, which are valuable from a sentimental point of view, but ocular demonstrations that destiny had decreed aright. Harry Conor, the best comedian ever in the famous comedies of Charles Hoyt, some-

what effeminate in manner and most unmuscular in frame, felt sure that he ought to have been a blacksmith. But feeling that he was not physically fitted for the horseshoeing trade or the forging of wagon tires, he always maintained in his home a complete forge at which he fashioned many excellent examples of artistry in fancy iron work. Henry Edwards, one time president of the Bohemian Club, and the best exemplar of such parts as Sir Peter Teazle and Master Walter in the annals of San Francisco theatricals, was a noted entomologist, and his energy in this direction was so successful that on his death in New York, his heirs sold his collection of butterflies for nearly \$20,000. Gene Presbrey, well known author and stage director, is a noted conchologist, and his collection of sea shells is worth a fortune. Dion Bourcicault was a great collector of books. On one occasion a friend, on being shown through his library, asked him if he had really read all of those thousands of volumes, when he replied: "Don't ask foolish questions, my boy. Don't you know that the same effect would be gained, and a lot of money saved, if most of the books in private libraries were blocks of wood?" Charles R. Thorne was passionately fond of deep sea fishing, and yet was so mortally afraid of the sea that his fishing smack was hurried into a quiet port at the slightest intimation that a squall was approaching. At one period, when he was younger than he is now, William M. Crane decided to become a yachtsman. But those who have sailed with him declare that whenever bound from his Cohasset home to New York around Cape Cod, he invariably went by train and joined his vessel in the quiet waters of Long Island Sound.

Barrymore's Singular Fad

Maurice Barrymore, man of the world though he was, and fond of luxury and ease, had an overweening fancy for wild animals, which he sometimes encouraged under circumstances that would be quite unbearable to any one less tenacious of his particular fancy. At one time the writer met him in a district close to Chicago far remote from the usual haunts of theatrical people. His linen was soiled, his face unshaven, and he was evidently swearing to himself in no gentle way. Under one arm he carried a wolf whelp, in the other was a large cage containing prairie dogs, while by a chain he was leading a tame raccoon. On being asked what he was doing in this out of the way part of the city, he replied: "I'm looking for a boarding place. I've been out west with Langtry, and I've collected these pets to amuse myself with. They're little dears, all of them, but nobody will let me have them in any hotel, so I'm looking for a boarding house where they're not so bally particular." Two days later a visit was made to the abode finally secured after much careful research, which he said had continued during an entire day. The room smelled like an unventilated menagerie, and he regarded his pets with much more satisfaction than he would have read a commendatory notice in a newspaper. The wolf whelp was asleep upon the bed; the raccoon was loose on the floor, and making ineffectual attempts to reach a parrot whose cage was hanging from the chandelier; the bath tub had been transformed into a warren for the prairie dogs, and their master screamed with delight when they chortled in recognition of him. During the following summer "Barry" was found in a remote village of Staten Island, far from prying neighbors, and here he had perhaps a dozen varieties of American fauna collected during his winter's tour,

and brought here so that he might enjoy them to his heart's content. He expressed much regret that in making him an indifferent actor, nature had spoiled another Barnum, and he felt sure that pressure of business at the time must have made her careless and indiscriminating.

A Bolshevik in Art

Not since the memorable promenade concert given in the inside rotunda of the Palace of Fine Arts in the fall of 1917, at which Leo Ornstein introduced the public of San Francisco to his own and other ultra-modern compositions, has there been such a lively discussion as to what is and what is not art as is now taking place daily in the galleries of the Anisfeld exhibition, where the votaries of modernism are having daily battles with the adherents of ultra-conservatism. The reception accorded this very remarkable exhibition in the Palace of Fine Arts by the public of San Francisco reflects, in a measure, the general attitude of New York, Boston, Chicago, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Buffalo, where on the one hand Anisfeld has been acclaimed as one of the greatest artists of modern times, and on the other a mere pretentious concocter of sensationalism. But perhaps the most apt characterization of his art has come from the pen of his famous compatriot, Svetozar Tonjoroff, who in an extended consideration of Anisfeld's work concluded with the following very discerning statement: "This refugee from Bolshevism is himself a Bolshevik of art. At a jump he leaps from the cold Byzantine method as shown in his pictures of wayside crucifixes to such startlingly futuristic conceptions as the "Beach Scene," with its inexplicable and preposterous tent—or is it a bridge made of the wings of aeroplanes? And such example of thoroughly respectable realism as his portrait of L. M. Wourgaft. Then too Mr. Anisfeld shows the snows, the gray days, and the sleeping rivers of bleak Russia at its bleakest. In a striking way Boris Anisfeld indicates and carries out the role of Russian art as an interpreter of the sensuous soul of the east to the chilly western mind. One may quarrel violently with some of his methods; one may express the ardent satisfaction that his art of tomorrow is not the art of today, but he is showing work that has artistic meaning. As a representative of the Russian reaction against the conventional and the preconceived, he brings a message which is well worth reading."

Techau's Favors and Fun

Light of heart and of foot are the crowds that flock to Techau Tavern each evening to enjoy a few hours of dancing to the music of the crack jazz orchestra. Twice each evening, at dinner time and after the theatre, there are special dance periods when the ladies are presented with favors of the utmost elegance—mammoth Kewpie dolls elaborately gowned in fur-trimmed silk and sporting the most stunning coiffures of real hair; dainty, chick little personages, the lite of the Kewpie family. For the gentlemen there are large boxes of Melachrino cigarettes, the smoke that all appreciate. An evening at the Tavern is an experience long to be remembered with pleasure.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Senor and Senora De Pereyra.

Mrs. Clara M. Darling is entertaining her daughter, Jennie, who is now the wife of Senor De Pereyra, consul-general of Spain at Paris. They have come to town from Mrs. Darling's Monterey home, as Mrs. Darling will give several affairs in their honor at her California-Street home. Mrs. Darling is a most loving mother and her host of friends rejoice that her daughter, whom she had not seen since the beginning of the war, is with her. Senora De Pereyra, like her mother and her sister Louise (Mrs. Charles E. Maud), is brilliant and highly accomplished.

The Morrisons Go South

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Edwin Morrison, accompanied by their charming daughter, Mercedes, have left town for a motor trip to Los Angeles. While there the doctor and Miss Mercedes will make excursions to the interior on hunting expeditions. The doctor is a crack shot and encourages his daughter's decided taste for the sport. Dr. Morrison recently returned from Siberia, where he was on duty for many months in the medical service. Since his arrival he has been visiting a legion of friends in different parts of the state. Although he is urged to remain in this city, he plans to resume his practice in Dixon, as the climate of San Francisco does not agree with Mrs. Morrison's health. He is a brother of the Misses Morrison of San Jose, nephew of the late T. I. Bergin, cousin of Peter F. Dunne, the brilliant attorney, and has innumerable other family connections in California. Mrs. Morrison is an accomplished, vivacious little lady of French descent. Their only daughter is a student at Sacred Heart Convent, Menlo Park.

Murrays at their Country Home

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan S. Murray of Sixth Avenue have opened their delightful country home in Black Point on San Pablo Bay for the summer. Their beautiful daughter, Miss Blanche Murray, has invited a number of her friends in rotation as house guests. Miss Murray's plans to visit relatives in London and Scotland were upset by the war, but she has not abandoned her intention of a future trip. Miss Flora Bernard, Mrs. Murray's sister, will, as usual, spend the summer with the family.

Return of a Californian Authoress

Marion Polk Angellotti, the brilliant daughter of Chief Justice and Mrs. Angellotti, will soon arrive at the home of her parents in San Rafael. Miss Angellotti has been doing canteen work in France. Her literary admirers eagerly await a new story from her clever pen.

A Caricature Party

Novelty in the form and design of parties seems to have been the study of hosts and hostesses during the rapidly waning season of set parties, and what was probably the most novel one of the entire list of agreeable entertainments was that given by Mr. and Mrs. Victor Thrane at the Hotel Bellevue on Thursday of last week. The invitations requested that the guests should come in "tacky" dresses of some kind, and the more outré and caricature-like the better. This suggestion was adopted very studiously, and the costumes varied between

those of the gutter and the palace, the kitchen and the drawing room, with every attention to detail and portraiture. Mrs. Henry A. Melvin and Mrs. George W. Young were Mesdames de Pompadour, while Mrs. Clay Greene and Mrs. Stella Thomas Deshon were two veritable sisters from the Apache district of Paris. Mrs. J. E. Birmingham was an alluring vampire in a gorgeous costume of black and red, while Mrs. Arthur Judd Ryan was an even more alluring "vamp," presumably of the time of Cleopatra. The host and hostess wore the evening costume de rigueur of half a century ago, while Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham wore the street dress of the same period. Mrs. Lucille Joullin was a modest debutante of a century ago, and Mrs. George Uhl was an early nineteenth century miss whom a Gainsborough would have liked to paint. Dr. Rudolph was a hotel porter, and Clay Greene a ladylike young gentleman. Among the others present, nearly all of whom wore character costumes, were Messrs. and Mrs. Fred Myrtle, Guitard, Rohlf, Clarence Eddy, Edward Middleton (Beatrice Michelena), Ralph Guernsey, Mrs. Ida Ralph Guernsey, Messrs. Frank Rudolph, William Rhodes and Ralph McCormick. After supper was served, there was a musical programme, in which Mrs. Clarence Eddy and Mrs. Birmingham gave vocal selections, and Beatrice Michelena charmed every one with an operatic aria and imitations of Anna Held in costume. Dancing, which was intermittently indulged in during the entire evening, was then resumed, and continued until the witching hour when the weary wended homeward and the wideawake betook themselves to Tait's for ham and eggs.

Dr. and Mrs. Leonard gave a delightful party on last Friday evening in complement to their daughter, Miss Kentucky Leonard, who graduated during the week from the College of Notre Dame. There were over a hundred guests and the spacious rooms were filled with happy girls and boys of the younger set. Prior to the party a number of dinners were given, among them being the one given by Commander and Mrs. Fogarty for their sister, Miss Mary Frier. The dinner took place at the Fogarty home on Green Street. Those present were: Misses Anita Leonard, Eleanor Rossi, Albina Rossi, Helene Comte, Mary Frier, Agnes Flynn, Dr. Warford, Messrs. Bert Flahaven, Seribner, Eduardo Estrada, Pardee, Carlo Rossi.

Social Notes

The wedding of Miss Catharine Estella Dowling to Mr. Alfred Victor Orena, both of Los Angeles, is of great interest to friends in

this city on account of the prominence of both the families here in early days. The wedding will take place on Wednesday, June 18, at 11:30 o'clock at St. Brendan's Chapel, Los Angeles. The bridesmaids will be the Misses Gladys, Caron, Josephine and Dolores Dowling, sisters of the bride, and Miss Marguerite Orena, the groom's youngest sister. Dr. James Guilfoyle, brother-in-law of the groom, will be the best man. After a lengthy wedding tour the bride and groom will reside at "Los Alamos," the Santa Barbara ranch of the Orenas, of which the groom is manager. The bride is one of the attractive daughter of Mrs. James Nelson Dowling, connected with most prominent Spanish families of the south. The groom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Dario Orena. His mother was formerly Miss Hermenia Ortiz, one of the beautiful daughters of the late Caledonia Ortiz, whose home in South Park was the center of attraction in the girlhood days of these charming Castilian girls. Mrs. T. Wilson Dibblee (Anita Orena), Mrs. James Guilfoyle (Beatrice Orena), Mrs. Eugene Bobb (Hermenia Orena), Misses Inez and Marguerite Orena are the sisters of the groom. * * Dr. and Mrs. James Guilfoyle and Mrs. Dario Orena are enjoying a motor tour in Yosemite Valley. * * The wedding announcement of Mrs. Cassius Gillette, widow of Colonel Gillette, to Lieutenant Commander Meade, U. S. N., naval constructor at Germantown, Pa., comes as a great surprise to the many friends in this city, where the bride is well known. * * Captain John D. Tallent, 27th Engineers, who recently returned from overseas, left on Wednesday for New York. He will sail on June 20 for South America, where he goes as superintendent of the mining department of the Braden Copper Mine for Guggenheim. * * Sir Frank Poppin Young and Lady Young have taken an apartment at Stanford Court. They will remain three months and later leave for their home in England. Lady Young was formerly Miss Lillian Beckett of Oakland. Lieutenant Arnold Marcus, U. S. N., who was killed at Cavite by an explosion on his ship, was a son by a former marriage. His widow, Mrs. Arnold Marcus, formerly Helen Cowles, is at present the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Marvin Curtis, at her home on Union Street. * * At a recent meeting of the board of directors of the Century Club, Mrs. George Somers was elected president, Mrs. Ramon Wilson having been president two terms. * * Mrs. Lelia Butler Stoddard left on Saturday for Los Gatos, where she will spend two weeks, after which she will go to Santa Barbara for several weeks. * * Mrs. Charles Weller has taken an at-

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tractive apartment on Jones and Sacramento streets. Later in the season she expects her daughter, Mrs. Earl Shipp, wife of Commander Shipp, U. S. N., to arrive from Boston to visit her. * * Miss Hannah Du Bois, who has been visiting in the east for the past four months, has returned to the city and taken apartments at the Monroe. * * Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wolff are visiting Santa Barbara, guests at El Mirasol. * * Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger previous to their departure for Paris, were extensively entertained. They left on Thursday for New York. Mrs. Clemens Horst was hostess at a luncheon at her home, Presidio Terrace, a few days ago in honor of Mrs. Younger. Those present were Mmes. M. C. Porter, George Bates, Richard Bayne, Charles Houghton, Charles Dering, J. B. Coryell, Edward Younger, George A. Webster, J. H. Jennings, William Clark and Miss Sue Russell. Dr. and Mrs. Younger have made their permanent home in Paris for many years and returned to California during the war. * * Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spricker (Edith Rucker) and a party of friends will leave the middle of June for a three weeks' trip in Yosemite Valley. * * Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothm, who have been passing the summer in Santa Barbara, have returned to the city and will spend the remainder of the season at their home in Ross Valley. * * Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jones and her sister, Miss Marie Brewer, have taken a house for the summer at Palo Alto. * * Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Miss Alice Moffitt and Miss Harriett Joliffe are enjoying a motor trip through Yosemite Valley. * * Major and Mrs. Norris King Davis (Therese Morgan) and children will spend the summer in Santa Barbara. Later they intend to build a beautiful country home at Montecito. * * Major and Mrs. Henry J. Kirstad are at Fort Douglas, near Salt Lake City, where they will remain until Major Kirstad is mustered out, when they will return to California and open their home at Burlingame. * * The marriage of Miss Dorothy Starr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Starr of Grass Valley, and Elliott Downing, son of Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Downing, will take place this summer upon the return of Miss Starr's brother, Lieutenant William B. Starr, from France. He is with the 315th Machine Gun Battalion. Downing is a mining engineer and served with the 117th Engineers, Rainbow Division. * * Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher have taken the Ernest Lawrence Thayer house, "La Casita," at Santa Barbara for the summer. * * The Franciscan Club was the setting for a charming luncheon given by Mrs. Eugene Lent during the week. Those present were Mmes. Stetson Winslow, Bertha Welch, Samuel Rosentock, Robert Nuttall, Charles Farquharson, Edwin Eddy, Murry Innes, George T. Mayre, James Ward Keeney, Edward Lilburn Eyre, Leroy Nickel, William Sproule and Miss Flora Doyle. * * Mmes. Albert Houston, Bert Lum, Edwin Stadtmuller, Heller and Gustavus

Brown were entertained by Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood at luncheon recently at her home in Presidio Terrace. * * Miss Edith Cheseborough, who left a few weeks ago for New York, is being entertained by several Californians now sojourning in the metropolis. Miss Helen Cheseborough sailed a week ago from Bordeaux, where she has been doing canteen work for the past year. * * Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Carolan will not come to California until late in the fall, having decided to spend the summer in Paris. Carolan recently received his discharge from the United States Navy, where he served in the Naval Aviation Corps. Mrs. Carolan was formerly Mlle. Adeline Jous and the wedding took place last September in France. Subsequently Carolan was on duty in Rome. * * Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss, Jr., have taken an apartment on Pacific Avenue. * * Miss Marion Dixon of Newman is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Towne, parents of Lieutenant Arthur Towne, her fiancé. * * Mrs. Anna Voohees Bishop with her son, Jerry, left on Saturday for a lengthy tour of the orient. Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Thieriot and children, Yvonne and Charles, will spend the summer in Burlingame. * * Mrs. William B. Tubbs and Miss Emelie Tubbs are at present visiting in Washington, D. C. They have been spending the past few months in New York. * * Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters were hosts at an al fresco luncheon at their beautiful country home, Claremont, last Sunday. About thirty guests from both sides of the bay were present. * * Mr. and Mrs. George de Latour, who have been spending the winter at the Clift Hotel, will open their home at Rutherford the middle of June. Their young daughter, Helen, who is attending the Sacred Heart Convent in Menlo, will join her parents after June 19. The De Latours will entertain extensively during the summer. * * Miss Priscilla White, the charming young eastern girl who came to California to attend the wedding of her brother, Lieutenant Henry White, U. S. N., to Miss Jean Wheeler, left a few days ago for her home in New York. * * Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike (Edith Simpson) will be in Burlingame until October. * * Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer (Olive Holbrook), who have been spending the winter at the Clift Hotel, have gone to Ather-ton, where they will pass the summer with Charles Holbrook. * * Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Selfridge are entertaining their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth Selfridge, at their home on California Street, also Colonel and Mrs. Frederick Kellond, U. S. A., and children. They will remain in California all summer. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Selfridge and two sons, who were guests of the former's parents, have gone to San Rafael, where they will remain all summer. * * Mrs. George Barr Baker (Laura Pike) arrived a few days ago from New York. She will pass the summer at the Burlingame Country Club. * * The wedding of Miss Flora Miller, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, and Francis Langton of Portland has been set for Monday noon, June 16, at Trinity Church. A breakfast will follow at the home of the bride's parents, Stanford Court. Many entertainments will be crowded into the short space of time preceding the wedding. Miss Elena Eyre, one of the bridesmaids, will be the hostess on June 10 at a dinner dance. Another merry affair will be the luncheon on Tuesday, June 10, to be given by Miss Janet Knox, who will be the maid of honor. On Friday evening, June 13, the Misses Betty and Elena Folger will entertain eighty young friends at their home on Buchanan Street at a dance in honor of Miss

Miller and her fiancé. Miss Bernice Langton, sister of the groom, will also attend the bride. The ushers will be Christian Miller, brother of the bride, and Homer Curran. Edward Fox will be best man. The couple will reside in Portland, Oregon. * * Mr. and Mrs. G. Marcus entertained a house party over the weekend at their home in Mill Valley. The guests were: Sir Frank Poppin and Lady Young, Mrs. Arnold Marcus and Dr. and Mrs. William August Bryant. * * Mrs. Charles W. Clark, who has been taking the rest cure at the Adler, will return to her home in San Mateo today. * * Mr. and Mrs. Randolph V. Whiting will leave June 1 for a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

At the Top of the Town

The excellence of the table d'hôte dinner, diversity of entertainment and lilting music of the jazz orchestra under the direction of Henry Busse serve to attract throngs of pleasure seekers to Rainbow Lane in the Fairmont Hotel every evening except Sunday. With cosy tete-a-tete tables and others seating fifty, the beautiful room on the Norman floor of the hotel at the top of the town is a magnet that draws the better class of patrons, and visitors from eastern cities and from all parts of the world pronounce it one of the most distinctive places that they have ever seen. The dances by Vanda Hoff are beautiful and the songs of Miss Eva Clark and Miss Halli Nestor are delightfully piquant. The whistling of Miss Hazel Stalling is another attractive feature and Rudy Seiger, the director of music and entertainment for the Linnard hotels, is constantly securing something novel in the way of talent. Hundreds of music lovers are in evidence at the Sunday night lobby concerts at the Fairmont. The vocalists for this Sunday night's programme will be the Misses Inez and Leona Merchant.

At the Cecil

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan will be the incentive for numerous social functions. She is visiting her father, Mrs. C. B. Jennings, who makes his home at the Cecil. Ensign and Mrs. M. M. Laurance, U. S. N., are enjoying their visit. A delightful dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Jack Belser of Honolulu Monday. A bridge party was given Monday in honor of Mrs. William F. Morris, who returned this week. The bridgers included General and Mrs. Edward McClelland, Colonel and Mrs. Eben Swift, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wysche, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Linzee, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Thane, Mr. and Mrs. H. Defendorf, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Turner, Mmes. A. B. Zeigler, J. R. Folsom, Elizabeth Pratt, B. F. Keith, Dora Ahlborn, ... F. Wilder, U. L. Clapp, George Henry, Eugene Davis, Misses Sally Fox, Marion Thompson, Messrs. Hawley, Fred Brainseid, C. B. Jennings. Mrs. H. A. Robbins and Mrs. E. O. Wakonhorst arrived yesterday on the Overland Limited from Washington, D. C. Miss Alice Wilson of Wichita, Kansas, is enjoying her visit in San Francisco. After a delightful sojourn at the hotel, Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Alexander returned Monday to their home in San Rafael. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hunt and Miss Mildren Hunt motored up from San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule, who visited E. S. Pillsbury in Montecito during their tour of the southland, have returned to town.

Dr. and Mrs. William Ford Blake are at present in Yosemite. Upon their return they will open their Sausalito home, not occupying their apartments at the Palace until winter.

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The Stage

Dazzling Dancers at Orpheum

The return of Muriel Worth to the Orpheum during the second week of Blossom Seelye offers a sort of contention in the art of dance and gorgeous costume. Muriel, a dainty little figure with the prettiest of faces, is advocate of the tiptoe method, and attempts the more refined, the aesthetic manner, while Blossom is redolent of the old California days, the bold voluptuous dance movements that defy analysis, criticism and the moral sensibilities. In her finale, with rice-powder tights and a little fluff, she gives a performance that will not be soon forgotten. In her own style she is perfection, giving way to an abandon that is the true motive and the true art of dancing. Muriel Worth is more careful in her steps, making her appeal to the critical faculties, and nothing could be more elegant than her Dance of the Hour. She weakened somewhat in the Madame Butterfly part, as tragedy and toe dancing are not compatible. In the Dance Parisienne, she demonstrates that daintiness is not her limit and that a place must be made for her among the great dancers of the day. Both these women have studied costuming to a glorious pitch. Ruby Myer, with a burlesque partner, presenting "The Girl and the Dancing Fool," succeeds in attracting some attention to herself alongside the strenuous work of Thomas Patricola, whose buffoonery would be hard to improve upon. Their act is another example that beauty and the comic beast is the big hit in vaudeville. Joseph E. Bernard and Ninita Bristow appear in Williard Mack's "Who Is She?"—a playlet that gets the most out of matrimonial squabbles, and is excellently acted. Molly McIntyre & Co. have a bit of Irish comedy-drama entitled "The Love Chase," pleasing more its sentiment that its wit, which is not quite up to the sophistication of Orpheum audiences. However, even with an impossible plot, the emotional appeal of the soldier and the old country is a strong factor. Nora Kelly, assisted by Nat Goldstein at the piano, has a repertoire of rattling good songs. The "Pianoflage" of Herschel Henlere is a fascinating medley of French make-up, classical and popular music. The "Aerial Shaws" have a good old-time circus act on the trapeze.

—L. J.

"The Scrap of Paper"

Owen Davis learned his melodrama in the 10, 20, 30-cent days, when action, situation and story must be overstrained to a degree to "split the ears of the groundlings," and he learned it so well that he had no opponent to be feared. When the moving picture displaced melodrama in the popular-priced houses, he was wise enough to know that melodrama is melodrama, place it where you will, and that careful toning down, plus careful diction and refined surroundings, must make it worth two dollars. This foresight made him richer on Broadway than he had been on the Bowery, for he provided fashionable audiences with the thrills they wanted and in "The Scrap of Paper," assisted by the short story of Arthur Somers Roche, he has out-thrilled all of his former thrillers. It is a crook drama, to be sure, but the crookedness of the hero is employed to the discomfiture of greater crooks than he, and so, even the strongest stickler for law and order can not fail to applaud his nefarious activities. As for the Alcazar Company which presented this very interesting and admirably constructed play, it is

needless again to venture the assertion that no other stock company could have done it better, and there even exists some degree of honest doubt as to the superiority of the original Broadway cast. Perhaps this time—for the reviewer always selects his favorites in individual cases—Tom Chatterton as the young clerk who sacrifices a fortune to be square, and Clifford Alexander as that rara avis in drama, a newspaper man who is like one, should be given a tie for first place, although sweet Belle Bennett has never been more carefully dignified and convincing than she is here as the philanthropic young artist, and Walter Richardson was in every way stunning as the crook. The surprise of the cast, and not an unexpected one, either, was Herbert Farjeon as Masterman, the millionaire crook, and if Hilliard of the original cast played it any better, he surely had to "go some." Henry Shumer made two base hits in this performance, both as stage director and in the role of the faint hearted members of the millionaire trio of robbers. In short the entire performance was so nearly flawless as to quite justify the assertion that it was so, and the Alcazar patrons are indeed losers, in that they did not come in sufficient numbers to secure the continuance of this intensely interesting play for another week.

—C. M. G.

Kyne's Play at the Curran

At the Curran Theatre for a limited engagement commencing Sunday night, June 8, "Cappy Ricks," Peter B. Kyne's amusing old sea character, who delighted so many readers of fiction, comes to life on the stage in the person of Tom Wise, with his defiant skipper, Matt Peasley, played by William Courtenay, whom Oliver Morosco announces as co-stars, in these remarkable characters in Edward E. Rose's dramatization of the "Cappy Ricks" stories. In making the dramatization, Mr. Rose has brought all of the many quaint and amusing characters to the stage, and has followed closely the most important of the numberless funny incidents and situations of Mr. Kyne's pen, overlooking none of the wonderful laugh-producing opportunities the stories provide. The scenes of the play are laid in the office of "Cappy Ricks," on the San Francisco waterfront, and in the garden of his suburban home. The production scientifically is said to be well up to the Morosco standard. Besides Mr. Courtenay and Mr. Wise in the principal characters, Mr. Morosco has secured for the portrayal of the many other characters such well known players as Helen Lowell, Percival Moore, Norval Keedwell, Helen Stewart, Philip Lord, Jacqueline Mason and Isobel Withers, who are members of the original cast that is being sent here direct from the Morosco Theatre, New York. Saturday night's performance will conclude the successful engagement of "Maytime," with John Charles Thomas, Carolyn Thomson and John T. Murray.

Healy Presents Galli-Curci

Galli-Curci, the great coloratura soprano, who gave thirteen recitals in the vast New York Hippodrome last season, every one of which was to absolute capacity, has been secured by Frank W. Healy for concerts at the Exposition Auditorium, May 9 and 16 of next year. The Musical Leader of recent date gave the following account of Mme. Galli-Curci's thirteenth recital in the New York Hippodrome: Up to

the present time no singer except John McCormack has shown the drawing power of Galli-Curci, who faced an audience of over 6,000 people in the Hippodrome Sunday night for her third recital. One can hardly reconcile the vast auditorium of the Hippodrome to the size of one small woman in a recital, but now it seems perfectly natural when the woman happens to be the one made famous by Campanini in opera and by herself in recital. She was in splendid voice and gracious mood, and gave as many encores as she had programme numbers. She dazzled with some of the arias, drew laughter with others, and tears with still others, and she was a joy throughout. Her pyrotechnics, ever welcomed by a Hippodrome audience, or any other for that matter, included an aria from "William Tell," the mad scene from "Lucia," the "Carnival of Venice," each of which brought a tumult of applause and acclamation from all corners of the house. Her English has always been fluent, and her diction was splendid in French, Spanish and English, as well as Italian. No pen can express how lovely was her singing of Pergolesi's "Tre giorni son che Nina," and her interpretative powers in Aubert's "La Lettre" were those of a schooled musician. A long legato with glowing color and exquisite tone enveloped the Liszt "In Dreams," which was brought to a close with a tone that almost prohibited the breaking in of an applause upon the spell. But when it broke it seemed as though every voice in the Hippodrome was let loose. She also sang some of the Weckerlin old French songs and a particularly fetching one in Spanish. Mme. Galli-Curci is already announced for three recitals in the Hippodrome next season, which is good news for all who heard her on Sunday night and for all who were compelled to miss her.

Sothorn and Marlowe Returning to Stage

E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe, who have not appeared together in over five years, will return to the stage in October under the direction of Lee Shubert. It was in June, 1914, that, owing to illness, Miss Marlowe was compelled to retire, and an announcement was soon afterward made that she would never act again. During the interim, however, she has entirely recovered, and it remained only a question of time before entreaties of managers all over the country would cause her to return to the footlights. Sothorn and Marlowe have selected "Twelfth Night," "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Hamlet" for their bill. No other productions are to be undertaken for the reason that, as Mr. Sothorn explained, "these three plays embody the romantic, the comic and the tragic, and the roles of Viola, Katherine and Ophelia give Miss Marlowe her greatest opportunities and widest range." For the production much is promised in the way of modern staging. They are booked for our leading theatre, the Curran.

Alcazar

"Information, Please" is a brilliant comedy to be acted for the first time in San Francisco by the New Alcazar Company the week commencing next Sunday afternoon. It is the fifteenth play this season of eastern success that local playgoers would have been debarred from seeing but for Alcazar alertness and enterprise. "Information, Please" is the work of two brilliant women, Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin. It

was selected as the dedicatory attraction for the New Selwyn Theatre, New York, last October. There is freshness of humor, dashed with piquancy in the story of international society recklessness, disclosed in "Information, Please," which begins in the bedroom of delightfully irresponsible Lady Betty and ends at the fashionable Vandercliff Hotel, New York, after she has cloped overseas with a young fool of a poet, and is followed by her practical husband, an Irish member of parliament. But it was a most decorous elopement, and the feather-brained lady is unsullied. If you don't believe it, ask the authors. High comedy, crisp, witty, satirical, snappy and sentimental is this merry play, with ideal parts for charming Belle Bennett, versatile Walter P. Richardson and their admirably chosen associates, who combine in productions of Broadway quality. To follow,

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Brilliant and Piquant International Comedy
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presenting "Pianofoage"; JOSEPH BERNARD in Willard Mack's "Who Is She?"; HEARST WEEKLY.

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for the first time here, "Back Home," based upon Irvin Cobb's fascinating Judge Priest stories. Bayard Veiller, author of "Within the Law" and "The 13th Chair," made the stage version. The combination excites keen expectation.

Orpheum

The Orpheum will give another great new show next week. The Marion Morgan Dancers will appear in their masterpiece, a dance drama in the time of Attila and the Huns, created and directed by Marion Morgan, who is recognized as one of the most serious and intelligent of American sponsors of choreographic dancing. The music is as descriptive as the story, and Martin Beck, who is responsible for the production, has taken care that no detail has been overlooked or any expense spared. Bailly and Cowan are the progeny of jazz, the sons of syncopation and the blood relations of rag. Thomas Swift and Mary H. Kelley will offer \$3,000, a vaudeville vagary, the story and songs of which are by Mr. Swift, who is a rapid-fire comedian. Miss Kelley is a delightful actress and the two furnish a most entertaining and



MISS RUDOLPHINE RADIL,

Who will play Yum Yum in the Players' Club Production of "The Mikado," at the St. Francis Hotel, this Friday and Saturday.

amusing contribution. Edwin George will appear in what he appropriately calls "A Comedy of Errors." George is a clever juggler who purposely blunders in a laughable manner the different feats he attempts. "Birds of a Feather," a pantomime fantasy of the forest, will be presented with Bert Ford and Pauline Price. Leo Kimberly is the originator of the idea. Ford appears as the bold black bird and Miss Price as the shy canary. Each ventures forth out of the forest and in going from tree to tree perform a thoroughly disguised but cleverly executed wire act. Herschel Henlere, the famous pianist, will play new selections, and Joseph Bernard will appear in Willard Mack's new comedy, "Who Is She?" The latest series of the Hearst Weekly Motion Pictures will be exhibited. Muriel Worth and her company will be seen in new and startling dance creations.

Not to Be Out-Verbed

Dr. Samuel Schwab claims that the oldest good story is the one about the boy who left the farm and got a job in the city. He wrote a letter to his brother, who had elected to stick by the farm, telling of the joys of city life, in which he said: "Thursday we autocd out to the country club, where we golfed until dark. Then

we trolleyed back to town and danced until dawn. Then we motored to the beach and Fridayed there." The brother on the farm wrote back: "Yesterday we buggied to town and baseballled all afternoon. Then we went to Ned's and pokered till morning. Today we muled out to the cornfield and geehawed till sundown. Then we suppered and then we piped for a while. After that we staircased up to our room and bedstedded until the clock fived."

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(Mrs. Fannie Hlinman, instructor).

EVOLUTION

(Continued from Page 4)

A few weeks later John motored her out to Sunningdale, taking with him a selection of books.

Those Sundays in the open air were telling upon her wonderfully, both physically and mentally. Her mouth with losing its downward droop, her eyes were brighter and less moody, and although he hardly realized the fact, John himself looked forward eagerly to those days.

Petronelle was beginning to respond to his teaching, slowly, hardly discernable, like a patient under the skillful care of a surgeon; having slight relapses, when she fell into her old habits of haunting the cheap cafes, and accepting invitations from men whose very appearance made John wince.

Lying upon her back on the short, fragrant grass, looking straight up into the deep blue of the sky, she listened while John tried her with Henley, but it failed dismally, and she yawned excessively.

He threw the book aside in disgust. "Don't you like it?" he asked rather shortly.

"No! At least, I wasn't listening," she replied. "Next for shaving."

John shrugged his shoulders, and opened Bret Harte, but Petronelle cut him short. "Oh! stop it," she cried, almost irritably. "Here, try this." She picked up a tiny edition of Henry Newbolt and tossed it across to him. John opened the book slowly. He did not for a moment suppose that she would care for anything that he read that day. She was in one of her restless moods. There seemed to be something weighing her down that she could not shake off.

Her eyes were stormy and her mouth drooped pathetically. There was something almost dog-like about her moods and inability to make herself understood. In his low musical voice John read some of the later verses of Newbolt's, until he came to "Imogen Dancing." Something in the lilt of the verse, the deep resonant voice, calmed Petronelle. She lay absolutely silent, and John, glancing at her, saw that the tears were slowly coursing down her face. Taking no notice, he went quietly on to the "Old French Gavotte," and lines of Henry, Duke of Brabant.

It was one of Petronelle's oddities that she never cried, or showed any emotion over tragic or sad things, but beautiful sunsets and sunrises, grand scenery and acts of bravery, invariably loosed the flood-gates of her tears.

John had exhausted the whole book before Petronelle spoke, then she sat up, and smiled at him, and her eyes were clear and sweet. She stretched out her hand appealingly and touched his.

"Forgive me for being a cross beast, and read 'Imogen' over again," she begged.

John did as he was bid, then, closing the book, began to put the things into the picnic basket.

The sun, slowly sinking, threw long shadows across the grass. The stillness of the air was almost felt. Not a leaf stirred. Something of the exquisite calm of the evening had entered into Petronelle's soul. She turned to her companion.

"Tell me, why do you take all this trouble with me, when I am always disappointing you; doing things you hate? Can't you see that I'm not worth it; that I'm common right through?"

John turned upon her almost angrily.

"Don't talk like that," he said. "With you love of the beautiful, you can not be common."

"But what do you see in me to like?" she persisted, still unsatisfied.

John shrugged his shoulders and answered flippantly: "Oh! well, your teeth are good, and you wear such funny little hats."

Petronelle laughed, and getting up, tossed the motor rug over her shoulder, and slipped her arm through John's, and together they walked slowly back to the inn, where the car stood waiting for them.

Petronelle lay awake long that night in her tiny, stifling room high up in the dingy London lodging house, only falling asleep as the dawn crept in round the corner of the shoddy blind.

That autumn she spent her holiday with John and his mother at their home in Scotland.

It was a fortnight that Petronelle never forgot to the end of her life. The impression of it never faded. The rugged moors, the purple shadowy hills, the long days spent with John tramping through the heather, the quiet evenings in the low-ceilinged, lamp-lit room, all made their impress and helped in the molding of her complex character.

It was upon the last evening of their holiday that an incident occurred that altered the whole tenor of her life.

John was sitting in a deep armchair under the lamp, reading; his pipe, unlighted, stuck in the corner of his mouth.

Mrs. Dentry dozed in her chair across the room, and Petronelle, curled up on the window seat at John's left hand, was dreamily watching the clouds scudding across the moon.

Presently she turned her head and looked at John, his face lighted up by the glow from the lamp. It was tanned but thinner. There were tiny lines of weariness around the eyes, and there was much more gray in the thick, closely cropped brown hair.

As Petronelle looked at him, a sudden longing to take his head upon her knee, to touch him, came upon her.

The sense of comfort by contact was very strong in Petronelle; but she made no movement. Almost as if she had spoken to him, John looked up and met her eyes, and the look in them astounded and horrified him. For in those great, dark eyes he read the truth. They were no longer cold and inscrutable, but soft and glowing, and John realized that from then onward the old companionship must cease, that things could never be the same.

In his eager and selfless way he had never counted upon such a contingency. He had looked upon himself as altogether too old, too quiet to appeal to a girl of Petronelle's vivid temperament.

After their return to London John had gone away. He had thought it the only thing to be done in the circumstances. He wrote her regularly, but she missed him desperately.

She was puzzled and hurt, but she never wavered in her devotion, and loyally waited for the time when he would approach the subject and perhaps explain.

On a gray November evening, the evening of Petronelle's eighteenth birthday, the mystery that had overshadowed her like a bad dream was cleared away. She was sitting over an inadequate fire in her tiny room, feeling miserable, disheartened and perplexed; three days had passed, and there was no word from John. A book lay upon her knee. The door opened, and David Raynor entered. Petronelle recognized him at once as John's friend, the one she had first encountered in the railway carriage, and later on in Scotland.

As he entered Petronelle sprang up—the book slipped from her knee. She searched Raynor's

face anxiously and saw that something was wrong.

"Is it—is it John?" she asked tremblingly, her face suddenly white and drawn. David Raynor inclined his head, silently, striving for words with which to break the blow for her.

"Tell me quickly," she said imperiously. "What is wrong? Does he want me?"

"He is very ill; in fact, he can not live through the night. Can you come with me now? We can be down there in an hour in my car. Pack your suit case quickly, every minute counts."

Petronelle merely nodded, and darted into her room. Her eyes were tearless, but the feeling of suffocation increased as the moments passed.

David Raynor glanced at the surroundings. Despite the drab ugliness of the place, the hideous wallpaper, and dingy furniture, there was an air of individuality about the place.

Upon the mantel shelf were two photos of John. John with his fine, strong face, the young enthusiastic eyes contrasting oddly with the rest of the face.

There were a few good prints upon the walls, and a small, very home-made book case containing volumes of Stevenson, Henry James, Elbert Hubbard, and Verlaine.

Petronelle returned, and together they went quickly out to the waiting car.

"How long has he been ill, and why didn't he send for me sooner?" she demanded.

"He was taken ill the night before last. He only regained consciousness late this afternoon. There was something he wanted to tell you, but I'm afraid that he is too weak now. So perhaps I had better tell you for him. Last April he was given six months to live by two of the best specialists in Great Britain. It is now seven months. He never told you, because he utterly disbelieved them. The only thing he was able to say before I left was, 'Tell Petronelle, she will understand.'"

"He loved you very deeply," Raynor added. "You do believe he did it for the best, don't you?" He pleaded for his friend.

A stifled voice that seemed to come from a great distance answered him.

"Of course I believe it. I never doubted him—We must get there in time to tell him that." But Petronelle never told him, for John Dentry had passed beyond the sound of voices, leaving her alone with a sheaf of memories, and a fortune which appalled her.

Three days later Petronelle went back to London.

She worked harder than she had ever done before, because she knew that only through action would that sense of overpowering misery lessen gradually, and through that white cleansing fire of loss, Petronelle's soul was born.

* * * * *

Across the lamp-lit dinner table, Petronelle glanced at her husband. From his expression something seemed to tell her that his thoughts were traveling where hers were.

She laid down her knife and fork, and met his eyes.

"It is exactly four years tonight since he died, and it doesn't hurt one bit less, does it?" she said softly.

David Raynor watched the beautiful, sensitive face opposite him with a very pardonable pride. "I never thought it possible that any one could leave such a blank," he replied.

"I wish he could see the finished product," she said, without a trace of conceit in her voice. "If only—"

Petronelle took up her knife and fork again, for the butler had entered the room.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market continued its upward trend, and, notwithstanding enormous liquidation at times in the way of profit taking, the buying power was such that the heavy selling was quickly absorbed, and new records for this movement were made in a number of issues. The steel stocks came to the front, led by the big corporation stock, and a big buying movement made its appearance in all the minor steel issues. Copper shares acted well, but were not in as good demand as the other metal stocks. Motor stocks went skyrocketing, and there seemed to be no let up in the demand for anything in that line, with best prices at the close of the week. There was a good deal of talk of some incentive being present for the persistent buying of all the motor stocks and a belief prevailed that those issues are being accumulated by some important interests which have in view some consolidations which will eliminate the present issues from the speculative field. An important feature about these stocks is that the market was taken away from pools and combinations and representatives of various cliques were compelled to compete with outside buyers in order to obtain lines of stocks desired by them for definite purposes. The railroad stocks had many new friends after the close last week, because of the manner in which Atchison and Texas & Pacific acted in last week's trading. Most of the buying of these stocks, like that which had been in progress in New York Central, came from strong banking interests. It was assumed by some that this buying is based on something in the situation or in pending developments of which the public has no knowledge, but which may be an important factor in determining the future value of railway securities generally. Whether this pertains to arrangements which may be made in grouping railway systems along lines indicated by various statements by those identified with the railway administration in Washington, must be a matter of pure conjecture, but there are many who think that the buying which started with the accumulation of St. Paul 10 points lower and later was diverted to New York Central, is now the chief influence in the market movements of Atchison, and it was thought that large holdings of the stocks of the three systems are going into the hands of one financial group. There were some who believe that there must be a special reason for the continued accumulation of Atchison, and one of those who held this view said that a noise like oil had been heard on the western section of the road, and that in these times nothing else is necessary to cause a violent advance in any stock. The market is so big and broad, and has such a big advance, that an opinion at present is nothing more than a guess from this

level. There seems to be no question but that the market will sell higher, but it is in a position to make quick reactions from a technical standpoint.

Cotton—The cotton market seemed to gather strength on the advance, and all bearish news, if there was any, was swept aside with prices going well above the 30-cent mark for all futures. The Liverpool market led the advance, that market sending higher quotations daily, with a big demand for spot cotton, which kept pace with the advance in futures. The cotton world stands at the threshold of stirring times. In fact it might better be said that it is right in the midst of stirring times at present. Liverpool has advanced into new high ground, with a rush. The eagerness of continental Europe to get hold of cotton, so that mills may be started at the earliest possible moment, is rapidly depleting Liverpool stocks, which in turn must be replenished from this side, thus assuring a constant stream of demand. This demand from Liverpool must meet competition from direct buying by enemy and neutral countries. At the same time, every class of dry goods is on the boom, and the only complaint is that mills are not able to turn out nearly enough goods to meet the demand. Most of the crop advices were bad; some were quite so. There has been too much rain. Even now, although warmer, it is too cool over a wide tract of the cotton belt, big enough to cause fear of a poor crop. West of the Mississippi the outlook is regarded as bad. In the central belt, grassy fields are complained of, following excessive rains. How much the weevil pest will amount to this season remains to be seen. But there are fears that it will be a serious menace, following a mild winter and prolonged rains, and with labor scarce to fight it. With spot markets active and strong, there is a good demand even for the low grades of cotton, and in fact anything that looks like cotton is wanted. Under these conditions, and with the prospects of only a moderate crop in sight, we can only see one side of the market, and, barring minor reactions, we look for cotton to sell at 40 cents a pound.

The other day a boy went to the provision store and asked for "half a dozen black hen eggs."

The grocer laughed. "Eggs from a black hen!" he said. "How can you tell them, my little man?"

"I can. My mother told me how."

"Well, here you are. Let me see you pick them from the crate."

The boy carefully selected the six largest eggs he could find, but down the money on the counter and said, "These are black hen eggs I have taken!"

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Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,336,411.92
Employees' Pension Fund.....	295,618.00

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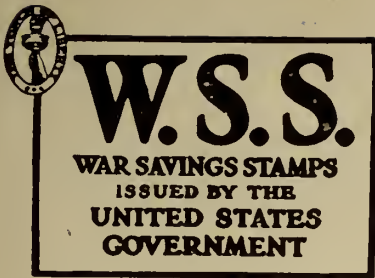
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, deceased.—No. 27169; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of George W. Williams, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 25908 New Series; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN LONG, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly made and entered herein on the 27th day of May, 1919, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed of the estate of John Long, deceased, will, on or after the 20th day of June, 1919, sell, at private sale, to the highest and best bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, and subject to confirmation by the said Superior Court, all the right, title, interest and estate which the above named decedent had at the date of his death, as well as all the right, title, interest and estate which has by operation of law or otherwise accrued to the estate of said deceased since the date of his death, in and to the following described real property, to-wit:

An undivided one-sixth interest in all that certain lot, piece or parcel of real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Diamond Street, distant thereon one hundred and ninety-eight (198) feet northerly from the northwesterly corner of Diamond and Eighteenth Streets, running thence northerly along the westerly line of Diamond Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the westerly line of Diamond Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Lot No. 12, Block P, of Eureka Homestead Association.

The terms and conditions of sale are as follows: Cash, in Gold Coin of the United States, ten (10) per cent of the amount bid to be paid at the time of acceptance of bid, and the balance on confirmation of sale by the said Superior Court; deed and instrument of title at the expense of purchaser; commission not exceeding five per cent to be allowed to a real estate broker whose bid is accepted by the Court.

All bids and offers must be in writing and may be delivered to the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed, personally, or left at the office of its attorneys, Messrs. Heller, Powers & Ehrman, at room 713 Nevada Bank Building, 14 Montgomery Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Court above named at any time before the making of the sale.

Dated at San Francisco this 27th day of May, 1919.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,

Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of

John Long, deceased.

By H. G. Larsh, Secretary.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRLMAN,

Attorneys for Administrator with the will annexed,

713 Nevada Bank Building, 14 Montgomery St.,

San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DANIEL TWOMEY, deceased.—No. 27172; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of DANIEL TWOMEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DANIEL TWOMEY, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Daniel Twomey, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRED MELZ, deceased.—No. 27170; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of FRED MELZ, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRED MELZ, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Fred Melz, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE R. KAHN, deceased.—No. 27168; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of GEORGE R. KAHN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE R. KAHN, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of George R. Kahn, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 894, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CAROLINE F. PLUNKETT, Deceased.

LUCY M. F. WANZER, executrix of the last will and testament of Caroline F. Plunkett, deceased, having filed herein a verified petition praying for an order from this Court authorizing, directing and empowering her to renew a note and mortgage in the sum of twenty-four hundred (2400) dollars and for that purpose to borrow said sum and for the purpose of securing the payment of such sum to mortgage to the lender of such money that certain real property of said estate situate in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of San Jose Avenue, distant thereon 149 feet from the northerly line of Twenty-fifth Street, and running thence northerly along the said easterly line of San Jose Avenue thirty-seven (37) feet, thence at right angles easterly ninety (90) feet, thence at right angles southerly thirty-seven (37) feet, thence at right angles westerly ninety (90) feet, to the said easterly line of San Jose Avenue and the point of commencement, together with the improvements thereon; said property being a portion of Block 169, Mission Addition.

It is ordered that all persons interested in said estate be and appear before this Court at the court room, Department 10, City Hall, in said City and County, at the hour of 10 a. m., Thursday, the 3rd day of July, 1919, then and there to show cause why said petition should not be granted and the real property above described mortgaged to secure said loan.

For all further particulars reference is hereby made to said petition now on file herein.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that this order to show cause be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge.

Dated: May 27th, 1919.

W. T. PLUNKETT,
Attorney for Executrix,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JUNE 14, 1919

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Taking Time by the Forelock

Tom Wise, Greatest Heavy Comedian

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIV

San Francisco-Oakland, June 14, 1919

No. 1399

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Spite or What?

The American people would like to know—as also would all the peoples of the world who are interested in the promulgation of peace—what could have been Mr. Wilson's object in withholding from congress an official copy of the peace-treaty-League-of-Nations covenant supposed to have been definitely sealed, signed and delivered at Versailles. Acting Secretary of State Polk had said with singular bluntness that he had plenty of copies of it; Wall Street evidently has been trying to use it in influencing the financial market; Germany is flooded with guaranteed copies of it, and is said to have been sending photographic copies of it to the United States. It is apparently an easy matter for any one to post himself as to its contents, but the American congress, which alone has the power to pass or reject it, has not been officially supplied with a copy of it. Of course every member of both branches knows all about it as far as its text is concerned, but no document which must become a law is of the slightest value whatever until it has been duly presented with the official sanction of its creator, and this has not been done. Mr. Wilson, in his usual graceful academic way, has assured everyone that it is all right; that no part of it comes into conflict with any one of his original fourteen points, and on that account it should be passed, since those fourteen points have already received official approval. But congress was not satisfied with this assurance, and the word may be very well used with two meanings. Mr. Wilson must know that until the complete text of the measure has been officially presented before the enacting body it must remain dormant and ineffective. Is he waiting for the termination of his already too long absence from his proper residence, so that he may explain to them that he does not believe they can understand what

he intends by it, or was he holding it up in the attempt to bulldoze them into subjection? In either case he is wrong, because one or the other of them would be likely to delay final action on the most important measure of all times for many months.

* * *

Altruphasia

Whether or no this is an addition to the long list of maladies known to medical science, is not of any material consequence. It is respectfully submitted as an appropriate term to signify this country's wholesale squandering of the people's money in foreign credits at the instance of Mr. Wilson's administration. A new attack of this complaint is bulletined this week by the announcement that a further credit of \$10,000,000 has been granted to Italy in addition to the already stupendous credit granted, which now totals the amazing aggregate of \$1,581,500,000! Add this to the credits granted other countries and we find that our mania for securing a world's democracy and then feeding it has cost us no less than \$9,390,219,124, to say nothing of a quarter of a million valuable lives. The Victory Loan was brought to a successful conclusion under the attractive shibboleth, "Bring our soldiers home," but it is to be doubted that any one who subscribed to it contemplated that they were also assisting in bringing home the soldiers of other countries and providing for them after they got there. This criticism—whose implication it is hoped may not be misunderstood—applies especially to Italy, which is making diplomatic faces at us, because of our objection to her indiscriminate land-grabbing propensities, and is also still sending soldiers across the Adriatic to enforce them. This looks very much indeed like backing her in a project to which we are ourselves opposed, and it is only fair to assume that we are entitled to know the reasons for it. Can it be that the Italian vote is the propellant force toward this new attack of altruphasia? The Italians form a very large percentage of our best naturalized population, as well as a fair proportion of our worst, but they all vote, and perhaps it has been deemed advisable to apply the healing salve of benevolence to the Dalmatian sore we have inflicted. It is just to assume that everything is fair in politics as well as in love and war. But, as the trombone player shouted when urged by his conductor to play louder, "where is the wind coming from?", so are the American people going

to ask how all of these credits are going to be paid. They would like to know why England, France and Italy do not drag the money from their peoples' pockets as it has been dragged out of ours five separate and distinct times. The answer is silence, of course.

* * *

"The Darling of the Gods"

In a great speech made last week in New York, this is what Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip declared America to be at this critical juncture in the world's history. Every country in the world, he declared, ally, enemy and neutral, looks to us as being the one nation possessing the economic advantages and the requisite wealth that will snatch the dismembered nations of Europe from the slough of despond into which the war has plunged them. The cost of this war, even since the armistice, is, within a very brief period, certain to startle the civilized world in the Vanderlip opinion, and this knowledge has been gained through searching investigation on the ground where finance is struggling for existence, and no one is a better expert on finance than this notable economist and financier. He assures us that since the armistice England's war cost has been estimated at \$32,500,000 a day, and that she will soon be compelled to send from five to six millions of her people nearer the source of the food supply, since she has no way of getting sufficient food into the country. "France has been bled white by the war," to quote Mr. Vanderlip's own words, for there is the same panic there, the same idleness, the same doubt as to which way to turn as is to be found in every other country affected by the war. There are factories in plenty with willing hands to operate them, but no raw materials to be converted into marketable goods; transportation is practically dead, and in the countries to the east of Germany there is bound to occur the starvation of thousands because the food can not be moved into them. The United States is the one land that has everything in plenty, and will be called upon to supply "the raw material, the machinery, a certain amount of foods, and the equipments of the railroads to make a start at getting this industrial cycle going again all over Europe." To conclude, we are going to get back every dollar with interest invested in the war, and should get busy at once. One feature of Mr. Vanderlip's speech, which must be quite as agreeable to labor as it will be distressing to capital, is the statement that England's business

depression has resulted from too low wages, and the same mistake must not be made here.

★ ★ ★

The Johnson Boom

The movement to secure for California's junior senator, Hiram Johnson, the republican nomination for president of the United States at the next convention is no joke by any means. There is a seriousness and an earnestness about it which is tantamount to a prediction that the ambition of his venerable father, Grove Johnson, to one day be called upon to place his brilliant son in nomination is going to be gratified. The names connected with the movement here are of sufficient importance to guarantee the certainty that the nomination will be pressed to the utmost, and, what is better still, the proposition has apparently co-ordinated all of the opposing wings of the party in this state at least. Then, too, it is no mere local issue, for we have read that in a straw vote taken on a transport bringing soldiers home he polled more than twice as many votes as General Wood, while General Pershing, who would naturally be expected to be the choice of the soldiers, did not seem to be in the running at all. Of course there were many Californians on that particular transport who electioneered for their state's favorite son, but nevertheless even this little straw would appear to indicate which way the republican wind may easily be induced to blow. It must be borne in mind, too, that a Johnson-for-President Club is being

organized in New York, and other states are sure to follow, many of them impelled by the memory that he was once the running mate of Roosevelt. General Wood has admirers, but he is no statesman and just now statesmanship is needed most—statesmanship of the true sledge-hammer kind, the only kind that Johnson knows. In the middle west there are Cummings, and Borah, and Harding, while New England would probably again offer Henry Cabot Lodge. But all of them have already failed to attain the objective of every American statesman—a presidential nomination—and probably a new man would develop greater strength. If that new man should turn out to be Hiram Johnson, California will be unspeakably delighted and the republicans in other states will not be sorry.

★ ★ ★

The St. Ignatius Drive

It is deeply to be deplored that the tragic death of Mr. Lilienthal has brought about a lull in the effort to raise \$1,000,000 for the purpose of rescuing this long-venerated seat of learning from probable bankruptcy. It was entirely characteristic of the good Jesuit fathers to cause this postponement of needed effort out of respect to the good man who was taken away at the very conclusion of a graceful panegyric in their aid. But it can not be doubted that, could he have expressed his will from his present place of rest, he would have urged an even more earnest continuance of activity in the movement to relieve these worthy masters of learning of the heavy burden they have

borne with patient humility ever since the disaster of 1906 which burned away the fruits of their glorious struggle through two generations so that other generations might benefit by them. This is a movement which should not have been interrupted from any cause, for it is always difficult to arouse, even from brief rest, an interest as strong as it was in the beginning. The raising of the sorely needed million of dollars is going to be no easy matter, following the many drives inspired by a patriotism which in some instances was not as urgent or deserving as the screaming necessity which inspired this one. Those who have the most relatively give the least, while those who have little have little more to give, and both have already been heavily taxed. The movement thus far has been encouragingly catholic, in that all classes have been represented except the few who are too sectarian to help those who do not believe as they do. But they, too, will respond in time, for the saving of St. Ignatius College from the humiliation of foreclosure is a matter of such vital public interest as to remove it far out of considerations of sect. The good it has done no one has ventured to dispute, and the good it will continue to do its self-sacrificing past has already guaranteed. San Franciscans are ever loyal to local traditions and local institutions. St. Ignatius has sustained a glorious record among the best of both of them, so let not this loyalty relax until this heavy burden is lifted.

Trust to Luck

Old Irish Street Song

Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
Sure the heart must be aisy when it's in the right place:
Let the world wag away, let your friends turn to foes,
Let your pockets run dry and threadbare be your clothes;
Should woman deceive, when you trust to her heart,
Never sigh—'twon't relieve it, but add to the smart.
Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
Sure the heart must be aisy when it's in the right place.

Be a man, be a man, whersoever you go,
Through the sunshine of wealth, or the teardrop of woe.
Should the wealthy look grand and the proud pass you by
With the back of their hand and the scorn of their eye,
Snap your fingers and smile as you pass on your way,
And remember the while every dog has his day.
Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
Sure the heart must be aisy when it's in the right place.

In love as in war sure it's Irish delight,
He's good humored with both, the sweet girl and a fight;
He coaxes, he bothers, he blarneys the dear,
To resist him she can't, and he's off when she's near,
And when valor calls him, from his darling he'd fly,
And for liberty fight and for ould Ireland die.
Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
The heart must be aisy, if it's in the right place.

Perspective Impressions

"Poor Boobs" is a good title for a picture that will appeal to a large number of movie patrons, don't you think?

What's become of Hawker? Must be having a party with that \$25,000 consolation prize.

The name of Dunne, mumbled by the imbecile step-son of murdered Mrs. Coburn has made the detectives suspicious. Just as good a chance in sleuthing some one by the name of Smith.

Herbert Fleishhacker declares that Johnson is the only republican who is sure to win, and he has been right a great many times.

William Jennings Bryan has broken out again. This time is it to be a League of Nations for universal prohibition. Better keep out of France and Italy, though, Willy.

Wonder how pleasantly those who hate ice cream now will feel toward it next month.

Italy is afraid to demobilize her army. If she does it'll be all off with Fiume.

Vanderlip's insistence upon the maintaining of high wages ought to put Eugene V. Debs out of the running altogether.

Moving picture magnate offers \$50,000 for airplane flight to Australia. Well, he won't have to keep his camera man following very far—just about to Honolulu.

What San Francisco Needs

By Lionel Josaphare

This may be wicked. Not letting bygones be bygones. Still, it is history. Facts are facts, and as much so as bygones are bygones. There was once a local joke to the effect that all San Francisco needed was a few first-class funerals. In the course of time the supply was equal to the demand. The funerals were conducted with due ceremony; the departed citizens enjoyed long, illustrated obituaries telling of honor, sterling citizenship, upbuilding of the community, leaving a gap that could not be filled. The gap was replaced by a yawn, the poppies bloomed in the springtime, or there were other seasonable phenomena, and few were any the wiser or sadder. San Francisco, gradually released of antiquated methods, conversed with the great nations, became wealthy, chewed gum, and sat on her seven hills, a proud, free city. One can readily find San Francisco printed in capital letters on a map of the world. When a cosmopolitan here, there or anywhere thinks of the world's vantage points, high spots, main attractions, he thinks of San Francisco, which he knows is guaranteed to live up to the advertisements. Our city has changed much during the last fifty years, and presumably will change in the next fifty. At present we have a thousand beautiful vistas, many influential citizens, awe-stricken tourists, a perennial garbage question, a board of supervisors that is at least up to the average, a climate that will compare favorably with any of modern times, and several improvement clubs that are doing everything possible to make this paradise a better place for mankind. In fact, anybody would long ago have considered us perfect, were it not for the ever-present improvement clubs at our elbow. Recent acquisitions are a civic center, a municipal railway, municipal band, an auditorium, Palace of Fine Arts, Marina and other up-to-date splendors which doubtless the improvement clubs helped to bring about. But there is one great boon which no civic organization has attempted to develop amongst us; and that is a municipal sense of humor, an asset without which no metropolis can claim worldwide acknowledgement; for fame is made by literature, and all great literature contains humor. That is the only thing amiss in the radiant metropolis by the Golden Gate. We love the Golden Gate too much to make fun of it. Hastily be it said that a municipal sense of humor is distinct from that of its population, even as the style of a mayor's whiskers may be different from the whiskers of any voter.

Official bodies are noted for transacting their affairs without comedy, without comedians. Improvement clubs are opposed to absurdities of all sorts. Recall the outburst after outburst against the pet name of "Frisco"—an indignation that no easterner could understand. Neither "Phillie" nor "Chi" nor "San Loo" nor "Little Old New Yawk" understood why San Francisco objected to a nickname. Howbeit, "Frisco," by unanimous demand of the women's clubs and other dignified assemblages, was relegated to that uncouth past when barbers squirted bay rum on the hair, when Oofy Goofty ogled the girls on Kearny Street and newspapers blather-skited one another in leading editorials. Those were the carefree days when Swinnerton in the Examiner drew caricatures of Mike de Young and John D. Spreckels cussing each other from the top windows of their sky-scraper. People were proud of the fog and the trade-winds, and

they sucked fog-drops at the theatre so as not to cough and disturb others; and there was a municipal sense of humor that appealed from Goat Island to Land's End.

The premeditated sobriety that characterizes San Francisco today in matters concerning her own person is like that of a sweet sixteen-year-old dominated by her parents, her sisters, her cousins and her aunts, who fear that the inexperienced person may say something indecorous and involve her reputation. The remarkable part of it is that San Franciscans, as individuals, laugh with the best of them at a vaudeville joke, at a comic supplement, at Los Angeles and Alameda; but we do not like to laugh at ourselves, especially in print, while all the other great cities of the world get all the humor they can out of their own peculiarities. We have the climate, we have the human nature, we have the environment, equal to any. Why not make use of them? Do we opine that if a man in North Carolina should happen to read that a certain bronze statue in Golden Gate Park is artistically of that period whence came horse-hair sofas, he would cancel his trip to California and try Oregon instead? Speaking of Oregon, we hear very little of it and of Washington, the two states that share with us the honor of being the Pacific Coast. We don't recognize them as quite our social equals. When we go east and people inquire about the state north of us, we say we don't know; we don't meet many Oregonians. It rains all the time in Oregon, and the people have muddy feet. We understand that the doormat industry is in a thriving condition up there. Washington? Oh, yes. Canned salmon and Walla Walla. Ever hear Nat Goodwin's joke about Walla Walla? Ha, ha!

During a hard winter, years ago, the New York World published a cartoon of two shivering youths gazing at the then snow-covered bronze of Horace Greeley in Park Row. Said one of the lads, "Why not take advice from the old geezer and go west?" Such a cartoon could not have come from any city that lacked a municipal sense of humor or shrunk from geographical reference not to its own aggrandizement. Perhaps a number of "World" readers took the hint. New York is still the largest city in the United States. Some of its leading citizens will tell you: "Keep away from Li'l Ole New York. Li'l Ole New York will swallow you up."

The self-conscious attitude of the local press has even penetrated fiction. San Francisco has not had a humorist or a truthful story writer since Los Angeles and Seattle began to grow. Novelists expecting good press notices take up the themes that are part of local pride—our festivals, our cafe frolics, our hog-raising, our hospitality, love of music. Would we read Dickens under the same obsession?

The subjects in which we delight are so well known to easterners that they have the compliment ready when the reporter asks them. Years ago, when Chauncey Depew visited us, it was our fad to think that travelers never saw beautiful women until seeing them in San Francisco, and we yearned for every visitor to tell us so. Chauncey told us. We printed his praise as the testimony of an expert. It occurred to few that he was merely an expert flatterer. When Gaby des Lys came, there was a prevalent fancy that our cafes outnumbered and outshone those in the benighted lands where she collected her fine clothes. "Have you people no homes? Do you

all live in these wonderful cafes?" asked the lady of the lilies. "There now," we said to ourselves, "Gaby has been all over the world, and she awards the palm to us. We will go to her show, for a woman of such discernment must be worth seeing."

Many of us are in the habit of attending vaudeville. We love to see the fine points of human nature thrown into the lemon light. It might be inferred that what we do in this world is no funnier than our conduct with reference to the particular place in which we live. The comedy was not squeezed out of this part of the country for all time. Boasting and ridicule are found in the same place. That constitutes the so-called gaiety of nations. Think of the honor awaiting the first man to find the comic side of sunshine. It is possible; or the first to publish what many have noticed—that the flowers in Golden Gate Park have been laid out to imitate an old-fashioned Roxbury rug. To some people, Golden Gate Park is one of the funniest places in the world. To some people, humanity in the aggregate is both ugly and preposterous, without exception for any city. They say that the Sunday crowds in the park are extraordinarily solemn of countenance, and if solemnity is not comic, what is? How to write it is the problem; but a humorist could do it. That is what he is paid for. We are a laughter-loving, carefree people mainly because the people down Los Angeles way are so darned ridiculous. We love music and poppies and sunsets. There may be something absurd about these things, and the sooner we recognize it the sooner will we be recognized as a full-grown, mature city. We can't go on taking ourselves seriously to the end of time. About a year ago, the Home Industry League invited a number of poets to luncheon at the Palace Hotel, requested them to read their poems, applauded, and gave the verdict that the poets were not laughing-stocks but the stock in trade of advertising in the ideal form. Manufacturers declared that poems have a money-making value to a community, and that the poets should go on and write with good will. Maybe they would get another luncheon. Did any of the papers avail themselves of the humorous subject matter at that meeting? No; all took it seriously, not so much because of the poets, perhaps, but on account of the Home Industry League, which assured us that the proposition was feasible. Now, why can not the Home Industry League do something thoroughly in keeping with the laughter of the west and authorize the publication of humorous observations on the life that succeeded the wild and woolly? Let some of the civic improvement clubs write up the remarks of spectators near the merry-go-round of politics and improvements. Let there be a municipal sense of humor. Let San Francisco poke a little fun at herself and laugh at her own jokes, and there will be nothing else to ask for.

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Raving Again

By Lionel Josaphare

Once upon a midnight dreary, I was getting kind o' leery
That of all my stock of liquor there was left me nothing more.
"All my bottle must be leaking," said I. Then I heard a sneaking,
As of some one gently peeking, peeking through my cellar door.
"Prohibitionist," I muttered, "peeking through my cellar door.
Only this and nothing more."

"Seems to me, as I remember, I was stocked up till December;
What's the meaning of these empties here upon my cellar floor?
Now I guess I'll have to borrow something for to drown my sorrow;
Who will lend me 'bout a gallon or a quart of Jesse Moore—
Just a quart or say a pint of something like the days of yore?—
To be purchased nevermore?"

Presently my soul grew sicker, for the loss of all that liquor
Filled me, thrilled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now to still the throbbing of my head, I kept on sobbing,
"Prohibitionists have worked inside my padlocked cellar door—
Some poor fellow in whose shanty are no flagons of Chianti,
And no stock of Jesse Moore."

At the thought my fist grew stronger; hesitating then no longer—
'Sir," said I, "or madam, step inside my cellar door.
For the fact is I was thinking of the good old days of drinking,
And so faintly you came slinking, slinking round my cellar door
That I scarce was sure I heard you." Here I open flung the door.
Empties there and nothing more.

Deep into each bottle peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before.
All the corks were pulled and broken, and the silence gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered "Jesse Moore."
This I whispered, and the labels flickered back "O, Jesse Moore."
Stung, O stung, fore evermore.

Back into my cellar turning, all my throat within me burning,
Soon again I heard that sneaking, somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice,
Let me see then what thereat is, and this corkscrew plot explore.
Ain't there one whole bottle left of all my stock and store?
'Tis the dregs and nothing more."

Open here I threw the shutter, when, with many a squirm and flutter,
In there slid a crimson lizard of the drinking days of yore.
Not a toast or greeting made he, but with mien of lord or lady,
And with tail a little shady, slid along my cellar door;
Slid along my sleeve and forehead and flew back to cellar door;
Skipt and slid and nothing more.

Then this warmit with its wiggling moved my sad soul into giggling
And I spoke right up and asked it: "Why this wiggling up my door?
I don't claim to be a wizard; you have scared me to the gizzard,
Pink and polka-dotted lizard wandering on the nightly shore.
Tell me what thy pretty name is on the night's Peruvian shore."
Quoth the lizard, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly snake to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we can not help agreeing that no sober human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing lizard on his cellar door—
Elephant or lizard skipping round his cellar door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

This is how I can explain it: prohibition is to blame; it
Snatched away what I'd been used to, and that made me awful sore.
For the unexpected stop on the day I used to hop,
Take a stimulating drop, and yell "Hurrah for July Four,"
Made a mockery of yelling (with respect to July Four)
"Freedom now and evermore."

The Spectator

Clubs Preparing for July

Every club in America where liquors are sold seems to have taken it for granted that not only is the prohibition amendment to the constitution going to pass, but no action will be taken with reference to Mr. Wilson's war-time proclamation that will render safe a continuance of the bars and wine rooms. At all events, most of them have issued printed notices calling attention to the excellent quality of the left-over stock of liquors, and inviting the members to relieve them of it. In many instances cash must accompany the order, since some of the managers have distinctly disavowed any responsibility in case the liquor so sold shall be confiscated, and they will not subject themselves to any liability of loss should any of the purchasers renig owing to action of this kind. One club refuses to accept any order under \$100, cash must be sent in with the order, and the purchaser must even depend upon the club officials to select his brands for him. Some of the clubs have agreed to store the liquors for the purchasers, and furnish lockers at a nominal rent, so that the owners may themselves serve whatever drinks their fortunate guests may elect, they are advised, without fear of intervention on the part of the authorities. This locker system has already failed in some dry states, and been notably successful in others. In fact, long before there was prohibition, some smaller clubs have adopted it in order to evade the paying of a state license without interference, and should it succeed now, it will do away

with the present expense of barkeepers and waiters, which is a heavy item of expense in every social organization. But even this privilege will be abused and "spill the beans" of hospitality, for the hotels and cafes will attempt it, it will prove that prohibition has not been made effective, and then the locker, too, will go. However, the club managements are not discounting the future. It is the present that concerns them most, and they have decided to step out from under the impending blow. There is one question which is disturbing the minds of both club managers and those who have been providing themselves with large stocks of intoxicants for their cellars. Both of them are fearful that should peace be declared before July 1, the wartime proclamation might automatically cease to exist, and then one would have no liquor to sell while the other will have invested large sums of money without interest when there would be no occasion for it until the first of next January. It is an interesting question altogether, and, strange to say, no seller or buyer of liquor can any more than speculate as to just what is going to happen with the waning of the present month.

Taking Time by the Forelock

The Family Club and the Bohemian, conscious that the profits of their bars are a large element in the defraying of expense during their summer encampments, decided to brave the danger of late spring rains and give them prior to June 30. The Family gave its "Flight of the

Stork" at the Woodside Farm Saturday night a week ago, to a more than usually large attendance, and the late Henry Morse Stephens' play, "The Hermit," with music by Rudy Seiger, was given with great success. In fact, it was generally declared to be the best grove play yet presented by this club of clever people, and the Bohemians will have to show something of amazing merit to beat it. The Bohemian encampment has already begun, and many of the camps are already occupied. The ceremony of the "Cremation of Care" will be given on the 21st, and the grove play on the 28th. The title has not yet been definitely decided upon, but it is by Harry Leon Wilson with music by D. Brescia, and is said to be the most novel in story and situation yet attempted, since it presumes to set forth the events that in the beginning led to the division of the sexes and the creation of love. The production is surrounded by much anticipatory interest, for some of the more staid Bohemians have feared that it might prove indelicate if not risqué. But, happily, there is but little narrowness of this kind in Bohemia, and those who have read the play declare that, although being more or less of a pathological treatise, it is altogether beautiful and poetic, with very little poetical license taken. With reference to the question of alcoholic beverages, it has been proposed that on the final day of the encampment, all of the supply left over will be sold to the highest bidder, at his own risk and for cash.

Calling the Kettle Black

Somewhere in the neighborhood of Tacoma, Washington, there is a free love colony, which for some little time has flourished in its strange ideas of propagation of the species without fear, favor or interruption from meddling minions of the law. But the same inspirations toward progress that are so alive in other parts of the world entered its midst and this peculiar state of affairs became divided against itself. The cause of this was an exceedingly wide difference of opinion as to what constituted modesty, what wanton abandonment, and it seemed likely to do what other states divided against themselves invariably do, namely, to fall. It appears that this hitherto friendly community has been accustomed to attend to its matters of personal cleanliness by bathing in the cool waters of Puget Sound instead of through the more expensive methods of civilization, involving a water system, plumbing and porcelain bath tubs. Convention was observed to the extent that bathing suits were used, and these became gradually less and less covering in their functions, until a large percentage of the free lovers decided that since there was absolute independence in other matters, why wear bathing suits? As a consequence many appeared for their morning and afternoon ablutions in the "altogether," and were told that there must be some modesty observed, and told that bathing suits must be at once restored. There was indignant refusal on the part of the rebels, which was persisted in until arrests were made and the matter brought into the police courts. At the present writing the result of the trial has not been published, the trial having been twice postponed for the accumulation of evidence and the securing of important witnesses for the defense, probably some one who can make an eloquent enough plea for the perpetuation of personal independence.

New Life of Eugene Field

It is announced that a new writer, a woman, name as yet undivulged, is about to perpetrate another life of the glorious but many sided Eugene Field, having convinced herself that the true Eugene Field has not yet been given to the public. The ambitious lady does not claim ever to have seen the subject of her coming work, or even to have sought a single piece of information from any one who knew him in this life or any other. It is this psychological Field whose verbal portrait she is going to paint, and she announces that her knowledge has been gained entirely from an estimate of his true inward nature through study of his "The Oak Tree and the Ivy," "Fido's Little Friend," "The Wooing of Miss Wopple," "The Wooing of the Sea," and "Poems of Childhood." The young woman is respectfully informed by one of his former intimates that the true personality of

Eugene Field can not possibly be secured through any such course of study, since the every-day Eugene did not bear the slightest resemblance to the ideal one builded out of however much study of his remarkable works. First of all, he was an habitual practical joker, and many of his efforts in this direction were intended to be at the expense of his readers, since many of his prettiest stories and poems were, in his mind, jokes intentionally played upon them, in that he was not at all serious when he wrote them. His personal habits during his early life, and before disease had fastened itself upon him, were of the most frivolous kind, and far removed from moral. He had, too, that inordinate desire, so common among many journalists, for getting fun out of lampooning his friends in public print, and was never so delighted as when one of them would appear in his office to demand the retraction that never came except through another article of the same nature.

The Insincerity of Poetry

On one occasion, seated at his desk, Field read a beautiful poem on a little child to the writer, who laughed and remarked that such a piece of work was utterly unlike him. The retort was another laugh, accompanied by the assurance that poets were never on the level, merely wrote from inspirations of what the ideal ought to be, and what they thought might be readable to the most people. He also had an overbearing habit of writing unprintable verse, much of which is still extant, and causes much wonderment to his admirers whenever one is dug out of some pocketbook and shown to them. When Francis Wilson wrote his "The Eugene Field I Knew," because he did not believe that the true one had been adequately set before the public, he caused it to be known that these crude efforts were written in his extreme youth, did not reflect the true purity of his nature, and he was willing to pay any amount of money for such copies of these printed slips of immorality as might be extant, in order that this blemish upon his memory might be forever removed. Many of these slips were so purchased and destroyed. The Wilson book was a marked success, his idea of the life and character of Field was accepted as being the true one, and is still so accepted. But immediately upon its issue, a personal chum and neighbor, Slason Thompson, a one time San Francisco newspaper man, who had lived from youth to middle age with Field, decided that it was not a correct life picture of his best friend, and wrote "The True Eugene Field." The book was a sorry failure and scarcely paid the cost of composition. The public had formed its own estimate of the famous westerner, based upon his works, and were indignant that any one calling himself a friend could possibly be so bluntly abusive and inaccurate. Book reviewers took the same view and scored Thompson unmercifully, for they refused to believe that a man from whose thoughts emanated so many pure and beautiful fancies, could ever have descended to habitual frivolity, blasphemy, intemperance and taken a delight in teasing children. This ideal Field will no doubt be further perpetuated in the new book, and it is perhaps all for the best. But it will not be historically accurate, which fault may be ascribed to many histories. While Eugene Field was indeed a graceful poet, a trenchant wit, and an able teller of stories, he was also a good sport, a breezy companion, an habitual rounder and a loyal pal.

The Missing Link Still Missing

A disappointing piece of news, a tale with an unhappy ending, came over the wires, the other day, under the headline that the missing link had been found by Professor R. L. Gardner. A monkey that talks like a man has been discovered in the French Congo, the story went on. Gardner is the Smithsonian Institute savant who entered the Congo years ago, living in a huge cage where he could overhear the chimpanzees and learn their language as they clambered about him. He came away perfectly convinced that the monkeys had a lingo of their own, though the grammar was in a crude state. If anybody could be trusted on the subject of monkey-talk, it was Gardner, so the message that he had met and spoken to the missing link aroused a hope that we would all be given opportunity to hear the remarks of the link at the Orpheum. Then we read that Gardner returns to the institution, bringing with him a skeleton of the animal. That is all there is to it. We will have to believe the story when the Smithsonians measure the angle of the skull, and declare, "This, gentlemen, is the missing link. It is neither man nor beast. It is the pithecanthropos, ape-man, your ancestral cousin once removed." The disappointment is akin to an experience with moving-picture news items. You read on a curtain: "Terrific flood at Jonesboro; 100,000 tons of water crash through the streets, demolishing homes and railway station," and you think that maybe the camera man happened to be on the spot. When the picture is shown, all you see is a boy picking up a stick from the ruins. The skull of Gardner's ape-man may have a first-class facial angle; but, until we hear one of the special say, "Thanks for the popcorn," we will have to regard the link as Darwin regarded it—missing.

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Prices Not Going Dry

One advantage of prohibition is that we shall have some money left with which to pay the prices that day after day keep dancing upward in a very intoxication of profiteering joy. We do not suspect that there was a conspiracy to bring about that use for our surplus income. We do not accuse any prohibitionist of being a clothing manufacturer or a food wholesaler. And yet, why not? The coincidence is so startling that we feel the price-makers must be saying to themselves: "Here will be a lot of people with more coin on their hands than they will know what to do with. How about raising the prices of everything, and keeping the money in circulation?" The chap who came through the swinging doors with swinging head, and was willing to pay for the sensation, will have a still more sensational experience when confronted by grocery bills. Excess earnings will go to the grocer and clothier instead of the barkeeper; and Mr. Ironworker will not acquire any advantage through the deal. In fact, he will be worse off, because he will be sober and more keen to the injustice of having to pay more for things than they are worth. On further thought, this reform seems to be nothing else than a fight between the factories and the distilleries contending for our money. Some of the hotels have already served notice that they will have to charge more for their bed rooms and beefsteaks unless, in lieu of liquor, there be found a paying substitute on which the public will consent to amuse itself. This is thrilling. Formerly when paying 25 cents for a cocktail, you knew that you were contributing toward the expenses of some poor fellow who could not afford to pay more than \$4 a day for his room. Now, if you do not become addicted to strawberry fizz or the yet undiscovered concoction, he may have his rate raised to \$5. When you pay \$1.50 for a 50-cent necktie, you can console yourself with the thought that in some mysterious way you are helping a struggling automobilist to buy gasoline. This is protective tariff in a new form. To the amazed consumer

the question is—what do the profiteers intend to do with their money if champagne is not for sale? Perhaps they have stored their cellars with enough to last for the next ten years, and the orgy of high prices is a public assessment to pay the bill, or at least interest on the capital invested in extra dry, while that part of the public unable to stock up for more than a month ahead, remains merely dry and nothing more.

Great Lakes Naval Station

It is wonderful to observe the good-natured attitude of our boys toward our government which has been so economical in its monetary reward for their services. They are a splendid lot of fellows who don't seem to know the meaning of the word "grouch," though they admit upon interrogation that they admire Canada's contrasting generosity to its returned soldiers. And the brave-hearted way they start in life all over again! Though glad to return to civil life, they express deepest appreciation for the many precious experiences and opportunities which their military and naval training brought into their lives. One of them, H. O. Griffith, related to me the other day with pride that the war had created the largest naval training station in the world at Great Lakes (thirty-five miles north of Chicago), where he was on duty as inspector and estimator of painting. At the beginning of the war only 400 men could be accommodated there, but now 100,000 can be housed in electric-lighted, steam-heated, painted barracks fitted up with home comforts. Also that there they have the largest athletic field in the world. The station includes the largest naval aviation school in the world. Sousa's band (1,800 pieces) made the station their headquarters before some accompanied President Wilson on the "George Washington." Mr. Griffith graphically described 7,000 men seated in an amphitheatre, arms locked, whistling and singing "Missoura Waltz," "Liberty Bell" and other popular songs, arms across one another's shoulders and each row swaying in opposite

directions. As to the hospitality of the Chicago people, the young man was eloquent. The best homes in Chicago were wide open to the enlisted men. He said that no man in uniform could stand on the street talking to another man without having a car drive up and an invitation to take a drive extended. The men who returned from other cities to the station said that the city of Chicago had all other places "lashed to the mast" for hospitality. The large theatres of the city gave a free matinee every week on the grounds for men in uniform only. Also every vaudeville house in town sent out acts weekly. Besides the Red Cross ladies, the Stage Women's War Relief, K. C. and other organization social affairs made life a gay holiday for them. Mr. Griffith was in the first line of the squad which started the impromptu parade when the news of the armistice was announced. Sixty thousand people "fell in" and when the boys returned to barracks in the morning they all wore derby hats, ladies' hats, boys' "beanies," babies' bonnets, their own white hats having been begged or seized as souvenirs.

Make a Fuss Over Them

Now why does not San Francisco pay more attention to the returning soldiers who daily ride through our streets in motor trucks? "The man in the street" and the woman and the child glance at the boys and deliberately proceed upon the even tenor of their ways. It ought to be a point of pride with us to stand and wave while the trucks dash by. The boys themselves have plenty of enthusiasm, their own shouts giving vent to their emotion at getting back. Their bright young eyes show glad surprise when occasionally a solitary passer-by pauses to wave a welcome. The women of the Red Cross continue their share of welcome home ceremonies and many individuals entertain the men, but it would make them happy if the population in general would show a general spirit of welcome. Surely, our apathetic attitude must be a marked contrast to that of eastern cities, a condition which can be attributed only to our remoteness from the seat of action, for heaven knows that the hearts within us beat high with love for our grand young warriors, with pride in them and gratitude toward them.

The Foreign Press in America

The theory of immigration is that it builds up the United States and not that it makes this country a conglomeration of European interests. Our government has detected the presence of too much old-world mustard in the foreign-language journals that are scattered through the states. The determination to restrict these publications, perhaps abolishing some, will not meet with much opposition on the plea of a free press. There are fanatics who believe that anything which can be set in type is a bulwark of liberty because the constitution declares congress shall make no law "abridging the freedom

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of speech or of the press." Some interpreters take these words as meaning that congress has no power to enact laws dealing with published propaganda. Yet the meaning is clear when read historically, as is the legal method. There never was a time when the common law permitted treasonable or rebellious utterances to go unmolested; therefore the punishment of these evils is not an abridgment. Rebellious propaganda is not an inviolable right to the citizen or immigrant. Whoever has studied the foreign press of the United States, and the attitude of declamatory foreigners, is aware that the Europeans here do not look upon this country with the same sentiment that they have for the land of their birth, for the reason that Russia, for instance, is peopled by Russians, as other countries by peoples indicated in their national name, while the land of liberty is considered not so much an American institution as a free-for-all place. This attitude is fostered by the foreign press. The newly made citizen, if unprogressive, does not give the United States credit for having any established order of things, any unchangeable ideals. Traditions and ideals are of no force and effect here, thinks he; the government and popular sentiments change from time to time; ideas fluctuate with the oratory of those within and the support of those from abroad. In short, the newcomer assumes, America is not peopled and governed by Americans but by anybody and everybody who can acquire the right to vote. Unable to express himself in the land of his birth, many a European editor, orator or general obstructionist, comes to this country for the purpose of venting his suppressed emotions. These emotions are frequently foreign to us, and, being published in a foreign vocabulary, are adapted to nothing more than keeping alive in this country the dissensions that had birth in the old. And it must be emphasized that the very motive of continuing the argument here is for the encouragement of factions (oft accompanied by the contribution of funds) that never cease embroiling the home government. There is a constant bargaining of forces between the two hemispheres. And, therefore, the measures to end this colonization of ancient grievances and to establish American ideals without detraction, are apparently a worthy project when action is taken against publications that speak in un-American words.

Mr. Bynner and Poetry

The departure of Witter Bynner from California is being attended by so many ceremonial farewells that his hosts of hosts are apparently loth to have him go. The idea seems to be that he might be retained by never ending good-

byes. As instructor of poetry at the University of California, Bynner has not only made himself popular among the apprentices and past masters of free verse, but has succeeded in popularizing the trade of poetry itself. By his convivial spirit, by his genius for entertainment and being entertained, he has made the newspapers print social notes of amateur versifiers with a respect almost equal to that accorded debutante news and jottings of union labor; for all of which Bynner's acolytes must be duly grateful. This is a remarkable state of affairs, for there has been established a coterie of names that are slowly gaining hold on the reading public—a group recognized for its Parnassian prominence yet unknown through the free verse which presumably is the basis for these Parnassian festivities. No doubt the poets would gladly sell their wares, but newspapers are more inclined to boost the poets than publish the poetry. Under such conditions, we can foresee a time when there will be amongst us a number of vers librettists renowned for their presence at gala events and yet of whose rhyme and meter (if they deign to use those principles in vers libre) we shall know little or nothing. This is thoroughly in accord with up-to-date journalism, which portrays the fashionable rather than the artistic side of the age, and consequently the fashionable rather than the artistic side of the poet. Thus our accounts of the new literary lions and lionesses glorify the mane and not the roar. If lionesses have no mane, they boast something just as attractive. At any rate, a bizarre gown or sandwich has a better chance than a hundred-line ode for public mention. And, speaking of these free-verse odes, one objection to them for newspaper purposes is that there are so many short lines, containing one or two words, and these leave too much blank space in the column. Neither Homer nor Kipling were socially conspicuous before their chants took hold on the public. Yet there may be some felicitous result for genuine poetry hereabout, consummated by first establishing the social end of it; for which, again, many thanks to Mr. Bynner.

A Live Programme at Techau Tavern

People go again and again to the Tavern because they are always sure of the best of food and the highest class of entertainment. Those who enjoy dancing know that they will find a perfect floor and a jazz orchestra with more pep and go than the man who invented this popular dance craze ever dreamed of. The ladies are delighted with the favors they receive, which are always rich and novel, and which, just now, are big, silk-gowned Kewpie dolls with a wealth of real hair piled up in the latest

mode. The gentlemen are remembered with large boxes of Melarchrino cigarettes. Between dances the Show Girl Review Corps puts over a programme of song that is worthy of the best musical comedy companies.

Cafe Gianduja's Anniversary

There will not be many more chances for a rollicking night of good fellowship left—that is, if we go dry. Here is one event still left on the calendar well worth



ANDREA DONIZELLI,
King of Gianduja

while, the observance of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Cafe Gianduja's founding on the night of Tuesday, June 17. There is to be a wonderful Italian dinner, a splendid operatic concert, guest dancing, and a general good time such as we used to see and enjoy before the wry faces of the middle west came poking around. If you haven't reserved your table do so now, because it is going to be a wonderful night in Bohemia, with a full muster of the good hearts from far and near. And now a word about Cafe Gianduja: While this is a "quarter century anniversary," the writer is certain the famous old place is at least thirty-five years old, for in 1886 the late Amador

Castro, relative of the famous Spanish governor, ran the resort on lower Bush Street. However, for twenty-five years it has run continuously and honorably in the North Beach section of the city. Superb foods, excellently cooked and served, with the best operatic music anywhere outside the great opera houses of the east, have made Cafe Gianduja famous. Thousand of California men and women, also world's travelers, know Andrea Donizelli, face as round and rosy as a cherub's, heart as big as the universe, and bank roll as large around as the Hobart Building. Donizelli has been the life and spirit of Cafe Gianduja for a long, long time. For twenty years he has served the best wines in California and doled out good fellowship. Associated with Donizelli at Cafe Gianduja, are Louis Cabiale, a successful restaurateur, and Louis Maggiora, master chef from Milano. By all means be on hand at Cafe Gianduja on next Tuesday night, June 17. Telephone about it now.



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Social Notes

Mrs. J. Leroy Neilson will remain in San Francisco until the return of Commander Neilson, who is at present cruising up the Mississippi River with the U-88. Commander Neilson will bring his ship through the Panama Canal. It will be several weeks before he arrives with the submarine in this port. * * Mrs. W. F. Fullam and Miss Rhoda Fullam, wife and daughter of Admiral Fullam, U. S. N., were visitors for a few days in this city on their way north, where they went to attend the carnival in Portland. Admiral Fullam took his flagship, the "Minneapolis," to Portland for the carnival, where this charming family will be guests of the city during their visit. * * Miss Margaret Cheney was a luncheon hostess a few days ago at the Woman's Athletic Club. * * The classmates of Miss Geraldine Grace were the honored guests at a luncheon at the Woman's Athletic Club on Monday. * * Mr. and Mrs. G. Frank Marcus returned this week from a trip to Humboldt, where they entertained friends from Russia. They spend the week-ends with Mr. Marcus' mother, Mrs. A. J. Marcus, at the Marcus home in Menlo. * * Miss Edith Slack will spend the summer with her brother-in-law and sister, Judge and Mrs. Edgar Zook, at their home in San Rafael. * * Mr. and Mrs. James B. Howell are visiting Menlo Park, guests of Major and Mrs. Philip Gray Wales. * * Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding were dinner hosts during the week at Ingleside Country Club. * * Colonel and Mrs. Sidney A. Cloman arrived from Washington a few days ago and are guests at the St. Francis. They will spend the summer at Burlingame. Their niece, Miss Natalie Campbell, who has spent the winter in New York and who will be one of the bridesmaids at the Lowery-Black wedding, will spend the season with the Clomans. * * Judge and Mrs. George E. Crothers will move over to Ross Valley June 15, having taken the Leonard Abbott home for the summer. * * Miss Florence Herrick's luncheon during the week at the Fairmont was in honor of Mrs. Charles Brant. The guests were: Mmes. Franklyn Wing, Frank Johnson and Rudolph Lichtenberg. * * Mrs. Charles Josselyn was a luncheon hostess during the week at the St. Francis, entertaining her daughters, Mrs. Ettore Avenaili, Mrs. William Duncan, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone and Miss Margery Josselyn. * * Miss Frances Lent was a luncheon hostess during the week at the Woman's Athletic Club, entertaining several of her school friends. * * Mr. and Mrs. Donald Moore, who have been visiting in Los Angeles for the past ten days, guests of Mrs. Moore's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Martin, have returned to their home in

Ross Valley. * * Mrs. Stetson Winslow, accompanied Admiral and Mrs. Charles Gove to Santa Barbara, where they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher for the next ten days. * * A wedding of interest will be that of Miss Margaret Trimble and Harold de Ropp, which will take place in Trinity Church, Santa Barbara, on August 6. It will be a brilliant affair. Guests from this city and Los Angeles will be present. A reception will follow at the Trimble home. Mrs. I. N. Trimble and Mrs. Trimble, who are at present in Baltimore, will arrive next week. Harold de Ropp is the son of Baron and Baroness Alfred de Ropp of Los Angeles. They visited San Francisco at the time Miss Olivia Pillsbury became the bride of Alfred de Ropp, Jr. * * Mrs. George Nelson, wife of Colonel Nelson, U. S. A., was hostess on Wednesday at a luncheon at her home on Broadway in honor of Mrs. Charles Brant, wife of Colonel Brant, U. S. A., who is on duty in France. Mrs. Brant and the children will soon leave for New York, where they will remain until Colonel Brant returns from abroad. * * Mrs. Catherwood Darling was hostess on Saturday at a tea given in honor of her daughter, Mme. Joaquin de Pereyra (Jennie Catherwood) at the Francisca Club. Mrs. Charles Maud assisted her mother in receiving the guests, also Countess Eric Lewenhaupt. The guests were girlhood friends of Mme. de Pereyra. * * Mr. and Mrs. M. Hall McAllister and Miss Marian McAllister have returned from a motor trip in the southern part of the state. * * Miss Evelyn Preston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Preston of New York, who has been the guest of Miss Helen Crocker for several months in Burlingame, left a few days ago for Santa Barbara with Captain and Mrs. Robert Lovett. They are visiting El Mirasol at present. Later in June the Lovetts will leave for their home, Long Island. * * Mr. and Mrs. Harry Leon Wilson arrived during the week at the St. Francis. * * Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Scott spent last week-end at Del Monte. * * Dr. and Mrs. Ray Lyman Wilbur have issued invitations for a large reception on Friday afternoon, June 13, at their home in Palo Alto. * * Mrs. Andrew Werner Lawson was hostess on Thursday at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. John T. Snyder at Tait's, on the beach. * * A brilliant reception will take place on Saturday evening at the navy yard in the sail loft by the officers in honor of Captain and Mrs. Marcus Miller, who will soon leave the service. They will be sincerely missed, having been charming hosts and great favorites during their residence at Mare Island. * * Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre and their daughter, Elena, have returned to their home in Menlo Park from Del Monte. * * An interesting engagement to friends in this city is that of Miss Lorraine Annette Murphy, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Simon J. Murphy of West Virginia, to Colonel Robert H. Fletcher, U. S. A. His father, Captain Bob Fletcher, was prominent in San Francisco, where young Bob was born and reared. His father was a brilliant scholar and prominent in literary and art circles here. Captain Fletcher was a retired navy officer, and with his family has been residing in the east many years. The wedding will take place in the fall at the beautiful home, Claymont, in Charleston, of the bride's parents. * * Mrs.

William C. Lyon (Rosa Hooper) was hostess on Thursday afternoon at an informal tea at her home on Union Street. * * Mrs. Frederick McWilliams and daughter, Aileen, are in Los Gatos. * * Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Ghirardelli have closed their home in this city and gone to Los Gatos for the summer. * * Mrs. J. W. F. Moore was hostess on Wednesday at a luncheon at her home on Second Avenue. * * Mmes. Frank Mathieu, Alexander Wilson and Miss Frances Mathieu left last week for Marienwood. * * Mrs. J. Campbell Shorb and Miss Ethel Shorb returned to their home on Sacramento Street on Sunday from a visit to the Shorb ranch in Mendocino. * * Mrs. Samuel Hopkins and little son have returned to their home from a two weeks' visit at Marienwood, Los Gatos. * * Mrs. Samuel Monseratte was hostess on Wednesday at a small bridge party at her home. * * Robert Morley Jackson and Dibble Summers, who received their diplomas at the recent graduation exercises of Potter School, left on Tuesday for Jackson's home in Tacoma. Both young men will attend the University of California next term. * * William M. Tilton left on Sunday for his home in Massachusetts. Previous to his departure he entertained at a small dinner and dance in his

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bachelor apartments on Pacific Avenue. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Dunne, Misses Alice Yoell, Sarita Dunne, Roberta Hellmann, Messrs. Robert Jackson and Dibblee Summers. Music was contributed by Robert Jackson, piano, Dibblee Summers, banjo, and Mrs. Edward A. Dunne, violin. * * Mr. and Mrs. E. Black Ryan have opened their home at Menlo Park for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. F. Moore (Daisy Ryan) will spend the week-ends during the season with the latter's parents. * * Mr. and Mrs. Raleigh Howes of Piedmont have returned to their home from a visit of several weeks at Los Gatos. * * Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wilson (Ailene Code) and children left a few days ago for a motor trip to Aetna Springs. * * Mrs. Edward H. Hamilton, Mrs. George H. Howard, Jr., and Miss Nettie Hamilton left on Saturday for a motor trip to Aetna Springs. * * One of the largest and most brilliant weddings of the season will take place in Los Angeles on Wednesday, June 18, when Miss Constance Cline will become the bride of Hooper Devereux Churchill. The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Cline, president of the Los Angeles Gas Company. The bride is prominent in exclusive circles in the southern part of the state. The groom is a member of an old and aristocratic southern family, youngest son of Mrs. Kittie Hooper Churchill and the late Samuel J. Churchill. The groom recently returned from France with the 117th Engineers. After the ceremony a reception will follow at the handsome Cline home on Figueroa and West Adams Street, to which several hundred invitations have been sent out. * * The past week has been taken up with various entertainments in honor of Miss Marie Louise Black, whose wedding takes place to Allen Lowery on June 18. Mrs. George Cameron's luncheon al fresco at Burlingame was a delightful affair. Mrs. Edmund Lyman's dance at the Burlingame Club and Mrs. Christian De Guigne's picnic last Saturday night closed a strenuous week. The picnic took place at "Beaulieu" in Santa Clara. Guests all motored to the valley. The hostesses were Mrs. De Guigne, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Helen Keeney. Those present were Messrs. and Meses. Templeton Crocker, Alexander Rutherford, George T. Cameron, Cyril Tobin, J. Frank Judge, Nion Tucker, Edmund Lyman, Eugene Murphy, Henry H. Scott, Adelbert Blackmer, William Mayo Newhall, Jr., William Duncan, Felton Elkins, D. C. Jackling, J. O. Tobin, George Bowles, R. A. Curran, Charles Blyth, William Parrott, Corbett Moody, Williard Drown, Ferdinand Thieriot, Algernon Gibson, William Roth, Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. Jane Eelby Hayne, the Misses Mary Louise Black, Helen Crocker, Ysabel Chase, Arabella Schwerin, Natalie Campbell, Katherine Ramsey, Messrs. Charles Black, Frederick Lowery Kenneth Monteagle, Hermann Oelrichs, Wendell Kuhn, Francis Carolan, Phillip Wescott, Homer Curran, Peter Cross-

man, Frederick Tillmann, Harry Hunt, Gordon Tevis, Richard Schwerin, Frank Kennedy, George Leib and Captain Donald Banon.

A Party at Diablo

An interesting and novel outing was given at the Diablo Country Club on Saturday last, by Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Stolp of Berkeley. The guests reached Diablo in the morning by automobiles, and after those so inclined had imagined themselves benefitted by self-caddyding themselves through a game of golf in high temperatures, an elaborate luncheon was served in the club house. Seated about a table lavish in floral designs, were Mr. and Mrs. Stolp, Miss Carmen Stolp, Mr. and Mrs. Rolft, Mrs. F. W. Zeile, Mr. and Mrs. Clay Greene, Mrs. Stella Thomas Deshon, Mr. and Mrs. George Uhl and Mr. and Mrs. Wright. Following the luncheon, which lasted until four o'clock, a visit was paid to the Harlan farm, the childhood home of Mrs. Stolp, after which a large percentage of the guests motored to the Canyon Inn in the foothills for dinner and dancing, returning to the city at bed time.

Bunker Hill Anniversary

The one hundred and forty-fourth anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill will be commemorated in Golden Gate Park at 2 p. m. on Tuesday, June 17. The Golden Gate Park band, under the leadership of Professor Cassassa, will give a special patriotic musical programme. It will be over fifty years that the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill has been commemorated, year after year, by the Bunker Hill Association, which was organized by Wm. G. Badger, pioneer piano merchant of San Francisco, in 1861, as a sanitation commission during the Civil War, which organization raised hundreds of thousands of dollars for the sick and wounded, their work corresponding to the work of the Red Cross organizations of today. Many will remember the past celebrations and patriotic words of California's eloquent orators, such as Walter M. Leman, the veteran actor, William S. Barnes, son of General W. H. L. Barnes, Mr. Preston, Joaquin Miller, Samuel Holladay, Judge Belcher, and the Hon. Samuel M. Shortridge, and also the patriotic poems of the veteran school teacher, Professor Ebenezer Knowlton. There are thousands who remember the beautiful tenor voice of Alfred Wilkie, who sang at so many anniversaries of this memorable day. A cordial invitation is extended to every patriotic citizen to attend these exercises at Golden Gate Park, Tuesday, June 17, at 2 p. m., by the Bunker Hill Association.

Palace of Fine Arts

With the arrival of the six large paintings and the re-arrangement of the whole Anisfeld exhibition, this collection which has caused such diverse comment, is coming to be more appreciated and better understood by those who had at first seen very little in the work of this great Russian fantasist. With each succeeding visit the public is getting nearer to a real understanding and appreciation of the imaginative qualities of this great color symphonist, whose artistic creed is summed up in his saying: "I paint not what I see but what I feel." This has been emphasized in more ways than one during the last week by many visitors to the exhibition, who have confessed to a complete conversion to Anisfeld's point of view, which undoubtedly accounts for the growing interest in this very remarkable exhibition. Certain of the more liberal minded among these visitors have admitted, after several visits to the

exhibition, that perhaps there might be some truth in the saying that "What one is least up on one is most down on," and that in the case of Anisfeld at least the old dictum of "Familiarity breeds contempt" is entirely reversed. At all events, detractors as well as admirers admit that to know and understand Anisfeld's work is to have a clearer perception of the moving spirit underlying modern Russia, and that this is not to be judged from the point of view of our preconceived Anglo-Saxon prejudices as to what is and what is not art. The collection will remain on view a short time longer, and any one interested in an authentic expression of the contemporary spirit of present-day Russia should not fail to see it. They will be more than repaid for the outlay of the small admission fee charged to defray the very considerable expence involved in bringing the collection to the coast. All other galleries in the Palace of Fine Arts are open to the public free as usual. During the three years in which the building has been conducted as a museum by the San Francisco Art Association, over 600,000 people have visited the forty odd exhibitions held therein during that time. These activities are maintained for the people of San Francisco by voluntary subscriptions contributed by 150 public spirited citizens.

The Fairmont

Rainbow Lane, that delightful retreat in the Fairmont Hotel, has been the scene of many gay parties during the week, and the dinner hour, from seven o'clock until nine every evening, has found the beautiful room crowded with groups of pleasure seekers. Vanda Hoff, the inspirational dancer, has been presenting two beautiful conceptions, the "Dance of India," from the legend "Sadko," to the music of Rimsky-Korsakow's "Chanson Indoue," and the dance of "Lisolotte," the terpsichorean revel of a typical southern girl of rare beauty in the days "before the war." As an accompaniment to the Indian dance, Miss Eva Clark, a pleasing soprano, sings the Rimsky-Korsakow music charmingly. Manilla Le Mori, "The Ja-Da Girl from Broadway," is making her first appearance at the hotel at the top of the town and is rapidly becoming a pronounced favorite. Hazel Stalling, the talented whistler, and Halli Nestor, a clever young woman, lend variety to the entertainment, which is under the direction of Rudy Seiger. The Rainbow Lane jazz orchestra has a reputation that is far-reaching. The soloist of the lobby concert at the Fairmont Hotel this Sunday evening will be Bruce Cameron, tenor, accompanied by Walter F. Wenzel.

At the Cecil

Miss Josephine Blanche is the guest of Miss Marion Thompson. Colonel and Mrs. Henry Raymond, U. S. A., are permanent guests at the Cecil. Mrs. William Franklin Morris gave a dinner Friday in compliment to Mrs. Henry Rogers, wife of the late Captain Rogers. Mr. and Mrs. George Perrine and Mrs. Duncan MacKinlay are sojourning. Mrs. Walter Wright entertained with fourteen covers at dinner Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Lykins have closed their house in San Francisco and will make their home at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Williams arrived on the last steamer from Melbourne, Australia. Mrs. Richard Keyes of Salt Lake City is being entertained extensively. She will be at the hotel for several weeks.

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ORCHESTRA, DAILY, 4:30 to 6

Tom Wise, Greatest Heavy Comedian

By Helen M. Bonnet

San Francisco is "a good place to be from" and when you return to it famous, every one wants to greet you. That is why I was eager to meet Tom Wise, celebrated actor. It was a slight disappointment to learn that he was not born here—he is English, but he was brought up here and knows all about the city. He told me of places I never even heard of. For instance, the famous sand lot on the civic center site was once upon a time a cemetery and when Mr. Wise was a small boy living on Eighth Street next door to the Mechanics' Pavilion, he used to play in that lot and delve for bones—human bones. Then he used to carry them home and conceal them under his bed, to the great consternation of his family. I asked him why he wanted bones and he said: "Because I was eleven years old and wished to show my great bravery by handling them." Now that was a cheerful beginning for a comedian, was it not? I remarked that that must have been the same cemetery from which Clay M. Greene once purloined a Chinaman's skull, swinging it by the queue, with a policeman in hot pursuit. San Francisco must have been a joyous place for small boys to grow up in, in the days before all those skeletons were exhumed. Evidently there were no probation officers or juvenile courts or recreation grounds then; yet here today are two men who survived that period, kept out of jail and even distinguished themselves in honestly artistic lines. Mr. Greene had told me that Tom Wise is the sweetest natured man in the world, the most loyal friend and far and away the finest comedian in America. Mr. Wise said that Clay is the loveliest character he ever knew, and a brilliant man with dynamic energy to perform congenial tasks. "Offer Clay \$50,000 a year to work ten hours a day three days in the week, and he would collapse; but if he finds a congenial task, he will slave twenty-three hours a day—it becomes a labor of love," Mr. Wise informed me. I was glad to hear that, because Mr. Greene writes editorials and special articles for this paper and I have inside information that he does not receive even \$49,000 as remuneration. "I'll have to steal Clay to go to Los Angeles on July 21, for we are going to repeat at the Mason Theatre there the Lambs' Gambol which took place on June 8 in New York, and it wouldn't be a gambol if Clay were not there," Mr. Wise said. The club delegated the actor "Western Shepherd." The southern city being the abode of many footlight favorites of renown is a fertile pasture for a merry gambol. Mr. Wise will appear in a George M. Cohan sketch and in a vaudeville act and Theodore Roberts, Douglas Fairbanks and numerous movie stars will "come up for air" in the "talkies" on the occasion.

To return to San Francisco, Mr. Wise said he was a clerk in Mosgrove's cloak store on Kearny street forty-two years ago. He worked, too, in the Golden Rule Bazaar and in Reimer's photograph gallery. "There, I once saw a man enter garbed as Christ. It was James O'Neil who years after became a friend of mine," Mr. Wise was a clerk later for the Oregon Navigation Company. He studied law for a while in the office of Judge Murphy of the firm of Murphy and Darwin, and while performing his clerical duties he enjoyed life as an amateur actor and producer. "You see," he said, "I was always getting myself discharged,

usually for poring over a play-book during office hours; or else I would take offense and resign when reprimanded for the same reason."

The embryo actor gave Dave Warfield his first line to speak on the stage. It was "Buy me, Massa Rats, buy me." Dave was a little slave boy and Wise was Salem Seudder in "The Octoroon" at Platt's Hall.

At length he was engaged as "a regular actor" by "The Stetson Dramatic Company," which toured the small interior towns. His salary was eight dollars per week and board. "I always got the board, but not always the eight," Mr. Wise remarked parenthetically. The company closed suddenly, near the Methodist Camp Grounds, now Bohemian Grove. Five people, a stage coach and four horses fell over a precipice. No one was killed, although a Dr. Holbrook of San Francisco, grandfather of Hannie Ingam, leading lady, who had visited the company at Guerneville, died soon afterwards from injuries. The doctor was the grandfather of Holbrook Blinn. Mr. Wise relinquished his place in the coach to the old gentleman and rode in a light cart, so his share in the disaster was merely a broken theatrical engagement. Later on he joined the Grismer Stock Company and played all over the coast except in this city. William Gillette signed him for a season of "The Rajah," "The Professor," and "The Private Secretary," and took the happy youth to New York. Everybody knows that the theatrical career of Tom Wise has been a series of successes ever since. Recently he celebrated his thirty-sixth stage anniversary; in that time he has appeared in thirty-six Broadway productions. He wrote "The Gentleman from Mississippi" in four weeks and it ran for three years on Broadway. His co-star was Douglas Fairbanks, who made his first Broadway appearance and success as a private secretary. Mr. Wise wrote "An Old New Yorker" in three years and it lasted three weeks. "Mr. Barnum" lasted four weeks, but Mr. Wise remarked "But he's not dead yet."

"General Post" and Tom Wise are synonyms. He made a wonderful hit as the uncle in Suderman's "Song of Songs" and amazed the theatrical world as Falstaff. Mr. Greene tells me that Beerbohm Tree, J. K. Hackett, Sr., and John Jack were the other famous Falstaffs, but that Wise surpasses them all. Strange to say, the comedian knew nothing of the role until three days before he appeared in it. He took the lines on Saturday, was letter perfect at rehearsal on Monday and "We played what Shakespeare wrote," he commented in describing the famous production. It is good news that he is negotiating with director Hume to put on the Falstaff trilogy at the Berkeley Greek Theatre. William Courtney will be Prince Hal and Henrietta Crossman will be Mistress Page. It will be a dramatic festival which will make California dramatic history.

This is Mr. Wise's second professional visit to his home city. He was here fifteen years ago in "Are You a Mason?" in the unctuous role he created in New York. His relatives reside here. I told him of his sister, Mrs. Hickey's, splendid work at the quarters of our Stage Women's War Relief. When she was not sewing there on aviators' jackets and refugee garments, she was remodeling soldiers' uniforms at the Masonic quarters or rolling bandages for the Red Cross. She deserved a decora-

tion. Mr. Wise told me that his wife's sister was decorated the other day by King George, for services as head of eleven war charities. She is the wife of Ben Webster, celebrated English actor; now she is Lady May Webster. Mr. Wise's wife is an actress also and an excellent one, too, as I remember her in "Are You a Mason?" in New York. She did not accompany her husband on this western trip. They have been married for twenty-five years, and to each other, which proves that some theatrical marriages last quite a while. I can't imagine Mr. Wise ever losing his temper or being moody. He looks to be the soul of good-nature. He has an expansive smile which begins in his eyes and diffuses over his countenance, fascinating you while you watch it spread. The only other person who smiles that way is ex-President Taft. He is delightful to talk to—I should say to listen to, and punctuates his interesting narratives with witty remarks deliciously pronounced.

He said that he and Mr. Courtney found the city greatly changed in characteristics. It has become a great big town of busy people. The first night they said to each other as they supped alone at Techan's that it might be any American city—Cleveland or Chicago or Baltimore, that its distinctiveness had become absorbed. But the next day Mrs. Hickey took them for a four hours' drive all over and he said: "I took it all back. The place is marvelous. From any viewpoint, there is a thrill. From the top of Twin Peaks looking east there is a view which is not surpassed in any city I have ever seen in the world, and I've seen nearly all of them."

I must not forget Ogden, for it was there Tom Wise first fell in love at the tender age of eight. His inamorita was the loveliest little girl in the world, with golden curls and large blue eyes. He made a speech last week on the stage there and he told the audience about that little girl, but did not mention her name. Later on at a party he confided the secret to a lady who exclaimed: "Why, she was in the audience tonight with her grandchild!"

Mr. Wise is so opposed to prohibition that he boldly wears a button, "Friends of Liberty" in his coat. It represents an organization of 50,000 persons though it had its inception only two weeks ago. It grew by endless chain and is still growing. He says that people have forgotten how to laugh in dry towns. And Mr. Wise is not enamored of the movies, although he's been in two or three. He finds the work grewsome, acting before a camera for an audience, and discontinuing an emotion for a week or two at a time. He says the fabulous salary does not tempt him because a person does not need a whole lot of money, and did I not think so? But I did, the more the merrier. I presumed to ask Mr. Wise if he has made a fortune acting, and he said slowly with an upward inflection as if counting his thousands, "Yes!"

To me, the most interesting thing he said was when I inquired if he had gone to school in San Francisco. "I went to school four weeks in my life. It was on Eddy Street." When I asked the reason he said, "I was working. My father was killed six months before I was born and my mother a few years later brought seven children across the plains in wagons." Yet today Tom Wise is an educated and accom-

plished scholar. He achieved this result by reading and listening.

I must mention that he and Mr. Courtney gave the first benefit for the Stage Women's War Relief in New York. They played "General Post" to a \$37,000 house and paid all the

expenses themselves. The seats were purchased by actors for \$5 each and boxes went for \$500 and \$600 to Bill Farnum, Chauncey Olcott and others. He was very glad to hear about our benefit and keenly interested when I told him about our wonderful president,

Camille D'Arville Crellin. My last question was "What do you like best to do?" "Act!!!" was his eloquent reply. It is easy to believe it—he was born for that purpose. If you doubt it, you will be convinced when you see his remarkable portrayal of "Cappy Ricks" at the Curran.

The Stage

Hit at the Curran

"Admirable!" "Fine show!" "Best in a long time!" These were the prevailing expressions of concurrent approval overheard as the large audiences filed out of the Currant Theatre on Sunday and Monday nights after listening to William Courtenay and Tom Wise in "Cappy Ricks." Perhaps "delightful" would be the better phrase in summarizing this performance, for certainly no more delightful one has come to this neck of the woods for—well, ever so long, if ever at all. Considerable had been expected of it, for, having read the breezy bunch of short stories by our own Peter B. Kyne and admired them, all of us had mentally dramatized it as we thought it ought to be presented on the stage, and no one could have been disappointed except those ever present "smarties" who think they know more about plays than the men or women who write the best of them. Of course it is not a great play. It is just a good one, with an interesting story, situations full of delightful comedy, a plot quite sufficient unto itself, and a set of natural characters, portrayed even more naturally and convincingly than ever Peter Kyne himself had any very good reason to expect. Edward E. Rose has long enjoyed the reputation of being the most ingenious of our stage carpenters and has solved many problems of dramatization after others had given them up in despair. In "Cappy Ricks," he has more than justified his record, for out of a mass of somewhat disconnected incident he has construed a concrete little play which first of all is what it was intended to be, a good fit for the widely different talents of the two stars. Tom Wise never had a better part, never played better, never seemed to enjoy himself better, in anything he has yet attempted, except perhaps Falstaff, a role in which he is without even a good competitor, for there is no peer. He is the irascible old shipowner to the very life, and with rare art manages to sift the inborn sweetness of gentle humanity through his hide-bound exterior of business cruelty. His reception to his home town, where he began his career as an amateur, was almost on a par with some of the welcomes to returning soldiers, and he expressed his delight and gratitude in a curtain speech, not of the set kind, and all the sweeter to listen to, because of its palpable sincerity. William Courtenay, manly, handsome and convincing as ever, presented the breezy and tactful young mariner, Matt Peaseley, who steals the command of a ship, the heart of his opponent's daughter, and then the business itself, with splendid aplomb and convincing sincerity. Women, perhaps, will like him best as the lover, for he is always that without being conscious of it; but the men will admire him for his adventuresome spirit, his tenacity of purpose, and the real "man stuff" in him, which is the distinctive feature of his performance. The supporting company is capable with Percival Moore easily in the lead as the faithful manager, Skinner. Isobel Withers is altogether charming as Florence Ricks, and Helen Lowell in the all too unimportant role of the gentle little mother, demonstrates that

none of her well remembered talents have been lost through the years. Helen Mar Stewart as Miss Brown, and Jacqueline Mason as Miss Grimsby, are very good indeed, and, in short, there is only one weak spot in the cast, which you will discover for yourself when you see the play. The whole show is quite up to the usual Morosco standard, and, being a San Franciscan himself, he seems always to remember how dangerous it is to present a New York success in this burg with a "Number Two" cast and production. When you have seen "Cappy Ricks," it's dollars to doughnuts that you will verify everything that has been said, and remind your friends that its stay with us has been limited to three weeks, and they should not miss it if they care for something really worth while.

—Clay M. Greene.

A Splendid Production at Orpheum

The Marion Morgan troupe of dancers have come to us like an antique dream, the vision of a Grecian grove merged into the hurly-burly setting of O'Farrell Street. For, while the scenic paraphernalia and the theme are Roman of the Fifth Century, it is the Greek idea and Greek influence upon Roman passions that animate this pantomimic drama; and the passions of today are equally amenable to these ancient rites of garden and temple. Although there is not, among the performers, any dancer that looms as a star of the first magnitude, the discipline, the assembling, the art that inspires these tall, bare-legged enthusiasts of Grecian mystery, afford an exhibition of rhythm that excels most efforts at group dancing. A particular merit of the troupe is its seeming spontaneity, the violence of its emotion, the patter and thumping of feet that carry a Bacchanalian throng into the very ecstasy of movement. The theme concerns Attila and his henchmen, the original Huns, who descend upon Rome and abduct a number of Roman maids. The opening scene where these Roman girls cavort in a garden, is, like most things of astounding novelty in art, a reproduction of dead centuries. Whatever the sources of Miss Morgan's information, the spectator finds in these postures, turns, gyrations and sudden attitudes, whirls, rushes and leapings, a series of pictures that have come to us from Greek vase paintings, a combination of rigidity and grace by which all modern attempts are soft and trivial. In the succeeding scenes, backgrounded by the drunken Attila and his grimacers, the Roman girls work their dance to a still greater frenzy, and the tragic finale is an unforgettable picture. There are four holdovers this week: the entrancing Muriel Worth, the cleverly acted comedy of Joseph Bernard and Ninita Britsow, the "Pianoflage" of Herschel Henlere, and (through the illness of Mary H. Kelley) Nora Kelley, the brilliant Dublin singer, who has added considerably to the smashing hit she made last week. "Birds of a Feather," performed by Bert Ford and Pauline Price, is a charming bit of tight-wire work in fantastic costume. Edwin George, in "A comedy of errors," has a juggling act and a line of patter that makes an error far more interesting than achievement

in the art of the flying plate, plug hat and umbrella. Bailey & Cowan, "The Banjoker and the Songster," assisted by Estelle Davis, receive the big ovation.

—L. J.

"Information Please" at Alcazar

Moved by the implied request in the title of last week's offering by the Alcazar management, this reviewer conveys to those who did not see it, the information that they missed something really worth while. No more amusing comedy has been presented here, even by so good a picker of plays as is General Manager E. D. Price, who knows his business backwards and minds it in a way that never fails to score. "Information Please" was written by Jane Cowl, a beautiful and accomplished actress of serious roles, who conceived the notion that she was also an authoress, and her very first attempt was the hit of the New York season. Then it must have occurred to her that she ought to be able to score equally well in comedy, and her first effort in that line was so good that the Selwyns selected it for the opening of their new theatre with her gorgeous self in the principal role. Of course the story involves a legal point which is difficult to overcome to the credit of the heroine. It is not likely that a young wife could elope from her husband in England and come to America with him, without escaping an indefensible action for divorce, no matter how well chaperoned, for a court wouldn't believe the chaperones. But it is an amusing story that Miss Cowl has conceived, with the assistance of Jane Murfin, there is not a dull moment in it, and her characters are as nearly human as is possible in a play of this type. But if she played the many appositional phases of Lady Betty any better than Belle Bennett did last week, then she must be the foremost comedienne of the American stage. Perhaps it is the best thing our Belle has done, but she has given us so many good things that it is most difficult to specify any particular role as being much better than any other. Walter Richardson was good as the good-natured, absent-minded husband, whose neglect of his wife inspires her to her amazing method of punishment, but not so good as Tom Chatterton, who again showed his fine versatility as the rather lah-de-dah lover, while Clifford Alexander again scored as a callow youth. Emily Pinter, as a much-married American, gave her part the conviction of actual experience, and Al Cunningham was a pleasing surprise as a young newspaper man. In short, the whole cast was just a shade better than excellent, and as much may be expected of it this week in Irvin Cobb's "Back Home," done into a play by Bayard Veillier.

—C. M. G.

"Aida" at the Auditorium

So far as can be ascertained, the production of "Aida" at the Greek Theatre week before last was a spectacular and impressive rendition of Verdi's immortal work. Over eight thousand astounded spectators were carried away by its

splendors and so great has been the demand for its repetition that a second and final performance will be given at the Civic Auditorium, Thursday evening, June 26. Producer L. M. Hrubanik, whose vision was responsible for the spectacle, promises that the Auditorium production will be even more effective than the one in the open air, for the reason that scenic effects that were impossible in Berkeley will be utilized here. There will be a genuine Egyptian setting and the Nile scene will be a wonder of tropical beauty. Ramphis and Amneris will enter in a boat and the drop used for this second act will be one painted under the direction of Lady Duff Gordon and shown for the first time in San Francisco. The lighting effects, which caused gasps of amazement at the Greek Theatre, will be better than before and the Auditorium will be illuminated in a mysterious

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SUN., JUNE 22—First Time Here, “BE CALM
CAMILLA,” by Claire Kummer, Author of “Good Gracious
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and bewildering manner. There will be an all-star cast, the chorus will be large and effective, and there will be over one hundred Ethiopians and supernumeraries on the massive stage. The orchestra will number seventy-five and the ballet of seventy, under the direction of Anita Peters Wright, will be constantly in evidence. The costumes will be gorgeous and correct and nothing will be left undone to have the production eclipse the one given across the bay. Seats, ranging in price from \$2 to 50 cents, are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Company's.

At the Curran

Oliver Morosco's latest comedy, “Cappy Ricks,” Edward E. Rose's dramatization of Peter B. Kyne's stories of that name, will begin the last two weeks of its engagement at the Curran Theatre next Sunday night, June 15. The play received a rousing welcome from a well filled house on its opening last Sunday, and from the goodly attendance this week, and the large advance sale for its remaining performances, it appears that Oliver Morosco has added another hit to the long list of his many successes. In dramatizing the Kyne stories, from the pages of fiction, Mr. Rose has used excellent judgment in selecting from a multiplicity of scenes and incidents, and keeping the irascible but lovable “Cappy Ricks” ever as the central figure and dominating character. He has made a play of sound structure that is constantly entertaining in bright comedy, with breezy dialogue and a winning sentiment. Tom Wise, as the domineering old sea dog, “Cappy,” gives a convincing and lifelike portrayal of the grim American Napoleon of the Pacific shipping circles. William Courtenay makes his Matt Peasley just as he should be, as one recalls Kyne's smart and fearless sailorman. Other in the cast who lend to its success are, Helen Lowell, as “Aunt Lucy”; Isobel Withers, as Cappy's daughter, Florence; Norval Keedwell, as Cecil Pericles Barnard; Percival Moore, as John Skinner, the general manager; Philip Lord, as Ole Peterson; and Jacqueline Mason, as Goldie Glakes, the chorus girl. All in all, “Cappy Ricks” is delightfully entertaining. None better has been seen here.

Orpheum

Trixie Friganza, who is regarded as one of the funniest women on the vaudeville stage today, has more than come into her own in her new sketch, “At a Block Party,” for in it she scores by far the greatest achievement she has experienced since her rise to stardom and headlining honors several years ago. Trixie without some novelty wouldn't be herself at all, and with all her innate ability to charm laughs out of a grouch as a magician evokes rabbits from a perfectly respectable silk hat, still Trixie takes no chances and brings up to the Orpheum next week “At a Block Party” and Egyptian impersonations which prove the T. N. T. of meritment. Harry Holman and his company will appear in a new comedy playlet by Stephen G. Champlain entitled “My Daughter's Husband.” Holman is both fat and funny and one of the most unctuous comedians the vaudeville stage possesses. Ann Gray, the famous harpist, will be heard for the first time her. Miss Gray is not only an artiste but a beautiful woman besides. Ed Alexander is a novelty painter of extraordinary ability. He paints attractive scenes with remarkable speed and dexterity, portraying an entire landscape, and while he is doing so indulges in amusing chatter. Bailey and Cowan, “The Banjoker and the Songster”; Thomas Swift and Mary H. Kelley in the vaudeville vagary \$3,000; Edwin George in “A

Comedy of Errors,” the latest Hearst Weekly and the Marion Morgan Dancers in their tremendous success, the “Dance Drama in the Time of Attila and the Huns,” will complete one of the finest bills ever presented at the Orpheum.

Alcazar

“Back Home” will have its first San Francisco production by the New Alcazar Company next week, commencing at the Sunday matinee. It is a dramatization of Irvin Cobb's Judge Priest stories, in which the humorist also revealed his command of pathos. Bayard Veiller, author of “Within the Law” and “The 13th Chair,” dramatized Cobb's red-blooded, humanity throbbing stories that made Judge Priest one of the most lovable and amusing figures in modern fiction. Here is double appeal to story readers and theatre goers. “Back Home” is a vital, virile comedy drama of southern life, with joyous humor, tender romance, and an anti-child-labor angle. American to the very core is this play. Belle Bennett and Walter P. Richardson take care of the romance. Henry Shumer will give an original creation of the amiable, easy-going, lion-hearted old Judge Priest, a part for which he is better suited than any other actor who has essayed it. Charles Yule is specially engaged for Jeff Davis Poindexter, the Judge's funny old negro body servant. One of the largest casts of the season is required for this colorful play. To follow, June 22, is “Be Calm Camilla,” a delicious comedy, given at the Booth Theatre, New York, and new here, by Claire Kummer. It is of the same quality as her delightful “Good Gracious Annabelle.”

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There seems to be no let up in the demand for stocks by the public, and higher prices were the rule last week, with an occasional reaction in one group of stocks, while another group would be advancing. The general news seems to make no difference, and if it is bearish, it only has a temporary effect on the market. One day it's the motor stocks, the next it's the shipping shares, and so on down the list. Steels were active and higher, led by the advance in the big corporation stock, which carried its price well above 111. The minor steel stocks followed, with most of them making new high records for this movement. The railroad list, with the exception of the Granger roads, was rather inactive. The enormous crop outlook is having its effect on the Granger roads, and buying of these roads is of the best. The coppers finally came to the front. These stocks have been lagging for some time, and have had few friends. The dividend announcement of the porphyry group paying the same dividend as the last quarter, encouraged buying in these issues, and prices responded quickly. The copper outlook is improving daily, and while the metal is still at a price at which producers are only just about breaking even, the outlook is encouraging for higher prices later on. All lines of general business are showing improvement, and money is easy, although several warnings by the bank interests recently may be the signal for a little tightening up in rates, which might bring about a reaction that most traders are now looking for. The market has had a continuous advance for so long that it is just possible that the advance in some of the issues has about discounted the future prosperity of some of the issues that have had such phenomenal advances, such as the motor stocks. More or less uncertainty should now develop in the market, as to whether or not prices are to go higher, or whether the situation is one of distribution. Ever since the peace conference began sessions, the market has gone steadily ahead, with no reactions worthy of the name, for the upward trend has been constant since February. It was apparent that the strength in the market was due to the culmination of the submission of the treaty, for the market said long ago that the Germans had no other course than to place their names on the document which saddled on them as heavy a weight as the nation can bear. Now that the Germans have stated their position, it would be no surprise if prices had a good reaction, which would bring about an excellent place to pick up stocks again.

Cotton—After the sensational advance of the week before, which carried all the opens well above the 30-cent level, it was only natural

to look for a reaction from a technical standpoint, and we had it last week. There was nothing* really bearish in the news generally, and in fact all items of news from the growing country spoke of either too much rain or unfavorable climatic conditions. The government figures confirmed the poor outlook by making a condition of only 75.6, as of May 25. As usual, when the news is confirmed, the trade is inclined to accept profits, and heavy selling, aided by stop loss selling, brought about a decline of 5 cents per pound in the active futures. At the decline, the mills were large buyers, as spot cotton could not be had, and they hedged themselves by buying the futures that were being sold by speculators who had taken on more than they could carry. The rebound was almost as rapid as the decline, and prices recovered more than 50 per cent of the loss in two days, which speaks well for the sound condition in which the market is at present under the 30-cent level. Sentiment, amongst the best posted people, is extremely bullish, and 40 cents for the October option is predicted before October 1. They base their ideas on the discount at which the futures are now selling, as compared with the spot price, and the limited supply of good white cotton. The crop outlook, too, is anything but encouraging, and no doubt the crop killer will soon be working overtime. The textile business is booming, and mills are runnings at full capacity. With peace finally signed, the demand from abroad is expected to be so urgent that all available cotton in this country, regardless of grade, will be wanted at prices far above present levels at which futures are now selling.

A Neat Compliment

Philip IV of Spain, himself a painter, once tendered a neat compliment to a greater artist, Velasquez. When Velasquez had finished his famous picture, "Laas Meninas," which includes not only Philip and his Queen, but the artist himself, brush in hand, he asked the king, "Is anything wanting?" "One thing only," answered Philip; and, taking the palette from Velasquez's hands, he painted on the breast of the artist's figure in the picture the Cross of the Order of Santiago, the most distinguished in Spain.

He Would Understand

The fire-eating colonel had received a letter which consumed him with rage, but this was his noble reply:

"Sir: My stenographer, being a lady, can not transcribe what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, can not think of it. But you, being neither, will understand what I mean."

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Assets	\$58,893,078.42
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Capital Actually Paid Up.....	1,000,000.00
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His Secret

Mark Twain met Chauncey Depew at dinner one evening while the former's "Joan of Arc" was being published serially. Mark thought he would like to find out what people thought of it, so he said to Mr. Depew: "I don't suppose you ever read novels, do you, Depew?" "Oh, yes, I love them," answered Depew. "I don't suppose you are following that anonymous novel 'Joan of Arc' in Harper's, are you?" asked Twain. "I certainly am. Reading every line of it," answered Depew. "Well, what do you think of it? Think it is any good?" asked Twain. "Well," answered Depew, who, unknown to Mark, knew the authorship, "that's hardly a fair question to ask me." "Why?" asked Twain. "You see, Mark," answered Depew in a whisper, "I wrote the old thing myself and am trying to keep it quiet."

"What did Joseph's brothers put him in the pit?" barked the teacher. "Because he had a coat of many colors," suggested a bright lad. "And what has that got to do with?" snapped back the teacher. "Well," again ventured the bright lad, "if he had had on a dress suit they might have put him in the stalls."—Edinburgh Statesman.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 18628; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estate of FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, also known as MRS. FLORENCE B. CAVANO, also known as MRS. FLORENCE BARNES CAVANO, an incompetent person.

SAVINGS UNION BANK AND TRUST COMPANY, a corporation, as guardian of the estate of FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, also known as MRS. FLORENCE B. CAVANO, also known as MRS. FLORENCE BARNES CAVANO, an incompetent person, having on this day presented to this court and filed herein its duly verified petition praying for an order authorizing, empowering and directing it to sell all the interest of said FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, alias, in certain real property set forth and described in said petition, on the ground that it will be beneficial to said FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, alias, and her said estate that the said real property be sold;

NOW THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of said FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, alias, and all persons interested in the estate of said FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, alias, appear before this court, Department No. 10 thereof, on Thursday, the 10th day of July, 1919, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, in the court room of said Superior Court, in the City of San Francisco, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to the said Savings Union Bank and Trust Company, as guardian, for the sale of said real estate as in said petition prayed for.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 7th day of June, 1919.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Petitioner,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-14-4

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23908 New Series; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN LONG, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly made and entered herein on the 27th day of May, 1919, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed of the estate of John Long, deceased, will, on or after the 20th day of June, 1919, sell, at private sale, to the highest and best bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, and subject to confirmation by the said Superior Court, all the right, title, interest and estate which the above named decedent had at the date of his death, as well as all the right, title, interest and estate which has by operation of law or otherwise accrued to the estate of said deceased since the date of his death, in and to the following described real property, to-wit:

An undivided one-sixth interest in all that certain lot, piece or parcel of real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Diamond Street, distant thereon one hundred and ninety-eight (198) feet northerly from the northwesterly corner of Diamond and Eighteenth Streets, running thence northerly along the westerly line of Diamond Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the westerly line of Diamond Street and point of commencement. Being a portion of Lot No. 12, Block P, of Eureka Homestead Association.

The terms and conditions of sale are as follows: Cash, in Gold Coin of the United States, ten (10) per cent of the amount bid to be paid at the time of acceptance of bid, and the balance on confirmation of sale by the said Superior Court; deed and instrument of title at the expense of purchaser; commission not exceeding five per cent to be allowed to a real estate broker whose bid is accepted by the Court.

All bids and offers must be in writing and may be delivered to the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed, personally, or left at the office of its attorneys, Messrs. Heller, Powers & Ehrman, at room 713 Nevada Bank Building, 14 Montgomery Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Court above named at any time before the making of the sale.

Dated at San Francisco this 27th day of May, 1919.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of John Long, deceased.

By H. G. Larsh, Secretary.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRLMAN,

Attorneys for Administrator with the will annexed,
713 Nevada Bank Building, 14 Montgomery St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, deceased.—No. 27169; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of George W. Williams, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 97928; Dept. No. 16.

WALTER J. BERGER, Plaintiff, vs. EDYTHE E. C. BERGER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: EDYTHE E. C. BERGER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco State of California this 31st day of May A. D. 1919.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHALMER MUNDAY,

Attorney for Plaintiff,
519 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

6-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DANIEL TWOMEY, deceased.—No. 27172; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of DANIEL TWOMEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DANIEL TWOMEY, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Daniel Twomey, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRED MELZ, deceased.—No. 27170; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of FRED MELZ, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRED MELZ, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Fred Melz, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE R. KAHN, deceased.—No. 27168; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of GEORGE R. KAHN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE R. KAHN, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of George R. Kahn, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 894, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CAROLINE F. PLUNKETT, Deceased.

LUCY M. F. WANZER, executrix of the last will and testament of Caroline F. Plunkett, deceased, having filed herein a verified petition praying for an order from this Court authorizing, directing and empowering her to renew a note and mortgage in the sum of twenty-four hundred (2400) dollars and for that purpose to borrow said sum and for the purpose of securing the payment of such sum to mortgage to the lender of such money that certain real property of said estate situate in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of San Jose Avenue, distant thereon 149 feet from the northerly line of Twenty-fifth Street, and running thence northerly along the said easterly line of San Jose Avenue thirty-seven (37) feet, thence at right angles easterly ninety (90) feet, thence at right angles southerly thirty-seven (37) feet, thence at right angles westerly ninety (90) feet, to the said easterly line of San Jose Avenue and the point of commencement, together with the improvements thereon; said property being a portion of Block 169, Mission Addition.

It is ordered that all persons interested in said estate be and appear before this Court at the court room, Department 10, City Hall, in said City and County, at the hour of 10 a. m., Thursday, the 3rd day of July, 1919, then and there to show cause why said petition should not be granted and the real property above described mortgaged to secure said loan.

For all further particulars reference is hereby made to said petition now on file herein.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that this order to show cause be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge.

Dated: May 27th, 1919.

W. T. PLUNKETT,
Attorney for Executrix,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5



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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXIV. No. 140

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JUNE 21, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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Conventions and Climate
Municipal Sardine Boxes
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THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIV

San Francisco-Oakland, June 21, 1919

No. 1410

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Prophecies Fulfilled

Without throwing the proverbial bouquet at one's self with unbecoming vanity, it may be said that with the first presidential insistence to interject into the treaty of peace with Germany, the pact for an intri—or rather a League of Nations, the assertion was made in this column that it would prove to be impossible of fulfillment within any reasonable space of time. Although each one of the fourteen points of Mr. Wilson's ideal was commended as being a wise effort for the betterment of the world-wide governmental conditions, the document was declared to be too cumbersome to be made a part of the treaty of peace, and must prove a deterrent to the peace for which the conference at Versailles was called. Prediction was made that if the two documents were united, it would eventuate in the sort of union in which there is no strength, for it would fall from the tree of diplomatic knowledge of its own weight; there to be cut in half so that each half might be separately considered and approved or annulled by the American congress. It was said here that if so united into one document, the autumn leaves would be falling before the final signatures would be affixed, and the leaves are already beginning to turn yellow. Washington refuses to consider the document as a whole, or at least that is the present attitude of a considerable majority of both branches of the congress, and a battle is on in which the democrats insist that it must pass and the republicans say it shall not. In the meantime Mr. Wilson, during a temporary stagnation in the conference chamber—at least as far as his League of Nations is concerned—has visited the King and Queen of Belgium and returned to Paris to wait for Monday next, when Germany must sign the peace pact or be again invaded.

Germany and the League

The fourteen points of the Wilsonian document have also plunged the German government into a state of befuddlement and uncertainty. It has spent as much time in the consideration of those fourteen points as it has the terms of the peace treaty itself. It has endeavored to get better terms by insisting that the fourteen points are not in accord with the peace treaty, and, being part of the whole document, none of them must be violated, or else the Versailles conference must stultify itself by admitting ambiguity and insincerity. The fact remains that had the fourteen points not been incorporated into the peace treaty it would have been signed long ago, the Germans would now be working themselves out of the apparently hopeless mess into which their militarist autocrats have plunged them, and Mr. Wilson would now be in Washington making personal explanation of the splendid future benefits to be derived from his splendid ideal, instead of entrusting that duty to the solons of his own party, many of whom are only half-hearted. Germany has already asked to be admitted into the League of Nations along with what is left of Austria, but neither of them has received anything like unanimity of encouragement. Of course the original pact presupposed that all nations were to receive equal protection and equal consideration. Lloyd George would appear to also take this view of the matter, but France has declared with tremendous emphasis that it will never, under any circumstances whatsoever, be concerned in any league in which Germany shall be admitted as a member. In this regard Italy has not yet declared itself, but is somewhat arrogantly insisting upon concessions that concern only herself. However, an ultimatum has been given to Germany, and she must sign on Monday or be left to the tender mercies of General Foch.

* * *

Kahn's Army Ideas

Representative Kahn—and he is chairman of the committee which has to formulate all the procedure in such matters—is out with the statement that the army should be reduced to a strength not to exceed 100,000 men. Certainly Mr. Kahn should know what he is talking about, for at the time of our entry into the war he was quite as emphatic in his belief that it should be immediately increased to a

strength of 2,500,000, and his reasons were considered so palpably sound that he was entrusted with the stupendous task of devising the one plan by which such a vast army could be secured, namely, the draft. To his notion this small nucleus can be easily enlarged, should occasion demand it, by a system of universal military training, such as has long been the custom of Switzerland, for instance. In his view, these young men of the colleges and high schools, having been thoroughly instructed in the essentials of military science, with a certain amount of actual intensive training in yearly encampments, would be ready to answer a call to the colors at any time. But there are at least three elements in opposition to Mr. Kahn's ideas, any one of which might thwart them. There is an international opposition to conscription. England has already declared against it, no one doubts but that the United States would not countenance it again, the same sentiment exists in some of the new nations, and there would arise the question whether the calling of the instructed youths to the colors would not in itself be conscription. Again, Secretary Baker has called for an appropriation large enough to provide for any army five times as large as Mr. Kahn's, and stupendous appropriation has always seemed to be the most important function of all congresses. Lastly, if the League of Nations is a league to enforce peace, and we are part of it, a standing army of 100,000 would not be nearly half enough.

* * *

War and Human Nature

All of us have listened to the maternal injunction to the effect that while it is quite just and proper for dogs to delight in barking and biting, little boys must never think of anything so naughty and unmanly. Then, after a compliant "Yes, mother," we have gone out into the back lot, and, impelled by some fancied insult or other, proceeded to emulate the combative spirits of the dogs. This, too, is the spirit of the pacifists, the spirit of the white blooded, the spirit of the idealists who are supporting "Our Great War President" in his truly laudatory project of preventing war for all time. But a mere glance at the carefully prepared terms of his project can not fail to inspire the conviction that it provides for large standing armies and navies to enforce peace upon such nations as may develop warlike tendencies and fly

at each other's throats. While respecting the gentle sentiment of the lesson learned at the maternal knee, how many of us can avoid the conviction that the impulse to fight is just as strong in the man as it is in the beast? It is human nature to fight, and nearly all of the nations of the world are now full of maddened and ill-advised human beings engaged in substantiating the truth of that principle. To judge from her present disturbed condition, it will take a generation of peace-enforcement to quiet Russia. The same may be said with reference to Poland, Jugo-Slavia, Cecho-Slavia, the ever inflammable Bulgaria, Rumania and Servia, and even Greece is making demands which it is going to be difficult to gratify. On this side of the ocean the same principle seems to again be dominant. Without warning, United States troops have marched into Mexico and given battle to Villa at Juarez. This will probably lead to further entanglements of the same nature, and so there will be wars and rumors of wars unto the end of all time in order to enforce peace, which, after all, has been the purpose of most wars.

★ ★ ★

Fighting the Inevitable

For five years and more it has been known that prohibition was making such tremendous strides as to eventually gain a hold in every state in the union. There were a great many writings and speeches about personal liberty, cant, white livers, and the return of slavery into the land, but still prohibition advanced and became stronger and stronger. A considerable majority of the states voted for it on their own volitions by popular vote, and two years ago a vote of the people's representatives in Washington was the writing on

the wall that prophesied the certain fulfillment of the prohibitionists' ambitions. But the liquor interests refused to believe either in the signs of the times or to show any fear of the vast army arrayed against them. Encouraged by the advice of counsel—and that can be secured for a price to combat any issue, however strong—they decided to fight. An amendment to the constitution making prohibition a law was passed, and still, under the advice of this counsel, they refused to see that the inevitable can not be crushed. In the meantime expert financiers, ever ready to grasp opportunities of promise, saw one in the soon to be neglected vineyards of California, and a great corporation was formed to control and continue to work them for other purposes than the manufacture of wines. During the last week there suddenly appeared reports of the widespread activities of the American Food Products Association, which was buying up these vineyards as fast as the necessary arrangements could be made. There was a sale of 640 acres of vineyard land to this company for \$375,000, others of smaller importance were reported from Sonoma and Napa, and now it is learned that the vast properties of the California Wine Association will soon pass into the control of the new corporation. Here is another case of the survival of the fittest, and a wise combination of the vineyard interests could have done what it is doing now, instead of fighting a battle which it had not the slightest hope of winning.

★ ★ ★

The Last Straw

The wets seem to have taken on another breathing spell of hope in the memorial sent to congress by Samuel Gompers, declaring that there will be a great national

unheaval in the ranks of labor if the prohibition laws are not so amended as to permit the manufacture of beer containing a percentage of something less than 3 per cent of alcohol. It is difficult indeed to conceive how congress, composed as it is of confessedly able men, if not always wise ones, can possibly regard this memorial with an indifference that will result in letting it die without official action. It is a threat, of course, but there are times when a threat is not only so justifiable as to merit earnest debate, but it may be the forerunners of trouble which can be averted by letting expedience take the place of prejudice. This country is on the top of an economic volcano which may explode with direful results, and if it can be averted or even delayed by a granting of this somewhat impertinent but not unjust request, it should be done at once. Samuel Gompers knows whereof he speaks, and since he has been received into the councils of the president of the United States in Paris, the weight of his convictions should not be disregarded by the law makers of the United States at Washington. What labor asks—or demands, if you like—should be granted, if for no other reason than that its retaliation for refusal might be the final breaking out of the revolution that is sure to come some day, but which a temporary disregard of the demands of prejudice may avert. It should not be decided that there are matters of more importance than greedy appetites to attend to, for there is nothing of more importance than the preservation of internal peace at a time when it is threatened. This is a pessimistic view of the matter, but such a view is better than the optimism of those who can only see one thing one way.

To the Mother-Heart

By Theodore H. van Beek

The little boy who followed you all day
 With brave uncertain feet, and babywise
 Caught at your skirt to smile up in your eyes—
 Oh! mountains high—till in your arms he lay;
 The little boy for whom the heart will pray
 In vain when the light fades from evening skies—
 The mother-heart that bleeds but never dies
 Tho' all things fail, tho' all things pass away;

The little roguish boy—ah! who could tell
 From this, this shattered heap of bloody clay,
 Vested in martial rags, and where it fell
 Recking its execration to the skies,
 The little boy who followed you all day
 And smiled into your face with angel eyes?

The Point of View

By Lionel Josaphare

The thoughts of a streetsweeper are not those of the millionaire who glides by him in an automobile. An open-air janitor, housekeeper to the passing show, must be witness to many incidents that vex him, while his big family, the passing and madding throngs, ungratefully pay no attention to him. From an unselfish standpoint, the sweeper's and the millionaire's philosophy ought to be about the same, for the universe is the same set of facts to both men. Personal experience indeed is a different set of facts to each, and one enjoys himself more than the other; yet the philosopher should never let a little thing like that bother him. In the gutter or on the golf links, one's imagination should be serenely unbiased, making due allowance for a few stage whispers to fate. There is a possibility that an unskilled laborer be an optimist; in fact, he must be, for he trusts to luck rather than take a correspondence course and astound the board of directors with his knowledge. And a multi-millionaire is a pessimist if he see only the dark side of losing a million dollars. Howsoever, an automobile, in which the wealthy man glides past the street sweeper, an automobile, which should be the same thing to all men, is to one a pleasure craft; to another, a nuisance. Hence, we have that intangible asset known as the point of view.

Visionaries and other space writers once asserted that if man should ever fly as a bird and get a birdseye view of any respectable neighborhood, the inhabitants thereof would probably sink into insignificance. The present writer once received two cents a word for making such prophecy—a price much less than Jack London obtained for the same thing several years later, and yet more than Isaiah was paid for originating the idea. These names are dragged in merely to give everyone credit, for the prophecy has been fulfilled. Of course, anybody could have made it; and many did make it; for there was always an intuition that the world would look very small if you could get the right perspective. Aviators tell us that the supreme joy of flight is in becoming aware of the nothingness that goes on below. Ascend to a height of ten thousand feet, and your opinion of Gavin McNab will change immensely. Land at the Civic Center, enter the City Hall, and you think of graft; not because of conspicuous evidence, but because it is hard to disassociate the two ideas when close to the scene of action. Return to the air: graft and graft-catching equally unimportant. The birdseye view is a rare one. It eliminates the trivial details of your city, such as waterplugs and great statesmen.

There is also such a thing as a wormseye view, the invention of comic artists; and it would be interesting to classify mankind with respect to birdseye and wormseye views, prorating the ditch digger and the millionaire not according to occupation but their mental attitude toward the sublime. The confusing part of modern civilization is that man, having lived the life of a worm for several centuries, has at last been able to take a birdseye view of the situation. He has become an angel—with a motor and a propeller, it is true, and while he can not as yet fly between the worlds, he can think about doing so. The world is a grand place; yet its traditions are bewildering whenever there is an attempt to eliminate any of those trivial details which irritate the idealist or the man with an empty stomach. Doubly

irritating when the two are one. In Russia, the whole country was thrown to rapine as the result of eliminating one man, because the people had take the point of view calling him czar. In California, with more peaceable intent, we are vainly trying to eliminate a few cents from the price of milk. The world seems unable to deal with little things quickly and quietly. Our vision is distorted. We look at the moon through spectacles acquired by poring over expense accounts, ledgers, calculations of the infinitesimal. To the ancient world, the moon was Diana; to the modern, it is Sir Isaac Newton. Our tribute to the great forces of the spiritual and material world, as we see them, is set forth in a series of holidays scattered through the year. Instead of taking them as the keynotes of life, man slumps into the holidays for much needed days of rest. He looks forward to them for a breathing spell, when he should be looking back to them for inspiration. Yes; the world is a grand place, wherein the bootblack with his point of view scrutinizes your shoes as you walk by, and assesses your value to his industry. In the street cars, if you do not pay as you enter, conductors glance at your hand to see if you are concealing a nickel; when you meet the noblest citizens, they scan your clothes and wonder if you can be judged by your expensive coat or are putting up a bluff. These customs relate to important elements of society, and yet them seem out of place, for some reason or other.

Aside from personal splendor, the point of view is the main difference between a Junebug and an archangel. One sees more of the world than the other—the archangel is better educated, so to speak. Yet a potato bug, for another instance, must neglect many of his opportunities to learn more. To a potato bug a watermelon has little to do with the flourishing condition of agriculture. To a spider, the spring of the year is fly-time. If you relate these traits to the problems of society, you find that the standpoint which a man assumes in regard to one thing is likely to affect his opinion of another. One can readily understand why "Swat the fly" would be denounced by a spider as a pernicious theory; and the politics of some men are no more complex than that. A critic may deride the pictures of Titian—you don't know why, until you discover that he is a socialist and scorns Titian for painting aristocrats.

Consider the viewpoint of a dog with relation to the top of a dinner table. Food is conveyed to and from the table, and some goes to doggie, whose lovely nature accedes to a discipline he can not comprehend. Left to himself in the dining room, he sniffs yet never steals, never investigates, never climbs to that high plateau, that mysterious realm just beyond his ken, that clearing house of all that is delectable, forever beyond his knowledge. With the same obedient instincts, there are men who would consider it almost a sacrilege to inquire into the motives of their ballot-box heroes.

Suppose that some bombastic charlatan should take it into his head to curse and incriminate the devices of the rich, and to glorify every demand of the workingman. Who could vote for him without calling him a genius? A birdseye view of his intellect might show nothing more clever than a pretended indignation for the wealth which he is striving to accumulate. Yet he is a genius to another point of view. Some of those who have made the appetite appeal in

literature and statecraft have shown a semblance of spirituality; and some have possessed, mingled therewith, a realism, a sensuality, a mercenary capacity, that would have been the despair of any but a trickster. A point of view is required to detect the fool's genius from the sincere exploiter of great ideas. There have been celebrities who did possess a simple faith in the betterment of their fellow men; yet distinction was not always made between them and the other kind. One might recall such names as Tolstoi, Lloyd George, Roosevelt, Walt Whitman, and, for a local instance, Hiram Johnson. They addressed mankind from a pedestal of bread and butter. They spoke the common language, in some cases the slang of the people, and endeavored to relate themselves in some way to the intellectual demands of a minority less attracted by the food question. Tolstoi, for example, was constrained to write essays on art and literature. It was his great mistake, for there his reputation was exposed to a test far greater than political. When Tolstoi wrote of the poor, he defied the Russian aristocracy, who could not put up much of an argument anyway. When he wrote of art, he challenged comparison with the wit and genius of all time. He attempted nothing less than to raise the bread-and-butter standard in the criticism of pictures. It had served him in conflict with grand dukes; he thought it would uphold him against Michael Angelo. He had a notion that what is vain in life is useless on canvas. Roosevelt committed the same error, when, having overwhelmed his political adversaries, he posed as a critic of writers, and antagonized men better equipped than he in the use of words. The result was a retreat to the themes of the politicians.

Tolstoi judged art by its relevancy to the proletariat. He was of the opinion that pictures should be painted of and for people who understood them least and had the least with which to pay for them. Still, his was even a better theory than a recent one, to-wit: that those who understand least of pictures should also do the painting of them. But the common people can not make or foster an art. It is the lack of art that makes them common. Few, if any, of the lower classes were ever aware of what Tolstoi and Walt Whitman said in their favor. Both Tolstoi and Whitman must have known that neither the extremely ignorant nor the clever would be attracted to didactic literature. An audience had to be created in the class between. The bread-and-butter school of literature never had a high standing in criticism, and its proponents have never been rivals of the great. Imagine Tolstoi in a debate with Taine. Think of Roosevelt, whose gems were published

(Continued on Page 14)

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Molly Muldoon

(This poem was written about 1850, and its authorship has always been a mystery. It has been ascribed to Fitzjames O'Brien.)

Molly Muldoon was an Irish girl,
And as fine a one
As you'd look upon
In the cot of a peasant or hall of an earl.
Her teeth were white, though not of pearl,
And dark was her hair, though it did not curl;
Yet few who gazed on her teeth and her hair,
But owned that a power o' beauty was there.
Now many a hearty and rattling gorsoon,
Whose fancy had charmed his heart into tune,
Would dare to approach fair Molly Muldoon,
But for that in her eye
Which made most of them shy
And look quite ashamed, though they couldn't tell why—
Her eyes were large, dark blue, and clear,
And heart and mind seemed in them blended.
If intellect sent you one look severe,
Love instantly leapt in the next to mend it.
Hers was the eye to check the rude,
And hers the eye to stir emotion,
To keep the sense and soul subdued,
And calm desire into devotion.

There was Jemmy O'Hare,
As fine a boy as you'd see in a fair,
And wherever Molly was he was there.
His face was round and his build was square,
And he sported as rare
And tight a pair
Of legs to be sure, as are found anywhere.
And Jemmy would wear
His caubecn and hair
With such a peculiar and rollicking air,
That I'd venture to swear
Not a girl in Kildare,
Nor Victoria's self, if she chanced to be there,
Could resist his wild way—called "Devil may care."
Not a boy in the parish could match him for fun,
Nor wrestle, nor leap, nor hurl, nor run
With Jemmy—no gorsoon could equal him—none.
At wake or at wedding, at feast or at fight,
At throwing the sledge with such dextrous sleight,—
He was the envy of men, and the women's delight.

Now Molly Muldoon liked Jemmy O'Hare,
And in troth Jemmy loved in his heart Miss Muldoon.
I believe in my conscience a purtier pair
Never danced in a tent at a patten in June,—
To a bagpipe or fiddle
On the rough cabin door
That is placed in the middle—
Ye may talk as ye will,
There's a grace in the limbs of the peasantry there
With which people of quality couldn't compare.
And Molly and Jemmy were counted the two
That could keep up the longest and go the best through
All the jigs and the reels
That have occupied heels
Since the days of the Murtaghs and Brian Boru.

It was on a long bright sunny day
They sat on a green knoll side by side,
But neither just then had much to say;
Their hearts were so full that they only tried
To do anything foolish, just to hide
What both of them felt, but what Molly denied.
They plucked the speckled daisies that grew
Close by their arms,—then tore them too;
And the bright little leaves that they broke from the stalk
They threw at each other for want of talk;
While the heart-lit look and the sunny smile,
Reflected pure souls without art or guile;
And every time Molly sighed or smiled,
Jem felt himself grow as soft as a child;
And he fancied the sky never looked so bright,

The grass so green, the daisies so white;
Everything looks so gay in his sight
That gladly he'd linger to watch them till night—
And Molly herself thought each little bird,
Whose warbling notes her calm soul stirred,—
Sang only his lay but by her to be heard.

An Irish courtship's short and sweet,
It's sometimes foolish and indiscreet;
But who is wise when his young heart's heat
Whips the pulse to a galloping beat—
Ties up the judgment neck and feet,
And makes him the slave of a blind conceit?
Sneer not therefore at the loves of the poor,
Though their manners be rude, their affections are pure;
They look not by art, and they love not by rule,
For their souls are not tempered in fashion's cold school.
Oh! give me the love that endures no control
But the delicate instinct that springs from the soul,
As the mountain stream gushes in freshness and force,
Yet obedient, wherever it flows, to its source.
Yes, give me the love that but Nature has taught,
By rank unallured and by riches unbought;
Whose very simplicity keeps it secure—
The love that illuminates the hearts of the poor.

All blushing was Molly, or shy at least,
As one week before Lent
Jem procured her consent
To go the next Sunday and speak to the priest.
Shrove Tuesday was named for the wedding to be,
And it dawned as bright as they'd wish to see.
And Jemmy was up at the day's first peep,
For the livelong night no wink could he sleep.
A bran-new coat, with a bright big button,
He took from a chest and carefully put on—
And brogues as well lamp-black as ever went foot on,
Were greased with the fat of a quare sort of mutton!
Then a tidier gorsoon couldn't be seen
Treading the Emerald Isle so green—
Light was his step, and bright was his eye,
As he walked through the slobbery streets of Athy.
And each girl he passed bid "God bless him" and sighed,
While she wished in her heart that she herself was the bride.

Hush! here's the priest—let not the least
Whisper be heard till the father has ceased.
Come, bridegroom and bride,
That the knot may be tied
Which no power on earth can hereafter divide.
Up rose the bride and the bridegroom too,
And a passage was made for them both to walk through;
And his riv'rance stood with a sanctified face,
Which spread its infection around the place.
The bridegroom blushed and whispered the bride,
Who felt so confused that she almost cried,
But at last bore up and walked forward, where
The father was standing with solemn air;
The bridegroom was following after with pride,
When his piercing eye something awful espied!
He stopped and sighed,
Looked round and tried
To tell what he saw, but his tongue denied;
With a spring and a roar
He jumped to the door,
And the bride laid her eyes on the bridegroom no more!

Some years sped on,
Yet heard no one
Of Jemmy O'Hare, or where he had gone.
But since the night of that widowed feast,
The strength of poor Molly had ever decreased;
Till, at length, from earth's sorrow her soul released,
Fled up to be ranked with the saints at least.
And the morning poor Molly to live had ceased,

Just five years after the widowed feast,
 An American letter was brought to the priest,
 Telling of Jemmy O'Hare, deceased!
 Who, ere his death,
 With his latest breath,
 To a spiritual father unburdened his breast,
 And the cause of his sudden departure confest.—
 "Oh, father," says he, "I've not long to live,
 So I'll freely confess, and hope you'll forgive—
 That same Molly Muldoon, sure I loved her indeed;
 Ay, as well as the Creed
 That was never forsaken by one of my breed;
 But I couldn't have married her after I saw—"
 "Saw what?" cried the father, desirous to hear—
 And the chair that he sat in unconsciously rocking—
 "Not in her karacter, yer riv'rance, a flaw—"
 The sick man here dropped a significant tear,
 And died as he whispered in the clergyman's ear—
 "But I saw, God forgive her, a hole in her stocking!"

The Moral

Lady readers, love may be
 Fixed in hearts immovably,
 May be strong and may be pure;
 Faith may lean on faith secure,
 Knowing adverse fate's endeavor
 Makes that faith more firm than erer;
 But the purest love and strongest,
 Love that has endured the longest,
 Braving cross, and blight, and trial,
 Fortune's bar or pride's denial,
 Would—no matter what its trust—
 Be uprooted by disgust:—
 Yes, the love that might for years
 Spring in suffering, grow in tears,
 Parent's frigid counsel mocking,
 Might be—where's the use of talking?—
 Upset by a broken stocking!

Art and Beauty

By Count Leo Tolstoi

For every ballet, circus, opera, operetta, exhibition, picture, concert, printed book, is necessary and strenuous work of thousands and thousands of people, involuntarily engaged in work that is often destructive and humiliating.

It would be all well enough if the artists did all their work themselves, but they all need the help of the toilers, not only for the production of the art, but also for their generally luxurious life, and in either case obtain it either in the form of payment from the rich, or in the form of subsidies from the government, which gives millions for theatres, conservatories, academies. And this money is taken from the people, which never profits by the esthetic pleasures which are given.

It was well enough for the artists of Greece and Rome, or even for an artist of the first half of our century, when there were slaves, and it was thought that this was as it should be, and people forced others to work for them and their pleasures with a quiet mind, but in our times, when everyone has at least a dim consciousness of the equal rights of all human beings, we can not compel people to work against their wills for art, unless we have first solved the question whether it be true that art is something good and great, so that it redeems this compulsion.

For it is terrible to think that it is very possible that for art are offered terrible sacrifices of toil, human lives, moral sacrifices, while art is not only not useful, but even harmful.

Therefore, for a society in which productions of art arise and are supported, it is necessary to know whether all that is really art, which is accepted as such, and whether everything is good that is art, as is considered to be the case in our society, and if it is good, then is it important, and is it worth all those sacrifices which are demanded for it. And it is the most indispensable for every conscientious artist to know this in order to convince himself that all that he does has a purpose, and is not merely a phantasy of that small circle of people among whom he lives, arousing in him a false confidence that what he is doing is good, and that what he is taking from others in the form of support for his generally luxurious life, is repaid by the productions on which he works. Therefore the answers to these questions are especially important at the present time.

What is that art which is considered so important and indispensable for mankind, that for

it may be offered the sacrifices not only of the toil and lives of human beings, but also the profits which it brings?

What is art? How—what is art? Why, art is architecture, sculpture, painting, music, poetry in all its forms, generally answers the ordinary man, the amateur of art, or even the artist himself, supposing that the matter of which he speaks is perfectly clear, and is understood in the same way by everybody. But in architecture you say there are simple buildings which are not objects of art, and, besides, there are buildings which make pretensions to be objects of art, buildings that are unsuccessful, or ugly, and which can not therefore be reckoned as objects of art? What is the distinctive sign of an object of art?

It is exactly the same in sculpture, in music, in poetry. Art in all its forms is bounded on the one hand by the practically useful, and on the other by the unsuccessful attempts of art. How are we to separate art from the one and the other? The average educated man of our circle, and even an artist who has not occupied himself especially with esthetics, will not find any difficulty in this question. It seems to him that all this has been decided long ago, and is well known.

Art is an activity which produces beauty, answers your average man.

"But if this is what art consists in, then is a ballet or operetta also art?" you ask.

"Yes," though with some hesitation answers the average man. "A good ballet and a graceful operetta are also art, in the measure in which they manifest beauty.

But without asking our average man what distinguishes a good ballet and a graceful operetta from one that is not graceful—questions which he would find it very hard to answer—if you ask the same average man whether you are to recognize as art the activity of the costumer, and the wig maker, who adorn the figures and faces of the women in the ballet and operetta, and Worth the tailor, and the perfume maker, and cook—in the majority of cases he will deny that the activity of the tailor, the wig maker, the costumer, and the cook belong to the region of art. But in this the average man goes wrong precisely because he is an average man, and not a specialist, and has not occupied himself with esthetics. If he had occupied himself with this science, he would have seen that the famous

Rénan's Marc Auréle an argument that the tailor's art is art, and that most people are very limited and dull who do not see a work of the highest art in a woman's dress. "C'est le grand art," he says.

"There follows, therefore, a cinquefoil of arts, growing from the subjective sensibility," says Kralik. "They are the esthetic treatment of the five senses."

The five arts are as follows: The art of the sense of taste. The art of the sense of smell. The art of the sense of touch. The art of the sense of hearing. The art of the sense of sight.

Of the first, the art of the sense of taste, he says as follows:

"It is true that usually only two or at most three senses are considered worthy to afford the material or artistic treatment, but I think with small justification. I do not wish to lay too much stress on the fact that the common usage of language recognizes many other arts, as, for example, the culinary art."

"And it is certainly an esthetic achievement when the culinary art succeeds in turning the body of an animal into an object of taste, in all senses. The basis of the art of the sense of taste (which goes further than the so-called culinary art) is therefore as follows: Everything eatable shall be treated as the symbol of an idea, and in complete harmony with the idea to be expressed."

Like Rénan, the author recognizes an art of costume, and other arts.

And this is also the opinion of the French writer Guyot, who is very highly esteemed by several writers of our time. In his book "Les Problèmes de l'Esthétique," he says seriously that the senses of touch, taste and smell give or may give esthetic impressions:

"If the sense of touch is deprived of color, in compensation it furnishes us with a notion

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which the eye alone can not give us, and which has a considerable esthetic value: that of something soft, silky, smooth. What makes the beauty of velvet is its softness to the touch, not less than its brilliance. Into the idea which we form of the beauty of a woman, the velvety texture of her skin enters, as an essential element.

Probably every one of us can, with a little thought, recall pleasures of taste, which were veritable esthetic pleasures."

And he narrates how a glass of milk he drank in the mountains gave him an esthetic pleasure.

So that the idea of art, as the manifestation of beauty, is far from being as simple as it seems, especially now, when this idea of beauty includes our sensations of touch, taste, and smell, as is the case in the newest esthetics.

But the average man either does not know this or does not wish to know it, and is firmly convinced that all these questions of art are solved very simply by recognizing beauty as the material of art. For the average man it seems clear and intelligible that art is the production of beauty, and by beauty all questions of art are decided by him.

But what is this beauty which, in his opinion, forms the material of art? How is it defined, and what is it?

As is the case in everything, the more indistinct and confused is the idea which is conveyed by a word, the greater are the assurance and self-confidence with which people employ that word, making as though what was understood by that word is so simple and clear that it is not worth while to say exactly what it means. It is assumed that what is understood by the word beauty is known and understood by all. But at the same time it is not only not known, but after mountains of books have been written on this subject, the intense question of what beauty is remains up to the present moment entirely open, and with each new work on esthetics is solved in a new way. And so the physiological esthetics, especially the Englishmen of the school of Spencer, and Grant Allen, speak in their own way; the French eclectics and the followers of Guyot, and Taine also each in his own way.

What is this strange idea of beauty which seems so intelligible to those who do not think what they say, but in the definition of which all the philosophers of various nations of the most different tendencies could not come to an agreement at the end of a century and a half? What is the idea of beauty, on which is based the prevailing teaching as to art?

By the word beauty, in Russian, we understand only what is pleasing to the eyes. Although recently we have also begun to say: "An unbeautiful action," "beautiful music," still this is not Russian.

A Russian man of the people, not knowing foreign languages, will not understand you if you say to him that a man who has given his last garment to another or something of the kind, has acted "beautifully," or that, in deceiving another, he has acted "unbeautifully," or that a song is "beautiful." In Russian, an act may be kind and good, or unkind and bad; music may be pleasant and good, or unpleasant and bad, but music can not be beautiful or unbeautiful.

A person may be beautiful, or a horse, or a house, a view, a motion; but of an act, a thought, a character, music, if they greatly please us, we may say that they are good, or bad if they do not please us; but "beautiful"

can only be said of what is pleasing to the sight. So that the word and the idea of "good" includes in itself the idea of "beautiful" but not the contrary; the idea of "beautiful" does not cover the idea of good. If we use the word "good" of an object which is estimated by its external appearance, we thereby say that that object is beautiful; but if we say "beautiful," this by no means indicates that the object is good.

This is the meaning ascribed by the Russian language—and, we must conclude, by Russian national thought—to the words and ideas "good" and "beautiful."

But in all the European languages, in the languages of those peoples among whom is spread the teaching of beauty, as the reality of art, the words "beau," "belle," "beautiful," "bello," containing the meaning of beauty of form, have come to mean also goodness—have come to take the place of the word "good."

So that in these languages are perfectly naturally used expressions like "belle ame," with combinations of words, "beau par la forme," and the like.

The observation of the meaning which the words "beauty," "beautiful," have in our language, as in all ancient languages, not excepting the European languages, among which the theory of esthetics took its rise, shows us that to the word "beauty" a certain special meaning has been added by these peoples—namely, the meaning of good.

It is remarkable at the same time that, since we Russians have more and more adopted the European views on art, the same evolution begins to take place, and with perfect assurance and without astonishing any one, people talk and write of beautiful music, of unbeautiful actions, and even thoughts, whereas forty years ago, in my youth, the expressions "beautiful music," and "unbeautiful actions," were not only not employed, but unintelligible. It is evident that this new meaning added by European

thought to the word beauty is beginning to be adopted by Russian society also.

I will not quote the definitions of beauty ascribed to the ancients, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and up to Plotinus, because, in reality, among the ancients that idea of beauty distinguished from goodness which is the foundation and aim of the esthetics of our time, does not exist. Adapting the judgments of the ancients with regard to beauty to our own ideas of beauty, we attribute to the words of the ancients a meaning which they had not.

HAROUN THE CALIPH

By S. Weir Mitchell

Haroun the caliph, walking by night in Bagdad, saw one standing without the great closed doors of the bazaar of the gold workers with naught upon him but his frail khamees, and it was cold. "Who art thou?" said the caliph.

"I am a merchant of amulets," returned the man. "I am starving, and I sold my coverings one, by one, as a tree in autumn letteth a fierce wind have its leaves, rather than fall a heap and die. I am a child of misery from my birth."

Then said the caliph, "Take this, eat, drink, and be merry," and he gave him the great ruby which men call the "Eye of Love," and went on his way in peace. The next night Haroun came again, and, finding the merchant of amulets about to die for want of food, cried, "Alas! why did not you sell my jewel, and live?"

Then answered the dying man: "Some said it was false, some said it was stolen, and none would buy. It is as when Allah gives a too great gift of soul to a lowly man—it getteth him only the food of mockery. But now I have the amulet called death, and I shall no more hunger or care."

Upon this the man died, and the caliph took the "Eye of Love" from the clutch of death and went on his way hand in hand with thought.

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The Spectator

Perils of the Municipal Railroad

The delight of our public officials over the earnings of the municipal railroad would be more commendable if more attention were paid to the municipal straphanger. In the matter of collecting nickels, the Geary Street road has proved a good investment; in public patience, there has been a great loss. If memory serves, in the original argument against public ownership, fear was expressed that the city and county of San Francisco would show itself a poor railroad financier. It was not foreseen that the amateur street railway company would outdo the hardest-hearted corporation presidents in a nickel-grabbing campaign. It was said that uncertainty and looseness would characterize the management by officials trained to oratory before efficiency. Not looseness, but tightness, is now complained of. Between the hours of 5 and 6 p. m. there is so much tightness in the cars that the conductors could not have learned their art elsewhere than in a Chicago packing establishment. The yearning of the Geary Street conductor is to disprove the ancient theory that there is always room for one more. He encourages you to enter, knowing the only way you could do so is by detaching a weaker brother from the clinging mass on the steps. This may be first-class packing, but it has its disadvantages. For example: a car starts from the ferry, and, between there and Powell Street, is carefully and tightly packed, with full measure clutching to every available vantage point. At Powell Street some one wishes to alight. He may be in the center of the car. The conductor has made no preparations for such a contingency. He merely took them as they came and shoved them in without due regard to the unpacking which is inevitably to come. The chap in the center of the car

attempts to get off—certainly his privilege. He fights his way to the door. He may have wife and child with him—possessions to which no one could reasonably object. At the exit, several gallant and self-sacrificing gentlemen of the old school step to the street so that the family can emerge. Now you might think that the car, having given up three passengers, is somewhat relieved of its congestion, and that the aforesaid courteous gentlemen could readily jump back to their places. Not so. It is like a well-packed trunk. Remove something from below, and the disturbed contents seem more voluminous than before. At least one of the courteous gentlemen is unable to regain his foothold, and is marooned at Powell Street—not an inhospitable shore, yet maybe inconvenient at the moment. He runs after the car a little way, hoping to get a lift, and interferes with the crowd waiting for the Powell Street trip. The result is ill feeling between inhabitants of two sections that should have no grievance against each other. Besides, this sort of rail-roading looks bad to tourists, especially to women, some of whom, oblivious to these rush-hour tactics, do not dress for the event but peradventure wear big hats and short flimsy skirts. When they reach home, they look like damaged butterflies, their clothing awry, their hair in disorder, and suspicion naturally attaches to them. It is unfair to our visitors, to say naught of our own women. The pay-as-you-enter system was invented by a man who figured that a car might be packed so tight that the passengers could not reach for their pockets, and the municipal railroad gets every nickel out of this principle. A carload should be so loosely spaced that a fair-sized conductor could work his way through the passengers without scratching too many, for, while some people do not mind an abrasion or two on the way home, others are fastidious. The superintendent of the Geary Street road gets along well enough part of the day; but he has no conception of great numbers. He leaves the puzzle to the individual talents of the conductors, instead of trying the experiment of more cars. Of course, those of us who don't use the line, rejoice to see the Geary Street travelers piling up a profit for us. They have no standing in anything that is governmentally controlled.

Striking Telephone Girls

Passing a few groups of the striking telephone lassies on Bush Street, I could not fail to notice that their general appearance was not up to the standard of the dashing San Francisco working girl. Many of the operators were pale, some haggard and evidently under a nervous strain. Sitting at a switchboard all day, or night, with a harness over one's head and ears, and keeping ever on the alert for the tiny signals of telephone numbers, disciplined to speak only in a few formal words, is an ordeal that can not be the best thing for a feminine constitution, and if the girls have decided that they require a larger salary for their leisure comforts, we must all feel that their cause is a worthy one. It is pathetic to see a young woman with the elements of beauty slowly accumulating the marks of a weary life. These cheerful manipulators of the wires are a big factor in our daily affairs. It is seldom that we get an opportunity to observe them. Now that they have slipped out to the open air, some of

them enjoying the strike as a sort of much-needed vacation, they can not fail to attract the sympathy of all beholders. I for one hope that their demands, which certainly are not exorbitant, should be speedily granted by the powers of the corporation which houses them. Let us have all those cheery voices back on the wires, and let us be satisfied that there are no hungry stomachs and no hearts aching for a few inexpensive girlish luxuries behind the sweet "number please."

Undisturbed Germany

A returned American soldier (captain in the medical service), telling his impressions of "over there," said that the average girl in France did not "make a hit" with him as she does not appear to be upon intimate terms with a toothbrush. The German girls came in for commendation for their personal cleanliness. What awful complications might ensue if the German girls should reciprocate by approving the American boys' well-groomed appearance! Also, this young man said that Germany is in "apple-pie" order and full of home comforts, while poor France is "all mussed up" and as uncomfortable as nature. The contrast should be a great big factor in peace deliberations.

The Agnews Investigation

If all that Dr. Webster has testified, following his demand for an investigation of the management of the asylum for the insane at Agnews, can be substantiated, the official ax should fall with unerring certainty on at least some of the officials he accuses. At the same time it can not be denied that circumstances alter cases to a greater extent in an insane asylum than in any other segregative institution, for the reason that violent cases can not be controlled with kindness, nor very mild ones with severity. Of course, it is not easy to secure attendants with any great preponderance of gray matter to be an orderly in charge of insane patients, but he should be able to educate his common sense to a degree where he can differentiate between patients who are dangerous and those that are not. Some of Dr. Webster's evidence is direct and conclusive, in that names and dates are given of cases of cruelty in which death resulted, but much of it is in the direction of generalities, where sweeping assertions are made without any support except that of evident spite. It is claimed that Dr. Webster is still insane himself; imagines most of the enormities he is seeking punishment for, and that his discharge from the asylum was the result of influence.

Noted Insane Actors

The Dr. Webster case recalls a former intimacy with the insanity of several well known

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stage celebrities, and the treatment of their cases. John McCullough, with a hopeless case of paresis, was left in charge of an old friend and manager, William Connor, for many months, and allowed perfect freedom. But one day he became violent and was sent to Bloomingdale Asylum, where his violence, which only came at wide intervals, was given free vent in a padded cell, for the interference of the nurses only served to irritate him further. After a few attacks of this kind, he gradually sank into a sort of harmless stupor which continued until his death, unhappily, many months later. "The ravings of John McCullough," as once exhibited in nickel-in-the-slot phonographs, were mere cruel fakes, for his violent moments were purely physical, and it was seldom that any sound came from the magnificent voice that once made him a fortune, as being the best exponent of rugged Shakespearian roles.

The Case of Scanlan

The "Irish comedian with the voice of a god," as William J. Scanlan was called, occupied the room adjoining that of McCullough. His misfortune came of too constant dissipation, which had no hours of rest, for he had hosts of friends and never knew how to refuse their suggestions for an all-night riot, or a game of cards, which frequently lasted from Saturday night until Monday morning. Scanlan's insanity was as gentle as his nature, and he imagined himself always as the financial backer of some deserving actor who had not received the proper attention from managers and public. Sometimes, confinement would irritate him and create a desire to escape, but at such times it was always easy for his nurse to quiet him by getting him into conversation on the subject of some new case of a deserving actor, who wanted him to write a play and back him in it. Again, some of his most serious attacks of nerves could be quieted by the request for a song, and he would sing himself to sleep. In

fact, his music was ever his surest sedative, and after two years at Bloomingdale, it was told that he veritably sang himself into another world.

Bartley Campbell's Mania

Like Scanlan, Bartley Campbell, who during his time probably wrote more successful plays than any of his competitors, lost his mind through the excesses that so often control a man whose early life has been one of enforced abnegation. Aside from many successes as author, the Bartley Campbell Comedy Company made him money for several seasons, but the active life of a wandering manager finally palled upon him and he returned to New York to spend the royalties that came to him in abundance. Exceedingly liberal, full of a quick Irish wit, and easily led by sycophantic friends, he plunged into those excesses which finally brought him to Bloomingdale. His mania, too, was never of the violent kind, for it took the form of never ending conquests of beautiful women, and the writing of verses to them. Sometimes he would grow nervous and irritable because some of these missives were not answered, and at such times it was only necessary for his doctor or a friend to frame answers to them couched in terms of love. This truly beautiful form of insanity continued for more than two years and he died with the name of one of his fancied sweethearts on his lips.

Hoyt's Meddling Friends

Paresis seized upon Charles H. Hoyt, author and manager of the famous Hoyt farces, without warning. His malady assumed a most peculiar form, for he would be quite rational for weeks, and then become violent and threaten to kill. Possessed of a large fortune, he was able to consult the best alienists, and these advised him to seek retirement in some sanatorium, telling him that he would soon be well, but knowing at the time that his case was incurable. Accordingly, he went willingly to an asylum in Hartford, where he was permitted to receive his friends and entertain them in the sumptuous cottage he had rented. On the advice of some of these friends, who agreed with him in the belief that he was as sane as any of them, he made application for a discharge. This was refused, and the case was brought into court. The writer was the only one of many witnesses who opposed this discharge, but the court decided in his favor, and he was escorted to his home at Charlestown, N. H., by an enthusiastic crowd of satellites. Less than two weeks later a homicidal mania came upon him, and he died in the struggle to free himself.

The Case of Barrymore

Maurice Barrymore's insanity came gradually, during many months, and finally developed one day in the Lambs' to the great grief of his host of friends. His son John invited him for a drive which ended in a Long Island insane asylum. When he discovered that he had been tricked, his well known athletic strength asserted itself and it required the united efforts of three keepers to control him and lock him in his room. He was known as being the best boxer on the stage, and when opposed in any whim by his keepers, he would become violently aggressive, and the ensuing struggle would end in the straightjacket. But as a rule he was tractable, and nothing but his violent hatred for the male nurses could disturb his endless good nature. His insanity took the pleasant form of the writing of opera librettos, and many reams

of paper were covered in the production of utterly incomprehensible manuscripts. He was always doubtful as to whom to select as the composer for his librettos, until Alfred Kline, brother of the dramatist, came to the asylum, with an hallucination that he was a great musician. Then these two entered into a friendly collaboration that quieted both of them, and the companionship was encouraged, with attendants by to interfere in case of any dispute. When Kline died, Barrymore pined away and soon followed him.

Old Amateur Days

The several "Little Theatres" which seem to be enjoying considerable prosperity hereabouts now-a-days, recall many pleasant memories in the same line, but perhaps without the same affluence as to theatres and management. Old Turnverein Hall, on Bush Street, near Powell, was the chief theatre for the old-time exploitation of dramatic talent, much of which was purely imaginary. Melodrama was as a rule the prevailing programme, but even Shakespeare was often attempted, and it is remembered that Robert Fulford, then a printer, played Hamlet there, before he married Annie Pixley and played the mining towns, later to share the great fortune gained by her in "M'liss." Boh was not a good Hamlet, but later on Charles L. Ackerman, a rising young attorney, was so splendidly promising in it, that, while he succeeded afterwards as an attorney at law, there was always an impression that he would have been a greater tragedian.

The Hawthorne Club

This organization was probably the best equipped and managed of its kind that the early days knew, and was founded by Sumner Bugbee, the architect, whose firm later on designed the original California Theatre. Bugbee was an admirable comedian, and surrounded himself with a coterie of the best amateurs, who really gave performances almost if not altogether the equal of professional ones. In a performance of "Dombey and Son," Sumner Bugbee was an admirable Captain Cuttle, Sidney Smith played Dombey, Eugene Deuprey was Herker, A. C. Gunter, afterwards the famous novelist, was Sol; James A. Thompson, afterwards well known in banking circles, played Toots, George Ciprico, Joe Bagstock, Evelyn Moss Ludlum, Edith Granger, and Emily Pitts Stevens, one of San Francisco pioneers in woman suffrage, was the Mrs. Skewton. Clay M. Greene appeared in the insignificant part of the Native.

Little Theatres

There were little theatres in those days, too, and many of the actors in them became famous, some in the law, some in literature, but few attained very great prominence in the theatre. One of them was in a barn out in the Mission. Frank

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O'Connor, afterwards a noted criminal lawyer, was proprietor, manager and leading man, and his chief support, and afterwards law partner, was David Malloy, who although very lame, managed to conceal his infirmity beneath a most excellent dramatic talent. Ellie Wilton, afterwards leading woman of the California Theatre, and well known in the east, began her career there, to an audience of perhaps fifty persons, all the place would hold. A more elaborate miniature playhouse was that conducted by Clay Greene at the old home on Mission Street, near the corner of Twelfth. It was truly a model in its way, being lighted with gas, fully equipped with scenery and accessories, and seated an audience of sixty. There was a change of programme each month, mostly by the stock company, but occasionally starring engagement were played by prominent amateurs from down town. Eugene Deuprey played there, as did also Archibald Clavering Gunter, their coming appearance being duly announced in advance on the programmes. "Mamma" Greene did not approve of young girls appearing in plays, and so Edgar J. Lion, afterwards a well known Episcopal clergyman, was leading woman, with Harry A. Greene as juvenile, and on several occasions Henry Bunker, now at the head of the Merchants' Exchange, also appeared in female roles. This first little theatre built for that purpose flourished until its manager was exiled to Santa Clara College, where the good Jesuit fathers decided that he was a budding tragedian instead of an expert comedian, as up to that time he had believed himself to be. Later on he discovered that both the fathers and himself had made similar errors in judgment.

Conventions and Climate

Business men proclaiming the merits of San Francisco for the 1920 nominating conventions, lay particular stress on the fact that we have the climate. Conventions are usually held during the hottest part of the summer, when party leaders are boiling over with excess weather, speeches and liquid enthusiasm. While the conventional cocktail may be a thing of the past, next year, there will still be enough climate and oratory to take the starch out of the nominators and spoil their collars when the convention reaches fever heat, east of the Rockies. They would be quite comfortable at the Civic Auditorium. Did it ever occur to anybody that San Francisco's climate would be good also for inaugural addresses? Washington is an icicle camp in March. Our climate is likewise highly adaptable for mint beds. If juleps are not to be had, the mint goes just as well with roast lamb. Talking about climate, even Los Angeles backs us up in this deal; so there must be something in it. The convention would be only a day's trip from the center of the movie universe, and that ought to be of some value to a convention of men whose idea is to appear picturesquely before the public. In Chicago or St. Louis, the delegates would merely be reeled for the news features; but in San Francisco, with stopovers and side trips to Los Angeles, the president-makers could become involved in many interesting plots and comedies that would take their moving pictures all over the world. Think it over.

Let It Come

Drawing nearer and nearer to the first of July, we hear more and more distinctly the rumblings of attack upon tobacco, with an occasional whisper against tea and coffee. Perhaps it would be good policy not to resist these little attentions to our personal habits. What

if we should make a long drawn-out fight for the cigarette, only to lose in the end? Why not give up gracefully as soon as the challenge is issued by the attacking party? This method would not only save a lot of time and money, but give everybody a quick insight into the life we would lead on a dietary system. Putting the whole country on a diet is an idea that has never been worked out. It may have possibilities. If we wish to know anything about it, without making the wholesale experiment, we might call to mind the people who never begin the day under the genial influence of coffee and cream nor know the mystic effects of a small black; who never speak to you through the haze of cigarette smoke, and, of course, never celebrate friendship with the perfumes of wine. Whoever has passed an afternoon or evening under such conditions may have felt that there was something lacking in the atmosphere, or it may have been in the brains of those who never experienced a stimulating thought, either through the glass or automatically. It is a question just what they people do with their time. Perhaps they are so intent upon their business affairs that they do not have any leisure for nonsense. Yet one sees them occasionally attempting to amuse one another with witty comment upon the scenery. They are frequently heard to say, that distance lends enchantment to the view; that sentiment at one time occupied a large part of some company's thoughts and conversation. We hear it to this day, and some clever coteries have worked out a retort to it. It is now well known that the professional punster is a prohibitionist. He connects this idea and that by force of a single word, and etiquette provides that he be be applauded with laughter. He even has the reputation of being a bit wicked—has the sort of wickedness that St. Peter would wink at, if not give a toast to. However, why not let's all see what there is in this idea of a world without inspiration other than the business of eating, working and sleeping? When we get that far, we may discover that universal imbecility is worse than a little intoxication. At any rate, let's give the thing a fair trial. We will find out so much the sooner exactly what we have to deal with.

Alcock, Brown and Hawker

While Captain Alcock and Lieutenant Brown, in one clean swoop across the Atlantic, met the London Daily Mail's \$50,000 prize conditions, it remains for time to tell whose name survives as the hero of that international contest. There is something captivating in "Hawker" both as a name and the subject matter of a sensational exploit that had the attention of the world fixed upon a vague spot in the sea where Hawker disappeared. Popular imagination, at this moment, retains a stronger memory of him than of the pair who flew unostentatiously from New Foundland to Ireland when the heat of the contest had passed. Hawker fell into the ocean, was given up for lost, and reappeared to a waiting world at the very climax of interest, at a moment when anxiety was about to take relief in other matters. Nothing could have been planned for a more dramatic rescue. History will say that the Atlantic ocean was first crossed in a Vickers-Vimy bombing biplane by Captain Jack Alcock, British Royal Air Force, and his American navigator, Lieutenant Arthur W. Brown, June 15-16; time, 16 hours 27 minutes. Nevertheless, during this generation, at least, the celebrity of the Atlantic will not be the man who flew over it but the one who dropped into it. While the receptions to the

prize winners are still in progress, there gleams an underlying motive for Lord Northcliffe's generosity and enterprise in hanging up a small fortune for the hemisphere-to-hemisphere flight. In a welcome speech, the owner of the Daily Mail and many other publications, declared: "I believe that your wonderful journey will act as a warning to the cable monopolists and others to lower their rates and speed their operating systems, for within the next few years we shall have become independent of their service." Northcliffe has become so important that he can quarrel with the cable companies when they overcharge or delay his cablegrams. He foresees the sale of London morning papers on the street of New York, the day of their publication. He foresees a time when it will be cheaper, more accurate and sometimes quicker to send a lengthy document from London to America by airplane instead of ticking it over the cable. He easily afforded \$50,000 to demonstrate the practicability of his idea.

Good Morning, Hiram!

If Hiram Johnson should be nominated by the republicans for the presidency, his managers will have accomplished as pretty a turn as ever appeared on the big circuit of politics. The reason is that Johnson is at heart a progressive republican. There are no progressives now; no bull moose, and so the senator will have to ask for a ride on the G. O. P. elephant. He belongs nominally to the republican party; that is to say, ex-Senator Frank P. Flint endorses him, and Flint ought to know a republican at sight. He ought to know; but does he? Is Johnson a true long-horn republican with the brand of the dollar-mark on his hide, and his ownership countersigned by the successors of Mark Hanna? If he is, something must have happened to the party since the days of McKinley and Taft. That something may have been Roosevelt. Terrible Teddy called himself a progressive republican, which is no republican at all, because the grand old party does not progress at the whim of every enthusiast. It may modify its platform with due regard to current events; but its guiding star is immutable; and that star is conservatism. When the grand old republican central committee men meet to nominate the 1920 candidate, it is not likely that they will



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accept the high sign of Bryanized republican. It was from William Jennings Bryan that Roosevelt lifted most of the progressive platform. Rooseveltism was a more violent form of Bryanism, and Johnson, from all indications, stands ready to out-bluster the memory of both, bluster being the family trait of progressivism, while the disciples of the elephant believe in smiles and suavity. In other words, Johnson is, for all practical purposes, a democrat, with a tendency toward socialism, if anything. Long ago he entered the republican camp untutored in the noisy school of politics. Heney taught him the advantages of unrestrained shouting, at the time of the graft prosecution, which became famous for its high moral demagoguery and high-pitched voices rather than convictions. In fact, the graft prosecution was chiefly valuable for giving a number of rising young politicians a start in life. Then bull-moosery flowered to its prime, the perfume of its platform attracting the bull-shouters of all parties, raging like so many minotaurs yet honest as Little Eva. They planned to take the country by storm. But Roosevelt lost the 1912 election to Wilson, and progressivism retrograded. The big bull moose lost interest in active politics. Some shorter and uglier progressives survived the disaster and endeavored to keep the party alive; but little by little most of them returned to their previous party affiliations. Defeated for the vice-presidency in the downfall of Roosevelt, Johnson consoled himself with the governorship of California. Will the astute leaders of the republican convention see in this malcontent senator good material for a campaign against the democratic administration? The republicans are eager for a return to power, which they held from 1896 to the advent of Wilson in 1912. Wilson, the democrat, who has developed a greater degree of authority than any republican predecessor, may run again, and G. O. P. leaders may be convinced that Johnson is his logical opponent on the negative side of all the war policies. But whether Wilson does or does not cast his Parisian tile into the ring, Johnson is not the man whom the students of Mark Hanna and Tom Platt would select as their representative in Washington.

The Consumer to Blame

The ultimate consumer has always enjoyed a reputation for virtue. He earned it by long years of consuming. He paid what was demanded of him, and if he had a quarrel with the grocer, wrote a letter to the newspapers. He was supposedly honest, as are all innocent victims, and indeed had nothing to gain by dishonesty. Forsooth, one can not imagine how a consumer could be dishonest or violate any of the ethics, except by running away from the bill collector or occasionally sniping a bit of cheese from the cutter. This state of affairs makes all the more astonishing the statement of the retail meat dealers of the United States, convened at Chicago, that consumers are partly to blame for the high prices of meat. The error of the public consists of consuming unproportionately such quantities of beef, mutton, lamb and pork as the dealers have to sell. We will not publish what the proportions are which the butchers think should be bought, because we have no means of notifying any group of consumers how to distribute themselves with regard to beef, mutton, lamb and pork at the psychological moment when the other groups are purchasing their shares. Each citizen will have to make his own guess. By the way, there is another statement of the dealers that should be made known to the whole country: that "de-

spite contrary reports, meat prices have dropped materially." This is official. One can not be too careful where he gets his information.

Rainbow Lane

In Rainbow Lane at the Fairmont Hotel this coming week, the inspirational dancer, Vanda Hoff, will appear for the first time with a terpsichorean partner, Gualtiero Bartalini. This young South American artist, who comes from the principal opera houses of the southern capitals, is a master of the choreographic art and his work is said to carry a wealth of expression. As a solo he will give the "Dagger Dance" from Victor Herbert's "Natoma" and with his partner he will interpret Saint-Saens' weird "Danse Macabre." Vanda Hoff will present a beautiful Moorish dance, as well as several other novelties. The rest of the entertainment in Rainbow Lane will be up to the usual high standard established by the hotel at the top of the town and the seductive jazz orchestra will play the latest and most attractive popular dance selections. The afternoon teas, in the beautiful Laurel Court, always find congenial groups of friends enjoying Rudy Seiger's music. Uda Waldrop will play a piano solo at the lobby concert this Sunday evening, and the well-known pianist will also accompany Frances Hamilton, soprano, in seven choice song selections.

Cigarettes for Favors at Techau Tavern

That the fair sex may not have it all their own way, the management of Techau Tavern presents to the gentlemen who dance there evenings large boxes of Melachrinio cigarettes, the most appreciated of all smokes. The ladies, of course, are not neglected, but receive, as dance favors, Kewpie dolls of unusual merit—gowned in silk and with real hair modishly dressed. Between dances the show girl review corps sings all the best of the popular songs of the day.

VIRGIN MOTHER

Thou Virgin Mother, daughter of thy son,
Humble and high beyond all other creature,
The limit fixed of the eternal counsel,
Thou art the one who such nobility
To human nature gave, that its Creator
Did not disdain to make Himself its creature.
Within thy womb rekindled was the love,
By heat of which in the eternal peace
After such wise this flower has germinated.
Here unto us thou art a noonday torch
Of charity, and below there among mortals
Thou art the living fountain head of hope.
Lady, thou art so great, and so prevailing,
That he who wishes grace, nor runs to thee,
His aspirations without wings would fly.
Not only thy benignity gives succor
To him who asketh it, but oftentimes
Forerunneth of its own accord the asking.
In thee compassion is, in thee is pity,
Whate'er of goodness is in any creature."
—Dante, Paradiso, xxxiii. (Longfellow's Translation.)

A STEP-SON OF KNOWLEDGE

By S. Weir Mitchell

Once, at night, the caliph, having lost his way, said to one standing where the roads divide, "I have lost my way." Cried the stranger, "How canst thou lose what thou hast never owned?" Then, seeing that he to whom he spake was ill at ease, he added, "Be not dismayed. As is the pig, so is the pearl. Allah hath made both. What one man loses another finds. Thy grandson may be fortunate."

"O dervish, quickener of the soul," said Haroun, "I have found in thy mouth knowledge, but it does not help me to reach home; for, truly, to ask and to get are not as one, and kibobs of rubies fill not the empty belly."

"Thou art wise with such wisdom as is feeble in the knees," cried the stranger. "Thou hast a vain desire to get somewhere. Better is it never to arrive than to sit on the throne of satisfaction. In the bazaar of the philosophies are no divans."

"Alas," said the caliph. "I am neither a pig nor a pearl"; and went his way.

Not to Be Beat

A commercial traveler, representing a large manufacturing firm, was working "new ground" with a line of novelties, and orders were few and far between.

Entering the leading house of a certain provincial town, he was told by the manager that there was nothing they were wanting in his line.

"Will you permit me to show you a few of our leading samples?" queried the traveler.

"No, sir; no. We really can't spare you any time—at present," was the crushing reply.

"Well, sir," persisted the knight of the road, "do you mind me having a look at them? I haven't seen them myself for three weeks!"

More Easily Recognized

Preaching in one of the state capitals an Australian bishop noticed in his congregation a strange face. The following Sunday the same individual appeared, and later in the week the bishop met him in the street. The bishop stopped him, congratulated him upon his attendance at the cathedral, and added, "You don't live here, do you?"

"No," said the stranger, "I live way back," mentioning the name of the place.

"Have you many Episcopalians there?" inquired the bishop.

"No, sir," was the reply. "What we are mostly worried with is rabbits."

What He Found

"Archimedes," read the young pupil aloud, "leapt from his bath, shouting 'Eureka! Eureka!'"

"One moment, James," said the teacher. "What is the meaning of 'Eureka'?"

"'Eureka' means 'I have found it.'"

"Very well. What had Archimedes found?"

James hesitated a moment, then ventured hopefully: "The soap, ma'am."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Tom Wise Turns the Tables

On Tuesday night last Mrs. Clay M. Greene invited William Courtney and Tom Wise to supper at her apartments on Russian Hill, to which the following guests were invited, and most of them were present, in addition to the honored guests: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stolp, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Myrtle, Mrs. Fred W. Zeile, Mr. William Kelly, Mr. George Stirling, Mrs. Arthur Judd Ryan, Mrs. Stella Thomas Deshon, Mr. E. H. Benjamin and Mr. H. Wenzle. At the close of the supper Mr. Wise arose and in a peculiarly sentimental speech pointed by his well-known dry humor, denied that the purpose of the feast had been in any way out of compliment to him or his partner, "Bill" Courtney. He had come, he said, on a mission from the Lambs' Club of New York, to submit for criticism and revision, if necessary, a one-act skit on friendship, to be presented some time or other later on, should Mr. Greene deem it worthy of further attention. The manuscript produced by Mr. Wise, bore, in form and binding, every resemblance to a conventional theatrical manuscript, but the reading developed that it was a "round robin" of letters from upwards of a hundred Lambs, protesting against the continuance of his absence from the fold, and calling for his immediate return as soon as the conditions of his business and health would permit. The complete surprise of the incident somewhat hampered the eloquence of his speech in reply, but he concluded with the acceptance of the demand made upon him, and made a tentative promise to keep an engagement, made ten years ago, to be dined by the Lambs, if not wined, on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, March 12, 1920. The first page bore a pen and ink sketch of Mr. Greene done from memory by Augustus Thomas.

Dominican College Commencement

The Commencement ceremonies at the convent of the Dominican Sisters of San Rafael on Tuesday last were attended by an elaborateness of preparation and thoroughness of detail, which must stamp the good sisters as being not only great educators, but admirable experts in the presentation of stage allegory. In addition to the conferring of degrees and an address full of oratorical grace and power by Archbishop Hanna, Cardinal Newman's remarkable religious poem, "The Dream of Gerontius," was presented by an unusually adequate cast from the student body, in the grand court and grove in the rear of the main building. A large audience tested the capacity of the spacious open air auditorium almost to its utmost capacity, while the verandas of the convent build-

ings were reserved for the clergy and families of the fair graduates and performers. The beautiful and truly poetical appeal to religious fervor written by Cardinal Newman was presented in its entirety, with the music by Sir Edward Elgar interpreted by a very large chorus and a competent orchestra. It is to be regretted that the policy of the Dominican Sisters forbids the mentioning of the names of their pupils in the public prints, for all of the young ladies enacted their roles with most convincing sincerity, while some of them were quite as efficient in clearness of diction, grace of gesture and easy naturalness of elocution as many of our best actresses could possibly have been in the same parts. It is pleasing to be able to add that this singularly successful effort was achieved without any outside assistance whatever, for neither stage manager, costumer, teacher of elocution nor ballet master was called upon for instruction or advice. This made the production all the more interesting, for the auditor was made to feel that the utter absence of stage convention and technique had been replaced by the intelligence that came of careful education and the naturalness and incisiveness inspired by the fervor of religious faith. The pageantry, groupings and stage movements were admirably conceived, and there was no jarring note in the harmony and simplicity of the elaborate costuming. It was in the line, however, of refined diction and natural delivery of the beautiful lines where the performance most excelled, and the good Dominican Sisters are to be congratulated for their fine ability in securing power without rant, and sweetness without the parroting that always results in artificiality. The sisters announce that at last they have been able to secure a charter for the conferring of scholastic degrees, and their first M. A. was conferred last week. The next term will begin on August 16 with the promise of a largely increased attendance.

Count de Leverghem's S. F. Relatives

Count de la Faille de Leverghem, who arrived from the orient on the Siberia Maru, left on Thursday for Montreal, where his wife and two sons have lived since the outbreak of the war. The count has been Belgian ambassador to Japan since 1911. He had been in Paris on his first leave but a few days when war was declared, so he hurried back to his post, arranging en route for his family's reception in Montreal. He has relatives in San Francisco, Frank La Faille and Mrs. Auguste Comte, wife of the distinguished California attorney. Mr. La Faille visited relatives in Montreal recently, but he and Mrs. Comte had not met the ambassador until last week. He was very enthusiastic about the generosity of the Japanese to all forms of Belgian relief.

Return of Dr. Bailly

Major G. E. Bailly has returned to this city after an absence of ten months during which time he was operating surgeon at the base hospital in Camp Kearny. Major Bailly has taken offices in the Flood Building, where he will resume his practice. Mrs. Bailly was the charming Stella Fortmann. She is very active in charitable affairs; also her beautiful home is often the scene of unique social affairs.

From the east comes the news of the engagement of Colonel Donald McRae to Miss Virginia Berkeley Sutherland, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Howard Sutherland of West Virginia. Colonel McRae is a guest at the University Club in this city, as he has been assigned to temporary duty here. The Misses Anne Peters and Betty and Elana Folger have entertained in his honor. The wedding is scheduled for September at the home of the bride in the east.

Social Notes

The wedding of Miss Margery Johnson and Lieutenant Charles Symmes, U. S. A., was a brilliant affair in Washington, D. C., June 14. The ceremony took place at the home of Commander C. W. Foote, U. S. N., an old family friend of the bride. The couple met in this city when the groom was stationed at the Presidio. After their eastern honeymoon they will come to San Francisco for a few weeks. * * Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent have taken a house in Redwood for the summer. Merss. and Mmes. Athol McBean, and Julian Thorne were guests of the Lents at the dinner dance on Saturday evening at the Menlo Country Club. * * Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Dibblee (Anita Orena) and family have taken the J. Campbell Shorb house on Sacramento Street for a year. * * Mrs. Wakefield Baker was a luncheon hostess this week at Tait's on the beach. Among the guests were Mmes. George Lent, Andrew Welch, Robert Bentley, William Le Boyteaux, Richard McCreery and Murray A. Innes. * * Miss Anne Peters was hostess at a dinner a few evenings ago at the Fairmont Hotel before the Folger dance. Her guests were Miss Betty George, Robert Rathburn, Oral Goldaracena and Ensign Edward Maltbee. * * Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Deering have gone to their home, Midden Villa, in Santa Clara for the summer. * * Mrs. John Harrold Philip was a luncheon hostess at the Palace Hotel during the week in honor of Mrs. Benjamin Alvord. Among the guests were Mmes. Charles Crocker, William Fitzhugh, James Stewart and John Morrison, wife of Colonel Morrison, U. S. A. * * Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace has returned to her beautiful home in Los Altos, where she will remain

LAST WEEK

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until late in the fall. * * Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark and Miss Gertrude Clark have returned to their home on Clay Street from New York, where they went to greet Lieutenant Dearborn Clark, who recently arrived from overseas. * * Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin have returned to their home in Burlingame from a two months' visit in New York. * * Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mulcahy will spend the summer at the home in Menlo Park. Late in the fall they will leave for New York, where they have taken an apartment for the winter. * * Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker (Mary Keeney) were hosts on Wednesday evening at their beautiful new home in Montecita. Miss Helen Keeney is at present the guest of her sister. * * The Misses Betty and Elena Folger have returned to their home in Buchanan Street from a week-end spent in Sonoma County. * * Dr. and Mrs. William August Bryant entertained during the week at a dinner in honor of Sir Frank and Lady Poppin-Young at their home in Broderick Street. Among those present were Dr. Jack W. and Mrs. Shiels, Judge and Mrs. Harry Melvin, Miss Anna Hall and Mrs. Arnold Marcus. * * Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Thayer left during the week for a motor trip to Lake Tahoe. * * Mrs. George J. Bucknall is passing the month of June in Ross Valley. * * Miss Maria Stone has returned from a lengthy visit in New York with her brother-in-law and sister, Dr. and Mrs. Lathrop Ellinwood and Miss Leona Stone, she will pass the summer at Atherton. * * Mr. and Mrs. Peter F. Dunne and family and Mrs. Joseph M. Masetti left a few days ago on a camping trip in the mountains. * * Mrs. John Rosseter was hostess at a tea on Monday afternoon at her beautiful home in Green Street in honor of Mrs. Edward A. Sturgis of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Rosseter has an infallible taste in dress and her stunning appearance was the subject of considerable press comment in the east. * * Mrs. William H. Hannam was hostess on Wednesday at her home on Vallejo Street at a luncheon, after which the guests attended the Henry Miller matinee. * * Mr. and Mrs. James Flood left on Saturday for a motor trip to Santa Barbara, accompanied by Misses Mary Emma Flood, Hannah Hobart, Barbara Donohue and Josephine Ross, the latter returning to her home in the south. * * Mrs. Charles Steuart was a luncheon hostess on Monday at her home on Filbert Street in honor of her sister, Mrs. Edward A. Sturgis of Washington, D. C. Among the guests were Mes. Philip Sheridan, Lloyd Thayer, Robert Adams, Josephine Owen. Mrs. Edward A. Sturgis has not visited her home for six years. She will be remembered as Miss Edna Montgomery, well known in musical circles here, who, with her sister, Mrs. Charles Steuart, were prominent in social and charitable circles here, taking the principal roles in vaudeville and vocal entertainments for charity. * * Mrs. Adrian von Behrens, who has been visiting at the Fairmont, has returned to her home in Santa Barbara. * * Mr. and Mrs. Stewart McNab have taken a house in San Mateo for the summer. They are at present enjoying a motor trip to Lake Tahoe. * * Mrs. William H. Mills has taken the Leonard Abbott house in San Rafael for the summer. * * Mrs. Philip Sheridan is entertaining Mrs. Josephine Owen of Seattle at her home on Angel Island. Since the death of her husband, Captain Sheridan, U. S. A., Mrs. Sheridan (Isabel McGunnigle) has made her home with her father, Colonel McGunnigle, commander at Angel Island. * * Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel and young daughter and son will spend the summer at Menlo Park

in the J. Leroy Nickel home. * * Rudolph C. Bertheau, son of Mr. and Mrs. Caesar Bertheau, has left on an eight months' trip to South America and India. * * Mrs. William Benson Storey, wife of the well-known railroad man, will come to California this summer and spend the season with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Hall Roe. * * Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker (Phyllis de Young) have taken the Bernard Ford home in Burlingame for three months. The Fords have gone south on a motor trip. * * Mrs. George Nelson was a luncheon hostess during the week at her home on Broadway. The guests included Mes. Gerald Brandt, Fitzhugh Garvis, Matt Cayndish Bristol, Charles S. Fee and the Misses Fee. * * The country home of Mr. and Mrs. George P. McNear at Petaluma was the scene of a beautiful wedding on Wednesday afternoon at 1 o'clock, when Miss Louise McNear became the bride of Lieutenant Colonel Howard Naffziger. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. F. Farrington. The bride was a wonderful picture in her magnificent bridal robe as she stood beneath a monster oak. Mrs. L. V. Korbel, the bride's sister, was matron of honor. The bridesmaids were the Misses Lucretia McNear of San Rafael, Amanda McNear of San Francisco, Nellie Agnes Denman of Petaluma, Mae Kittridge of New York, Rhoda Niebling, Margaret Leigh Mailliard and Emilie Tubbs of San Francisco. E. Denman McNear served his brother as best man. The ushers were Lieutenant Colonel Isaac Baldwin, Captain Paul Wegforth, Captain Howard Fleming, Dr. Ernest Falconer, Maynard McFie and Somers Peterson. * * A wedding of interest to friends is that of Miss Maria Maps O'Hanlon to Perry Murray Armitage, which took place on March 29 in Manila. The bride is the eldest daughter of Professor J. R. O'Hanlon of Hayward High School, who with his family came here a few years ago from New Jersey. Shortly after arriving in Manila, where she went to teach school, Miss O'Hanlon met Mr. Armitage of the English army, who had been wounded seven times and decorated for bravery. Mrs. R. A. Wilson of Honolulu, Miss Laura O'Hanlon, Nelson O'Hanlon and Russel O'Hanlon are the sisters and brothers of the bride. * * Mr. and Mrs. Dean Witter have taken a house in San Mateo for the summer. * * Captain John Partridge, who has been overseas for the past three years, has sailed from Brest for home. Mrs. Partridge was formerly pretty Vesta Read. * * Miss Laura Bates left a few days ago with a party of friends for a motor trip to Yosemite. * * Mrs. Lane Leonard, niece of the late Mrs. Hearst, and her little daughter Jean have returned from St. Louis, where they were guests of Dr. Lane for the past month. * * Monday opened the week with one of the most brilliant weddings of the season when Miss Flora Miller, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, became the bride of Mr. Francis Langton of Portland. The ceremony took place at high noon in Trinity Church. A reception followed at the home of the bride's parents, Stanford Court, their winter apartments. Few brides have been more entertained since the announcement of the engagement. It is a pleasing bit of news that they will settle in San Francisco, contrary to first intentions. The last function in honor of the bride and groom took place on Saturday evening, when Miss Janet Knox, the maid of honor, gave a supper after the wedding rehearsal. The guests included the bridal party and others. The affair took place in Rainbow Lane. Webster Jones is an uncle of the bride.

The C. O. G. Millers and H. M. A. Millers are among the oldest and most exclusive residents of Oakland.

At the Cecil

Mrs. J. A. Rogers and two children arrived on the last transport from Honolulu. This charming army matron is planning to join Lieutenant Colonel Rogers in New York. The latter has been overseas for several years. Complimenting Mrs. Garlick of Cincinnati, Mrs. William Ranklin Morris presided over a handsomely appointed luncheon Monday. The other guests included Mes. James Hough, C. A. Thayer, J. W. Hoyt, Hiran Defendorf and C. A. De Armond. Mrs. Berryhill will be a guest at the Cecil for several weeks. She arrived Monday from Honolulu and the first week of July will join Captain Berryhill, who is stationed at Mare Island. A group of friends enjoyed the hospitality of Mme. Cosmos Morgan at dinner Tuesday. Mrs. Arthur Ducaut of Washington, D. C., who has been visiting friends at the Presidio, is now sojourning at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Morton are guests. A delightful luncheon was given by Mrs. Hutchins Tuesday. Among the recent arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Thayer, Mr. Terry Woodhead, Mrs. H. M. Beall, Mr. R. W. Alexander, Mrs. E. G. Shortlege, Miss M. Shortlege, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Baker, Mrs. N. T. Herrick, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Miller, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Evans, Mrs. H. R. Warner, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Morton.

At the Fine Arts Palace

The increasing interest manifested in the Boris Anisfeld exhibition during the last week has prompted Director Laurvik to secure an extension of the time originally arranged for, the collection will remain on view in the Palace of Fine Arts until Sunday, June 29, inclusive, instead of the 22nd. Never before in the history of art exhibitions on the Pacific Coast has a "one man" exhibition aroused such widespread interest and discussion in art, literary and social circles as has the Anisfeld collection. The discussions that have raged over the tableaux, as well as in the studios in San Francisco and the bay cities, has been reminiscent of the reception accorded Ibsen's plays, Wagner's operas, and Leo Ornstein's music, and perhaps the modernism of Anisfeld is related to the contemporary spirit of these other revolutionaries in art. At all events, the Anisfeld exhibition has effectively shocked many good people out of their complacent slumbers.

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The Stage

"Back Home" at the Alcazar

If this interesting little play had been acted in New York by the cast that appeared in it here last week, it would certainly have been a success instead of suffering the ignominy of being trucked to the storehouse after a brief run at the Cohan Theatre. The management suffered under the delusion that it was a bad play, which it surely is not, never blaming their lack of judgment for having cast the important part to Judge Priest to an actor who should never have played it. At the trial performance in Atlantic City, the judge was played by Tom Wise, who scored heavily in it, but at the last moment another management with whom he had a contract refused to release him and the part was given to John Cope. Cope is one of the best character actors on the stage in rugged roles, but has neither the temperament nor the gentleness necessary for the proper portrayal of the kind hearted and resourceful southern judge, who technically compounds a felony by scheming to secure the verdict he wants in his own court, but does it so deftly that he is quite within the law. Henry Shumer was particularly happy in this role and would surely have carried the play to success had he played in the original production. Belle Bennett was a close second to him in the general excellence of her performance, and Emily Pinter fairly shone as the town coquette. Walter Richardson was notably good as the hero, and Tom Chatterton played the attorney for the defense as though he had been at the bar all his life. Rafael Brunetto, lately graduated from the amateur ranks, was entrusted with the important role of the prosecuting attorney, and fully justified the wisdom of the management in casting him for it. Charles Yule was very nearly immense as the sartorially mad coon, and Connie Fredericks gave a startlingly real portraiture of the little victim of child labor. In short, the whole cast was up to the usual standard of the Alcazar, and all San Francisco knows what that is.

—C. M. G.

Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week the finest bill of the season. T. Roy Barnes and Bessie Crawford fittingly style their act "A Package of Smiles." Barnes is one of the most popular "drolls" on the stage today. Bessie Crawford proves an agreeable foil to him. Sheila Terry, who shares the headline honors, is a new star that shines brilliantly. Miss Terry's debut as a star is under auspicious circumstances. William B. Friedlander has written a model and modern operetta for her called "Three's a Crowd," the staging of which is elaborate, novel and in perfect taste, the music tuneful and the dialogue sparkling. C. Balfour Lloyd and Gilbert Wells, who are known as "The Two Boys from Dixie," are expert exponents of ragtime and clever dancers. Clifford Walker was the first professional entertainer to go abroad to amuse our boys in France. He is now talking chiefly about his experiences in the trenches, and from his monologue it will be seen that there is a lighter side to war. The Ioleen Sisters, Mabel and Dooley, are Australian girls who have mastered the art of maintaining their equilibrium on a slack wire. They are also wonderful sharpshooters and have won many medals. The Garvinetti Brothers are acrobats, trampoline performers and hat throw-

ers who perform novel stunts. The only hold-overs in this record-breaking bill will be Trixie Friganza and the Marion Morgan Dancers, two of the best acts in vaudeville.

Maude Fay in "Aida"

The big spectacular production of "Aida," to be given under the direction of L. M. Hrubanik at the Civic Auditorium on the evening of Wednesday, July 2, promises to attract as large an audience as on the occasion of his first presentation at the Greek Theatre, May 28. Our own California singer, Maude Fay, will appear in opera for the first time in her home city, singing the title role, in which she has appeared with the three greatest tenors of the world, Slezak, Martinelli and Caruso. Her voice will be heard at its best in Verdi's music, while as the Ethiopian princess her dramatic ability will have ample scope. Albert Rappaport will also make his operatic debut in this city as Radames. Blanche Hamilton Fox will again sing Amneris, Marion Vecki will be Anonastro, Giuseppe Corralo will sing Ramphis and Evaristo Albertini will be the pharaoh. The chorus will be large and well-trained, the ballet, under the direction of Anita Peter Wright, will number seventy and the orchestra of seventy-five will be under the baton of Pietro Marino. The supernumeraries will bring the number of people on the stage up to over three hundred and the scenery, costumes, lighting effects will be even superior to those employed in Berkeley.

At the Curran

"Cappy Ricks," Oliver Morosco's delightful comedy offering at the Curran Theatre, will enter upon the farewell week of its engagement on Sunday night, June 22. Morosco's skill in casting is shown in his selection of Tom Wise to impersonate the bellicose old shipping man, "Cappy Ricks." Wise is wholly delightful in the part and he shares honors with his co-star, William Courtenay, who plays the role of Matt Peasley with characteristic ability. A cast worthy of the stars is seen in support. In the company are such well-known players as Isobel Withers, Helen Lowell, Norvell Keedwell, Percival Moore, Helen Mar Stewart and others. On Sunday night, June 29, comes Marjorie Rambeau, America's great emotional star, in the most alluring role of her dramatic career, "Eyes of Youth," in which she held forth for an entire year at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, New York.

Pageant of Fulfillment at Los Gatos

An aerial circus in which a woman flier will attempt to better the feats of the man-birds will be one of the features attending the presentation of the Pageant of Fulfillment at Los Gatos on Saturday, June 21. The woman flyer is Miss Helen Hodges of Los Gatos, the only licensed pilot in California. Negotiations are now in progress for securing a squadron of flyers from Mather Field to put on an exhibition with Miss Hodges. It is expected that the Mather flyers will loop-the-loop, turn tail spins, back spins and side-washes. If they do, Miss Hodges promises to turn one more loop-the-loop, turn an additional tail spin and in fact attempt to prove that there is nothing a man can do with an aeroplane a woman can't do as well or better. Miss Hodges flies a standard Curtis biplane of the tractor type. She has been flying since 1916. The machine is

equipped with a Curtiss motor capable of a speed of 100 miles an hour. In addition to the aerial circus, there will be a baseball game, dancing, hill climbing contest for automobiles, reunion of Boy Scouts, track and field events and other gayeties for the amusement of the crowds. The pageant will be presented in the evening.

Alcazar

"Be Calm Camilla," airy, witty, romantic fairy tale of Broadway, will be given by the versatile New Alcazar Company next week, commencing at the Sunday matinee. It is the seventeenth New York novelty this season that would not otherwise have reached San Francisco but for

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OLIVER MOROSCO Presents

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COURTENAY & WISE
In Edward E. Rose's Smashing Comedy

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Nights, 50c to \$2.00; Sat. Mat., 50c to \$1.50
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NEXT—June 29; MARJORIE RAMBEAU in "EYES OF YOUTH."

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L. M. HRUBANIK
Presents His Massive Spectacular Production of

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As Given With Immense Success at the Greek Theatre

MAUDE FAY
AND ALL-STAR CAST
Magnificent Ensemble and Ballet
Superb Scenery and Costumes

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THIS WEEK—IRVIN COBB'S "BACK HOME"
Stirring Comedy Drama of Old Kentucky

ONE WEEK—COM. NEXT SUN. MAT., JUNE 22
First Time Here, Claire Kummer's Broadway Fairy Tale
As Played at the Booth Theatre, New York

"BE CALM CAMILLA"

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
Belle Bennett—Walter P. Richardson

WEEK JUNE 29—WET OR DRY! Hoyt's Famous
Farce Comedy Satire, "A TEMPERANCE TOWN."
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THE BILL OF THE SEASON

T. ROY BARNES & BESSIE CRAWFORD, "A Package of Smiles"; SHEILA TERRY & CO. in Wm. B. Friedlander's Musical Romance, "THREE'S A CROWD"; TRIXIE FRIGANZA, "At a Block Party"; LLOYD & WELLS, "Two Boys from Dixie"; CLIFFORD WALKER, the First Entertainer to go to the Trenches; IOLEEN SISTERS, Sharpshooting Novelty on a Tight Wire; GARCINETTI BROTHERS, European Novelty Hat Throwers; HEARST WEEKLY; Positively Last Week THE MARION MORGAN DANCERS in a Dance Drama of the Time of Attila and the Huns.
Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 15c, 25c, 50c.

Alcazar alertness and enterprise. At the Booth Theatre this witty, whimsical comedy by Claire Kummer ran for months. It is smart, snappy, up-to-date. This adroit, epigrammatic writer knows Broadway life to the core. A gay and care-free play this, with blend of crackling humor and tender pathos. It has delightful character types, including Belle Bennett as the heroine, Walter P. Richardson as the Tin-Pan-Alley song writer, Thomas Chatterton as "the sixth richest man in New York," Clifford Alexander as a Fifth Avenue lizard, Henry Shumer and Rafael Brunetto as the piano movers, Al Cunningham as the philanthropic waiter, Emily Pinter as a "lady of leisure," and the first appearance of Jean Oliver as the sophisticated, amusing little hospital nurse. The scenic environment is most picturesque. With a flash of inspiration the Alcazar restores on June 29 Charles H. Hoyt's hilariously funny and keenly cynical farcical comedy, "A Temperance Town." It comes at a psychological moment, be it wet or dry.

Studio Words

Marie Walcamp, Universal star, gives the following definitions of words familiar in the motion picture studio:

Action: The directorial word for histrionic registration.

Barker: The actors' designation for the director.

Camera: The signal to "go"—the director's watchword.

Camera Hog: The performer who is always looking into the camera.

Cut: The director's signal for the camera man to "cease firing."

Dud: A faulty scene.

Ham: A relic of the stage who is to himself "an actor of the old school."

King: Another expression for "star"; one who heads his own company.

Lens Cootie: Performer who is "picture crazy"—an actor who always wants his photograph taken.

Queen: The "feminine star."

Retake: Repetition of scene for camera. (This is what happens to the "duds.")

Splinters: The property boy.

Trouper: The actor or actress respected for his or her experience—the successful stage player turned photoplayer.

Zany: The comedian.

Mrs. Richard Harding Davis and Others

Bessie McCoy Davis, widow of the author, began this week "The Greenwich Village Follies" in the village theatre. Ziegfeld's Follies for 1919 at the New Amsterdam opened June 16. Seats at the box office were \$3.50 for the first nineteen rows. John Drew, after a year's absence, will return to the stage in the fall in an Italian story, "The Ugly Ferenti," a character role. Holbrook Blinn will star next season in Eugene Walter's latest play, "The Challenge."

Barney Bernard will star next season as a business man and candidate for mayor.

Farrar Family

Geraldine Farrar's declaration at her closing Metropolitan performance that her whole family was present, was evidently made to quiet the persistent rumors of estrangement between her parents and her husband; as the latter kissed her "right out before everybody," it looks as if the story that she contemplates divorce is impiginary.

THE POINT OF VIEW

(Continued from Page 3)

hy the column, aspiring to an epigrammatic bout with Ambrose Bierce. Walt Whitman in a controversy with Voltaire. Lloyd George in an economic argument with La Fontaine. Faney Hiram Johnson breaking into a senatorial debate with Henry Clay—or into a novel by Dickens. No; these popular idols would hardly be qualified for a contest with men who won fame through innate genius and not by an appeal to the flour bin.

This is no attempt at derision of proletarian thought, but a study of the viewpoint which confuses philanthropy with genius. In one division or another, no one escapes classification with the common people. Yet we can avoid that error which arises from sudden enthusiasm; and we need not feel it a pity if the common people, with a government of, for and by itself, should be incompetent to create a genius by shouting at him. It would be no calamity if ten million men, having become responsible for the election of Theodore Roosevelt to the presidency, should let the estimate of his mentality go to the single vote of Gilbert K. Chesterton. Are the common people all wise? One of their greatest admirers declared that you can not fool all of them all of the time. The modern demagogue doesn't try to. He keeps very much aloof from the people. It is easier to obtain an interview with the king of England than the democratic governors of some states. Not long ago we had as governor of California a man-of-the-people who was the most inscrutable and obdurate character known to local politics. He is now at Washington talking busily. He has been called brilliant because he discovered that we, the poor, are not let into the secret of wealth and the mysteries of our own sovereignty in the body politic. This is the man who decreased the floating population of Sacramento by surrounding himself with such mystery that visitors of all classes gave up the puzzle and returned home. No doubt the price of turnips will enter his platform, if he should get so far as to have one. He will try to establish a popular point of view, and a brand new one, because he never appeared where the people could see him. They have heard him, but they have not yet heard his curtain speech. The memorized lines of the stage hero and his impromptu remarks at the end of the act sometimes reveal two different characters. Only a great and sincere actor can succeed with his own thoughts after declaiming the words of the dramatist. Few politicians attempt the ordeal. They stand on their record and the point of view which they established through years of toil. James G. Blaine spoiled a long record and a huge reputation in a few minutes. The "magnetic Jimmy Blaine" lost his magnetism with a few well chosen but ill advised words. The constant struggle of the professional politician is to prevent the people from taking a new point of view. This is a new age, and perhaps we shall see new methods of electing a government. Perhaps the people will take the standpoint that more attention should be given the man who would rather be right than president, giving him an op-

portunity to solve the dilemma. We cannot elect the one who first made that statement; but we can keep his point of view in mind.

Letters

A Book on Universal Service

It is only yesterday that some one proposed a system of "universal service," drafting of both boys and girls at eighteen, to give a year to the government in some public service, and already, here is a novel to exemplify the idea, "Mildred Carver, U. S. A.," by Martha Bensley Bruere. Mrs. Bruere skips the preliminaries, and begins in the middle. The new form of conscription is in full running order, and there are no problems of discipline, adjustment or conciliation. "Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high." Mildred Carver, who is made the heroine of the tale, is just eighteen, and about to face her year of service when we are introduced to her. She is also just engaged to Nicholas Van Arsdale, her nearest neighbor in an exclusive suburban settlement for the ultra-rich, and both are heirs to fortunes. It is the proud boast of the Carvers that their women have known no toil for five generations. As there is no evading the draft, both of the young people, more or less rebellious, set out, Nicholas to learn road making, since at least indirectly, he has an interest in that; Mildred to agricultural labor, since it may as well be that as anything. It is her career that we are to follow. Apparently the number of New York millionairesses was short in that particular year, for Mildred was the only one in her particular unit who appears to have been of even well-to-do parentage, the others being mainly girls from the east side and tenement districts, though there is Ellen Forsythe of Greenwich Village. The destination of this delegation is first a flour mill in Minnesota, where they learn to sew sacks, and then virtually the whole Mississippi Valley and "Prairie West," where they follow the seasons and drive tractors, plow and plant, sow and reap, cut hay and perform generally the outdoor work of the farms, and Mildred Carver, to whom any occupation that is not pure sport is a novelty, becomes so enamored of work that never again can she bear to be idle. Work she must have at all costs, so, after she returns to her original environment Papa Carver fits up a special office in his steel mill, and industrious daughter spends her eight daily hours in persuading herself that she is a very necessary cog in the industrial wheel. Every morning a special cook arises at some ungodly hour for a millionaire household and prepares a special breakfast for the young lady, whose maid puts in an hour grooming her. Then the liveried chauffeur and footman whirl her away in a special automobile to her day of labor, and call for her again in the evening. Democracy de luxe! Are there not men in the United States of America enough to attend to all the outdoor work? Admitting the necessity or the advisability, or only the pure novelty of this system of "service," why should not the girls be sent to work more in keeping with common sense? We hear the perennial complaints of lack of help on the farm, but farmers can always get help of sorts, if they will pay a decent wage and provide human comfort for their helpers. The old-fashioned system of neighborhood "bees" has not altogether died out. In the busiest season of the year, go to any small town in a farming section and note the number of men who have come to town to have the plow sharpened or the rake-teeth straightened or some other trivial job that they

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ought to have had done before the season opened, and, moreover, done at home. Where are the women? Why, a man must have a hot dinner. There are laundry work, pickling and preserving, canning and churning to be done. Perhaps the children are down with the measles, too. A farm wife is never ill. She has not time for indulgences and no money for doctor bills. She just dies and another takes her place. There is a grim reality about the tale told of a Sacramento Valley farmer complimented on his fine place. "I wore out three women on that farm." Charles Dudley Warner says: "A boy would willingly do all the work on a farm, if somebody else would do the chores," and any disagreeable or untimely task is rated as a "chore" and passed on to the children. If the eighteen-year-old girls are to be drafted to farms, why should they not be put into the kitchens to help the overworked women and learn what will prove useful to them in their own lives hereafter? Ellen Forsyth was from Greenwich Village, a futile incompetent, but she had lovely hands that she just would not spoil. Like the millionairess, Mildred, she was the only one of her kind in this group. Ellen was managed by transferring her to another position, a clerkship in a post office. How about Mamie Epstein? Mamie is an expert garment worker, and work is no novelty to her or her class. They look forward to it through their childhood and pray that it may be always plentiful and that their health and strength may endure. What kind of sense would draft the Epsteins to farm labor, which can have no possible bearing on anything they will ever again come into contact with? Mamie's hands are a part of her equipment. They may not be so artistically beautiful as those of the Ellen Forsyths, but they must be smooth and soft. After a year of cleaning and oiling and running a tractor, what kind of hands will the Mamies bring back to handle silk and mull and lace? Supposing that the Mamie Epsteins likewise protested against spoiling their hands, what would be done about it? They could not all be given clerkships, and any way, is a government clerkship more essential than a position in a clothing manufactory? The girls of this unit, at least get along beautifully together. There is no snubbiness nor snobbishness, no attempts at exclusiveness, and the super-elegant Mildred fraternizes with poor Mamie, and no one even suspects that she is a bit of the upper crust. A few years ago, when school authorities all over the United States were doing their best to abolish fraternities and sororities in the grade and high schools we were treated to some specimens of equality as viewed from the standpoint of girls of about this same age. There is not such a wide difference in the social position of those attending any public school, and these young misses might be presumed to have at least a common interest in their studies, yet the sororities put up their barriers and drew the line, some at flat dwellers, others at the daughters of any but professional men and wholesale dealers, others at the make of the automobile or the number of servants employed. Conscription for the army worked apparently well enough for the boys. They were under strict discipline and knew they had to obey their superiors. One would like to know what could be done with a heterogeneous collection of girls, supposing that they or any number of them took it into their heads to rebel. Guardhouse? Court martial? Reprimand? Reverend Anna Shaw's "blood fairly boiled" because some daring employer merely suggested that the office assistants to whom he was paying good salaries

should come decently clothed and minus cosmetics, to their desks. Given seventy-five girls away from home restraints and customary restrictions, set them at uncongenial tasks in a strange environment, and let's see what can be done with them if they choose not to obey orders.

"When a woman will she will, you may depend o't,
And when she won't she won't, and there's an end on't."

The matron of a reformatory would consider her position a sinecure in comparison with that of the quartermaster of a refractory unit of the "Universal Service." There are so many beautiful theories in this world that have only one flaw. Put into practice they "won't work." However, "Mildred Carver, U. S. A." will serve to pass a vacation hour more or less pleasantly. From the Macmillan Company.

A War Novel by Ida Tarbell

Who would have looked for a novel from the pen of Ida Tarbell? And yet, here she is, with a war novel, and, at that, as good a one as we are likely to get for one while, "The Rising of the Tide." The sub-title, "a story of Sabinsport," is almost explanatory, for the theme is the effect of the European war on the inhabitants of one town, a fair-sized city which may well represent any place of its kind anywhere in the country. Sabinsport's inhabitants were of every shade of opinion and conviction, as its industries were, broadly, of every kind at which people make a living. In the beginning, except a few of the foreigners working in the mines, whose homelands were involved in the conflict, Sabinsport was indifferent to the war. Ralph Gardner, the rather youthful editor of the principal newspaper, was a rampant reformer who wanted his own little corner of the world set in order right away and in his own fashion. Everything ought to happen over-night, and he could not see that certain, if slow, steps were being taken in the proper direction all the time. Richard Ingraham, minister, and a very human one, was his balance wheel, and much of the state of public opinion and the advance of idease is revealed in the conversations and arguments of the two men. Ingraham had spent some years in Europe in leisurely journeyings without any definite object in view, so he had learned to know more of the people and their interests than does the ordinary traveler and tourist, and from the first breath of disturbance he could foresee to some extent at least, the tremendous conflict which impended. Gardner, on the other hand, was indifferent to outside affairs. He wanted to pillory the bad men who, in his estimation, were ruining the town, and he could hardly listen with patience to what Ingraham had to tell him of the secret good deeds of his two arch fiends. Gardner was possessed of the best of intentions, but so eager to profess neutrality that he leaned to the other side. He had unbounded admiration for German efficiency and longed to see it applied to Sabinsport. It would be unfair to tell Miss Tarbell's story for her, especially as she has done it so well for herself, but Gardner, representing so much of the thought of Sabinsport, passed through all the stages of indifference, opposition, pacifism, grudging acceptance, and at last participation in the war. Two of the town's daughters happened to be in Europe at the beginning of the hostilities, one traveling in France and Belgium, and the other offering her services to Serbia,

and their letters home were the first links in the chain which soon bound the whole population not only in the war work but in schemes for the general betterment. Sabinsport had its experience with propaganda, treason and pure foolishness as well as of patriotism and sacrifice. Miss Tarbell is a student of history, not of wars and the monarchs who have made and profited by them, but of political and economic conditions. She has large vision and her portrayals of the characters in this, her first novel of length, show her understanding of men and the spirit of America. Though, of course, there are courtships and marriages in "The Rising of the Tide," no one will ever think of it as a love story. The matings are incidental and take their place in the scheme of things, a matter of course, as such affairs do in life, without halting the sun in its course. The experience of Sabinsport during the war is to lead to a better understanding of democracy at home, a wiser interest in the immigrant and a more complete absorption. Instead of Greek, Italian, Bulgarian, Slovak "colonies" in our mining and manufacturing districts, we are to take an active part in Americanizing them, adopting them, and making them at home. Let us hope it will so prove, but at any rate, read "The Rising of the Tide." From the Macmillan Company.

THE WISE MAN'S SACK

By S. Weir Mitchell

At noon prayer, on a Friday, in Ramazan, the caliph looked from the Maksurah and saw the Khateb exhorting the many who were poor or sad by reason of death, and who daily went to and fro from the house of weeping to the grave of loss, and found neither peace in one nor forgetfulness in the other. At last, seeing that none shed their sorrows or sought comfort, but still slept on the bed of grief and watered the pillows of lamentation, the Khateb descended from his seat, and sat himself by the fountain in the court yard, and one by one repeated the hundred sacred names, and murmured "the words light on the tongues of men and heavy in the balance of God." Then came one, a teller of tales, and the son of a teller of tales, and the father of all such as listen to a tale and love it. And as the Khateb murmured and mumbled, the teller of tales lifted his voice to the faithful and said:

"Once in a strange land a king took a city and, meaning to destroy it, bade each dweller therein to carry away with him what most he valued. Some took gold and some food, but one a great sack. Said the king, 'What is that you carry?' And the man replied, 'It is full of laughter.' To him returned the king, 'You are wise. I have forgotten how to laugh. Divide with me.' Whereon said the man, 'Allah teacheth charity. Take what you will.' And the king took, and grew gay with the wine of mirth, and said, 'This shall ransom the city.' As for him who bore the sack, he made him lord over all who can not smile."

Such as heard this story were moved to merriment and forgot to weep. But the saint cried, "When death taketh thy city, canst thou carry away a sack of laughter?"

"I know not," said the teller of tales; "Allah, who maketh all, is maker of mirth as of grief. Some say, 'Who wins, laughs'; but I, 'Who laughs, wins.' Therefore let us fill our mule bags with laughter and our camel bags with mirth, and wait for the king to destroy this city of earth."

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Liquidation was the dominant factor in the stock market the past week, and prices were on the down grade the entire week. The news from Washington that the Federal Reserve Board was concerned over the exploitation of the stock market by speculators, and had ordered an investigation of the amounts borrowed by member banks on government bonds for purposes other than the purchase of Liberty bonds, or for strictly commercial uses, was the signal for urgent selling, and prices gave way, particularly in the case of the leading speculative issues, which have been pushed most violently upward. Under the most severe selling pressure the long uphill movement has met in three months a score of leading stocks gave way rapidly. While nervousness over the money situation was the prime incentive to sell, there had been a considerable volume of liquidation on the part of important holding interests, based on the realization that the market was overbought and in no situation to withstand adverse developments, with its enormous weight of lightly margined long accounts. The temptation to take profits had for several days been too much for interests which had accumulated stocks at materially lower levels, and a survey of the situation convinced operators that even the excess profit tax exactions on market gains was outweighed by the danger in the market situation. Here and there a specialty would rise and give encouragement to the bulls, but the advance would be only short-lived, and the trend would again be downward. All stocks declined. The steel stocks and the copper shares, especially the latter, put up a very strong front at times, and were inclined to go against the tide, but the selling in other issues was too much for them, and near the close of the week they too joined the downward procession. As said before, the stringency in the money market was cited by most market observers as the reason for the decline, but our opinion is that the fundamental reasons were to be found in the market itself. It can not be said that the money situation, the concern over Paris and Washington developments, labor difficulties, or any other factors in the general situation, are new. It always happens that after a protracted upswing many people refuse to think about possible adverse influences until prices get down ten or fifteen points. The decline toward the end of the week developed this sort of selling by traders who failed to heed the warning from conservative quarters, issued the past two weeks. Long time bulls, who took profits some weeks ago, showed no anxiety to get back into the market. Money rates were higher, and in some cases as much as 15 per cent. The market has gone up too fast, and

was entitled to a good setback, which makes the technical condition of the market much better, and gives buyers a chance now to get in the market at a level that looks attractive to us.

Cotton—The cotton market was active and higher generally throughout the week, until heavy Wall Street selling set in, due to the drop in securities, and the high money rates. The news, as far as crop conditions are concerned, was all in favor of higher prices. Rain was quite general almost every day, not only in Texas but in the eastern belt. Reports from the eastern section of the belt told of too much rain, and that the weeds were getting ahead of the cotton. The weather has been so unsettled that farmers are unable to work their fields. Private crop experts who are in that section of the belt, sent alarming reports, and predicted a big loss in condition for the month. Spot interests and Liverpool were good buyers on all setbacks, and the market was ripe for a big advance, if it had not been for the weakness in the security market. When traders saw the stock market tumbling, they forgot all the bullish news in cotton, and threw their lines overboard. This brought about a decline of some two hundred points in the futures, and was what could be called forced liquidation. The undertone to the market, at the close of the week, was strong, and while there may be some further liquidation, if the stock market gets panicky, the buying was of the best, which would indicate the market was pretty well sold out. The fundamental condition of the market is sound. Mills are running to full capacity, and there is a good demand for all grades of cotton. With the present prospects of only a moderate crop, and the critical period at hand, we see nothing to fear on the long side of the market, and believe, when the stock market adjusts itself, cotton will respond quickly.

Presence of Mind

Pat and Mike were working on a new building. Pat was laying bricks, and Mike was carrying the hod. Mike had just come up to the fourth floor, when the dinner whistle blew. His lunch was on the ground.

"I hate to walk down after it," he said.

"Take hold of this rope," said Pat, "and I'll let you down."

Pat let him down half way, and then let go of the rope. Mike landed in the mortar bed not much hurt, but terribly angry.

"And why did you let go of the rope?" he demanded.

"I thought it was going to break," said Pat, "and I had presence of mind enough to let go."

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Assets	\$58,893,078.42
Deposits	\$4,358,496.50
Capital Actually Paid Up.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,336,411.92
Employees' Pension Fund.....	295,618.00

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRED MELZ, deceased.—No. 27170; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of FRED MELZ, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRED MELZ, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Fred Melz, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 18628; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estate of FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, also known as MRS. FLORENCE B. CAVANO, also known as MRS. FLORENCE BARNES CAVANO, an incompetent person.

SAVINGS UNION BANK AND TRUST COMPANY, a corporation, as guardian of the estate of FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, also known as MRS. FLORENCE B. CAVANO, also known as MRS. FLORENCE BARNES CAVANO, an incompetent person, having on this day presented to this court and filed herein its duly verified petition praying for an order authorizing, empowering and directing it to sell all the interest of said FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, alias, in certain real property set forth and described in said petition, on the ground that it will be beneficial to said FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, alias, and her said estate that the said real property be sold;

NOW THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of said FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, alias, and all persons interested in the estate of said FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, alias, appear before this court, Department No. 10 thereof, on Thursday, the 10th day of July, 1919, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, in the court room of said Superior Court, in the City Hall, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to the said Savings Union Bank and Trust Company, as guardian, for the sale of said real estate as in said petition prayed for.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 7th day of June, 1919.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Petitioner,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-14-4

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1977

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC

and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

28 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DANIEL TWOMEY, deceased.—No. 27172; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of DANIEL TWOMEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DANIEL TWOMEY, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Daniel Twomey, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 98048; Dept. No. 14.

In the Matter of the Application of CONSTANTINE M. BOUROTHIMOS for Change of Name to CONSTANTINE THOMAS.

Constantine M. Bourothimos, having duly filed and presented to the above entitled Court an application and petition that the name of said Constantine M. Bourothimos, be changed to Constantine Thomas, it is ordered that all persons interested in said matter appear before Department Number 14 thereof, at the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, on the 12th day of August, at the hour of 10 A. M., or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard to show cause why such change of name should not be granted; and it is hereby further ordered that a notice of said application and of this order be given by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Done in open Court this 12th day of June, 1919.

GEO. E. CROTHERS,
Judge of Said Superior Court.

HENRY BROWN,
Attorney for Applicant,
211 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-21-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 97928; Dept. No. 16.

WALTER J. BERGER, Plaintiff, vs. EDYTHE E. C. BERGER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: EDYTHE E. C. BERGER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons; if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco State of California this 31st day of May A. D. 1919.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
CHALMER MUNDAY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
519 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

6-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, deceased.—No. 27169; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of George W. Williams, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE R. KAHN, deceased.—No. 27168; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of GEORGE R. KAHN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE R. KAHN, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of George R. Kahn, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 894, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CAROLINE F. PLUNKETT, Deceased.

LUCY M. F. WANZER, executrix of the last will and testament of Caroline F. Plunkett, deceased, having filed herein a verified petition praying for an order from this Court authorizing, directing and empowering her to renew a note and mortgage in the sum of twenty-four hundred (2400) dollars and for that purpose to borrow said sum and for the purpose of securing the payment of such sum to mortgage to the lender of such money that certain real property of said estate situate in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of San Jose Avenue, distant thereon 149 feet from the northerly line of Twenty-fifth Street, and running thence northerly along the said easterly line of San Jose Avenue thirty-seven (37) feet, thence at right angles easterly ninety (90) feet, thence at right angles southerly thirty-seven (37) feet, thence at right angles westerly ninety (90) feet, to the said easterly line of San Jose Avenue and the point of commencement, together with the improvements thereon; said property being a portion of Block 169, Mission Addition.

It is ordered that all persons interested in said estate be and appear before this Court at the court room, Department 10, City Hall, in said City and County, at the hour of 10 a. m., Thursday, the 3rd day of July, 1919, then and there to show cause why said petition should not be granted and the real property above described mortgaged to secure said loan.

For all further particulars reference is hereby made to said petition now on file herein.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that this order to show cause be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Dated: May 27th, 1919.
W. T. PLUNKETT,
Attorney for Executrix,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXIV. No. 14¹⁹¹⁹

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JUNE 28, 1919

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXIV

San Francisco-Oakland, June 28, 1919

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Now Make It Work!

With the peace treaty out of the way, it now devolves upon those wise though dilatory gentlemen who have for so long delayed it, to call at once a survey of the intricate machinery of the Wilsonian burden it has been bearing, sometimes so heavy as to threaten to crush it out of existence altogether. The idealism of the League of Nations almost approaches the sublime, when the purposes intended for it are considered; whatever its inspiration; only prejudice and partisanship can turn it down with anything short of praise and commendation; if it be finally made operative the world will be all the better for it, and if it die through spite or its own over-indulgence, the world would be quite justified in mourning it. But in spite of the lecturers who have been dispatched broadcast to teach us the meaning of it, it has been difficult to escape the conviction that they have not mastered its inherent complications any better than we have done it for ourselves. Its construction is much too monumental, its possibilities too vast, and its applications too speculative, to have considered it in connection with so comparatively small a matter as the bringing of peace with a defeated nation. That the peace matter is out of even the best friends of the League of Nations must feel that the machinery of it is not yet in such complete working order as to make it applicable to the glorious achievements outlined for it. It is not going too far to say that it has not yet even entered the experimental stage, and that until some of the main defects already discovered by experts have been overcome, it simply will not work. It is not yet pointed out, except through not very convincing generalization, how four great nations are going to dictate policies and plan forms of governments, for the great number of smaller nations,

different in ambition, race, religion and internal sentiment, without creating a great autonomy that would not be at all in harmony with the principles of the world's democracy for which the war was fought.

* * *

The Scuttled German Fleet

One annoying bone of contention in respect to the final peace details has been thrust out of the way, or rather submerged, by the destruction of pretty much the entire Hun navy by its own crews. Whether this disposition of an important feature of the details to be settled is satisfactory or no, is a matter open to serious question. It will of course satisfy England, who naturally would oppose the strengthening of any other navy than her own. In the minds of many inquisitive people, there would appear to rest much suspicion because of the withdrawal of the British fleet for practice—as if it needed any—so as tacitly to encourage the wanton destruction of property that many another nation would like to acquire. It will please the United States, because we have an administration more or less pledged to keep our shipbuilders busy, and we justly believe that our own battleships are better than any that ever came out of Germany. France is not likely to be entirely satisfied, although some of her diplomats say so, because her navy is none too good and the operation of it has always been open to criticism by true experts. But Italy will not be satisfied, for her navy sadly needs strengthening, and here would have been a glorious and inexpensive opportunity for an instantaneous rise to reasonable power. It was not to be, however, for every one of those Allied nations' is jealous of every other one, and evidently has an innate repugnance to strengthen them to her own possible future cost. As far as can at present be learned, all of the nations are inclined to cry "good riddance" and whether or no they are sincere has nothing to do with the case, for diplomacy never has been any too confiding with those whom it is presumed to guide and protect. As far as Germany is concerned, however, she stands in somewhat amusing comparison with the man who is induced to have his teeth pulled because he has a headache, and then after the operation discovers that this was not at all the seat of his trouble. Altogether this incident was the most puzzling one of any in all the war, and it will never be satisfactorily explained.

Breakers Ahead

President Wilson has scheduled himself to sail from France on Wednesday, and since it is not likely that any new Parisian complication can have arisen to delay his departure, it is likely that he is now on the ocean. In that case he would naturally arrive at the national capital early next week, deposit his baggage in the real White House, then take off his coat and be driven to Capitol Hill to plunge into the fight that awaits him there. That there is one, everybody knows who reads the newspapers, and of course he has already been duly prepared for it by radio in cypher. As a matter of fact, the due process of this fight may easily be outlined, and it is only just to say that much of the opposition that will confront him is of the kind calculated to further hamper what is left to be done with reference to the ratification of the peace treaty. The new impedimenta to that are now the proposition for congress itself to declare a condition of peace with Germany and Austria, irrespective of what Mr. Wilson has done, and another, equally obstructive, calling for the immediate return of all American troops now abroad. These measures are of course purely political, very remotely connected with a true sense of patriotic duty. Even those who are Mr. Wilson's political antagonists, barring of course party bosses, must in their consciences feel that congress should have waited to hear what he has to say before confronting him with measures that are not pertinent to the main subject at issue. Mr. Wilson is the president of the United States; in that capacity he went abroad to secure the peace of the world; that peace has by this time been finally signed, and he should be given the first say. "Wait, horse, and you'll get grass," is a fine old maxim that applies to the present situation, and if the republican war horses will only be patient they can secure what they are after in a way that will be infinitely more polite.

* * *

Vineyardists Not Ruined Yet

In spite of the last expiring thrusts of the wets, voiced by the best of orators and writers, the other side is still as dry as the barren wastes about Fort Yuma. Even the earnest assurances of our senators and representatives that the prohibition amendment to the constitution would bring bankruptcy to hundreds of investors, and poverty to 75,000 workers in the wine trades, have had no effect in reducing the dry ma-

jority. Perhaps, after all, those earnest people had been looking into the facts and found them not at all in accordance with the statements of the California representatives. Perhaps they knew that many of the vineyardists are not uprooting their vines to replace them with deciduous fruit trees, but are preparing for a plentiful harvest against the coming picking season. Perhaps they have learned that there are those who refuse to sell to the mysterious American Food Products Company, who are buying up all the vineyard property they can find for sale, because they have found that they can still pile up enormous profits by half drying grapes and sending them in bulk to Utah, Washington and Oregon, there to be converted into wine and spirits by the owners of firesides that refuse to be dry. Perhaps they have heard that the great Asti vineyard properties have been sold at a satisfactory figure, and that other sales of equal importance are under way. In the face of this showing, it is difficult to support the statements of anti-prohibitionists with any argument other than that the country at large must be supplied with all the alcohol it wants and that the prohibition generals refuse to believe. At the present writing it is rumored that the president will declare a condition of peace, and the repeal of the war time dry law, but it is more likely that just now his mind is employed in what he considers much more important matters for immediate official action.

★ ★ ★

Miners and Milk-Shakes

In the state of Nevada, noted for sagebrush, silver mines and, more recently, a dry condition of the wet climate, the new mining boom is being conducted under conditions altogether novel to the boomer, the old prospector, and the stock promoter. Hitherto these worthies have required copious draughts of the old pleasant smiles in order to carry on their business with dignity. Technically speaking, Nevada is dry: not only dry but, as the term indicates, soft. Soft drinks are the rule in

the mining camps. The prospector, the gambler, and the bad man lean against the bar and order milk-shakes, ginger ale and debutantish things like that. Now and then, in staggers a chap as drunk as the best of them in the best days. His reputation for ready money takes an immediate bound, for whiskey costs 50 cents a drink, and a little one at that. A quart sells for \$10, with occasional offers of \$15. However, the state officially is bone dry, and this means that travelers across the border are watched with all sorts of detective apparatus. A special form of watchfulness is reserved for Californians, no one knows the reason why. There is some rivalry between Californian and Nevadan promoters, miners and officials. Not one of the detectives will let a Golden Gater go by laden with liquor, if he can help it. The citizens of Nevada, with frequent or occasional necessity of getting past Lake Tahoe and return, are not put to the inconvenience of search. Now and then the state police undertake a raid. The raiding party has an advance agent. This advance agent is not a myth; he exists. Nevertheless he is somewhat of a mystery. He goes among the people and tells them to put on their best manners, for they are about to receive a visitor. Nobody asks him where he received his information. All do as he bids them. The raiding party is given the most courteous attention in the world. Seldom is anything found breaking the dry law in Nevada. The state is so big, and the climate so dry that search is useless in most cases. If you want a drink while the raiding party is in town, you can't get it. At other times, if you lay a half dollar where it catches the eye of the proper person, and you give the password of a wise look into the future, you are led into another room. There you will get the tiniest snifter for your money. Nevadans were hoping that California would never go dry; but as the fatal day approaches, it seems that the two sister states will be in the same boat, sending out signals to Utah or Quebec.

Signed at Last!

Germany has at last decided to accept the severe penalties imposed by the peace treaty, after many attempts to writhe from under the lash, and some bluffs of the panic-stricken kind, which the peace conference refused to treat seriously because it held all the cards. It is of small concern to any one but the Germans themselves, that they consented to sign only "under pressure of superior force." Their plea for forty-eight hours' additional bluffing time is refused, and they will sign at such time as may be decided upon by the Paris conference, which will terminate a wrangle that should have been settled more than five months ago. The war is over as far as the principal belligerents are concerned, and no doubt, now that it is over, technically at least, some action will be taken to simplify Germany's stupendous task of paying the vast indemnities imposed upon her. Considering the enormity of her offence, the fine is not, in any sense an unjust one; the tomahawk of conflicts can not be buried and forgotten, but it probably will be assisted to hew the way to financial solvency or something that would be a good imitation of it. Within the confines of Germany herself, however, there is not peace nor anything like it. The knowledge that the government would refuse to sign the peace pact created what was little short of revolution among the people and it had to be frightened into whatever terms that pact exacted. The Ebert government totters; Schiedlemann finds himself discredited and fighting wind-mills; some of the most prominent militarists of the old imperial government are coming to the front, and if the people of that benighted land really want a republican form of government, which is not by any means certain, they had better keep the Bernsdorffs and Hindenburgs under the strictest surveillance, or there will come by easy stages, presidency, dictatorship and imperialism.

Perennial

By Ernest Wentworth

She asked her lover, smiling, "If one blend
Two sweet sounds in a perfect symphony,
Or two harmonious colors till they lend
A selfsame hue—tell me, what alchemy
Can part them after? . . . So myself and thee,
My life and thine, fast mingling, nought can rend
Asunder ever." Nay, but hear the end.
The lovers' lives, sometime thus wholly one—
One in minds' thought, hearts' wish and bodies' breath—
Now singly such far-severed courses run
As if each had survived the other's death.
Oh, sad, strange thing! Yet, as the Wise Man saith,
There is no new thing underneath the sun.
How early, then, were such sad things begun!

At the Shimmee

By Lionel Josaphare

"Well, I am glad I have seen it, at any rate," said she.

"And what have you to say about it?"

"Nothing." She straightened in her chair, and moved as if to fan herself. She had no fan. "No; I have nothing to say. I don't know what I could, with any degree of aptitude, say. One might as well remark of marriage that it leads to familiarity and families, or that there is an intimate relation between umbrellas and wet weather."

"The shimme then is too obvious for you. Of course, that's no ground for criticism. You could lay the same objection to marriage."

"No, Bobbie. Husbands are always obvious; and wives, occasionally; but wedlock is mysterious, perplexing, baffling."

"And the shimme?"

"I am glad that I have seen the final development of what people will do under the influence of music. The Texas Tommy, the tango and the fox trot constituted an evolutionary process, and this is the grand result. The dance can go no further without smashing the windowpanes of moral criticism. As it is, it leans pretty hard against the glass."

"That's nothing against it, you know—just because the social system was there first."

"My boy, an advance upon this dance might get into the statute books as a cause for divorce. I'd as soon have my husband desert me or fail to provide as watch him struggle through the shimme with that blood-and-thunder blonde, for instance."

"Isn't she wonderful with those soft, sneaky shoulders? I can say that because I don't consider them the most beautiful shoulders in the world, you know."

"Merely the best educated."

"I'll have to admit it."

"I dare say she spent her education on the best part of herself."

"There now, your verdict is against the dance. I expected it."

"My dear Bobbie, I do not object to the shimme as a dance nor as a ball room spectacle; otherwise I would not be here. I had an inkling of what I was to see. I did not come to have my nerves tintinnabulated."

"Merc curiosity to see the dancers tintinnabulating theirs."

"Yes. I did not think it possible; that's all."

"And I am sure you do not approve of it. You are trying to conceal your bewilderment under a veil of indifference. You have always impressed me as a woman who had learned the trick of forcing back her blushes. True modesty, that."

"Hasn't a married woman the right to be modest?"

"Not to an extreme degree. I wish you'd be frank and tell me what there is against the shimme. From time immemorial—"

"Please don't. I won't be convinced by anything so far back. What I think is this: the shimme could not be danced promiscuously. Between old friends, as a lark, it might be excusable. But between total strangers, it is too sudden. The waltz left you in doubt. The shimme takes everything for granted."

"Then there will be a number of misunderstandings here. Not all these women—"

"No, Bobbie, I should hope not. Yet, after the dance, they will have to deny that they meant it. Clever women don't have to do that."

"Then your objection to the dance is that it lacks finesse."

"That's just it. Even the Texas Tommy looked like a flirtation, though a violent one. But this shimme gives you an impression of a love affair that is on the wane, and, instead of bringing a breach of promise suit, the party of the first part is making a desperate effort, palpitating herself from shoulders to knees, in hope of renewing the old flame; and the party of the second part succumbs against his better judgment. Now, acting out a comedy of this sort may be all right between friends; but between strangers I think it is playing the game a little too fast."

"The foundations for a romance should be laid slowly or not at all."

"Yes. I can imagine dancing the shimme with you, because you'd take it for a joke. We know each other so well that we can jest about such matters. But to try to on a man I might have met the same evening—ugh! Impossible!"

"Some of these girls have no compunctions about it."

"What do you know about their compunctions?"

"I mean that to them the dance is just a lively exercise—just the same as any old dance."

"But any other dance is a flirtation. This, from all appearances, is a celebration of something that has gone before. It is a reversal of ideas, if unsubstantiated by facts—putting the cart before the horse."

"It is sophisticated."

"No; it is unsophisticated. It is barbaric. All that wiggling! When a beautiful woman must wiggle in order to keep a man interested, I assume that she has wiggled her way through life without due regard to other feminine accomplishments. Did you ever have to be wiggled at?"

"Can't say that I have. The quiver of an eyelash is enough to attract my attention. My theory is that a girl who smiles the smile of a temptress and shivers her wings in this manner, must have some cleverness in store, if she intends to maintain an innocent demeanor afterwards. And no woman can get along in the world without a look of innocence."

"I see your point, Bobbie."

"Of course, you do. She must give her partner to understand that she shimmees because she doesn't know any better. The modern maid reveals her innocence by giving people something to stare at, my dear Petunia."

"I hadn't thought of that."

"She wears a short skirt to prove that she has not yet arrived at years of discretion. Of course"—he waved his hand—"she may have left discretion far behind."

"At one time, girls were crazy to wear long skirts."

"Until they found out the responsibilities. With a long skirt, we expect the dignity and wisdom of an Elizabeth Barrett Browning. If milady doesn't care for intellectual admiration, she foists her ankles on the public, and then fears the criticism of neither man nor beast. If it had not been for Theda Bara, not one in ten of these innocent vamps here tonight would hazard the shimme before us."

"You are coming around to my idea."

"I think this, Petunia: the shimme dance is not so sensational in itself as in the fact that women brave it against parental and husbandal

sanction. It removes the word 'obey' from the birth certificate as well as the wedding ceremony. I believe that most of these girls look at it that way! They dance anything anybody dances, to show how emancipated they are. Sweet Sixteen will vote in a few years. In the mean time she will dance off her shackles, although some very good people think she will vote them off."

"And Theda Bara is no more to blame than Susan B. Anthony."

"Exactly. The dear girl does a shimme whether her mother would let her or no, with a rol dol, dolly dol, dil dol kari kimo."

"And she seems to whisper, 'I say, Mr. Man, will you marry me, with a rol dol—um!'"

"The question is, my dear lady, is it shocking or not? That is what I should like to know."

"Why ask me? Consult your own astonishment."

"Shock is no longer emotional. It is a mere theory. We ask of one another, 'Are you shocked?' 'Not I.' Then we say, 'Perhaps you ought to be shocked.' Yet everyone says, 'Not I.'"

"Ten years ago, I might have given you a different answer. Ten years ago, I should have rushed to another room and telephoned for mother to come take me home."

"So all of us. Likely as not I'd have said to dad, next day, 'Father, I need you. Last night I was induced, superinduced, by daredevil associates, boon companions, to witness a shimme dance. How am I to get it out of my soul?'"

"Still, Bobbie, I am just as happy as I was ten years ago; aren't you?"

"Far happier. My mind is at ease. I fear not the world, the flesh nor the devil, because I realize that a charming woman is taking good care of my soul."

"You are completely at ease—no chaos nor loss of equilibrium anywhere. You might as well say so now as any time."

"I tell you I have myself thoroughly in hand. I examine these dancers with a scientific eye. When I see the shimme persons roll their shoulders into trills, turns and arpeggios, I merely wonder scientifically why the deuce the term 'shimme' was ever used to designate the idea."

"I think I know. It has no relation to c-h-c-m-i-s-e, nor that old-fashioned spelling of the same article on the farm."

"Because they don't wear any?"

"Not that. It must mean something like 'shimmer.' Observe those gleaming shoulders, and scintillating, dazzling bosoms. Has not the dance a shimmering effect?"

"On me?"

"On your scientific eye."

"Sure indeed. Something like moonlight on the lake. But I know you are wrong, because they all say in vaudeville, 'shake the shimmy.' That must be the original name. Shake the shimmy. 'Shimmy' for short. 'Shimnee—ee' for sake of the society editor. But I agree with you that it is more of an exhibition dance. It is not for general social amusement. I see that now, the moment they try it a second time."

"Well, I fancy."

"I always come to your way of thinking. All the good it does me."

"I fancy."

My Last Visit to My Mother

By Count Ilya Tolstoy

(Century Magazine, October, 1918)

With all the other appalling news from Russia comes word of the devastation of the home of Leo Tolstoy and the burning of his manuscripts. This news is so horrible that I can not believe it is true. I can not believe the people can be so blinded as to attack a helpless old woman, the widow of the greatest man of Russia, and destroy the precious relics that have no other value except that of preserving the memory of this man.

Yasnaya Polyana is the Mecca and Medina of the Russian people. Here lived the greatest soul of Russia, the "Conscience of the World," as many called him during his lifetime. At times a man refuses to listen to the voice of this conscience. Its admonitions torment him. He tries to flee from it. But these efforts are vain. The more he endeavors to free himself, the greater the torture.

Poor Russian people, you are so blinded and intoxicated in the light of liberty, which came to you so suddenly, that after centuries of slavery you do not see this light and you do not understand.

Before leaving Russia to sail for America a few weeks ago, I desired to see my mother at Yasnaya Polyana. I left Moscow on a night train, and at eight o'clock I was at the small station of Zasielka, next the town of Tula. I had no carriage, and as the distance is only two miles, I made the trip on foot. It was in the beginning of October. The untraveled road, bordered on both sides by woods, was miry and muddy. The yellow leaves, already falling, formed a soft carpet on which I trod. I was alone, and my mind was full of thoughts and reminiscences.

I recalled how seven years ago I had walked over this same road, together with a crowd of thousands of people, a procession following the coffin in which my father lay. That was also in the autumn, in the gray fog of the morning. It reminded me of those significant days when my father, burning with a desire for a complete change in his way of living, left forever the roof of his ancestors; when, morally invincible, he of his own free will went forth to meet death.

Since that time many changes have come to Yasnaya Polyana. The house where my father dwelt is no longer the place to which the intellect of the world looks for the solution of moral doubts and the answer to spiritual questioning, the refuge of conscience. How many interesting people used to visit my father! Here one could see representatives of all classes and of all nations. Beggars came for the usual ten copecks that my father was accustomed to give them. These people used to gather under a large tree in front of the house, and my father would speak with each one of them about his life. He never left them without giving them words of consolation.

Visitors from Europe and America were always received with a warm hospitality. Almost all of the prominent persons of Russia and many celebrities from all parts of the world were guests at my father's home, writers, scientists, musicians, painters, sculptors, and even politicians. All were welcome there. He had the rare capacity to give to each one with whom he talked something of special interest and also to draw from every one something that was interesting to himself.

Now the home of my father is silent. The inhabitants of the house are widows, my mother, my mother's sisters, and my own sister, together with her daughter, a charming little girl of about eight years. Everything is quiet in the house. My father's rooms are closed, and are kept by my mother exactly as they were when he left them. His bed is made as it was during his life. Over the head of the bed hangs the picture of my eldest sister. On a little table beside his bed are his watch and medicine bottles. In another room are his writing table, bookcases, and bookshelves. Some of the books he was reading before his departure lie opened just as he left them. Over the walls one sees pictures of his father, his brother, and of other members of his family. Here are also pictures of Dickens, Schopenhauer, and a large portrait of Henry George which was brought to him by Mr. George's son.

When you enter these rooms it seems as though my father were still living there, as though he had left it only a few moments ago, and might return at any minute. The large dining room, which also was the reception room of the house, is open. On the walls of this room are pictures of my father's ancestors. They are faded and blurred by the lapse of centuries. Here you see my great-grandfather, Count Ilya Tolstoy, for whom I am named, a kind-looking old gentleman who squandered an enormous fortune on festivals and various caprices and gaieties. He liked French wines best, and he used to send messengers to France by post to procure them. He could not tolerate linen laundered in Russia, so he had it sent by post to Holland. All this was one hundred and twenty years ago, before even the idea of railroads had entered the mind of man.

Here is another picture of another ancestor of mine, Prince Volkonsky, a proud old nobleman of the end of the eighteenth century, the former owner of the property of Yasnaya Polyana and the builder of the estate.

Again you see the picture of Prince Gorchakoff, father-in-law of Count Ilya Tolstoy, a handsome old gentleman with a periwig of the times of Catherine the Great; also the picture of the mother of Prince Gorchakoff, born Princess Mordkin, with a rosary around her neck. On the other side of the wall you see the pictures of my father, my two sisters, my mother, and some busts. These portraits were made by the best Russian artists, Repin, Gai, Kramskoi, Seroff, and Prince Troubetskoy. I love this room. It makes me think of the life of many past generations. My own brightest reminiscences are also associated with it. Here I spent my childhood, my youth, and many of the best hours of my life.

That morning, a few weeks ago, when I entered the house I was welcomed by the old servant who has been with us for more than twenty-five years, Ilya Vasilievitch.

"The countess has risen. Will you please go upstairs?" he said.

My mother was waiting for me at the top of the stairway. Although seventy-four years old, still she is in good health, active, erect, with hair not entirely gray.

"I knew that you would come, and I was expecting you," she said in greeting me. "Do you wish a cup of tea?"

"Yes," I answered.

The same large samovar that I remember for forty years was boiling on the table. Nothing had been changed. I felt that everything has remained as it had been for forty years. The only difference was that the door leading to my father's rooms was closed, and I felt that it would never open, that I would never again see in its frame the form of an old man dressed in a long, gray blouse, with large, gray eyes looking from under thick and drooping eyebrows. His eyes were so penetrating, that it was impossible to stand his gaze for any length of time. I always felt that he could see the depths of my soul. I could see his eyes looking at me now from Repin's portrait of him. Still, they are not quite him. No brush in the world could paint the living power of those eyes.

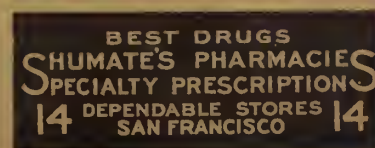
The life in Russia at the present time is very difficult for every one, including my mother. Even in Yasnaya Polyana, where everything speaks of my father's thought for the common people, where three generations of peasants were educated under his immediate influence, where he himself taught the peasants' children not only fifty years ago, but also in recent years, and where almost all the property that belonged to my father was distributed free among the people—even here the revolution has brought deprivations. Not more than two weeks before my visit a mob of peasants—women, girls and children from three surrounding villages—broke into our orchard and for three consecutive days stripped the trees of apples. The very day of my arrival the gardener came to my mother and told her that the cabbages had been stolen from the garden. Such lawlessness oppressed my mother. She did not wish to violate the principles which my father had held and preached; therefore she was unwilling to summon the police, the only aid to which she could resort. All this troubled her greatly.

The material side of life has other difficulties for her also. She had enough wheat to last only a few weeks. She is not able to buy it in other places, because of a new law in Russia that does not allow transportation of wheat from one place to another. Although her household is not large, still she feels obliged to maintain some of her old servants, who have been in the house for more than thirty years. She can not dismiss them, because they are bound to our family by mutual love and attachment.

It is true that she could leave her home and live in the city, but she fears to do so. She fears to leave this house, where everything is full of the memory of her great husband. So she remains there as a faithful guard over his rooms, his library, and his relics. All that is precious not only to her and to our family, but also to every Russian.

While I was speaking with my mother, my sister and aunt entered the room. The conversation then became general. When I told them I was on my way to America, they all

(Continued on Page 15)



The Spectator

Municipal Advertising

In the minds of some people, everything that is called advertising is invested with a sanctity that places it above criticism, if not above suspicion. And yet there is a sort of Advertising (with a capital "A," as in Art, you know) that frequently calls for the merry ha-ha. And if they laugh at it in the best regulated families, why not elsewhere? Of course, nowadays news publicity is necessary as a business card. Some examples contain just as much comedy. When a city puts its ad in the paper, we expect some guarantee behind it, especially when San Francisco flourishes her banners to the world. The board of supervisors has purchased some space in the dailies, inviting good, honest folk from everywhere to participate in "our programme of carnival spirit" between June 25th and 30th, of this estimable year. Not a carnival, but a carnival spirit; and the spirit of the thing is what counts. Our world-renowned hospitality is made basis of the invitation. Now, what does this amount to? Let us imagine a family from Sonoma or Seattle accepting the invitation. They register at a hotel, have dinner, go to a theatre, buy some beautiful city clothes and a few souvenirs and—and—and the date of this carnival spirit, the period ending June 30th, with no confetti or serpentine in sight, gives a queer tingling of the prophetic faculty that something concerned with a large overstock of things unmentionable after June 30th has more to do with the case than the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la. Will our world-renowned hospitality take a nickel off the price of any item in the list for the love of those who have come to the party? Are any of those wet or dry goods to be had for nothing? Will the visitors be given even an ice cream cornucopia or a cocktail without charge? They don't even get a grammatical invitation, proving that some one without authority has issued the call to carnival. The supervisory set of resolutions is such a jumble of phrases that one almost suspects that the carnival spirit has beat the gate and that the hosts are partaking of the cheer before arrival of the guests. Were the resolutions a legal document, the responsible party would be hard to locate. The only matter that stands out in glowing colors from the black type is the date, June 25th to 30th. Through all the confusion of words, appears the invitation that San Francisco is a good place for a vacation, especially at the present time. Why not say so in plain words, not referring to the liquor laws, of course (and this even may be guesswork on the part of the writer)—but why not leave out the bunktiddie about hospitality, when everybody will have to pay for it? Neither San Francisco nor the Board of Supervisors will suffer on account of the blunder; but it lowers the Art of Advertising.

Embezzling a Grand Fleet

The sinking of the surrendered German warships at Orkney Islands does not surprise anybody, as far as the Germans are concerned. What leaves everyone stunned from stem to stern is that they were given the opportunity to do it. If the Allied nations had sent a commission to San Francisco, and the commission had wandered down to Natoma street and had questioned the first ten-year-old urchin they met on the advisability of leaving Germans

in sole charge of the vessels, the answer would have been an emphatic "No." Without the advantage of such wisdom, the British admiralty allowed the captive crews, in small numbers, to remain aboard—and awaited results. Perhaps it was thought that the crews would spend their spare time polishing the brasswork; instead of that, they opened the sea-cocks, and down went most of the ships into Scapa Flow, an anchorage off the Orkneys. The explanation of the admiralty is that according to the terms of the armistice, the captors withdrew, leaving a few Germans as caretakers. The explanation of Admiral von Reuter is that he thought the armistice was over and he exercised the tradition that the German fleet never surrenders. Evidently the German admiral took it upon himself to amend the tradition and start a precedent of scuttling battleships in enemy waters. It is the biggest joke of the war, a combination of German joke, British sense of humor and the irony of fate. It prevents an Allied quarrel over the distribution of these naval souvenirs. When we remember the remark of Josephus Daniels that the captured fleet be sunk as a moral lesson, the affair does not appear so deplorable as some writers would have it. The only regret is that the anchorage at Scapa Flow is likely to be impaired. There were many people who agreed with Daniels' idea; but they did not foresee that the Germans would have the fun of conducting the ceremonies. A naval event, utilizing upwards of \$300,000,000 worth of material, took place in less than four hours, through bureaucratic inadvertence of the British Empire, if inadvertence it was. At any rate, there will be no argument over the division of the captured cruisers. The dilemma was like that of dividing

the fourteen apples among fifteen men. "Make apple sauc," was the schoolboy answer. "Kill one man," was a German joke that came with the war. The latest solution seems to be, "Throw away the apples," thus satisfying every one at least to the extent of knowing that the other fellow will not get the lion's share. For, leaving the ships in charge of the Germans was virtually throwing them away.

Made to Order Faces

San Francisco has always enjoyed a reputation for being the dwelling place of beautiful women. I strongly suspect that this belief was born in the days around '49, when there was a great scarcity of women; each one appeared a Venus and that ever since the loyal females indigenous to San Francisco soil have been untailing in their attempts to maintain its claim as a beauty centre. The all year round outdoor life, invigorating trade winds, and cleansing fogs make for fine complexions; but the San Francisco girl who does not industriously apply Art's aids to Nature's handiwork is so rare as to be conspicuous. This is no new condition but has been a cause of remark by travellers here ever since we have had means of travel. It is every woman's privilege, even duty to the observing world, to make her person as beautiful as possible; but in our city, while this ambition would apparently appear to be universal, the means to achieve it are obviously neglected. "The height of art being to conceal art" seems to have no place in the code of our beauty seekers, for they lay on colors in thick coats, with no attempt at blending or concealment. It is apparent that here the new school of painting is inexorably in vogue. Also that there is a stock style in

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figure, carriage and even feature, regardless of what the original architecture of the individual woman Nature intended.

Figures and Eye-brows

Witness the recent fashionable "hump" which destroyed the lovely curves of our young girls' bosoms and the present vogue of a universal shape in eye-brows by which are achieved vapid countenances and plucked hair-cells which will probably never be coaxied to fertility when expressions come in again. Never mind, there will be ready-to-glue-on eye-brow sets. To accompany the "shaped eye-brow" there must needs be stiffly cosmetiqued eye-lashes. Now thick, long silky eye-lashes are the rarest adornments, but many of our girls camouflage them right out in the bright, searching daylight, as stage people do successfully with the aid of stage lighting, but which no intelligent actress or actor would dream of attempting for sunlight effect. This fashion in stuccoed eye-lashes doubtless can be traced to the movies, where the camera mercilessly reveals the artificial aids to beauty. Observe, however, that the cultured actress of the spoken drama studies well the effects of pigments before the camera before she allows herself to be "registered" and makes entirely different preparations of the facial canvas for out-door and in-door sets with the most punctilious regard to lighting effects.

Even in Convents

It is not the obviously "fast" young women of San Francisco, nor the pretty working girls who are so busy laboring to purchase the where-withal beautifying merchandise that they haven't the leisure to study the science and art of applying pigment, who are alone to blame. Young society ladies who have ample time to learn to beautify themselves the right way are flagrant offenders. Even school girls desecrate their peach-blow complexions with rouge, powder, and blacking. Not many weeks ago the superior in a local exclusive convent was constrained to lecture the assembled students upon their industry in decorating their countenances.

Dear young things! Not only do they deceive no one, but it is obviously their intention to be "open and above board" about it. They paint and they are proud of it. The oriental style of complexion is the mode and they frankly wear it. "Beauté du Diable" the French call the beauty of youth because it is so fleeting, so indefinable, and inimitable. Only the young have it. As soon as a young girl pow-

ders her skin, that beauty takes wing. Try painting a lily and you will see what happens. Try perfuming a rose and you will miss some enchantment which that rose will fade and wither without. You will have to seek a fresh lily, a newly blown rose to find again the same allurements.

Tragedy of Dr. Washington Dodge

Tragedy in the life of Dr. Washington Dodge pursued him persistently though his was a valiant fight against circumstances and he enjoyed long stretches of serenity, surrounded by numbers of loyal friends who grieve for him and his family in his last sad plight. Besides the effect of the Titanic disaster upon his nervous system (and there are those who declare he has since never been the same man), and his business complications, he had great domestic anxieties. Not with the present Mrs. Dodge, with whom he led a placid home life, but the shadow of his first matrimonial venture haunted and disturbed him. At present his first wife and her husband, George S. Thompson, are passing through a trying divorce ordeal; and although Dr. Dodge, truly devoted to his present wife, the trials of his first wife, mother of his eldest son, Lieutenant Harry Dodge (whose engagement to Miss Bandmann of this city was announced a few months ago) weighed heavily upon him.

An Early Romance

As a young medical student, the doctor was betrothed to the daughter of a physician in an interior town; but while he was struggling to establish a practice in San Francisco, the young lady married another. However, the marriage proved unhappy and the wife, Mrs. Alice Shepherd, with her two small children, came to this city, where she obtained clerical employment in the City Hall. By chance, one day she met Dr. Dodge again who at once renewed his attentions. She was a very handsome woman, of vivacious temperament, winning ways and great amiability. Their marriage was for a few years happy; the doctor's practice was flourishing, and Mrs. Dodge (whose charming personality made many friends in society) was indulged by her devoted husband in the luxuries of life and expensive surroundings. His later accusation of her extravagance led to dissension and divorce, and after a few years he married a wealthy widow, daughter of Rabbi Vidaver. By her he has also a son, about twelve.

Mrs. Thompson's Business Venture

When he divorced his first wife, he made generous settlement upon her; but whether she squandered it or administered it unwisely, she was recently conducting a private sanitarium in this city, working strenuously and cheerfully to make it a financial success. With her happy-go-lucky, care-free disposition, she has tender maternal instincts, is devoted to her children: the friends who knew her and the doctor during their married life are convinced that while her financial irresponsibility was a source of annoyance to him, he always regarded her, although they had not met in years, as in need of his protection; and that the nervous tension under which he had been living for the past few years snapped when he learned that the bark upon which she had again ventured upon the sea of matrimony had gone on the rocks. Dr. Galwey's announcement of Dr. Dodge's good chances for recovery cheered the friends who are eager for him to rally and vindicate himself. Dr. Galwey, one of the most esteemed men in California, his friend for forty years, in

paying such loyal tribute to his patient's integrity, threw out a life line.

Seven Good Women and True

The mingling of women in the jury trying the case of Dr. Ephraim Northcott at Redwood City will raise the question of woman's adaptability to what has hitherto been the prerogative of man. We shall see whether a taxpayer in corsets is just as logical as one in suspenders. The life of the defendant is at stake, and so is the reputation of female jurors. The fairness of the fair sex will be watched intently. If the fair ones are merely twice as intelligent as male jurors, the innovation will be no cause for alarm. Of all the depths to which mental stupor can descend, the most remarkable deep-sea products are dragged from those characters that are found in the box of twelve good men and true. This bulwark of liberty, while a good thing in its way, theoretically, fails of its purpose when the jury of one's peers turns out to be a dozen men who have scarcely an available opinion on anything from brass tacks to a moonlight sonata. One of the underlying causes is that men with opinions are likely to be eliminated from the box by over-zealous attorneys, in order to obtain an unbiased (which proves to be an unthinking) jury. So it is only fair to the jury system to say that juries are not necessarily as bad as they are made by the selective methods of the lawyers. Another defect of the practical side is that puzzle to the rest of mankind—the professional juror, the one who votes "guilty" as often as he safely dares, so as to keep himself in the good graces of the district attorney, thereby earning the \$2 a day as many times as he is not challenged by the defense. Attorneys for the defense are not as familiar as the prosecutors with the personnel of the panel, and the professional juror is likely to slip in month after month before he is detected. Once in a while an investigation takes place, discovering professionals with long records of convictions. It is a hideous intimation, yet one that bespeaks a condition of which every practitioner in the criminal courts must beware. Now and then, devices are used to ameliorate the evil. It is to be hoped that no women will ever become so ambitious of the masculine prerogative as to become professional jurors; never try to earn pin money by voting "guilty" as a means of retaining their rank on the panel. Of

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course, big cases, like the present one, are not likely to feel the same evil, as there is too much publicity. In a notorious case, most jurymen vote as their mentality guides them. It is the daily run of court trials wherein the horror lurks, and it is there where woman's reputation for fairness will be finally tried.

Movie Captions I've Yet to See:

"It's not because you are so wonderful, Frank—it's because I'll be sure of my three squares a day."

"Sweetheart, be my K. P. for life."

"What! Stop drinking for your sake, Nell! Never! July 1st is too close."

"Why did you come back so soon, dear? I've been having a peach of a time."

"It's not because of your disposition, dear; but you look so swell in a bathing suit."

"Of course, I love you; but still there are so many women who look better than you do, dear."

"I wish you would win her from me, old man. I've found a blonde whom I like so much better."

When Mr. Villa Comes to Town

Among the world celebrities that are expected in the United States within the next few seasons, the newspaper dispatch has mentioned Mr. Villa of Mexico. This is an oversight for which the dashing generalissimo of Yucatan may invoke the social Monroe Doctrine against Albert of Belgium and the prince of Wales. While Villa might not attract admiration from the Newport set, society along the Rio Grande would be more than anxious to entertain him. It is said that the state department has an emergency fund with which to amuse distinguished foreigners while they are in this country. If the influx of European notables should deplete this fund, the citizens of Texas would gladly furnish suitable quarters where the champion cattle rustler of the world could be made

comfortable for a while. Mr. Villa would be a valuable acquisition to any group of bemuddled social pets. Presumably there is a price upon his head. No doubt the Mexican government would be willing to pay a large sum for it, as it is said to be a very large head, a head that grows more and more valuable as time passes. It is none of those ordinary heads that attain a certain value, go through a period of popularity and then decline in public estimation, the way of most things mortal. No; Mr. Villa is now more sought after than ever. If memory serves, the flower of the United States military once made an official visit to Mexico, with no other purpose than to meet him. The servant who answered the door bell said that Mr. Villa was not at home. He was resting his nerves among the mountains. Then came the more important demands of the big war, and our troops were called to Europe. It may be that the delights of Mexican travel are beginning to pall upon Villa, and that he will return the courtesy of the military visit. He is beginning to talk again, and likely as not is ready to prove that his activities were the result of a great misunderstanding.

Sun Thrift

It is hard to understand the objection, seemingly widespread, against the saving of daylight. Repeal of the law is being advocated by people who have a notion that they were cheated out of something they enjoyed under the old schedule of time—something which they were willing to relinquish as a war measure but now wish back again. Even such a student as Dr. Harvey Wiley, the food expert, wrote that the workingman was being oppressed with an extra hour by the daylight saving law. If we possessed no clocks, but regulated our working day by the sun, some people would work their way out of bed at sunrise; some, when they smelled the coffee; some when they had been called three or four times; and some when they felt like it. This would be the natural, the logical method of using whatever daylight the day gives us. But the intricate system of civilization, railroad schedules, hours of work at business places, appointments at cafes, and so forth, make such arrangement impracticable. Something is needed to get mankind applying his attention to the minute, to keep his appointments. Hence, clocks. The legislative enactment is nothing more than a method of setting the hands of a clock back and forth so as to take advantage of the natural time from sunrise to sunset as aforesaid. The only hardship that it works is that it steals away an hour of your Saturday night when the law moves the hands forward; but this hour is restored safely to its owners later in the year when the hands of the clock are set backward. In the mean time you have each day an additional hour of the sun instead of gas or electric light. Conservative people like to see darkness out the window when they have had dinner. Recent days go almost to nine o'clock before the last remnants of daylight are gone; and this may be deceptive to those who love the night life but do not feel its lure until they see the bright lights gleaming through actual darkness.

The Case of Mr. Burseson

The people have refrained from too severely criticizing its servants who, in winning the war, committed a few errors. We were not experienced in martial measures, and incidental mistakes were forgiven. One man only has been unable to shake off the accumulation of

thrusters aimed at his official head. Criticism of Postmaster General Albert Sidney Burseson has increased with the passage of time, and even demands for his removal have been many. The reason is not hard to find. The postal department is not, like other organs of the government, given to sentimental song. It is, one might say, an undemocratic institution. It is autocratic in scope; more than that, it has been called autocratic, unreasonable and unconstitutional in its assumption of power. The postal system, the most masterful sector of our government, draws its authority for existence in the least of constitutional enabling clauses. President, congress, judiciary are set up with rights and beset with duties more or less sharply defined by the constitution. The postal department is invigorated by no such details. The only words referring to it, and from which the department enjoys its creation are to be found among the congressional grant of powers, namely: "to establish post offices and post roads." Upon this phrase, together with such prerogatives as come from sitting in the president's cabinet, one postmaster general after another has added to the elaborate structure of rules and regulations, orders and inhibitions by which the mails are controlled. The laws which congress from time to time has enacted for the political omnipotence of the postal service have been vigorously attacked by malcontents, ineffectively for the most part. What the post office needs it gets. And it certainly gets more than it needs in the shape of cuss words. It has the distinction of receiving the bitterest of invective from all classes of citizens: from the man whose love letter was not delivered on time; from the fanatic whose revolutionary propaganda has been denied passage through the mails; from the man whose package is not received in the same mail with the letter advising its arrival; from large corporations and newspapers whose mail is not handled with maximum and particular speed.

Function of the Post Office

The answer of the administration is that a strong postal department is a necessary adjunct of government; that its details are too complex for popular interference; and that the history of the postage stamp explains its relation to a wise executive functioning. If the constitutional congress neglected to grant the required powers, then practice and necessity have supplied them. Perhaps a wider grant would have embarrassed the administration, as the mention of one subject would have implied, through omission, curtailment of another. Better was it to enumerate nothing and leave all to the wisdom of time. During the war, the post office department of Britain and the United States carried out their traditions of supreme authority over the transmission of mails. Other branches of the government were largely influenced and

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helped in this way. Mr. Burleson took charge not only of the letter and the package but the telegraph and telephone. Before the government handed him control, there was labor trouble in the wire companies. With the armistice there came immediate demands for the return of the wires to their corporations. Burleson gave back the wires and was at once criticized for yielding them when they became too hot to hold. No doubt he was glad to get them off his hands; yet holding the lines longer would only have delayed the private controversies; for there is much of a personal nature in all strike movements. Burleson does not say much about it. Postmasters big and little are accustomed to complaints of the public. Perhaps with the return to use of the two-cent stamp and the one-cent postal card, the excitement will blow over.

Objectionable Movie Stars' Manners

In Willard Huntington Wright's tirade last Monday in the Bulletin against the moving picture industry, his amazing indignation is launched against the actors and actresses, attacking their morals, their manner of dress, and their alleged dissipations with scathing ridicule, instead of first pointing out the numerous shortcomings of the business itself. He quite loses sight of the fact that there are a great many hundreds of reputable ladies and gentlemen, famed on the speaking stage, who are engaged in producing the output of the third greatest industry of the world. These do not indulge in rainbow-hued automobiles, bizarre attire, and dissipations that make the night hideous, so these should have been separated from those whose birth and breeding teaches them that to be conspicuous is to become famous.

The Affair at Toledo

Even he who never reads the business and sporting news can not fail to notice that something important has been going on in the second section of the daily newspapers. Portraits of special writers adorn the columns; muscular semi-nudes are photographed in fighting pose; there is a general air of uncertainty, expert opinion and prearranged conflict, showing exactly where peace hath her victories no less than war. Evidently it is a sporting proposition. Day by day, these stories from Toledo, Ohio, will encroach more and more on the local and telegraph pages, until, on July 4th, when Mr. Jess Willard, champion of the world, meets his challenger, Mr. Jack Dempsey, so many people will be trying to get the news that overflow crowds will stand on the streets eager for the momentary bulletins. On July 5th, when the complete account is written, every department of the dailies will have to give way to the sporting editor, front pages will be devoted to the pugilistic encounter, and your favorite paper will contain little else of extended display. The production at Toledo will cost a tidy bit of

money. The management pays the champion \$100,000 for his services—thirty-six minutes of actual fighting. The challenger gets \$27,500. The temporary amphitheatre is erected at a cost of \$100,000, including incidental expenses of the fight. So there is an aggregate investment of about \$250,000. No one knows how many millions of dollars shall have been spent by the newspapers of the country to keep their readers informed of every possible detail in the two fighting camps. Admission to the fray is from \$10 to \$50.—Unless the event should prove a fizzle of the worst sort, not one of the spectators will begrudge the price of his ticket, railroad fare and hotel accommodations, in order to witness this afternoon of ring history.

Hark, Hark, the Neighborhood Singer

The movement to educate men and women for "neighborhood singing" will not be the first effort of its kind in San Francisco. Many neighborhoods have hearkened to joyous outdoor song, untrained and loosely organized, it is true, but still song. As early at 11:30 p. m., one may hear an occasional outburst; and, from midnight to 1:30, the listener is usually rewarded by the carefree melody of couples and even quintets returning from theatre supper, house parties or what not. Oftentimes the vocal celebration is of high order—a sweet coloratura or a fine baritone; now and then a painstaking male quartet. Nor is it unknown to be roused from sleep at 3 a. m. by the nightingale of a merry party homeward bound, singing the songs of the nation, keeping alive the soul of melody, waking the harp that once through Tara's halls, or the tired business man. As aforesaid, these pleasaunces were unorganized, unsubsidized, and surely no manifestation of the Y. M. C. A., which is now planning the neighborhood song on a more elaborate scale. Perhaps, under the tutelage of the association, neighborhood singing will take place at an earlier hour, when everybody has the opportunity of attending, and loftier sentiments will be the rule. Yet there is no reason to believe that, for spontaneity and true exultance of the pleasure lover, the voices of the night will never be excelled in any neighborhood.

Tit for Tat

Mac and Donald were to have a great eighteen-hole golf match. They both drove off in great style, but when it came to playing the next stroke Donald was unable to find his ball. Now a lost ball meant a lost hole, and Mac came over to Donald and joined in the search. After a quarter of an hour had been wasted Mac suggested that they should give it up, to which Donald, who did not intend to throw a hole away if he could help it, would not agree. A few seconds later, however, having secured another ball, he called out: "It's a' richt, Mac! Here it is!" "Donald, ye're no speaking the truth!" retorted Mac. "I'm no lecin' Mac-Tavish: see here fer yersel!" "Donald," said Mac reprovingly, "I ken fine ye're lecin'. I've had yer ball in my pocket for fifteen minutes!"

Kipling Arrested

Rudyard Kipling narrowly escaped arrest on charge of espionage on the territorial training field at Seven Oaks. In a letter written by a sergeant in the territorials, he says:

"Our battalion turned out in full marching order, and proceeded to our usual practice ground. An ordinary looking man came to me and asked me a lot of particulars about the

battalion. He told me he had seen a lot of soldiering in his time, and said he must confess our men struck him as being about the smartest in marching he had ever seen, outside the regulars.

"He asked me so many particulars about them, and also about their billets, that I thought I should detain him as a sort of spy. I excused myself and rode off to the head of the column, and informed one of our majors what had occurred, and later I took the man to the major.

"The officer stopped me today and laughingly asked me if I knew whom I had tried to put under arrest. I said I did not, and he told me it was no less a person than Rudyard Kipling."

An old colored man first joined the Episcopal church, then the Methodist, and next the Baptist, where he remained. Questioned as to the reason for his church travels, he responded:

"Well, suh, hit's this way: De 'Piscopals is gemmen, suh, but I couldn't keep up wid de answerin' back in dey church. De Methodis', dey always holdin' inquiry meetin', and I don't like too much inquirin' into. But de Baptis', suh, dey jes' dip and are done wid hit."

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W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 18628; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estate of FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, also known as MRS. FLORENCE B. CAVANO, also known as MRS. FLORENCE BARNES CAVANO, an incompetent person.

SAVINGS UNION BANK AND TRUST COMPANY, a corporation, as guardian of the estate of FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, also known as MRS. FLORENCE B. CAVANO, also known as MRS. FLORENCE BARNES CAVANO, an incompetent person, having on this day presented to this court and filed herein its duly verified petition praying for an order authorizing, empowering and directing it to sell all the interest of said FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, alias, in certain real property set forth and described in said petition, on the ground that it will be beneficial to said FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, alias, and her said estate that the said real property be sold;

NOW THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of said FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, alias, and all persons interested in the estate of said FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, alias, appear before this court, Department No. 10 thereof, on Thursday, the 10th day of July, 1919, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, in the court room of said Superior Court, in the City Hall, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to the said Savings Union Bank and Trust Company, as guardian, for the sale of said real estate as in said petition prayed for.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 7th day of June, 1919.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Petitioner,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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By TANTALUS

The Mid-Summer Jinks

The past week's encampment of the Bohemian club in its wonderful forest reserve on the Russian river, has been a success in every way, and in some respects the best in the history of this remarkable agglomeration of art, literature, music and the professions. The attendance has been larger than usual, perhaps for the reason that this is likely to be the last wet jinks in history, and advantage must be taken accordingly. There were few of the elaborate camps that were not either occupied or in preparation for occupation on the closing days. The week's festivities opened by an unusually elaborate and carefully celebration of "The Cremation of Care," which was the first one to be produced with its own music. This was finely composed and directed by Bohemian Edward Lemare, and the book, by Bohemian Arthur Dobie, was said to be the most brilliantly conceived and written among the many that have been produced in the club's long history. Its argument followed along the usual lines of the cremation ceremonies, except that the action was confined to a stage erected under the stars, near the audience, while the final disposition of Care was effected amid the usual pyrotechnic display far in the background. In addition to the disposal of Care, a most poetical presentation was made of the troubles of Bacchus as against those who were seeking to destroy him. Arthur Dobie's notion of the ultimate fate of Bacchus was most encouraging to his followers, in that he was shown as being merely wounded, with the hope of ultimate recovery and resumption of his Bohemian bacchanals. Richard Hotaling played this role with remarkable power, his presumably temporary illness being very effectively rendered. The High Priest was done by Douglas Bruckman with delightfully modulated elocution, Frank Deering was dignified and very convincing as Sleep, and the other characters were in the hands of competent Bohemian actors. After these ceremonies, the Low Jinks in Field Circle again developed the fact that this organization can gather as many funny comedians as it can dignified tragedians. On each night during the week entertainment was furnished in

Camp Fire Circle, with seemingly an inexhaustible store of good talent, and tonight will be presented Harry Leon Wilson's grove play, "Life," with music by D. Brescia. Numerous finely executed cartoons of the play are hung on the trees of the grove, all of which treat more or less of the female form divine, and much speculation is rife as to what its plot and the development of it is going to be. That it will be dignified, dramatic, poetical and splendidly produced, goes without saying, but how the author has treated so delicate a subject as what is creating the eagerness and guessing among the members.

The Charm of Old Marin Places

Pretty, quaint Bolinas, changeless Olema and perpetual Nicasio, (old towns of Marin county) often leave fadeless impressions upon the memories of those who visit them. Many globe-trotters who happen upon them revisit them on their tours. The latest are Henry Rainsworth and his daughters, Violet, Denise and Irene of Boston. The young ladies were all in France engaged in Red Cross work. When they returned to America, their father gave them their choice of places in the good old U. S. A. for a rest. They told him they had always longed to return to Bolinas where they and their late mother spent one summer when they were children, during their father's absence in Europe on a business engagement. Mr. Rainsworth has leased a pretty cottage in Bolinas to gratify his daughters' desire. He is very wealthy, a devotee of golf and art. The girls are, remarkably handsome and clever and are splendid horse-women. They declare that they intend to walk the length of beautiful Bear Valley two or three times a week. In the fall they will be joined by their cousins, Grace and Harry Lord of Baltimore, not returning east until December. Mrs. Lilly (née Juliet Williams) retains her fondness for Bolinas where she often goes. Before her statuesque sister Hannah married Walter Hobart the two girls spent a great deal of time there and during the latter's last trip to California she, too, went to the sleepy old town for a visit.

Les Etudiants Lointain

On the programs of St. Mary's College closing exercises June 20th, the places of residence of the graduating students were given, the majority being of course from California; others were Nevada, Utah, Panama, Honolua and Hakalau, H. I., New Hampshire, Dublin (Ireland), Coatbridge (Scotland), and Guadalajara. Among the undergraduates there are students from Alaska, Arizona, Yucatan, China, London and other far off places. Surely the little college is cosmopolitan.

Social Notes

The wedding of Miss Nancy Glenn, daughter of the Frank Glens of Glenn county, to Captain Barrett Small will be a brilliant event of the summer. Miss Glenn, who has been spending the winter with Miss Jean Wharton in Plainfield, N. J., arrived last week, accompanied by Miss Wharton, who will be one of the attendants at the wedding. Both these young girls have been doing Red Cross work in the east. Capt. Small served with the 153rd Field Artillery in France. * * Messrs. and Mmes.

Gerald Rathborne, Laurance Irving Scott, Percy Morgan, George Newhall, Arthur Brown, Jr., and Frederick Hussey made a congenial party at dinner on Thursday evening over which Mr. and Mrs. John Drum presided at their home in Burlingame. * * Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins, who have been enjoying a round of pleasure at Burlingame for the past six weeks, left a few days ago for Del Monte for the rest of the summer. * * Mr. and Mrs. Otis Johnson have taken the Barclay Henley home on Green street. * * Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin arrived from New York on Sunday evening after a visit of several months in the east. * * Mrs. Williard Chamberlin (Innes Keeney) was a luncheon hostess during the week at her beautiful new home, El Camino Real. Among her guests were Mmes. Christian de Guigne, Fentress Hill, Edmund Lyman, Ysabel Chace and Helen Crocker. * * George Newhall, Jr., who attends school in the east, arrived a few days ago and joined his parents in Burlingame. * * Mrs. Ralph Melhuish of Yokohama arrived a few days ago from the orient on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Partridge of Sausalito. * * Mrs. Hypolite Dutard has gone to Los Angeles, where she will spend several weeks the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Avery McCarthy. Mrs. McCarthy was hostess at a large tea in honor of Mrs. Dutard last week at the Midweek Country Club. * * Miss Marjorie Dunne was a dinner hostess on Monday evening at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter F. Dunne, on Clay street. * * Gordon Blanding and his sister, Miss Lena Blanding, have opened their summer home, Cliff Crest, Belvedere, for the season. * * Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. Huuter are settled at Eagle Clift, their home in Mill Valley, for the summer. * * Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Bromfield will occupy the home of the Davenport Bromfields at San Mateo Park for the summer. * * Mrs. Eva Blanding Coleman is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich (Henriette Blanding) at Saratoga, where they have taken a house for the summer. * * Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson returned to their home in Burlingame on Thursday from a visit in Canada. * * Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton left a few days

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ago for Webber Lake. * * Santa Cruz was the scene of an interesting wedding last week when Miss Mildred Owens was married to Major David E. Barney, U. S. A., at the home of the bride's parents. After a honeymoon in Yosemite Valley the bride and groom will sail for Honolulu, where Major Davis will be stationed. * * Col. George Nelson, U. S. A., returned from France on Saturday, with Mrs. Nelson and family and will spend the next two months in Bolinas. * * Dr. and Mrs. John Harold Phillip entertained at a dance and supper on Monday evening at the Palace in honor of their daughter, Mrs. Walter Hutchings of New York. * * Mr. and Mrs. Hall Roc (Helen Bertheau) have taken a house in San Mateo, where they will reside for the next year. * * Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Baumgarten entertained last Friday evening at a dinner at their home on Vallejo street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Jackson of Chicago. * * Mrs. P. L. Wheeler, who has been spending several weeks at Applegate, has gone to Tahoe for a short visit. * * Dr. and Mrs. William August Bryant returned on Monday to their home in Broderick street from a visit in Mill Valley the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. Marcus. Dr. Bryant left during the week for Bohemian Grove, where he is accounted one of the most brilliant wits. * * Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Bevan Jones, who have been living in San Rafael the past year, have moved to this city, where they have taken an apartment on Arguello boulevard. * * Mrs. E. Norwood, her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William Breese, have gone to Palo Alto, where they have taken a house for the summer. * * Mr. and Mrs. John McGaw will soon close their beautiful home on Green street and early in September will leave for Berkeley, where they will spend the next three years, as their son and daughter will enter the university. * * Mrs. William Hutchings, who has been visiting her parents. Dr. and Mrs. John Harrold Phillip, for the past three months, will leave next week for her eastern home, where she will join Lieut. William Hutchings, who has been ordered to Osinega, New York. * * When last heard from, Miss Edith Allen was in Paris doing Red Cross work. Mrs. D. H. Allen has gone to Seattle to visit relatives. * * Kate Shirley, widow of the well-known southern banker, until her marriage two years ago to the Chicago millionaire, Mrs. Jackson was extensively entertained during her brief visit here. She is a sister of Mrs. Zeba Reynolds and Mrs. Frederick Hill, all prominent in army and navy circles here.

At the Fine Arts

A large collection of photographs made by Dr. E. O. Jellinck of exposition courts and palaces has been presented by him to the permanent collection of the museum in the Palace of Fine Arts as a nucleus of what is hoped to form a permanent memorial of the great exposition of 1915. The collection comprises studies of buildings, and interesting details of cornices, columns, doorways, fountains, and colonnades, which will be of increasing value to architectural students as time goes on. A large number of these photographs were made at night, showing the buildings illuminated. In this way, by means of long-time exposures, Dr. Jellinck was enabled to secure a degree of detailed definition in the rendering of the architectural details hardly possible during the day time on account of the moving throngs of people. This is especially true of the courts and the colonnade of the Palace

of Fine Arts, which have been depicted with a degree of care that brings out every part of their beautiful and harmonious proportions. All this has been accomplished with consummate artistic and photographic skill, which reveals Dr. Jellinck as one of the foremost exponents of pictorial photography on the Pacific coast. This collection is not only valuable as a permanent record of the architectural achievement for which the exposition was notable, but for its artistic value as well, and to look over this collection of prints is like being transported back into that fairyland which held the city enthralled during the whole of 1915. Director Laurvik has temporarily installed the collection in the conference room near the rotunda, which also contains very interesting impressions of pictures in the Prado gallery by Joseph Raphael, lent by Mr. Albert M. Bender, as well as a number of fine reproductions of drawings by the old masters.

Letter Carriers' Annual Outing

The San Francisco letter carriers will give their annual picnic at Shellmound Park on Sunday, July 6th. The proceeds will be devoted to the sick and death fund, which was depleted during the influenza epidemic. A programme of athletic sports, dancing, music and vaudeville features has been arranged and everybody is assured a good time. During the war the letter carriers have been among the first in every drive, and a hearty response is predicted. The tickets can be had of any carrier. William H. Barry has been appointed chairman of the arrangements committee. Other members are Charles Erickson, Thomas Tierney, James P. Mulhern, Dan Sullivan, J. J. Lanc, W. Shea, J. J. Shea, Henry Schaetzle, E. J. Smith, Dan Hickey, Charles Shoenlight, Ralph Vossbrinck, William Capel, Maurice McCarthy and Philip Garafola. The letter carriers were organized January 20th, 1888, as the Letter Carriers' Mutual Aid Association, which has been constantly growing. They find it necessary to give this picnic every year, as at times they have a large sick list. The association pays a sick benefit of \$10 per week to members who, through illness, are unable to work, and also provides a death benefit. Tickets are placed on sale at 50 cents, and there is no charge for dancing.

Rainbow Lane

As he has made a hit in Rainbow Lane the young dancer from South America, Gualtiero Bartolini, he will be retained for another week, continuing his weird "Danse Macabre," to Saint-Saens' music, with Vanda Hoff. A newcomer to the hotel at the top of the town will be Pearl Lowerie, the American chanteuse, of originality and piquancy. Eva Clark and Halli Nestor will change their solos and duets. Vanda Hoff will appear in some new dance creations and Henry Busse and his jazz orchestra will continue to tempt tripping feet. This Saturday evening there will be a special dinner and carnival in Rainbow Lane, with features that will make the occasion similar to a typical San Francisco New Years' Eve celebration. Those who are wise will make reservations early. The afternoon teas in the beautiful Laurel Court continue as popular as ever and the Sunday evening lobby concerts always attract a throng of music lovers. The soloist for this Sunday evening will be Blanche Hamilton Fox, the favorite mezzo-soprano.

Techau Tavern Presents Novel Dance Favors

At two periods every evening there are

special dances at Techau Tavern during which costly dance favors are dispensed. At dinner time and after the theatre the ladies are given very elaborate Kewpie dolls, gowned in silk and fur and coiffured in the latest modes, and the gentlemen receive large boxes of Melachrinno cigarettes; all this without any sort of competition. To enliven the intermissions between dances the show girl revue corps offers a most varied repertoire of vocal selections.

LIFE AND DEATH

I have kissed this world with my eyes and my limbs; I have wrapt it with my heart in numberless folds; I have flooded its days and nights with thoughts till the world and my life have grown one; and I love my life because I love the light of the sky.

Yet I know I must die—and a day must come when my voice will not flower in the air; my eyes will not spread wings in the sun; and the hours' last whispers will be hushed in my ears.

If to leave this world be as true as to love it, then there must be some one large meaning in the meeting and the parting of life.

If love were utterly deceived in death, then this canker of eternal life would eat into the heart of this world, and the stars would shrivel and be black.

Yours is the light that breaks forth from the dark and the good that sprouts from the cleft heart of strife.

Yours is the house that leads to the open and the love that calls to the battlefield.

Yours is the gift that still remains when everything else is lost, and the life that flows through the caverns of death.

Yours is the heaven that lies in the common dust, and there you are for me where you are for all.

—Rabindranath Tagore.

Dividend Notice

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK 783 Market Street, near Fourth

For the half-year ending June 30, 1919, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all Savings Deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, July 2, 1919. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1919.

H. C. KLEVESAHLL, Cashier.

Dividend Notice

BANK OF ITALY Southeast Corner Montgomery and Clay Streets (Market Street Branch, junction Market, Turk and Mason Streets)

For the half-year ending June 30, 1919, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all Savings Deposits, payable on and after July 1, 1919. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1919. Deposits made on or before July 10, 1919, will earn interest from July 1, 1919.

A. P. GIANNINI, President.

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and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Stage

The Actors' Fund

It is to be hoped that the approaching benefit to the Actor's Fund will be a red letter day in San Franciscan munificence, for among all of the charities of the country, there is none that does so much with so little, nor any that performs its work with so much thoroughness, or with such far-reaching beneficence. Those who so unremittingly call upon the actor to give his valuable services for benefits to other charities, should support his efforts to provide funds for the betterment of the charity that is his own. For many years almost superhuman efforts have been made by the dramatic profession to provide a fund large enough for the interest upon its capital to meet the demands made upon it. It has held fairs, Actors' Fund days, and appealed to the liberality of its rich, but the desired million of dollars was never secured. The demands were many, and in each case where assistance is applied for, every attempt is made to secure as nearly as possible the same comfort and attention that the unfortunate ones have been accustomed to in the days of plentitude. If an actor or actress is taken with illness, and it can be shown that they have no funds with which to secure the proper treatment, they are sent to hospitals or cared for at their homes if they have any. When a serious operation is necessary the Fund pays all expenses and the patients' sustenance until ready to return to work. So long as actors are unable to secure engagements, the Fund will loan them the money to tide them over. It is worthy of note that a woman has not, in the history of the Fund, failed to repay these loans, while they have several times been forgotten by the other sex. Actresses have forgotten, however, what the Fund has done for them in the hour of need, and failed to remunerate it when fortune has favored them. The great Janauschek was reported to be in great poverty and distress and made application to be admitted to the Actors' Home. She was admitted without question, and owing to her fame as a once great star, received unusual attention and comforts. She died in the Home and was buried by the Fund, leaving much valuable personal property to relatives, but no mention was made of the Home in her will. Minnie Palmer, and Rose Eytinge, once well known and very successful stars, have been cared for by the Fund. The latter proved something of a disturber among the other guests—they are never called inmates—and was cared for at great expense in a private family up to the time of her death. The Actors' Fund Home bears no resemblance to a charitable institution, and is not so regarded either by its governors or its guests, for it is in every respect—except in point of numbers—as much of a home as any of its guests might provide for themselves in times of affluence. It is beautifully situated on a hilltop covering ten acres in the center of Staten Island, N. Y., surrounded by plentiful shade and luxurious gardens, and each of the guests feels, and is made to feel, that they are all his own, because he "did his bit" in the upbuilding of it when he could, and it is but just that he should receive its benefits as a natural right. This lack of stringent rules might easily be employed in other charitable institutions with great benefit to the community peace and quiet. The interior of the home, too, is not like an "institution" and the old actor or actress who lives there

would feel greatly insulted to be reminded that it was anything but a home in which every guest has a proprietary interest. The guests are permitted to go to the theatre whenever they wish, and the Fund provides them with seats and transportation to and from New York. If they or their friends have no funds to spare, the Fund provides them with spending money with which to provide for small necessities or comforts. Occasionally dramatic performances are given in the splendid drawing room, and the writer has seen there a Romeo of seventy and a Juliet of sixty-five, neither of whom had forgotten a gesture or an intonation of the roles they had played in their youth. The basement of the building is fitted up for a man's club, where there is every convenience except a bar. No restriction, however, is placed upon the playing of billiards or cards for money, but "pay as you play" has been made a rule which must never be disregarded. Naturally a good moral character must be established to the satisfaction of the executive committee and his sponsors must be able to answer all questions with reference to the adaptability of the candidate to peaceful associations with other people of sensitive age. Sometimes the guests are selected from a number of applicants, since the home can accommodate only thirty-five, and married couples are always encouraged. The Home is the greatest burden of expense to the Fund, but it is also its greatest pride, for there is perhaps no home better equipped or conducted anywhere in the world, and it is really a home. A man must be sixty-five and a woman sixty to be eligible, and those in want who have not yet attained that age are cared for elsewhere. For all of these beneficent activities a great deal of money is required, and for this reason is the public again asked to patronize the performance at the Columbia theatre, July 1st, for which a most remarkable programme has been prepared.

—Clay M. Greene.

Actors' Fund Benefit

Next Tuesday afternoon the Columbia theatre will be the Mecca to which the foot-steps or the auto-tracks of all lovers hereabouts of the dramatic arts will be directed. It seems news too good to be true that upon the roster will appear Blanche Bates, Marjorie Rambeau, Ruth Chatterton, Ruth St. Denis, Tom Wise, Henry Miller, William Courtney, Otis Skinner, William H. Crane and many others of note; yet proceedings are busily going on to that devoutly desired end. It will be a great performance, truly "an event of a life time." A ticket for the performance will be valuable gift to a boy or girl interested in the study of the drama and of literature. The Columbia has donated the theatre and all the stars big and little are eagerly looking forward to giving the very best of their art to the cause dear to every mummer's heart. There is a great demand for seats and manager Gottlob and his Citizens' Committee are jubilant. The Musicians' Union will contribute liberally to the entertainment and Bernard Jaulus will conduct the orchestra.

—H. M. B.

Alcazar Scores Again

It goes without saying that the Belasco-Mayer-Price stock company made another hit last week, and "Be Calm Camilla," which can not be called the very best of comedy hits, was

certainly among them. Claire Kummer is quite up to the usual Kummer degree of excellence and has provided a comedy with a good deal of heart interest which is the most enjoyable kind of comedy to sit through. Everything nice said of Belle Bennett in these columns heretofore may be with confidence, and without exaggeration repeated here, for she has never been better. In fact, she would be all the better for being a little worse now and then, because mental comparison of favorites is always a pleasant diversion to go to sleep on. Both as the pathetic figure alone in a great city, and as the later on victim of a hopeless love for a great millionaire, she was always two or three notches above charming. Tom Chatterton as the millionaire who runs down Camilla and then falls in love with her was very effective indeed, and the fact that he already had a wife did not in the least remove him for a moment out of sympathy with the audience. This time Walter Richardson played a breezy slangy writer of popular songs amazingly well and the adjective is justly employed in every way. Emily Pinter, who never fails to score, repeated the same kind of failure; Brunetto, and Shumer, and Cunningham, and Jean Oliver, and—in fact everybody was as good as usual in a performance that was quite as fine as "Daddy Long Legs," which is saying a good deal.

—C. M. G.

Lively Week at Orpheum

The star performer at the Orpheum this week, if the remarkable bills of the present season admit of any particular star, is the dashing Sheila Terry. There will, however, be no objection to assigning her stardom, as she is new to us; and therefore, let everybody take notice that Miss Terry, in the course of the dazzling acts with which the O'Farrell street house has lately favored us, doth in her place with starry twinkles shine. She is beautiful, captivating and has that faculty of causing a spectator to hang on to her every move. The operetta arranged for her, "Three's a Crowd," was instantly received into the hearts of the audience, allowing for a ready appreciation of her support, Harry Peterson and Gattison Jones. This act in conjunction with the Morgan Dancers and Trixie Friganza would constitute of themselves an evening of brilliant entertainment. The dancing troupe, elaborately staged as it is, and trained to an ensemble performance that is almost rhythmic as a poem, will be long remembered by San Franciscans. No audience with a respect for the lighter side of life will ever tire of Trixie. Whenever she is billed to appear, the patrons of the Orpheum ask themselves if she can be expected to be as good as the previous season, and—if she might possibly be a bit heavier. Speaking of hat throwers, the Garcinetti Brothers will take the congressional medal for this sort of work. The Iolcen Sisters, sharpshooting on a wire, are as good as their name; they hit the mark, from every standpoint. Lloyd and Wells, the Dixie Boys, are now admitted to the Favorites Club. Clifford Walker makes the piano do anything he asks it. So we now come to the now famous Barnes and Crawford—Roy and Bessie, in "A Package of Smiles." This is a box of laughter or a bundle of screams; and that is all there is to it. It may be added, a few gasps for breath. There can not be too much praise for anything that will

produce genuine innocent laughter; and Roy's marksmanship is true.

Aida at the Auditorium

The announcement that "Aida" as given recently at the Greek Theatre would be repeated on a more elaborate scale at the Civic Auditorium, next Wednesday evening, July 2nd, has been hailed with delight and the big building bids fair to be packed to the doors. On account of the magnitude of the production and great size of the stage, it has been found necessary to take out a great many chairs, thus reducing the seating capacity, but still there will be room for many thousand spectators, at prices ranging from fifty cents to two dollars. Pietro Marino, the violin virtuoso, will be the musical director and he will wave his experienced baton over an orchestra of seventy-five picked musicians. The chorus will number one hundred and fifty trained voices and there will be a ballet of seventy, under the direction of Anita Peters Wright. The cast will be notable and will be headed by Maude Fay. This will be her first operatic appearance in her home city and she is assured of a rousing reception by her multitude of friends. Albert Rappaport, Marion Vecki, Blanche Hamilton Fox, Evaristo Albertini and Guiseppe Corrallo will again appear and once more Aristide Neri will be stage director. Reserved seats are in demand at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Orpheum

Frank Dobson and his Thirteen Sirens will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum next week. The Sirens is a musical tabloid which exploits the singing, dancing and comedy of Mr. Dobson and thirteen very attractive and talented girls. It is beautifully staged and costumed and in every way worthy of the great

success it has achieved wherever it has been presented. Madge Maitland is an star of international fame and popularity who sings comic songs in a manner which is peculiarly her own. Brahm van den Berg, although born in Holland is best known as a Belgian pianist for he received his musical education in Belgium, beginning at the age of five when he learned the 'cello. At thirteen Brahm van den Berg toured Europe as a prodigy and was soloist with the noted Symphony Orchestra at the Kuursal concerts at Ostend also appearing at the Belgian Court where through the influence of its queen he was granted a three years' course, Leschetizsky being his instructor. At sixteen he graduated with high honors and was a pupil of St. Saens. Lew Williams and Ada Mitchell will appear in a musical skit called "June Time" which is tuneful and funny. Emile and John Nathane will perform most daring and sensational gymnastic feats. The remaining acts will be Sheila Terry and Company in the musical romance, "Three's a Crowd"; Lloyd and Wells "The Two Boys from Dixie" and T. Roy Barnes and Bessie Crawford in "A Package of Smiles." The latest series of the Hearst Weekly Pictures will complete one of the most enjoyable programmes in vaudeville.

Alcazar

Whether the country goes bone dry, soaking wet or only moderately moist the coming week, the new Alcazar company has seized upon the psychological moment to play Charles Hoyt's famous farcical comedy, "A Temperance Town," commencing at next Sunday's matinee. A recent Boston revival was so hilariously received that others in eastern cities followed with amazing box office returns. Theme and title appeal alike to the younger generation who have not seen the uproarious satire, and to their elders who have chuckled and roared over the comic convulsions of a community in its first agonies of prohibition. Hoyt, like his successor, George Ade, was a brilliant satirist, a hater of sham and hypocrisy, and a genius in depicting the humorous side of life. "A Temperance Town" is played not as propaganda, but as funny, timely entertainment. To follow, July 6th, comes the first San Francisco presentation of "The Walk-Offs," a satirical comedy by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton, authors of "Upstairs and Down" and "Lombardi Limited."

Bohemian Club Concert

The annual concert of the Bohemian Club will take place this year at the Tivoli Opera House, Thursday afternoon, July 10th, at half past two. These delightful affairs, when the "Midsummer Music of Bohemia" is heard for the only time outside of the sacred precincts of the Bohemian Grove, are always well attended by friends of the club and music lovers generally. This year's programme will include the principal numbers from the new Grove Play, "Life," book by Harry Leon Wilson and music by Domenico Brescia. It will be interpreted by an orchestra of seventy, under the direction of the composer, and the Bohemian Club chorus of sixty. Music from Grove Plays of other years will also be heard, including selections from "The Twilight of the Kings," by Wallace A. Sabin. Richard M. Hotelling will tell the story of "Life" and stereopticon views of the play and grove will be shown. Boxes and reserved seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Monday morning, July 7th.

Marjorie Rambeau at the Curran

Marjorie Rambeau, great emotional star, comes to the Curran Theatre next Sunday

night, June 29th, in her notable New York success, "Eyes of Youth," direct from a year's run at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York. Few plays of recent years have attained the tremendous popularity or have been so widely discussed as this novel drama with its mystic and spiritual implications. The play has been heralded as a crystal-gazing drama. It is in reality far more than that. It is a symbolic and allegorical study of a girl's search for guidance within herself. The crystal symbolizes her own heart, and the incidents revealed in the crystal represent the self-understanding that has come to her. The play consists of three acts and four episodes, each episode being the visualization of the revelations in the crystal ball. Both in its story and in its production the play is said to be one of the most effective dramas in years. The engagement is under the direction of Thomas Wilkes, by arrangement with A. H. Woods.

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STARTING SUNDAY NIGHT, JUNE 29,
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Nights, 50c to \$2.00; Sat. Mat., 50c to \$1.50
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CIVIC AUDITORIUM

Wednesday Evening, July 2

L. M. HRUBANIK
Presents His Massive Spectacular Production of

"AIDA"

As Given With Immense Success at the Greek Theatre

MAUDE FAY
AND ALL-STAR CAST
Magnificent Ensemble and Ballet
Superb Scenery and Costumes

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Reserved Seats, \$2, \$1.50, \$1, 75c and 50c, on sale at
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ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—"BE CALM CAMILLA"
Claire Kummer's Broadway Fairy Tale.

WEEK COM. NEXT SUN. MAT., JUNE 29
Extra 4th of July Mat. Friday

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
Belle Bennett—Walter P. Richardson
In Hoyt's Smashing Farcical Satire,

"A TEMPERANCE TOWN"

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MAITLAND in Original Songs; BRAHM VAN DEN
BERG, Pianist; LEW WILLIAMS & ADA MITCHELL
in "June Time"; EMILE & JOHN NATHANE, Feats
of Daring; LLOYD & WELLS, "Two Boys from Dixie";
HEARST WEEKLY; T. ROY BARNES & BESSIE
CRAWFORD, "A Package of Smiles."

Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices
(Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 15c, 25c, 50c.



MAUDE FAY,

California Singer, who will appear as "Aida" at
the Civic Auditorium, Wednesday night, July 2nd.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market moved up again last week, almost as rapidly as it declined the previous week, and nearly all of the loss was regained. The easing up of the call money rate started the uprising, and when the climb was in its early stages, the further dropping in the call money rate to 5 per cent gave it impetus. Best prices were made at the close of the week, with the broadest gains appearing in the oils, motors, rubber and the industrials, which had been hardest hit in the pinch of last week. The extraordinary gyrations of the money rate were commented on quite freely by speculators. One of the explanations was that the soaring of interest rates had attracted a flood of money from interior points, and these supplies broke the rate by force of weight. Whatever the cause of the pinch and the relief may be is problematical. Whether the causes were natural or were induced by manking interests, with the commendable purpose of checking an unhealthy public attitude toward speculative values, the whole transaction spelled major losses to the small operator. Whether strong financial interests which had bought low last March and sold high late in May, had anything to do with the sharp dip in prices, with the object of re-possessing themselves of their holdings, of course no one can say. On the face of returns, however, it is obvious that the whole turn could easily have been used to that purpose. The market continued its advance throughout the week, but there was considerable selling from time to time, which brought about the usual daily reactions. The overhanging menace of the money rate, however, was the restraining influence. While the industrials were buoyant, the rails and standard issues showed excellent form. United States Steel gained five points from its recent low, and this started a general buying movement throughout the list. Some of the specialties, like the rubber shares and motor stocks, were in such excellent demand that sales were made from one to two points above previous quotations. The rails, as usual, were neglected, but showed slight firmness in sympathy with the upward trend on the general list. There was nothing new in the general news. Labor troubles were reported here and there, but are not considered a factor, as they are mostly confined to small localities. The general feeling seems to be that the market has already discounted actual pace, and while it will, no doubt, give encouragement to a certain class of conservative speculators, the rank and file have been expecting it for some time, and are not inclined to consider it an immediate market factor. The market at present looks like a two-sided affair. The dominant factor is the money situation,

and at present there is always the fear of a return to high rates, which brings about a reaction from any extended advance, and makes for a good scalping market.

Cotton—Conflicting influences kept the market backing and filling the entire week, but at the end, prices were higher than the previous week. The conflicting tendencies in the market were due on the one side to the high call money rates, and the unsettlement in the stock market early in the week, and on the other, to the bad weather in the cotton belt, which made for further bullish developments in the crop reports. The bears were inclined to accept the early weakness in the market as proof of the instability of prices. They failed to maintain their position for the reason that the weather reports showed heavy rains in the sections of the belt in which they could do the most harm, and as a result, the bears were forced to cover. Bullish weather reports induced spot interests to come into the market, and foreign interests were also active to a limited extent, on the long side, for the same reason. Developments in the goods market, during the week, were, on the whole, unimportant, from a market standpoint. There was a small decrease in orders booked, but this had been discounted. The steady tone of prices was the governing factor in the news from the goods market. Indications that higher prices for goods were in prospect, was a bullish influence of importance, almost equal to the bullish factor represented in the weather reports. Mills continue to maintain prices, and it was evident from market reports that an advance, all along the line, is contemplated. Numerous private reports speak very discouragingly regarding the new crop prospects, and should they be confirmed in the next government report, higher prices will be seen in all futures. We still continue very friendly toward the market, and believe cotton will sell above the 40-cent level before the new crop is gathered.

He Kept the "Letter"

A hungry Irishman went into a restaurant on Friday and said to the waiter:

"Have yez any whale?"

"No."

"Have yez any shark?"

"No."

"Have yez any swordfish?"

"No."

"Have yez any jellyfish?"

"No."

"All right," said the Irishman. "Then bring me ham and eggs and a beefsteak smothered wid onions. The Lord knows I asked for fish."

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Assets	\$58,893,078.42
Deposits	54,358,496.50
Capital Actually Paid Up.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,336,411.92
Employees' Pension Fund.....	295,618.00

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MY LAST VISIT TO MY MOTHER

(Continued from Page 5)

envied me. They asked me many questions about my last visit to America. In Russia, where now there is such a chaos of ideas, of political parties, and such a constantly changing current of thought, the organized and orderly life of America seems to be unattainable and unbelievable.

As everywhere now in Russia, the conversation turned to politics and the revolution. We recalled the ideas of my father on this subject; recalled how strongly he used to deplore every form of violence, and all excesses of revolutions. He used to say that the distance between the revolutionists, using violence, and true Christians was the greatest distance that can exist between two divisions of people. He used to illustrate the idea as follows:

"Imagine a broken ring. On the one side of the opening are the Christians, on the other side the violent revolutionists. Although these opposing forces seem to be very close, they are separated by the entire distance in this broken ring."

He used to say that he could not see any difference between the despotism of the czar and the despotism of any other ruler, and that a revolution could not contribute to the happiness of the common people. As every government exploits the people, he could see no difference between exploitation by one man and exploitation by another. After the Russian revolution of 1905, he wrote in his diary:

"It is a very strange idea that one government must be replaced by another. Our duty is to explain that this is a false idea, and we must struggle against it. The best means of correcting this false idea is not to participate in what is wrong, but to explain the principles that will make evil impossible to justify. Every change in the form of government produced by violence would inevitably lead to another change that would have to be brought about also by violence. And all these changes are wrong, because every revolution lowers the morale of the country. . . .

"I was thinking today about the state of mind of the people who are taking active part in the revolution. The principles that guide these people are envy, greed, and malice. These people have only to complain, and immediately there are at hand promoters of evil sentiments to encourage them in their discontent. Therefore the sin rests not upon the people, but upon the leaders. . . . The active forces of the revolution are the press and agitators. These are moved by ambition, selfishness, and vanity, and also by envy and hatred. We must have compassion upon these miserable people, who are infected by the poison. We must exercise every power not only to free ourselves from it, but also to free others."

Recalling these words and applying them to the present events, we are forced to see that he was certainly right.

But, unfortunately, no one in Russia listens to his voice at the present time. People who share his ideas are forced to remain silent. The propaganda of the Bolsheviks has nothing in common with my father's ideas. Their policy is based upon violence. All the moral teachings of my father are based upon love and the entire repudiation of every kind of violence.

The seeds planted by him are still living. During the last year the interest in his philosophical ideas has increased visibly. For example, the number of visitors at the Tolstoy Museum in Moscow and in Petrograd last year

was three times as great as in any previous year.

The educated class of Russia, the class whose moral and scientific enlightenment is greater than is found in any other place in the world, is still living in Russia. Certainly the time will come when these people will be able to make themselves heard. I see the coming of this day. It is not far distant.

In the evening of my visit home the peasants of the village of Yasanaya Polyana showed themselves to be in sympathy with us. They held a meeting and denounced the attack made upon my mother's home. Remembering the many favors my father had done for them, they promised to protect all her property, and even expressed regret that her orchards and gardens had been looted by members of their families.

How typical is this little episode! How well it illustrates the state of mind of the whole Russian nation at the present time! Is not all Russia abusing the great idea of liberty? But I already hear the words of penitence that are coming. I hear these words in the mouths of millions of people.

That is what I thought on my way back to the station. The night was dark, and the ruts in the road were full of mud. In the midst of this darkness the stars shone brightly, inspiring hope and confidence.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DANIEL TWOMEY, deceased.—No. 27172; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of DANIEL TWOMEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DANIEL TWOMEY, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Daniel Twomey, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 98048; Dept. No. 14.

In the Matter of the Application of CONSTANTINE M. BOUROTHIMOS for Change of Name to CONSTANTINE THOMAS.

Constantine M. Bourothimos, having duly filed and presented to the above entitled Court an application and petition that the name of said Constantine M. Bourothimos, be changed to Constantine Thomas, it is ordered that all persons interested in said matter appear before Department Number 14 thereof, at the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, on the 12th day of August, at the hour of 10 A. M., or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard to show cause why such change of name should not be granted; and it is hereby further ordered that a notice of said application and of this order be given by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Done in open Court this 12th day of June, 1919.

GEO. E. CROTHERS,

Judge of Said Superior Court.

HENRY BROWN,

Attorney for Applicant,
211 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-21-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRED MELZ, deceased.—No. 27170; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of FRED MELZ, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRED MELZ, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Fred Melz, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 97928; Dept. No. 16.

WALTER J. BERGER, Plaintiff, vs. EDYTHE E. C. BERGER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: EDYTHE E. C. BERGER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco State of California this 31st day of May A. D. 1919.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHALMER MUNDAY,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

519 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

6-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, deceased.—No. 27169; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of George W. Williams, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE R. KAHN, deceased.—No. 27168; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of GEORGE R. KAHN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE R. KAHN, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of George R. Kahn, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY, Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 894, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CAROLINE F. PLUNKETT, Deceased.

LUCY M. F. WANZER, executrix of the last will and testament of Caroline F. Plunkett, deceased, having filed herein a verified petition praying for an order from this Court authorizing, directing and empowering her to renew a note and mortgage in the sum of twenty-four hundred (2400) dollars and for that purpose to borrow said sum and for the purpose of securing the payment of such sum to mortgage to the lender of such money that certain real property of said estate situate in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of San Jose Avenue, distant thereon 149 feet from the northerly line of Twenty-fifth Street, and running thence northerly along the said easterly line of San Jose Avenue thirty-seven (37) feet, thence at right angles easterly ninety (90) feet, thence at right angles southerly thirty-seven (37) feet, thence at right angles westerly ninety (90) feet, to the said easterly line of San Jose Avenue and the point of commencement, together with the improvements thereon; said property being a portion of Block 169, Mission Addition.

It is ordered that all persons interested in said estate be and appear before this Court at the court room, Department 10, City Hall, in said City and County, at the hour of 10 a. m., Thursday, the 3rd day of July, 1919, then and there to show cause why said petition should not be granted and the real property above described mortgaged to secure said loan.

For all further particulars reference is hereby made to said petition now on file herein.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that this order to show cause be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation published in said City and County.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Dated: May 27th, 1919.
W. T. PLUNKETT, Attorney for Executrix,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

5-31-5

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

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